

THE

BEST

OF

THE BEST OF

Art Young

Art

Young

VANGUARD

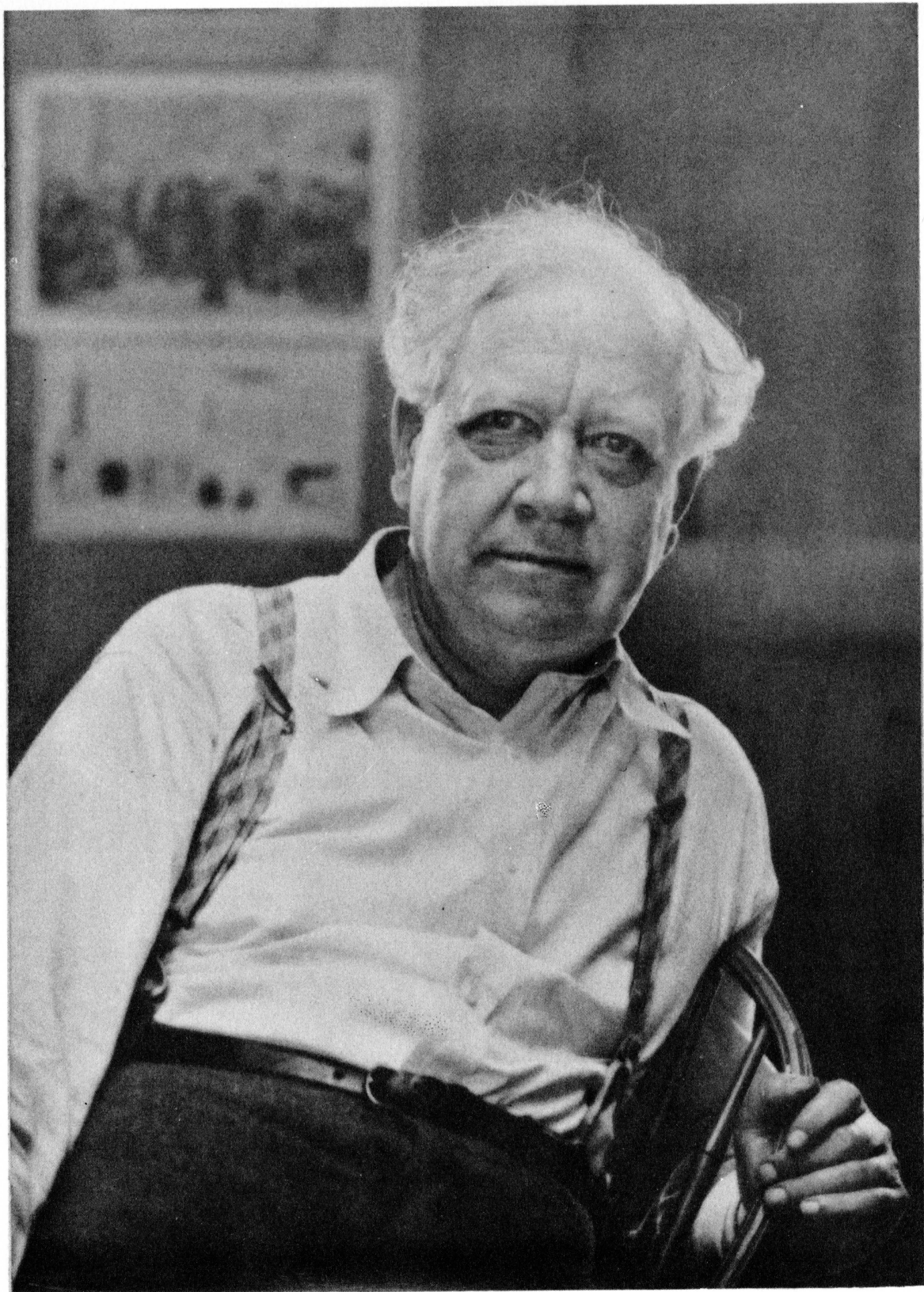
T H E B E S T O F A R T Y O U N G

OTHER BOOKS BY ART YOUNG

TREES AT NIGHT

ON MY WAY

THOMAS ROWLANDSON



PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICK HIER

T H E B E S T O F
A R T Y O U N G

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

H E Y W O O D B R O U N

T H E V A N G U A R D P R E S S
N E W Y O R K 1 9 3 6

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THE SATURDAY EVENING
POST, THE NATION, COLLIER'S, THE NEW MASSES *and* LIFE

INTRODUCTION BY HEYWOOD BROUN

AMERICA forgets too readily its native heroes. I am not referring to Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln, who are honored annually in our oratory. I have in mind a countryman of rather later vintage. To me he has always seemed the perfect revolutionist. Although he never compromised or gave an inch, he still managed to go along without getting very sore at any individual. Naturally, I refer to Art Young, who will be a great man when he has been dead a hundred years. It is rather a pity that both America and Mr. Young should wait so long.

Like most efficient radicals Art Young is utterly conservative in one respect. I refer to his art. The subject might be provocative and wholly distasteful to standpatters, but the line which he drew was tight and stern and as ruggedly individualistic as the mind of Herbert Hoover.

Young, I think, ranks with our great draftsmen, but modern art never so much as ruffled his hair. He drew the most shocking and scandalous cartoons, all done in the somewhat nostalgic manner of one who had been frightened by a woodcut in his early life. At a distance an Art Young drawing suggested the illustration for some moral maxim. Closer view revealed the fact that he was saying that every exploiter should fry eternally for his sins.

HELL AND TREES

Hell and trees were his favorite subjects. But though vast and elaborate tortures were being practiced upon the people whom he didn't like, there was somewhat a lack of venom in Art Young's inferno. There was a child-like quality in the fantasy. Even the gentleman who was pictured as being tormented by seven devils could take no great offense because it was quite evident that Art did not believe in hell.

On the other hand, he was the only artist I have ever known who could make trees serve as agitating influences. When in the mood he could do you a maple which stood ready at any moment to drop a bomb upon the head of any passing captain of industry.

As to the precise position or "line" which Young establishes for himself I have never been quite certain. It is my belief that he is away out on the most leftward limb. But I rather fear that he lacks a little of the components of blood and iron which go into the composition of the Lenins and Stalins. I hate to level a nasty accusation at an old friend, but I gravely fear that there is concealed in the heart and mind of Art Young something of the Utopian heresy. He has never quite abandoned hope of those brands which are in any reasonable radical ideology already lost and burning.

BOTH UNBOWED AND SMILING

Possibly I am unfair to the old warrior, because in action he never bent or manifested the slightest desire to compromise, no matter what the compulsion. During the war he was one of the four editors of *The Masses* who were placed on trial on the charge that they had conspired to obstruct the draft. It was his impulse to get up on the stand and say that of course he hated war and that he had done everything he could to stop America's participation. Counsel for the defendants advised that the case should be conducted in a somewhat different manner, and after that Art lost all interest.

To the lawyer he was a greater trial than either Jack Reed, Max Eastman or Floyd Dell, who, as I remember, were the co-defendants. The potential penalty was something like life imprisonment. Possibly all the men involved could have been taken out and shot. In 1918 almost anything could be done under the law.

SLEEPING UNDER WRAPS

Young made it difficult for his lawyer, not through any outbursts in the courtroom, but through a characteristic inattention. He wasn't interested. He had done that which he felt he should do, and the reaction of the rest of the community was none of his business. Accordingly he came each morning to the prisoner's dock and fell asleep. While passionate arguments were going on as to whether or not he should be committed to prison for life, Art Young was snoring.

This limited the gestures of the lawyer for the defense. He could wave only one fist in the face of the jury. He had to reserve the other to wake up Art Young for the peroration.

Here is one of the very vital figures of our generation. Here is a native son of this country who stems as directly from our own soil as did Gene Debs.

ART YOUNG REVIEWS HIS OWN

WHILE studying at the Académie Julien in Paris, I would occasionally take an afternoon off to look around at the galleries and picture shops for reproductions of works of art. I would shuffle over many photographs and etchings and buy a few if they were not too expensive.

I was a young man—dreaming. Dreaming that some day I would have an art gallery on an “estate” of my own somewhere near New York City.

This gallery would be a large one on a hill. In it you would see reproductions of paintings, etchings, drawings and sculpture from the principal museums of Europe. You would walk through and look at my Louvre Room, my London National Gallery Room, and other rooms of selected prints in black-and-white and color made from originals in the European centers of art. It would be educational and display also the work of caricaturists—for example, Gillray, Rowlandson, Hogarth, Leech, and Tenniel of England, and among the French, Callot, Daumier, Garvarni, Doré, Steinlen, Cham, and many others.

That was the dream. But of course I expected to have an American section, first door to the right, where you would see my preferred prints of American art and especially the work of cartoonists. Here I would show the caricature etchings published during the uprising years of our forefathers, and would include those crude efforts printed around 1768 by P. Revere, the same Paul Revere famous as a galloping alarmist, but known also in his day as a designer, engraver, and humorous draftsman. The Nast, Keppler, and Gillam cartoons of the last half of the nineteenth century would be hung in my gallery on the hill of my estate. In this section, too, you would find my own drawings, displayed with becoming modesty among my contemporaries. To be sure, this was a mere hope, but encouraged by the fact that I had been an embryo cartoonist in Chicago for a few years prior to these school days in Paris—year 1890.

You will conclude from all this that it was quite a grandiose dream and must have included in its magnificent scope the expectation of having plenty of money to carry it out. But I had made money enough as a contributor to newspapers and other publications in Chicago to spend about three years, all told, at art schools in that city, in New York, and now in Paris, trying to find out what schools could teach that you could not learn by yourself. Money had come to me quite easily in those early years, long before I was "corrupted" by socialist theories. However, I don't recall having spent much time in serious thought about the financial problem involved in such a dream-project. I must have felt quite sure that I could always depend on selling my drawings and make a substantial income. A resolution to work hard, to be economical, and keep an eye on the ultimate goal for a few years, and the dream would come true. But a serious illness in Paris, the exhaustion of my own funds, which made me dependent on my father's limited means, ended my student days, as well as the pursuit of prints.

Nevertheless, the dream persisted, and from my way of thinking it was not wildly nor hopelessly visionary, except in its scope. The factual outcome, however, was like that of many of our daydreams which eventually fade and shrink to a feeble resemblance of the original intent.

It was about eight years after those student days before I could earn enough money as a free-lance cartoonist to begin buying three and a half acres of land in Connecticut on which there was a house to live in. The house, of course, came first, and it was fifteen years after the final payment before I could afford to build a structure with a skylight, down by the creek next to the orchard, which, in deference to my youthful dream, I call "The Art Young Gallery."

The large public galleries of the cities need not fear another outbreak of ambition on my part to compete with them. I am resigned to the result of that particular dream; an octagonal-shaped building covered with tinted asbestos shingles—one room, 19 x 21 feet, with wall space for a limited exhibit of my original drawings. Some of the time it is also used as a working studio, at other times as a place for reverie and talk, and there are lots of books in a home-made case. No Louvre Room, no vistas of other rooms displaying the best examples of classic art and graphic humor, although I still have the small collection that I bought in Paris in 1891. From the same old trunk in which I brought them across the sea forty-five years ago, I took them out and looked them over recently, recalling dimly that they were once the nucleus of a dream.

From the road which passes my humble portion of the good earth, this so-called gallery is visible and often causes the passersby to make loud comments. Recently, two men were walking by. They looked at the sign out by the gate, and I heard one of them say: "The Art Young Gallery. Don't look like a shootin' gallery." To the practical-minded the building should have been a shooting gallery or, better, a garage.

In summer, on Saturdays and Sundays, it is free to the public. When "the public" comes, well and good, but I look around at my own drawings occasionally all alone and, in the quiet communion with my past, feel that I learn something, and that, given another ten or twenty years, I might do better.

Some time ago, the publisher of this book asked me to collaborate with a jury of three others in selecting the best drawings from among many hundreds of originals that have been on exhibition from time to time in this gallery, seen only by myself and a few visitors since they were first published in American periodicals. Readily I agreed, but conscious that those familiar with my work might have memories of certain pictures that we would overlook in selecting, perhaps better ones than some that are here published under the superlative title, "best."

Broadly speaking, my drawings can be summarized under three heads, although this volume contains variations of these themes:

First: Observations in country, city, street, and home, or wherever my eyes wandered in search of character and amusing conduct—what we used to call "joke drawings."

Second: Picture criticisms of government—political cartoons, which have occupied most of my time since boyhood.

Third: Allegory and fantasy.

In the first list, I prefer a drawing I made for one of the first issues of *The Masses*, of a small boy and girl of the slums looking up at the night sky. The boy is saying, "Chee, Annie, look at de stars—thick as bed-bugs."

I like most of my pictures of child jokes, because, as expressed before in my book, *On My Way*: "Every child is a genius until forced to surrender to civilization." I will mention also that drawing of a scene in Central Park, of a man looking at an elephant, a rear view of both: "Beast and Man," a study in analogy. This picture, first published in *Life* about twenty years ago, was made from a sketch drawn on the spot. Another title submitted besides "Beast and Man" was: "There's a divinity that shapes our ends." There are others, especially the character studies called "Types of the Old Home Town" which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Then there is that "Nice Cool Sewer" picture which obviously should be mentioned, but relatively speaking it has become too popular. When one drawing is praised too much, I turn against it.

In the second list, my cartoons on Politics and Government, I am at a loss to point out a favorite and yet, collectively, these may prove to have been the most worth while, if not my best work. Still, I will not argue with those who prefer others. As I view them retrospectively, it is some satisfaction to know that I did not spend many years of my life cartooning the trivial turns in current politics. Although a few of these are related to the topical issues of other days, it will be noted that practically all of them are

generalizations on the one important issue of this era the world over: Plutocracy versus the principles of Socialism, which in a broader sense is the same old issue that has aroused the talent of artists and writers throughout history: the exclusive arrogance of birth or wealth that humiliates and enslaves the too-tolerant, common man—the same old issue which in this twentieth century is coming to a showdown.

In the third list, Fantasy and Allegory, I favor *Trees at Night*, most of them first published in *The Saturday Evening Post* (1924–1926); the *Complex* drawings later in the same magazine; and that picture, printed first in *Life*, entitled: “This World of Creepers”—the crawling, cringing horde of human beings afraid to stand up and call their souls their own. I could mention others in this class that I think are my best, among them the Inferno drawings, some of which appeared in *Life*, *Puck*, the early *Cosmopolitan*, and later in book form. The latest book on this hot subject was *Art Young's Inferno*, 1933, which contains some of my best drawings and writing (such as it is) and puts the crimes of Capitalism in Hell where they belong.

Most of my political cartoons for the past thirty years were drawn for Liberal, Socialist, Communist, and pro-labor publications of all kinds, including *The Masses* and *Liberator* (1912 to 1922), *The Nation* (1922–24), my own magazine, *Good Morning* (May, 1919, to October, 1921), and *The New Leader*. *The Masses*, *Liberator*, and other radical publications paid little—generally nothing in real money—for contributions, but paid a good deal in that coin of consolation, that comfort to the mind when it is relieved of pent-up grievances against social conventions and the tyranny of wealth. It ought to be said, however, that in those days it was not so difficult to live. You didn't have to think of money *all* of the time.

Many of the publications to which I contributed are now mere memories of hopeful days. There was *The Coming Nation* (1912), published by J. A. Wayland and Fred Warren in Girard, Kansas, and *The Dawn* (1917), edited by Leigh Danenberg and James Waldo Fawcett, a national peace magazine which came up for a brief period of existence during the war. Then there were *I.W.W.* publications in Chicago, *The Call*, edited by Charles W. Erwin, in New York, also *The Big Stick*, Jacob Mari-noff's humorous Jewish weekly, and other periodicals—in the main, all of the same political and economic faith, but of different bias in the technique of propaganda.

The Metropolitan Magazine was the first attempt to produce a high-class monthly, printed expensively, with the slant of Fabian Socialism as an editorial policy. It lived some eight years and attained a large circulation. My pictures with accompanying comment on Congress, from 1912 to 1917, appeared there monthly. Then there was *Puck*, which was liberal in intent, the oldest of the New York humorous weeklies, founded in 1871. My drawings appeared in it irregularly for a few years, 1911–1913, during its ownership by the heirs of the founders: the talented Joseph Keppler, Jr., and

A. Schwarzmann, Jr. Besides these, I contributed a few drawings to *Collier's*, *The New Yorker*, *The New York Sunday American*, *American Magazine*, *New York Sunday Herald Tribune*, all of which have been looked over for the "best." In this review, it ought to be said that there was never much of a demand for my work by editors of conservative publications. Throughout many of my years, I peddled my pictures and not to sell was often a calamity.

To make a book out of all this material, it was decided not to divide it into general subjects as stated above, but to present the drawings as nearly as possible in approximate chronological sequence.

It was agreed that very few of the pictures could be called "best" and worthy of inclusion that were drawn prior to 1906, my fortieth year. From then on, most of these selections were made, the years of my awakening. But my work appeared in Chicago as far back as 1883, when I was seventeen. In that year a drawing which I had sent to *Judge* was the first to get published. About the same time, however, I had begun to illustrate a trade publication for a Chicago wholesale



This was before the days of news-photography and I was assigned to illustrate with pen-and-ink sketches fires, baseball games, conventions, theatricals, railroad disasters, steamboat excursions, et cetera. Most important of these assignments was the historic anarchist trial of 1887 for *The Daily News*, sketches in the courtroom of the defendants, judge, lawyers, and jury.

During the school year in Paris, again I had a feeling that my illustrations were being appreciated, when the *Pall Mall Budget* of London published a full-page drawing that I had sent to it of scenes at the Paris Exposition. Returning to Chicago in 1892, I

grocery house—this magazine was called *The Nimble Nickel*. *Judge* and *The Nimble Nickel* must bear the responsibility for starting me on my way. The *Judge* drawing is here reproduced as a sample of what a country boy from Wisconsin thought was comical back in 1883.

The newspapers of Chicago on which I found regular employment were *The Daily News* and later *The Tribune*.

"ONLY THIS, AND NOTHING MORE."



OLD GENT OF THE BERGH PERSUASION—"Young man, this is preposterous! You ought to know better. Why! it's ignominy."

YOUNG MAN—"Tain't neither; it's nuthin' but a common pup. Don't yer tink I knows a pup when I sees it?"

soon found myself a political cartoonist, regularly employed on the *Daily Inter-Ocean*. In politics I thought of myself as a Republican, perhaps for the reason that most people in the town where I came from who were the best-dressed and had the most money were Republicans and to my youthful mind these were, of course, "the best people." That was long ago.

Though I was always curious about political platforms, statesmanship and the campaign issues which agitated the minds of my elders, at this period in my life it was drawing pictures, composition, light and shade, and all that goes with creative work which was my study and main interest. Ideas were secondary in importance. In my thirties, now living in New York City, with time to think things over, and beginning to experience something of the harsh problems which one with a family must encounter merely to exist, I came to the conclusion that this talent of mine ought to be purposeful and that the use I made of it was more important than having been born with it. It was in these years that I attended the class of Parliamentary Law and Debate at Cooper Union, graduating in 1904. I felt that I needed this education to help me debate with editors, while trying to sell them my ideas of ridicule and dissent against the kind of world that surrounded me and all of us who wanted to work and live decently without becoming yes-men and slaves.

I had begun to take more than a superficial interest in social conditions and government and decided to enlist, with a pencil well-sharpened for attack, in the ranks of those who do the world's work, get no credit for it and die forgotten. No historic writer ever convinced me that the artists of the Renaissance did not feel the truth of their propaganda paintings for the cause of Christianity. Similarly, is it not obvious that Hogarth, Daumier, and our own Tom Nast could not have done good work without honestly feeling their ideas as well as having technical skill for graphic satire? While I had no great admiration for my own intelligence or my ability to understand political economy, neither did I have a servile respect for the intelligence of editors and publishers whom I had met, and who expected their writers and cartoonists to conform to a particular policy of their own. Think of spending one's life promoting and propagandizing the prejudices and political "principles" of a Frank Munsey or a Northcliffe or a Hearst!

As a choice between accepting the political judgment of the average newspaper owner and my own judgment as to what was best for my country and the future of mankind, I voted in favor of myself. I'd make up my mind, and follow through. But the difficulty ahead was the small demand for my point of view in the editorial offices of successful newspapers and magazines.

On looking through the files of certain popular publications of that period, it now seems likely that the editors tolerated some of my radical drawings because of the

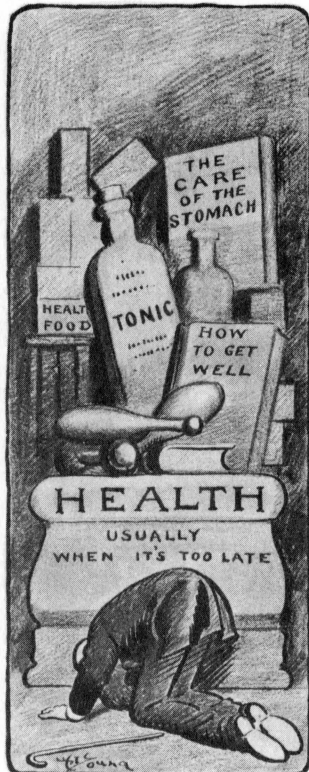
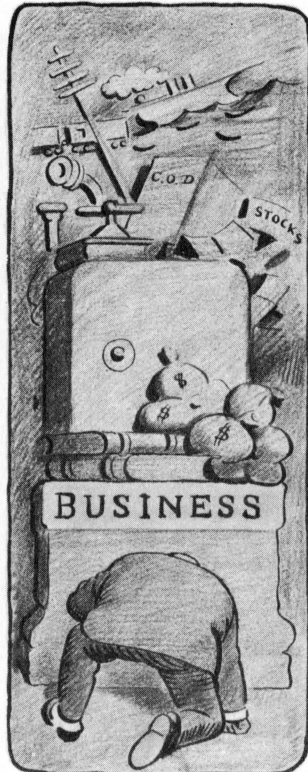
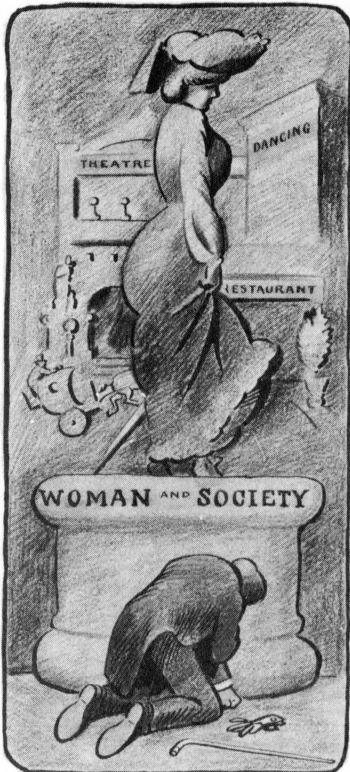
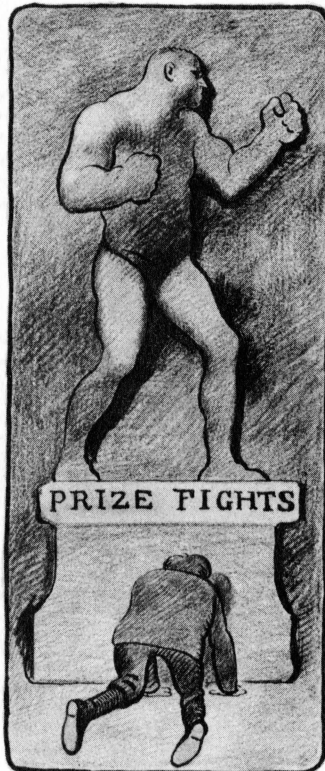
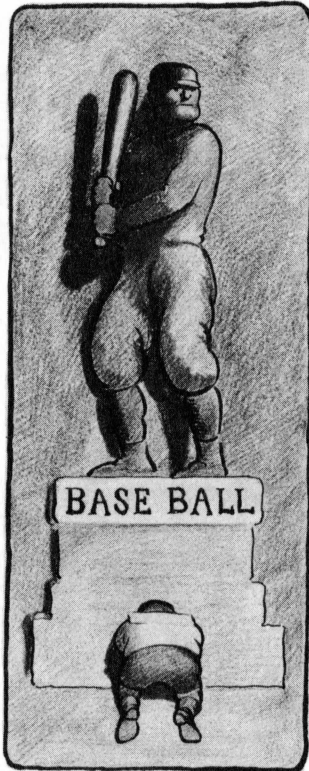
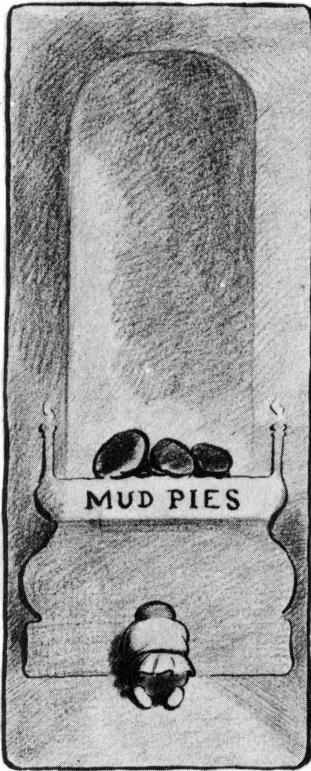
surprise element in them, for to provoke discussion with a cartoon or other feature that is different is good editing—if not overdone. But occasionally respectable readers would be exposed to an Art Young cartoon that was positively shocking to conventional taste some twenty or thirty years ago. Sometimes they would shock even myself when I saw them in print, “sticking out like a sore thumb,” as Fornaro once described my drawings.

Comprising the bulk of this book are such cartoons as have social content—they represent my truth as I tried to keep track of it winging its way through the tragi-comic chaos of an epoch. An epoch which may yet prove to be the most important in all history to the human race.

BETHEL, CONN., AUGUST, 1936

A. Y.

T H E B E S T O F A R T Y O U N G



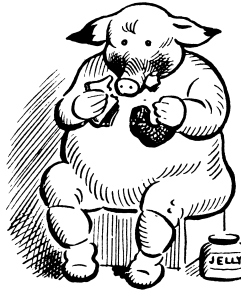
A MAN'S IDOLS—FROM YOUTH TO AGE



JUST PLAIN
WILLIE JONES



AS HE SEEMS TO
HIS TEACHER



TO THE COOK



TO THE CAT



TO HIS MOTHER

I DONT CARE !

I DO .



Young

'PROGRESSIVE POLITICS'

EDITOR

'STAND PAT POLITICS'



POLITICAL BOSS

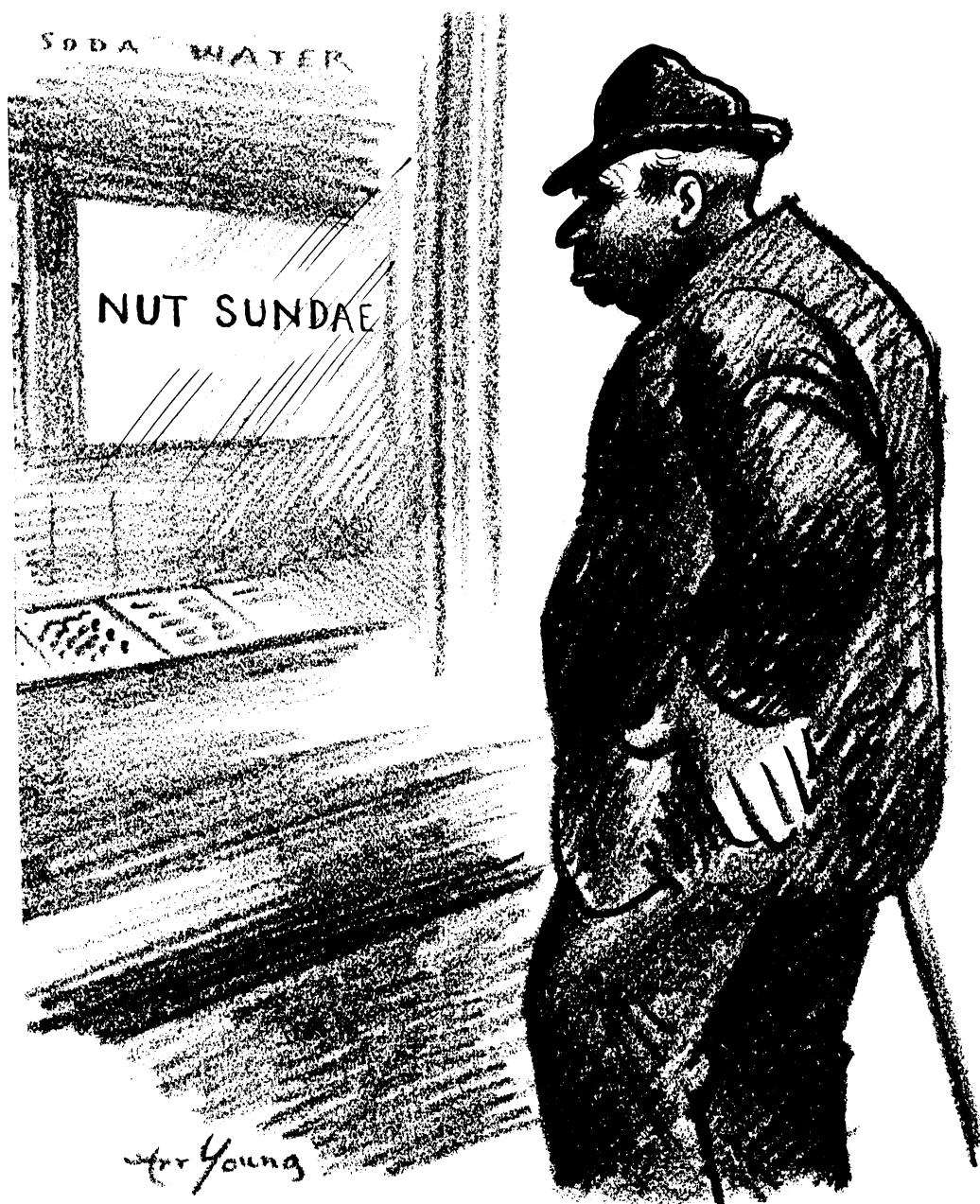
OWNER

STOCK HOLDER

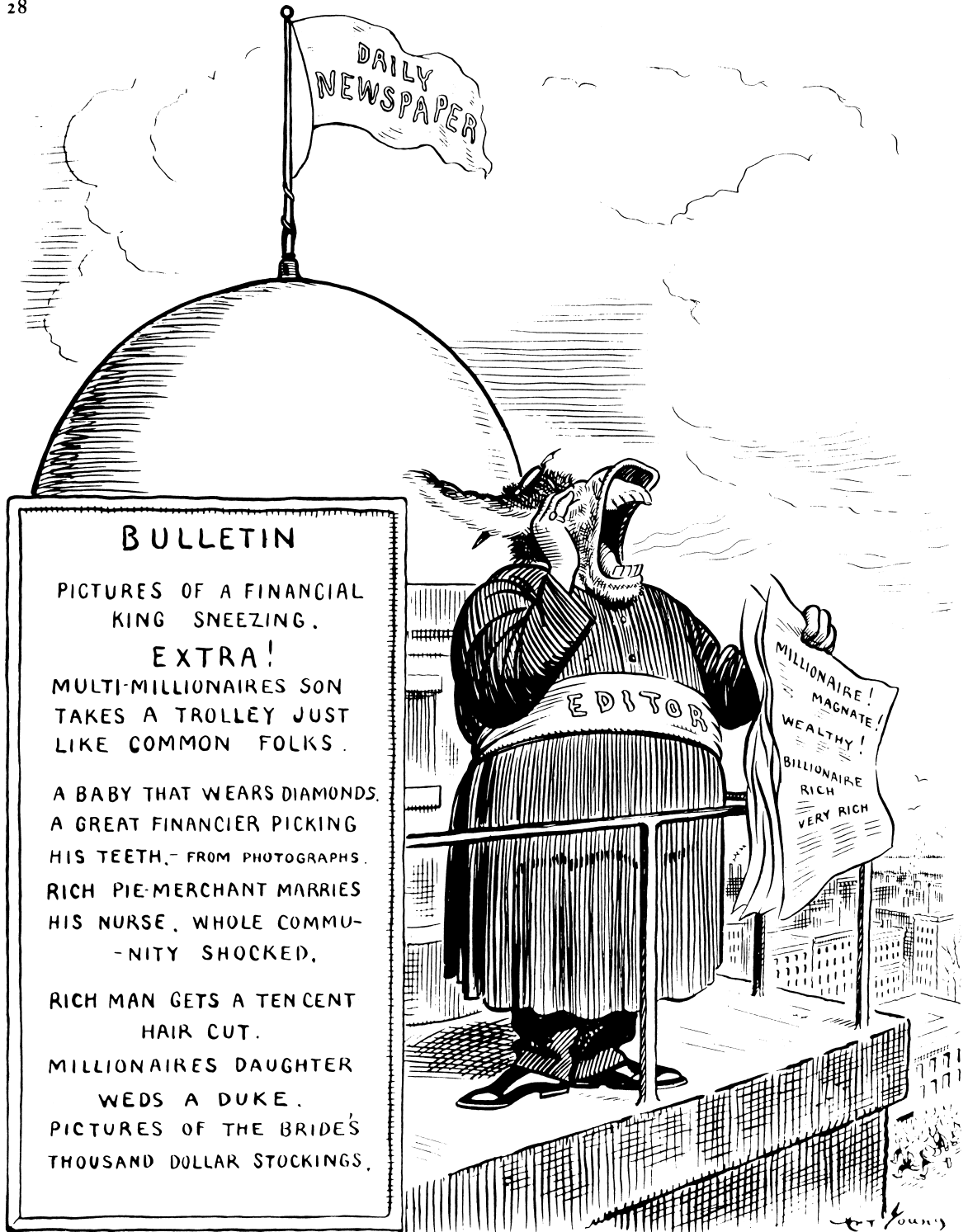
THE EDITORIAL "WE"



PROSTITUTION—LEGAL AND ILLEGAL



IRISHMAN: "I've heard of Shrove Tuesday, Ash Wednesday and Good Friday, but, by gorry, that's a new one on me!"



BULLETIN

PICTURES OF A FINANCIAL KING SNEEZING.

EXTRA!

MULTI-MILLIONAIRES SON TAKES A TROLLEY JUST LIKE COMMON FOLKS.

A BABY THAT WEARS DIAMONDS. A GREAT FINANCIER PICKING HIS TEETH. - FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

RICH PIE-MERCHANT MARRIES HIS NURSE. WHOLE COMMUNITY SHOCKED.

RICH MAN GETS A TENCENT HAIR CUT.

MILLIONAIRES DAUGHTER WEDS A DUKE.

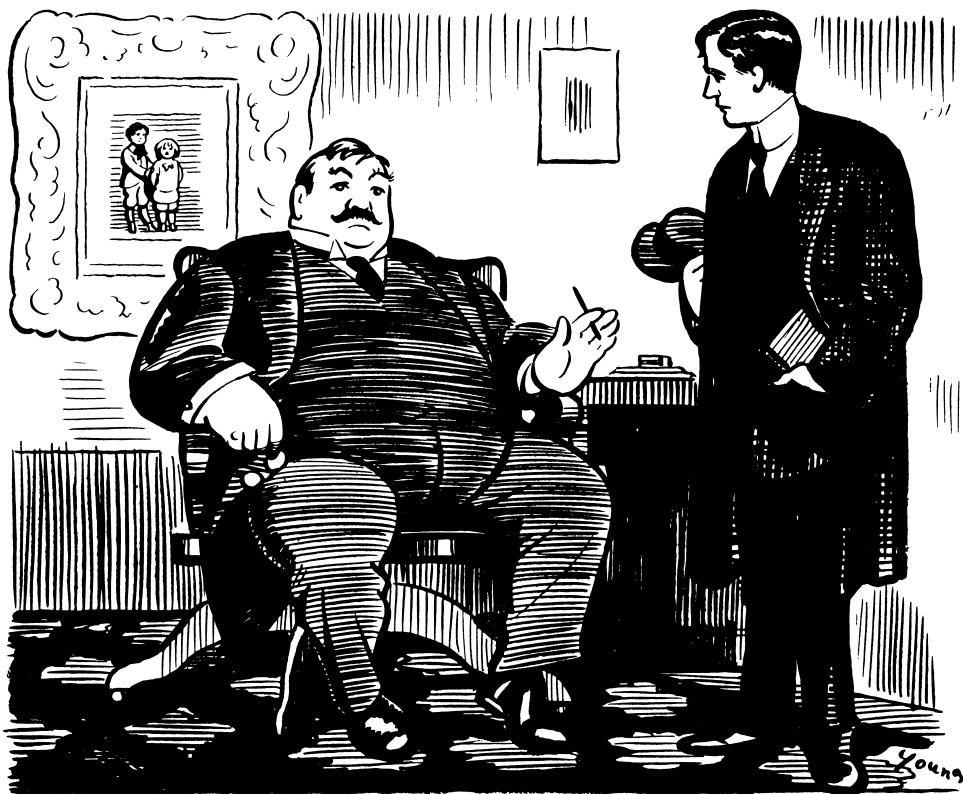
PICTURES OF THE BRIDE'S THOUSAND DOLLAR STOCKINGS.

THE RELIGION OF THE PRESS



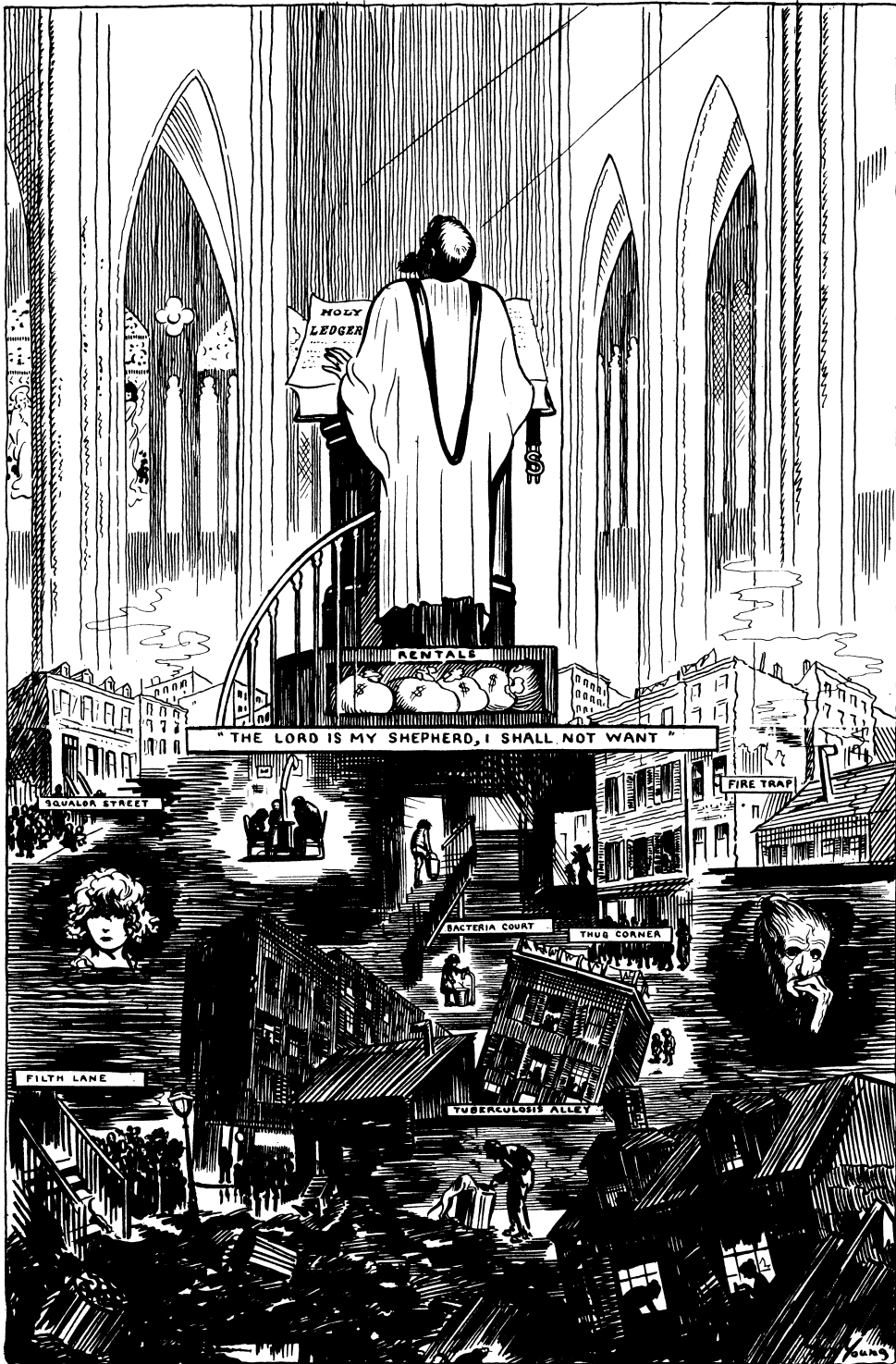
"Riches, one may say, are like sea water: the more you drink, the thirstier you become."

—SCHOPENHAUER

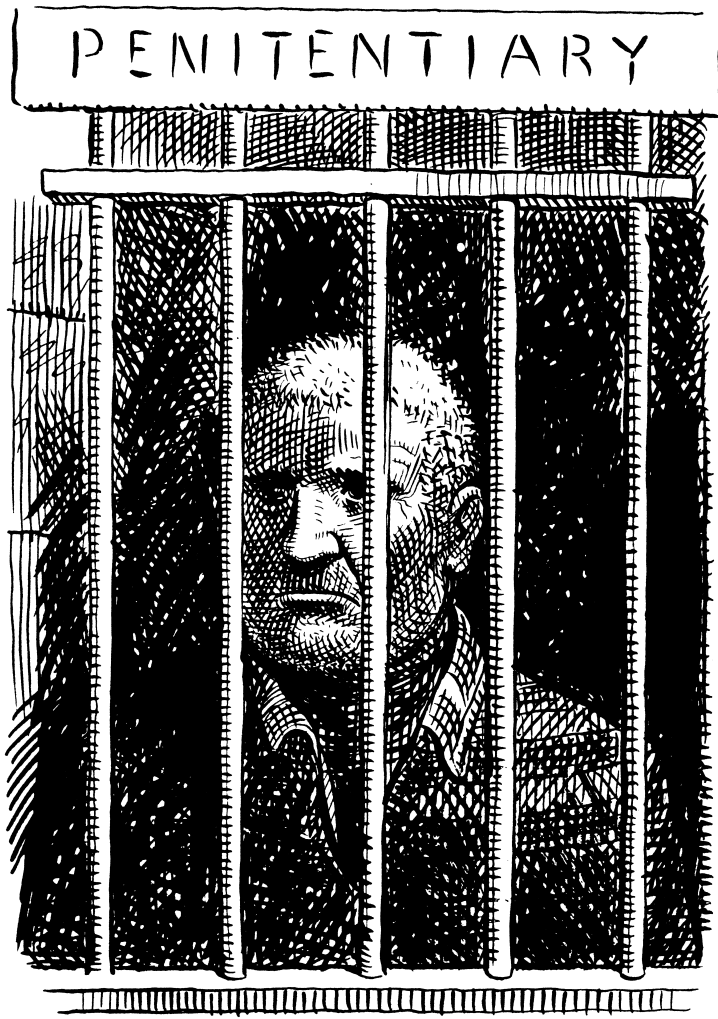


"It's the struggle, my boy—poverty develops character."

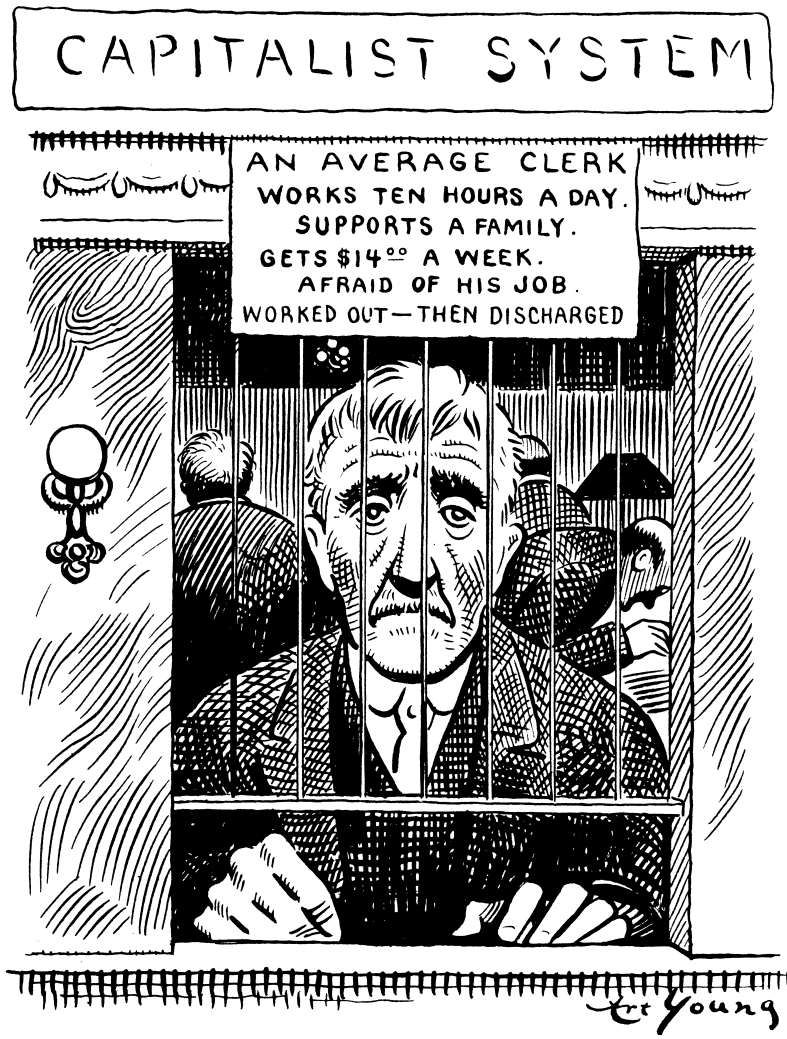
"Then, of course, you will bring up your children in poverty."



HOLY TRINITY
The Wealthy Church and Its Real Estate Holdings



IN JAIL, *And Knows It*



IN JAIL, *But Doesn't Know It*



EVERY CHILD *Is a Genius Until It Is Forced to
Surrender to Civilization*

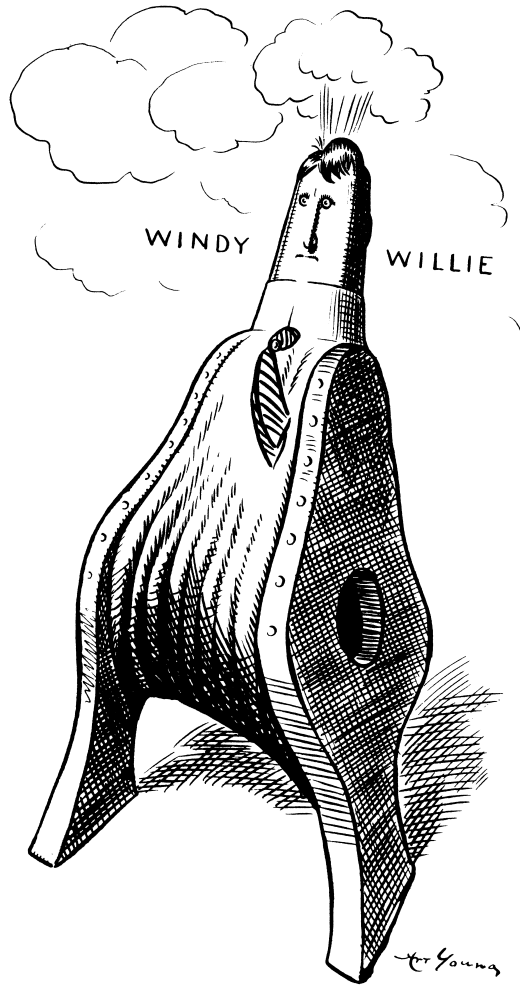


DESIRABLE

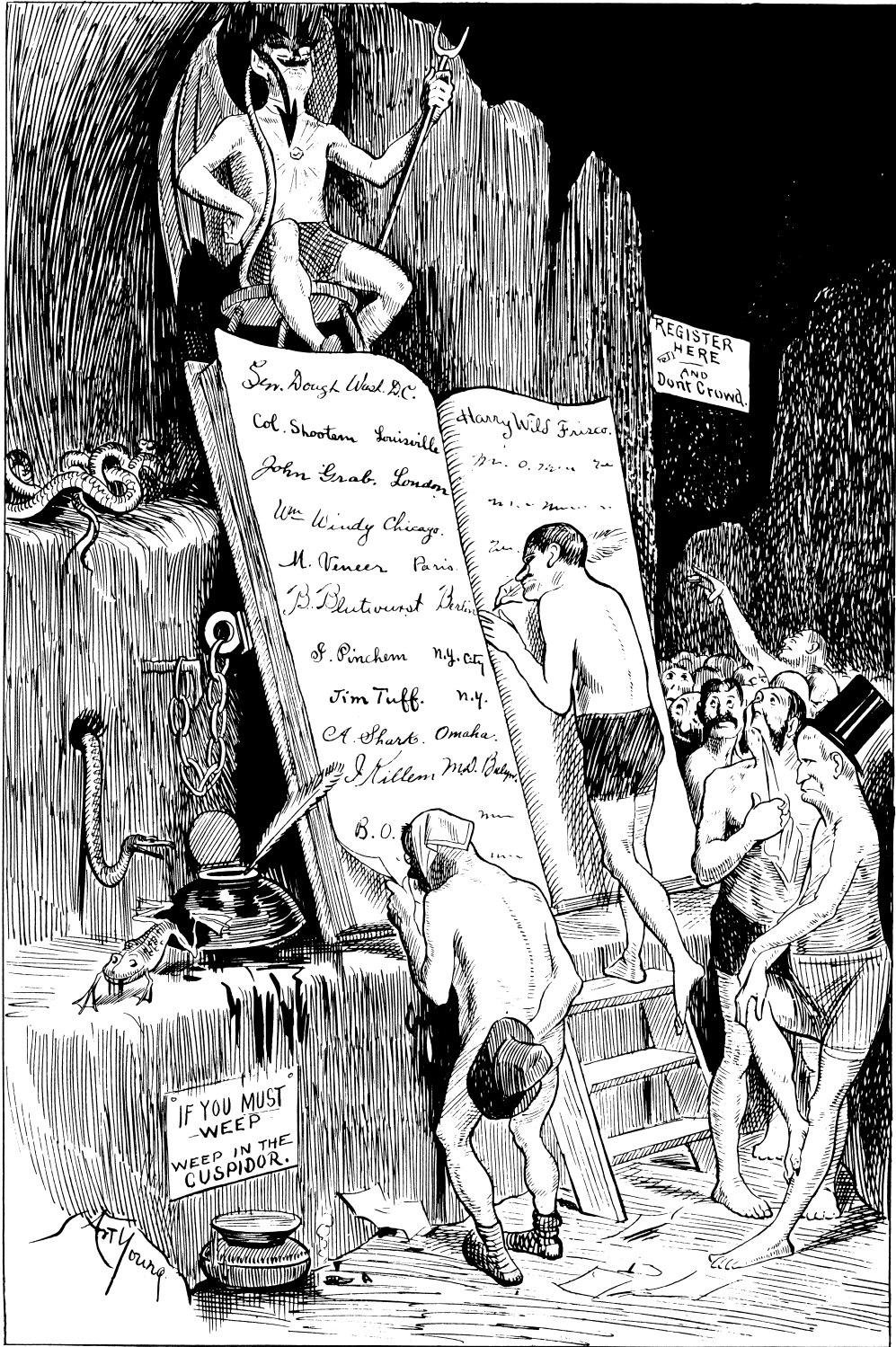
ATTORNEY FOR THE DEFENSE: *"Have you read about this
case in the papers?"*

"No, sir, I can't read."

"All right. Accepted by the defense."

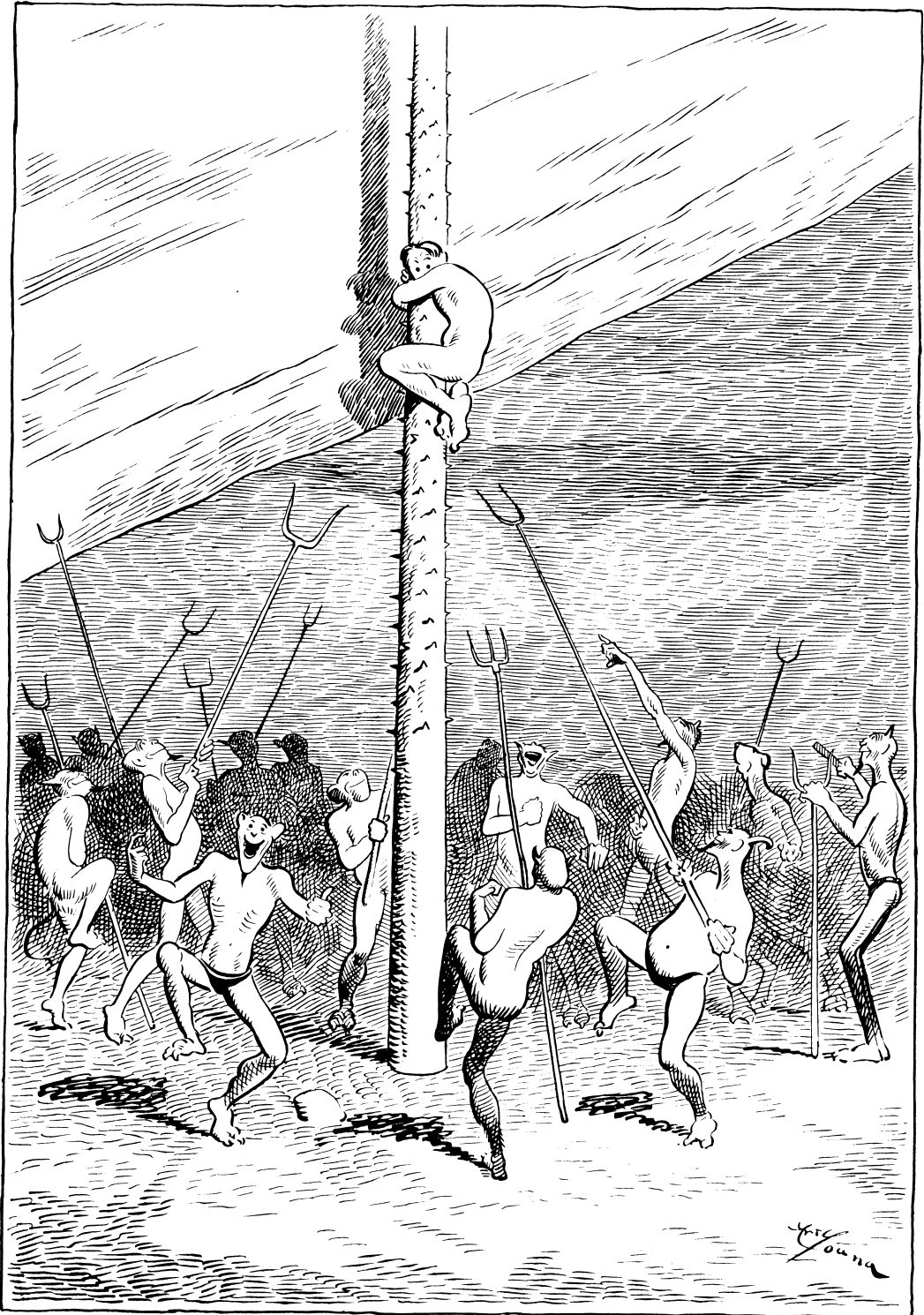


WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

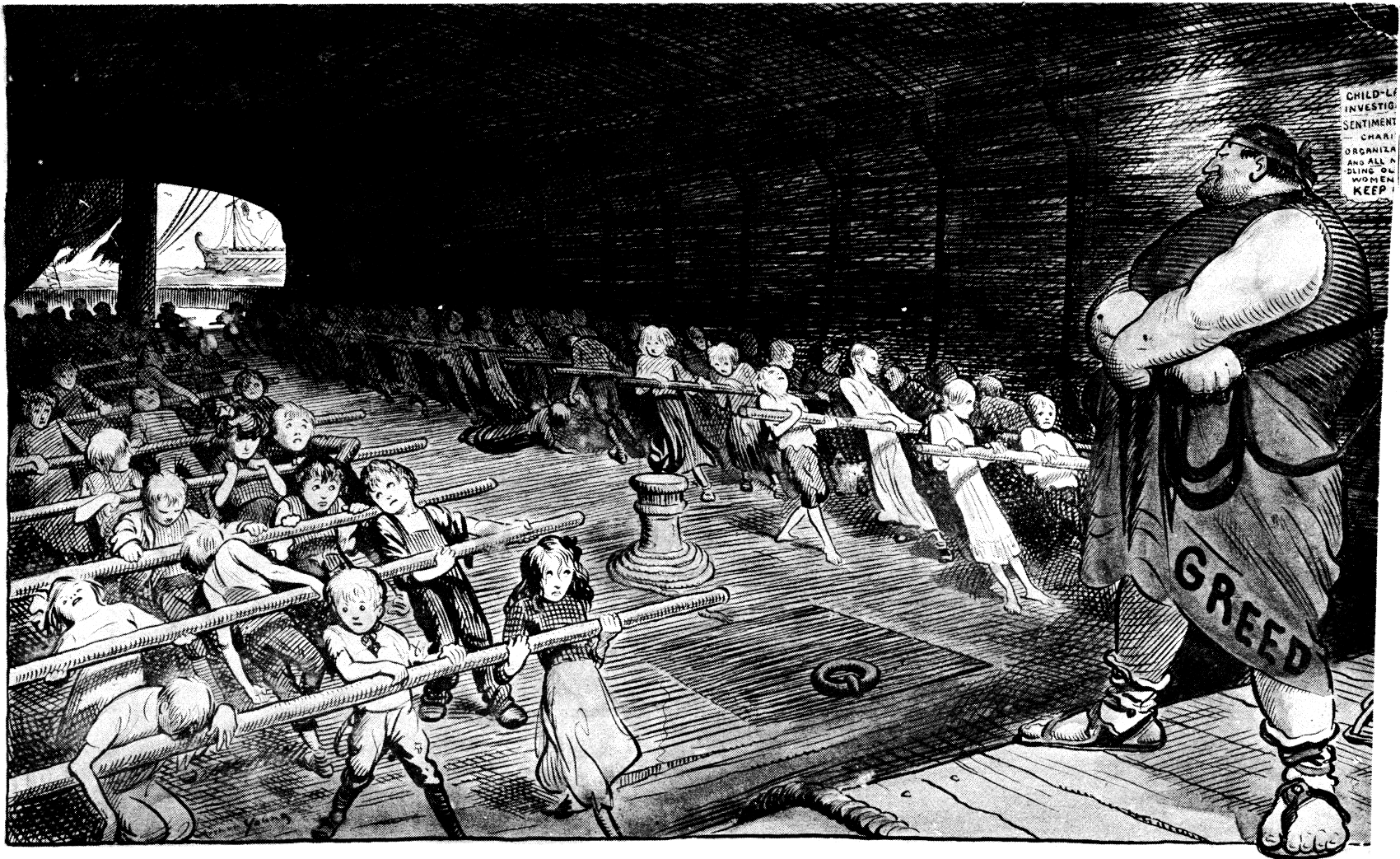


THE INFERNAL REGISTER

Where Most People Sign Fictitious Names



EVERYBODY Knows This Fellow—He Climbed Up in the World and Forgot His Friends



THE GALLEY

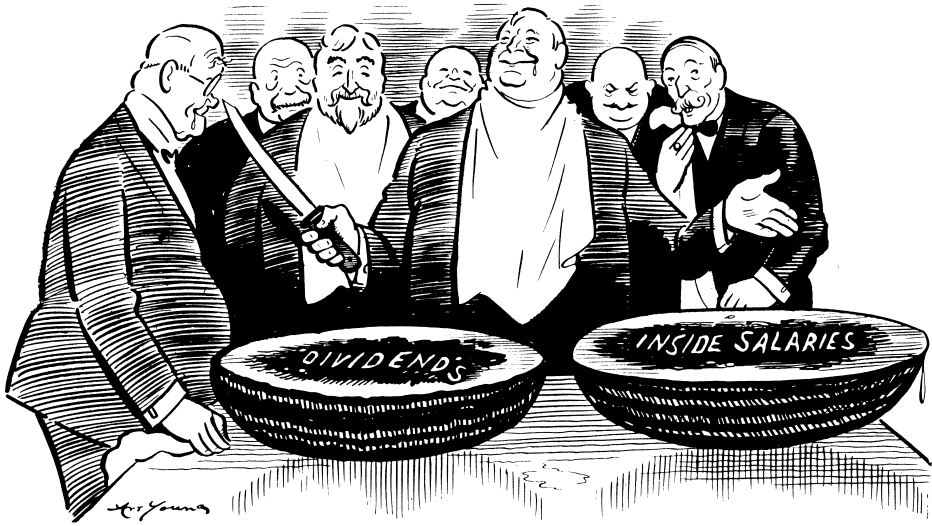
Dedicated to the States Where Child Labor Is Still Permitted



CHILD LABOR EMPLOYER: "You see, it keeps them out of mischief."



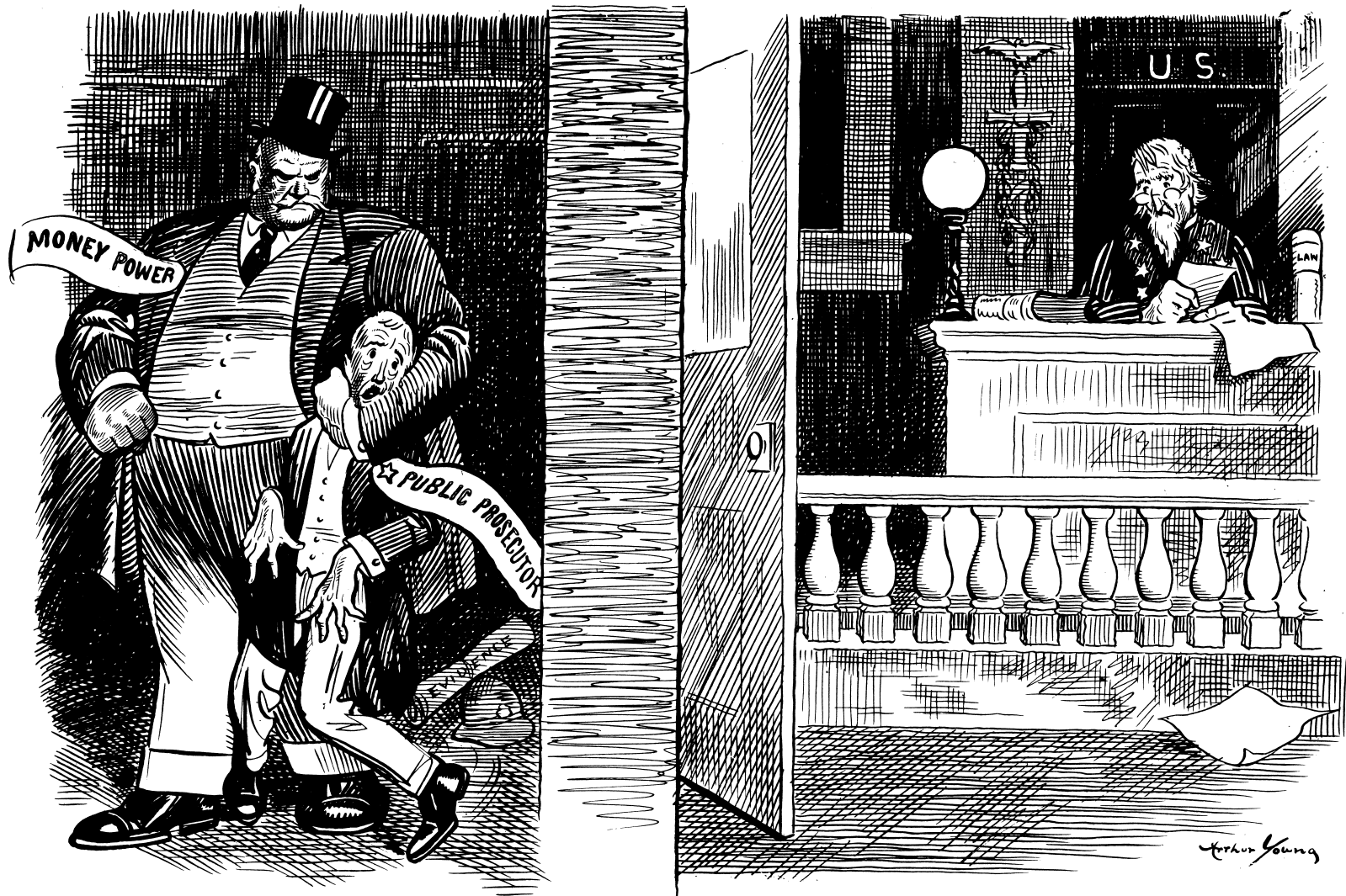
THE PRISONER WHO CAME CLEAN



"Gentlemen, let us raise the price, but don't be seen laughing in public."

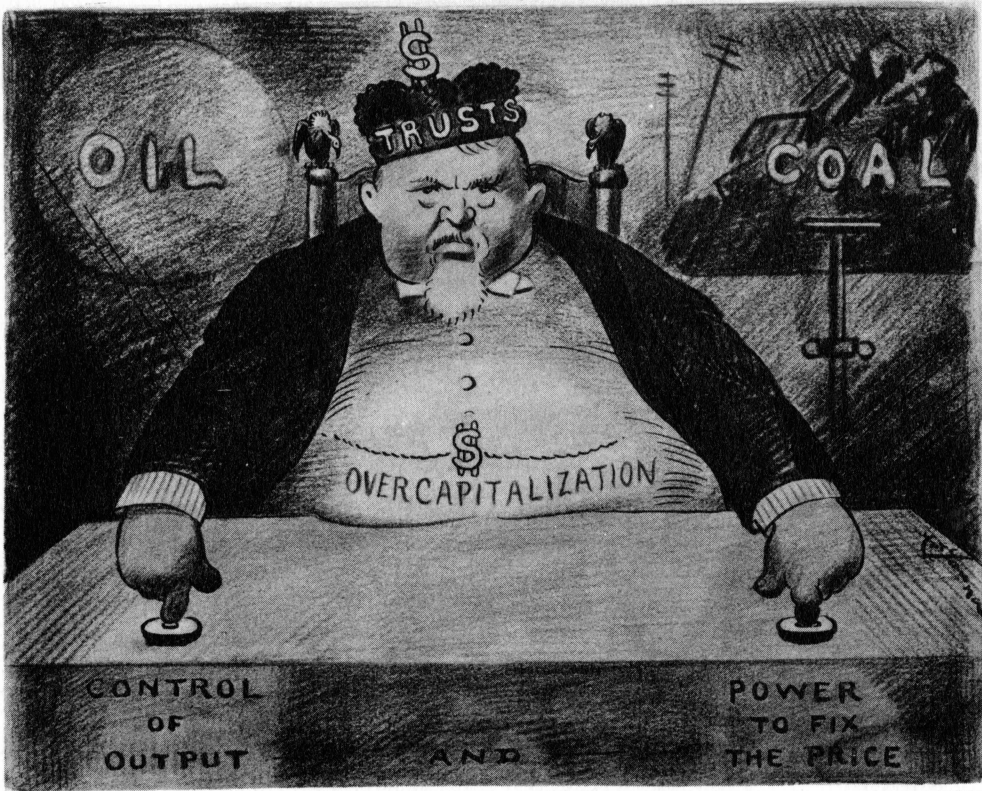


THE MINISTER Who Proves to the Rich Supporters of His Church That a Camel Can Go Through the Eye of a Needle



JUDGE: "Bring in the prisoner."

PUBLIC PROSECUTOR: "He won't let me."



*"Bill, I want a coupla cans
of salmon."*

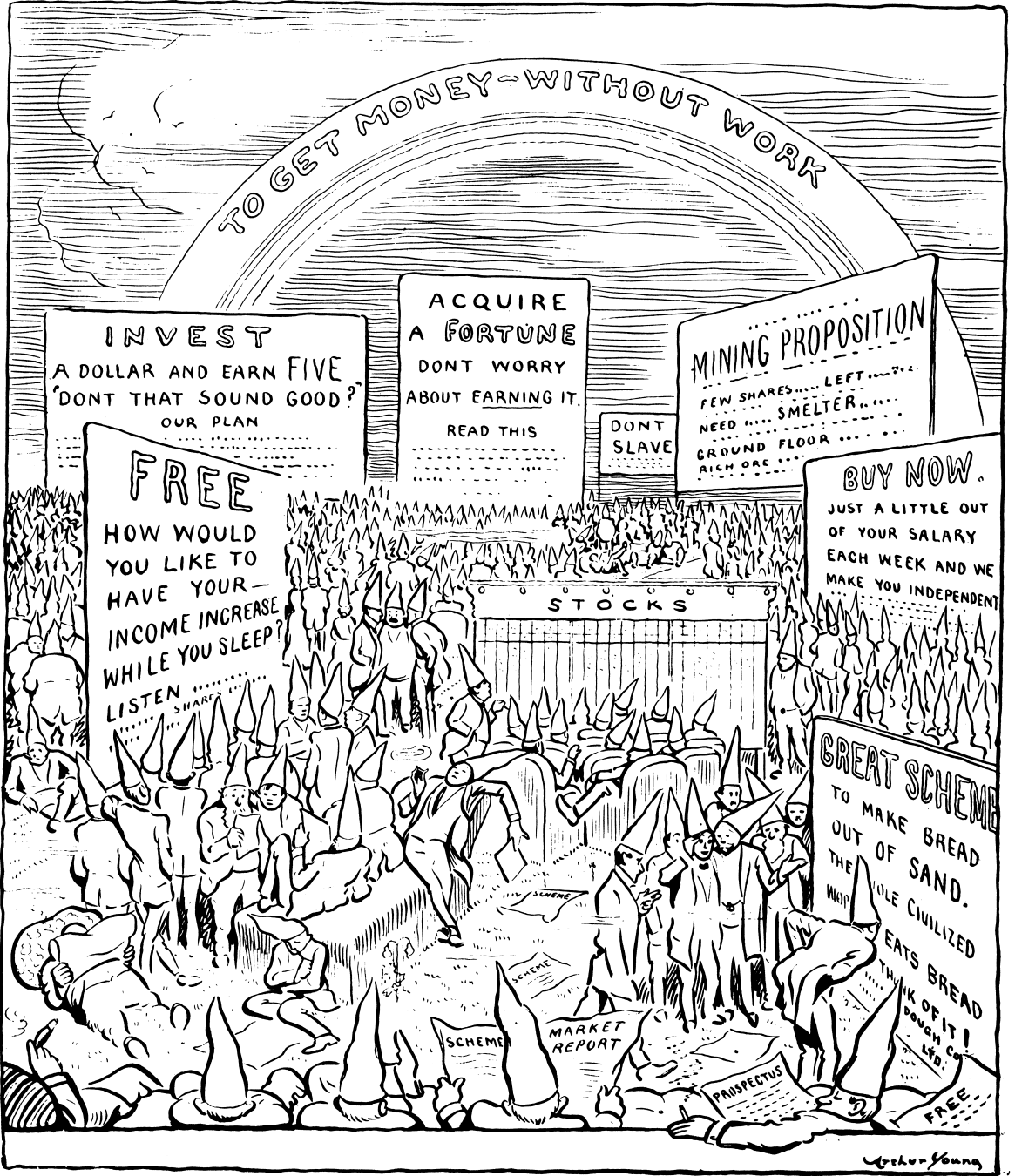
BILL MOPE (THE GROCER):
*"Say, Fred, why don't
you come around
when I'm standing
up?"*



Art Young



THE NEWSPAPER—HOUSE OF PROSTITUTION



FOOLS' PARADISE



OH, JOY!

CAPITALIST: "We are thinking of giving a stick of candy bonus every day to those of you who are faithful and work hard."



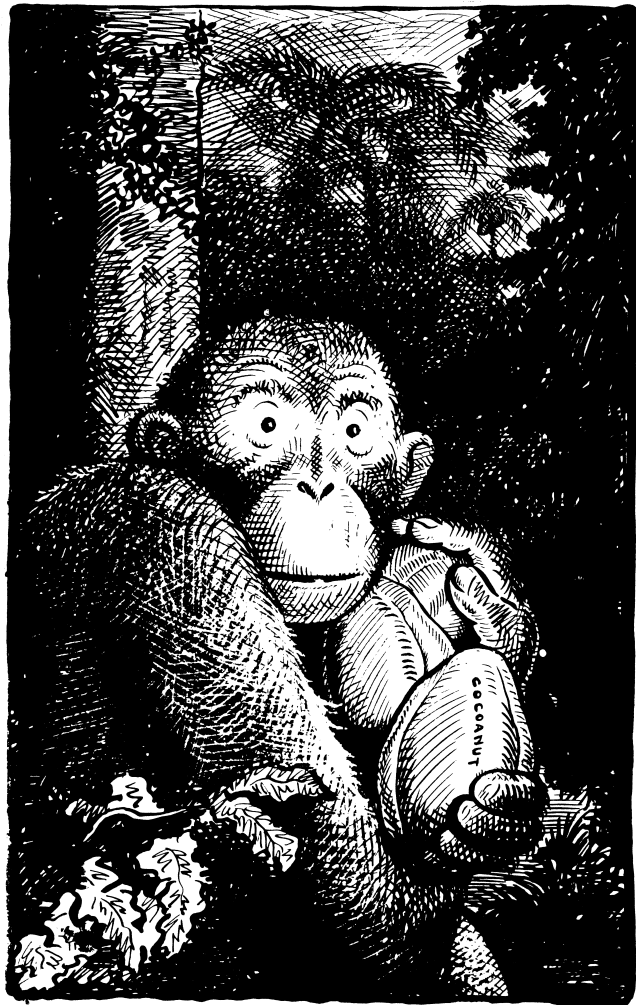
THE OUTCAST'S BREAKFAST



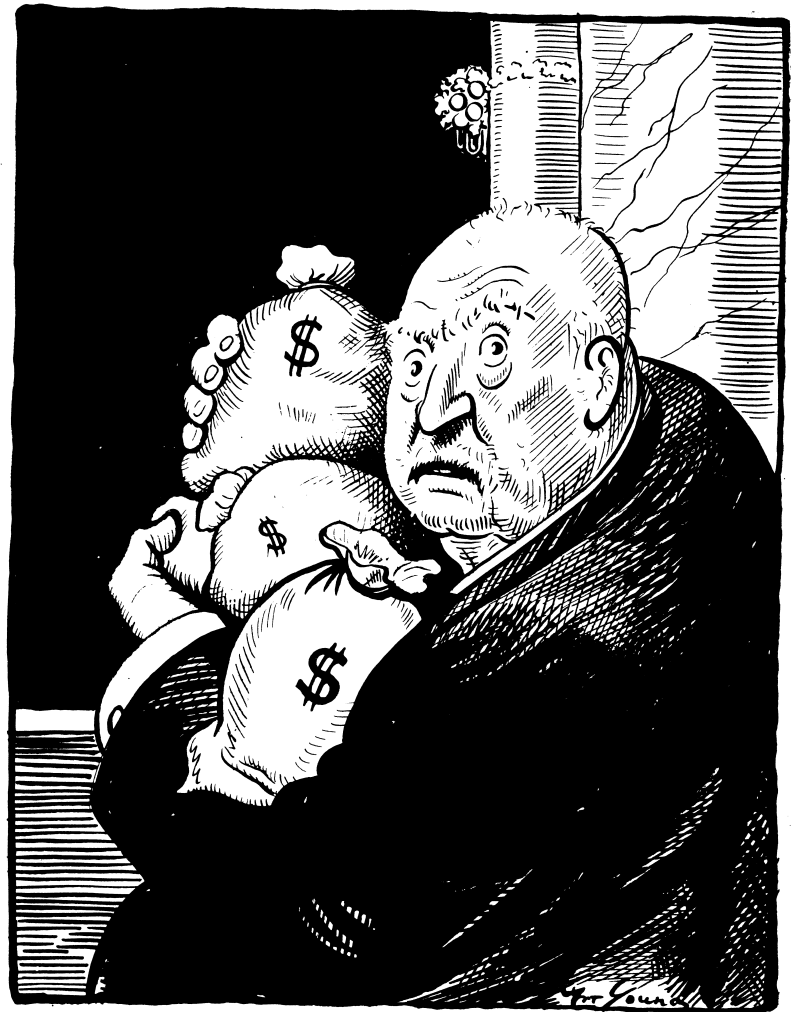
"And God Made Man In His Own Image"



BUT YOU CAN'T FOOL FATHER TIME

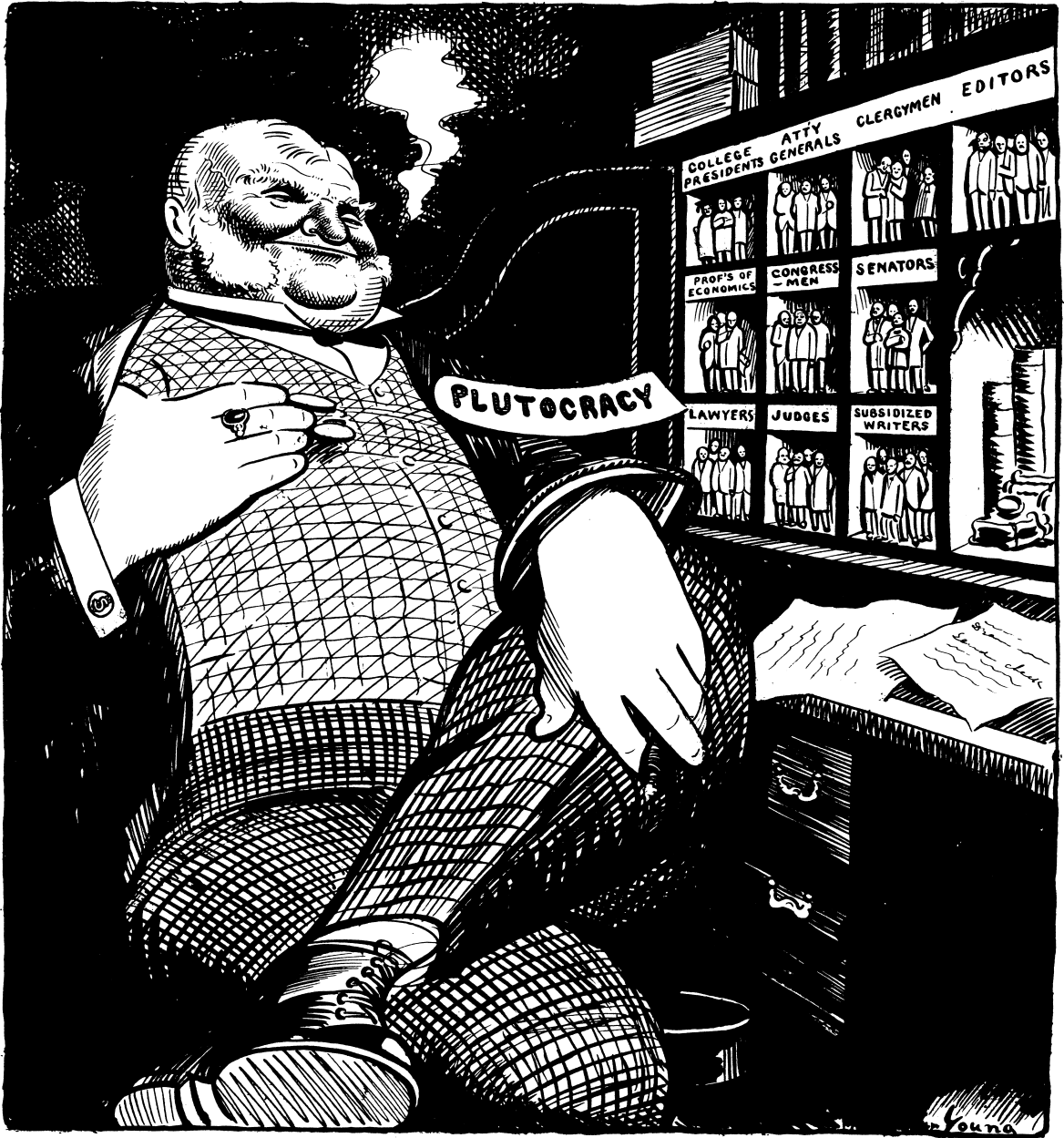


From
Jungle
==
To
Civilization

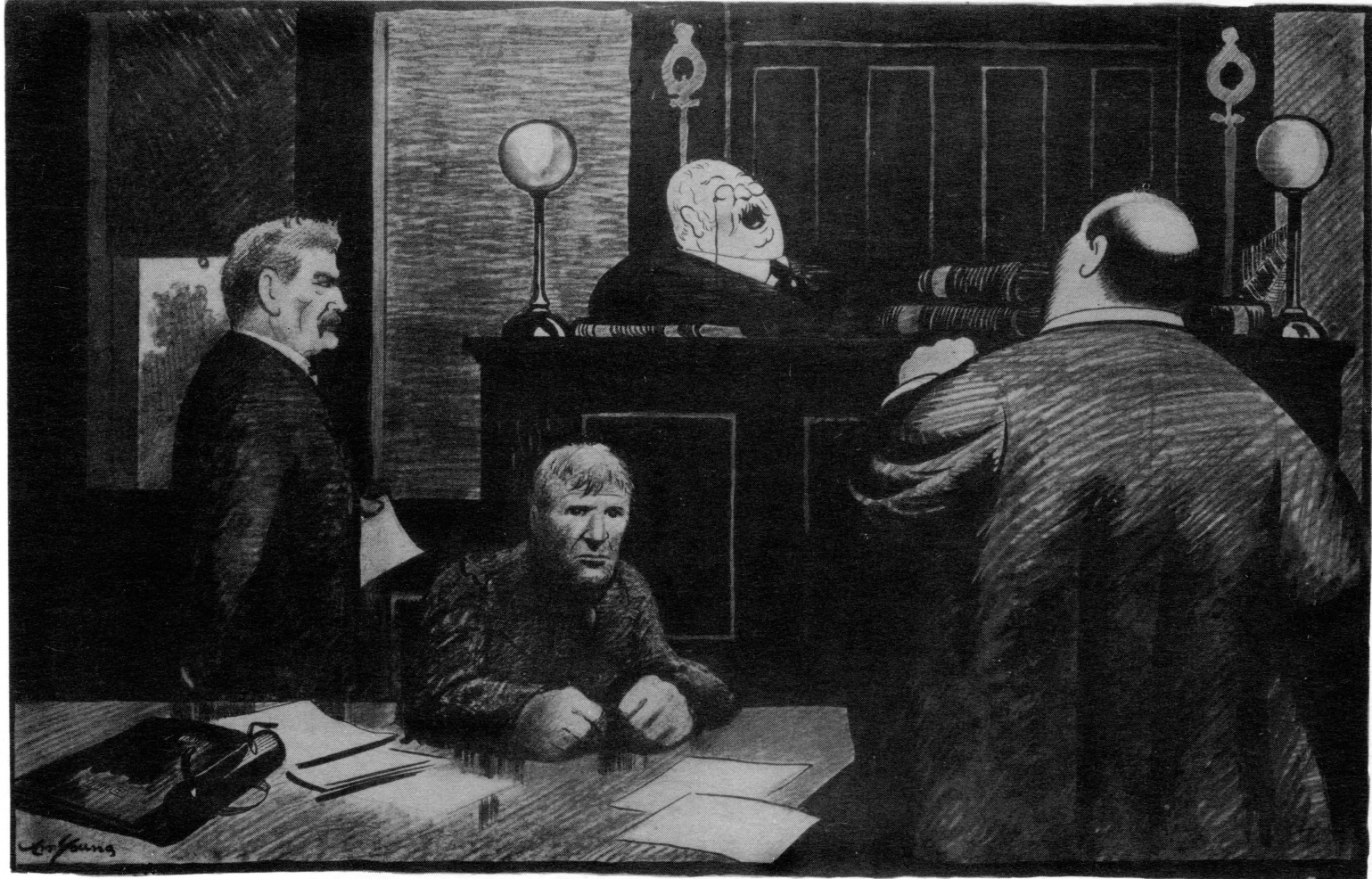




DANTE

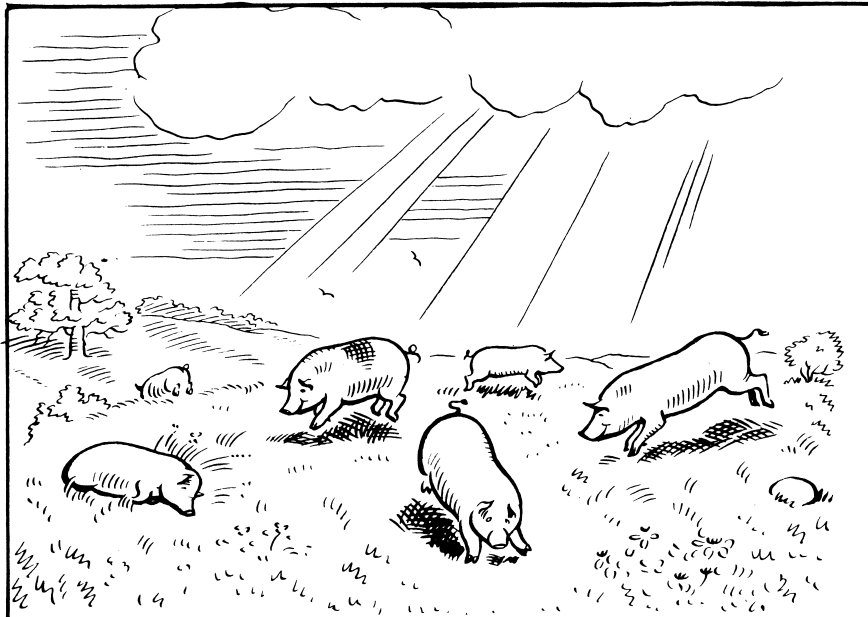


SYSTEM



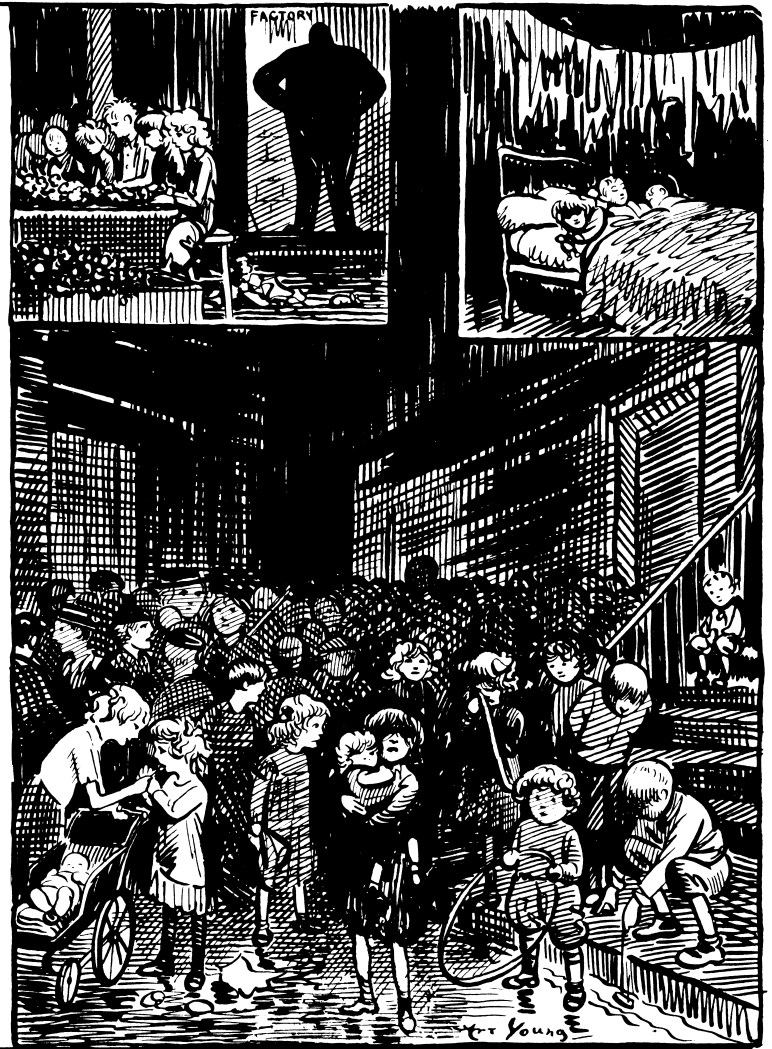
ATTORNEY FOR DEFENDANT: *"Your honor, the defendant was out of work. He has a sick wife and three small children."*
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY: *"Your honor, I object, on the ground that the evidence is irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial."*

—AND THE JUDGE YAWNED

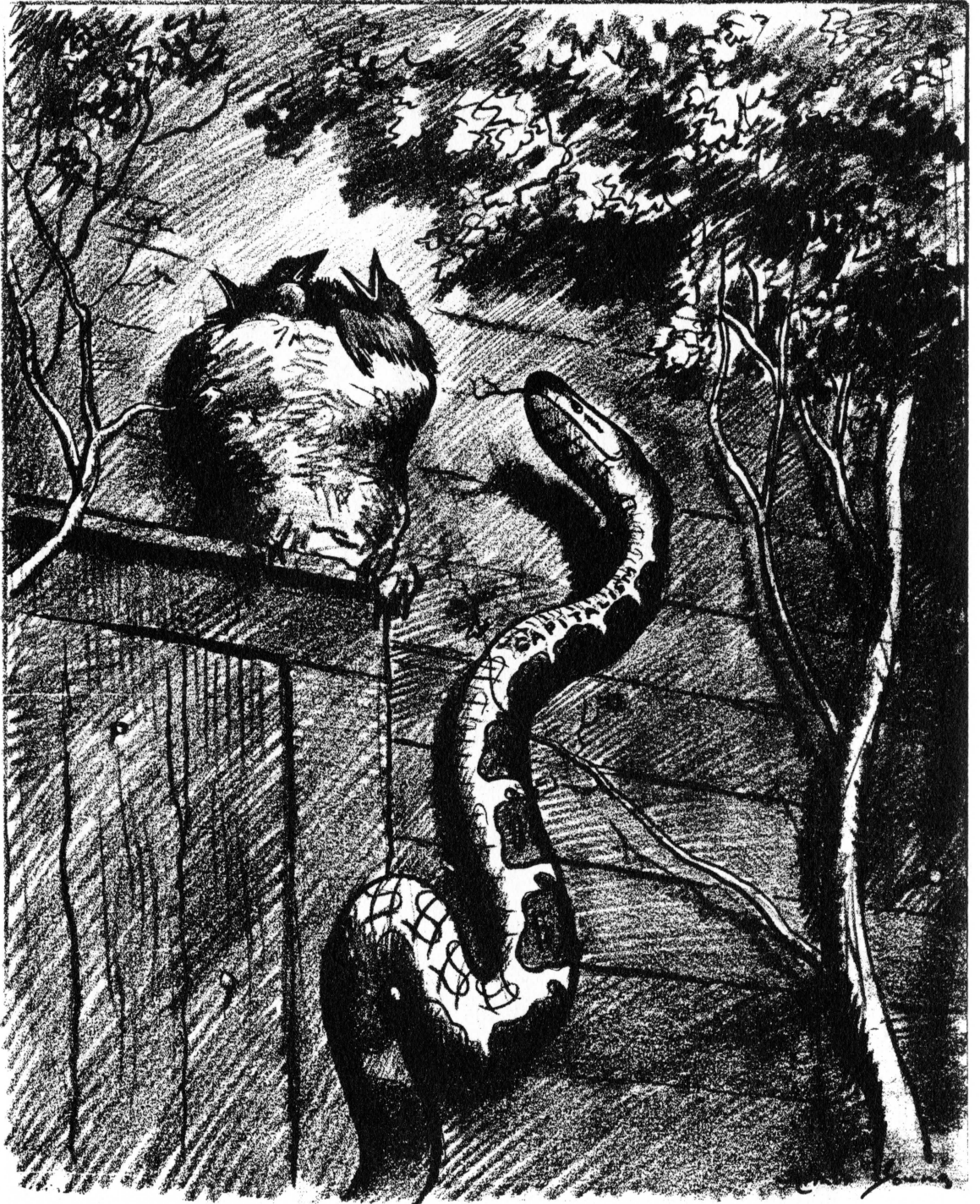


“YOUNG PIGS MUST HAVE UNBOUNDED
FREEDOM IN DIRECT SUNLIGHT AND
PURE AIR FOR HEALTHY NORMAL GROWTH.
THEY MUST BE INDUCED TO RUN AND
PLAY AT LARGE RANGE”

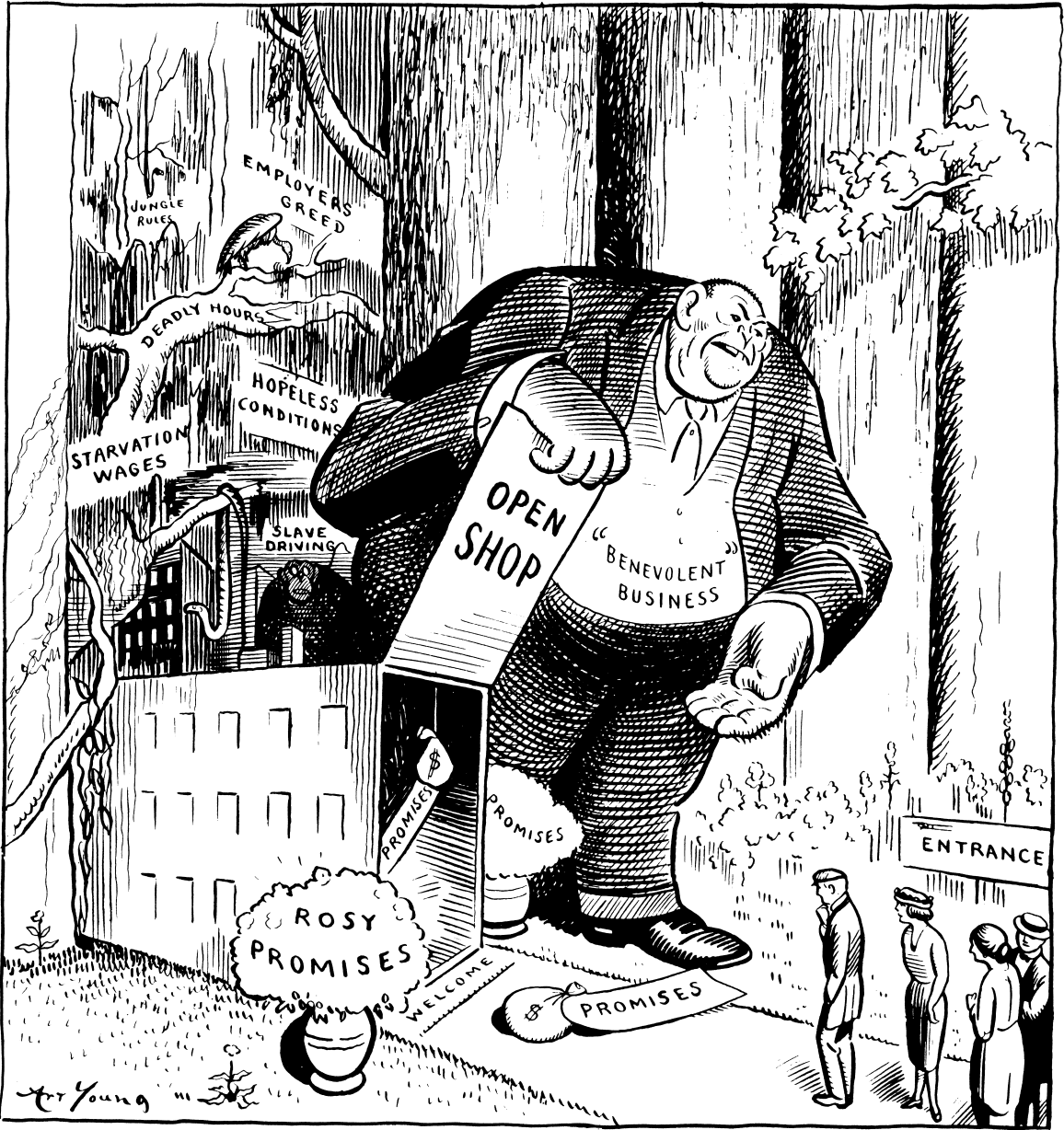
From a bulletin—U.S. Dept. of Agriculture



PIGS AND CHILDREN



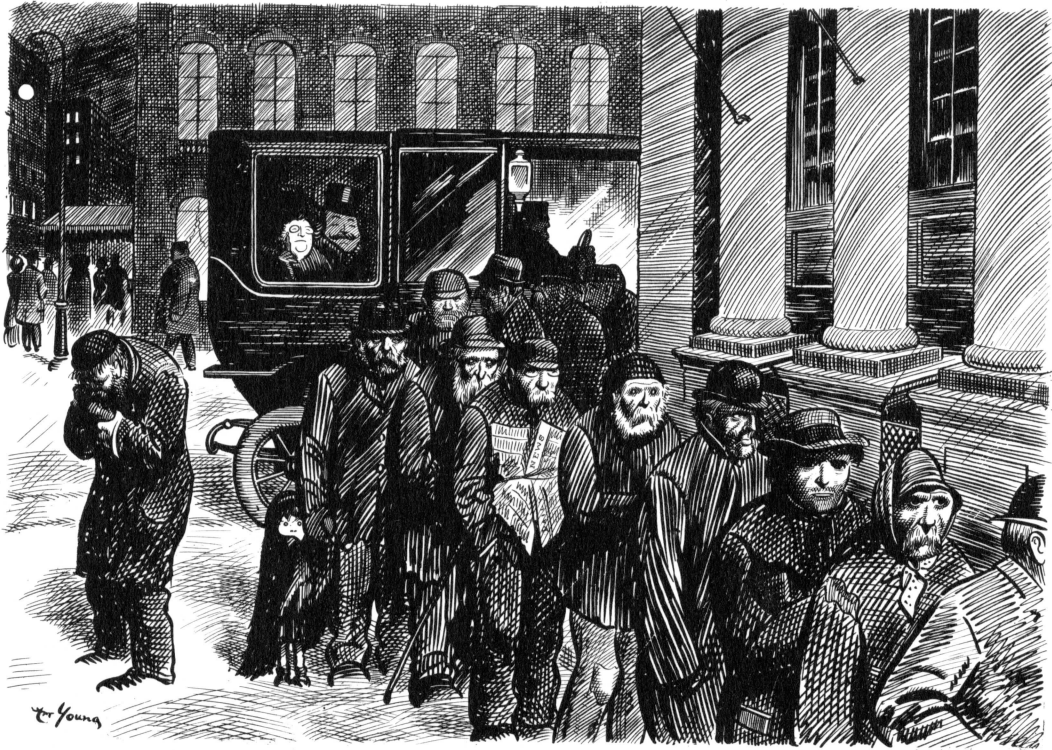
THE SANCTITY OF THE HOME



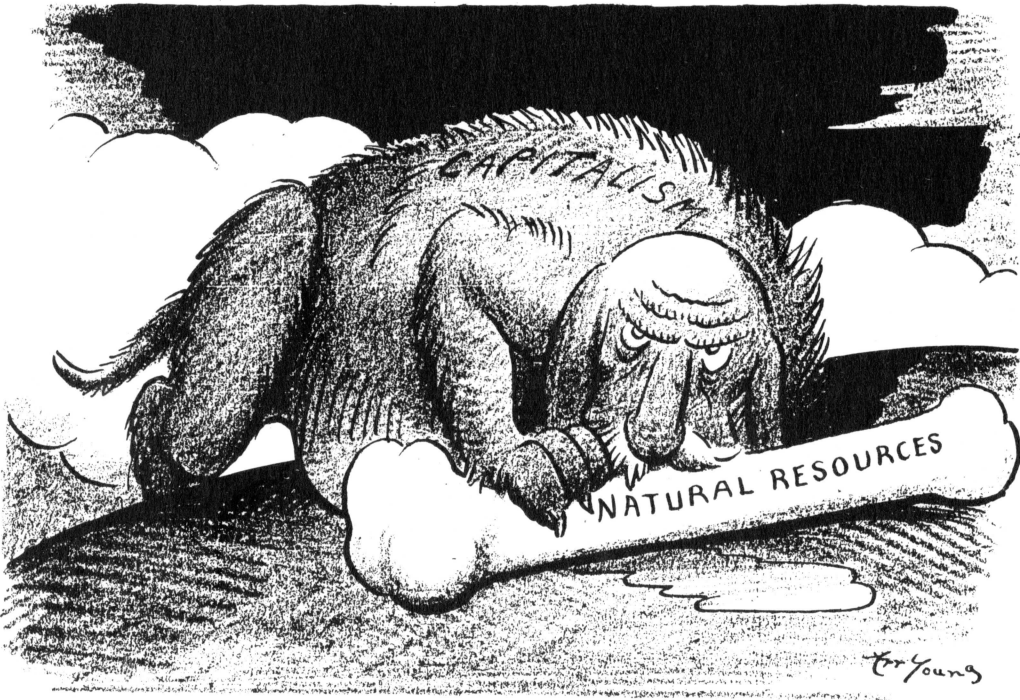
THE TRAP



ELEVEN HOURS A DAY



WOMAN IN AUTOMOBILE: "How interesting!"

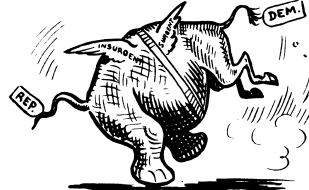


IS HE A VICIOUS ANIMAL?
Just You Try To Take His Bone Away

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



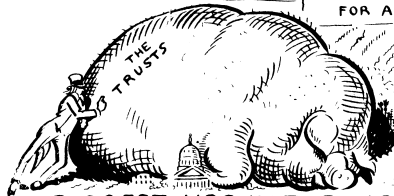
GIGANTIC SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS
SO BIG YOU DONT READ THEM



THE WHAT-IS-IT



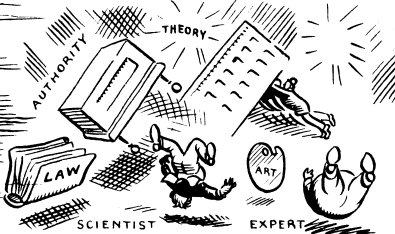
WHIRLWIND RIDING
WHEN YOU GET TO YOUR DESTINATION
YOU WANT TO GO SOME PLACE ELSE



BIGGEST HOG IN THE WORLD



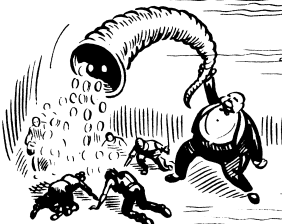
BEAUTIFUL SCENERY
FOR ADVERTISEMENTS



EVERYTHING UPSET TOMORROW
THAT YOU PUT UP TODAY



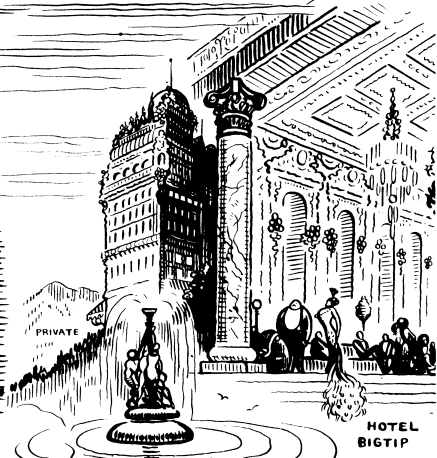
GLORIOUS FANFARE OF SELF-
RESOUNDING FROM COAST TO
COAST



SPECTACULAR
CHARITY



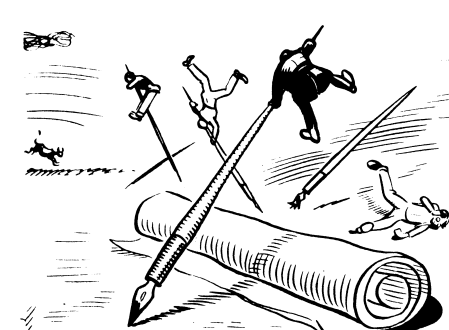
GIANT AND PYGMY



THE LUXURY OF ROME
AND BABYLON OUTRIVALLED

Young

- GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

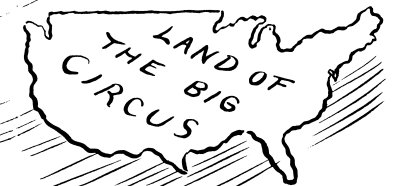


GYMNASTIC WRITERS
TUMBLING OVER THEMSELVES
ON ALL SIDES OF A QUESTION



HIGHEST BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD

COVERS
3,625,574
SQUARE MILES



ALL
NATIONALITIES
UNDER
ONE FLAG.

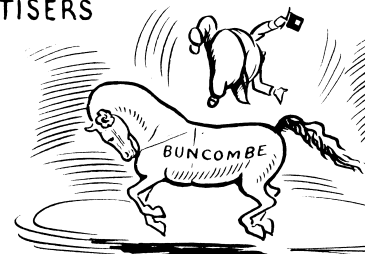


MOST DARING FEAT ON RECORD
CROSSING BROADWAY

PEOPLE WHO GO ROUND AND
ROUND BUT NEVER GET ANYWHERE



-ADVERTISERS
COAST



FLIP FLOP POLITICIANS



WILD LEAP
FROM FASHION
TO FASHION



PART VULTURE AND PART MAN

THE WORLD RENOWNED MRS. GRUNDY
AND HER JUMPING MONKEYS.

GORGEOUS
GARGANTUAN
GRAFTERS.
SOCIETY QUEENS
SANCTIMONIOUS
SYCOPHANTS
CONFUSION!
DELUSION!

ADMISSION
FREE



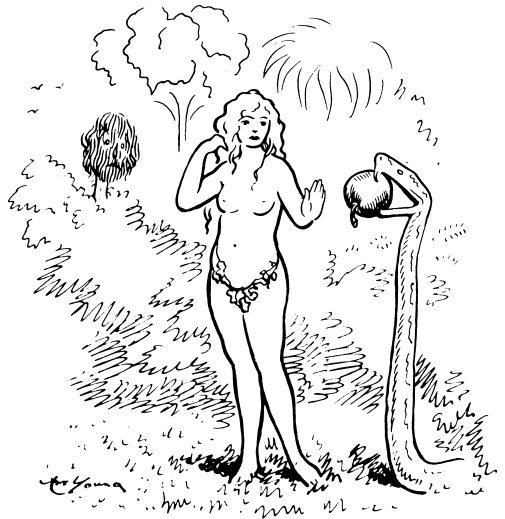
"Don't you think it was a mistake to build your barn in front of your house and obstruct the view of those mountains?"

"Well, you see, when I built that barn, them mountains wa'n't as stylish as they be now."

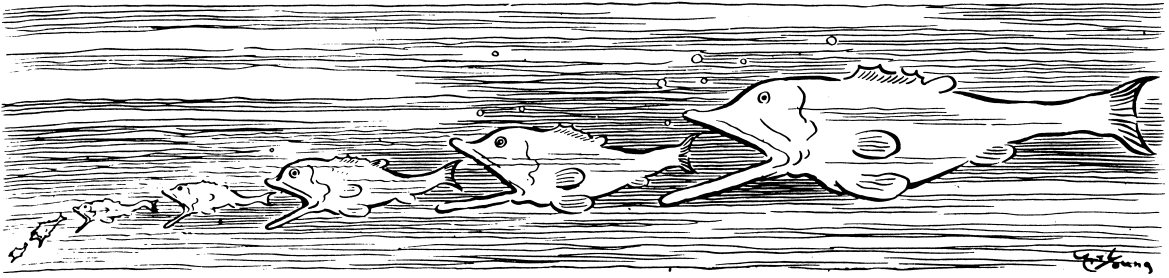


"Now, I s'pose you'll go an' tell yer mother I insulted ya."

"I will not—I never tell my mother about my social affairs."



"No, thank you, there's a lot of trouble coming, and I'll be blamed for it."

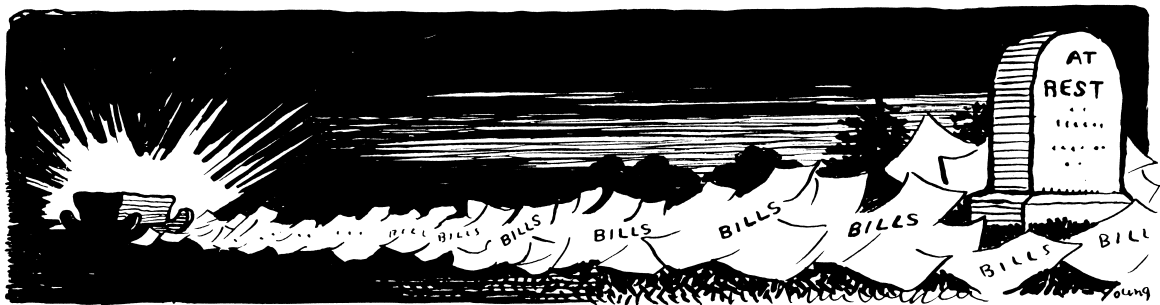


BUSINESS



"I like a little competition!"

—J. P. MORGAN



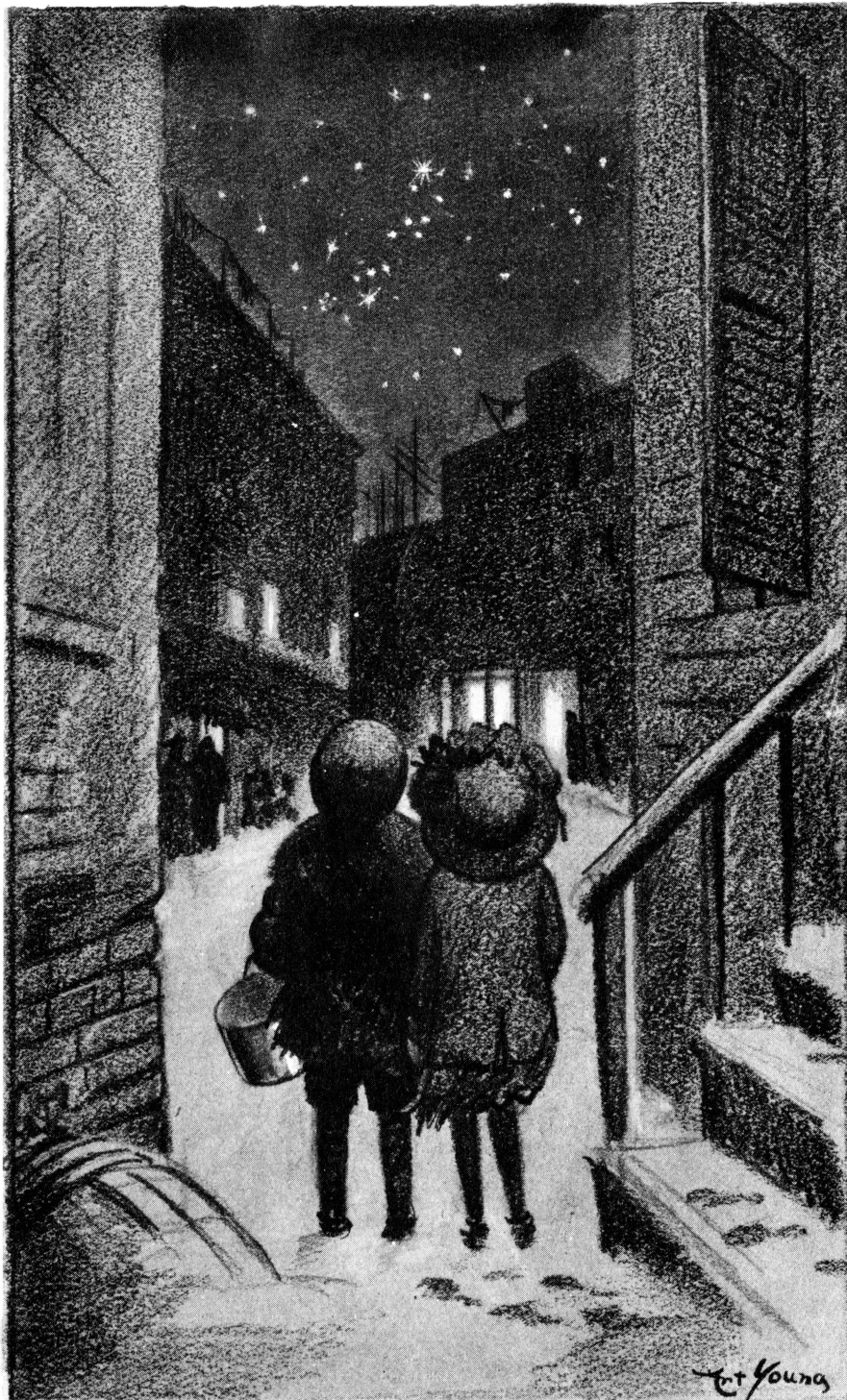
FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE



THE FINISH



TIME AFTER TIME



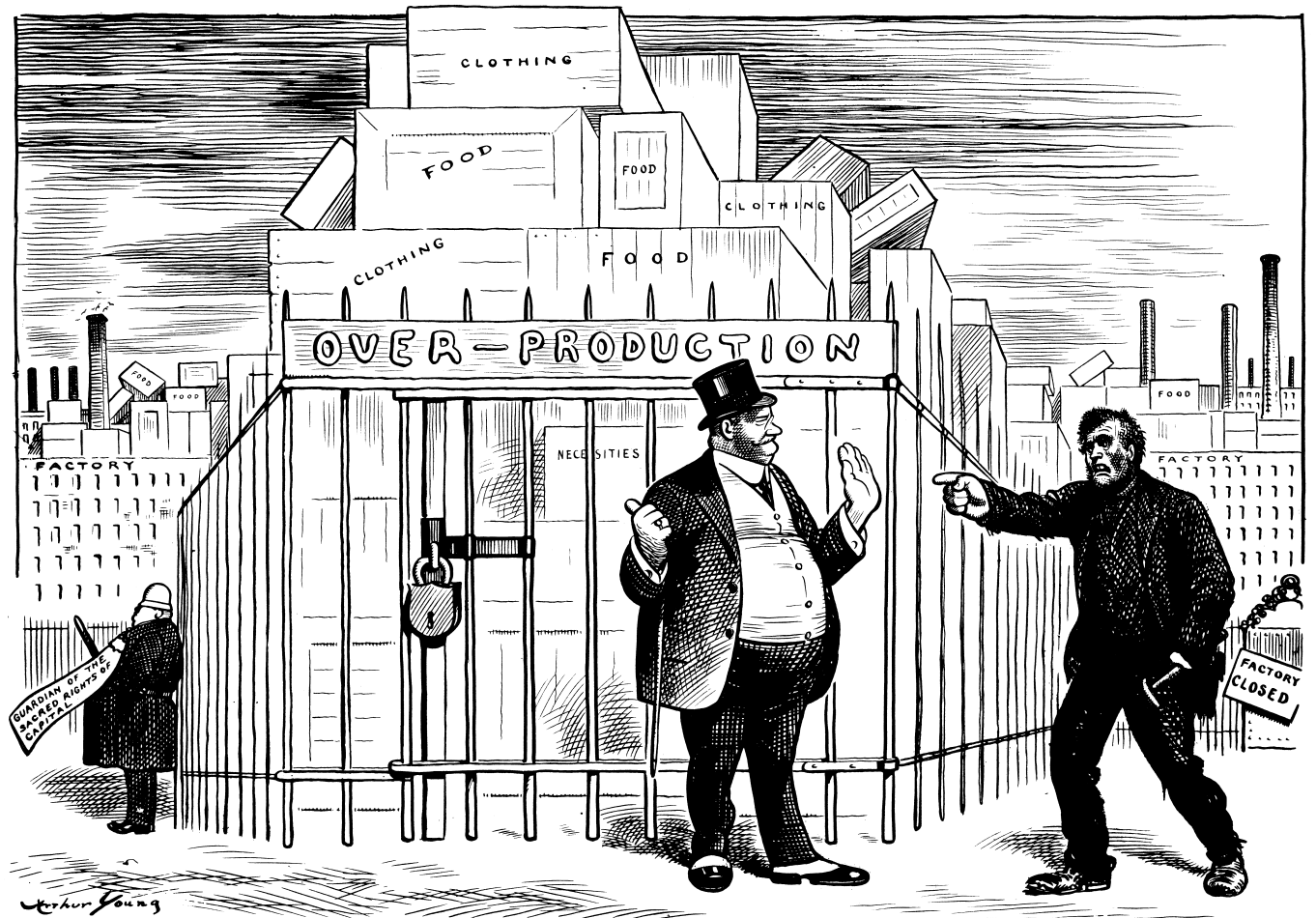
"Chee, Annie, look at de stars—thick as bed-bugs!"



HOW ABSURD! HE WANTS HIS OWN COUNTRY



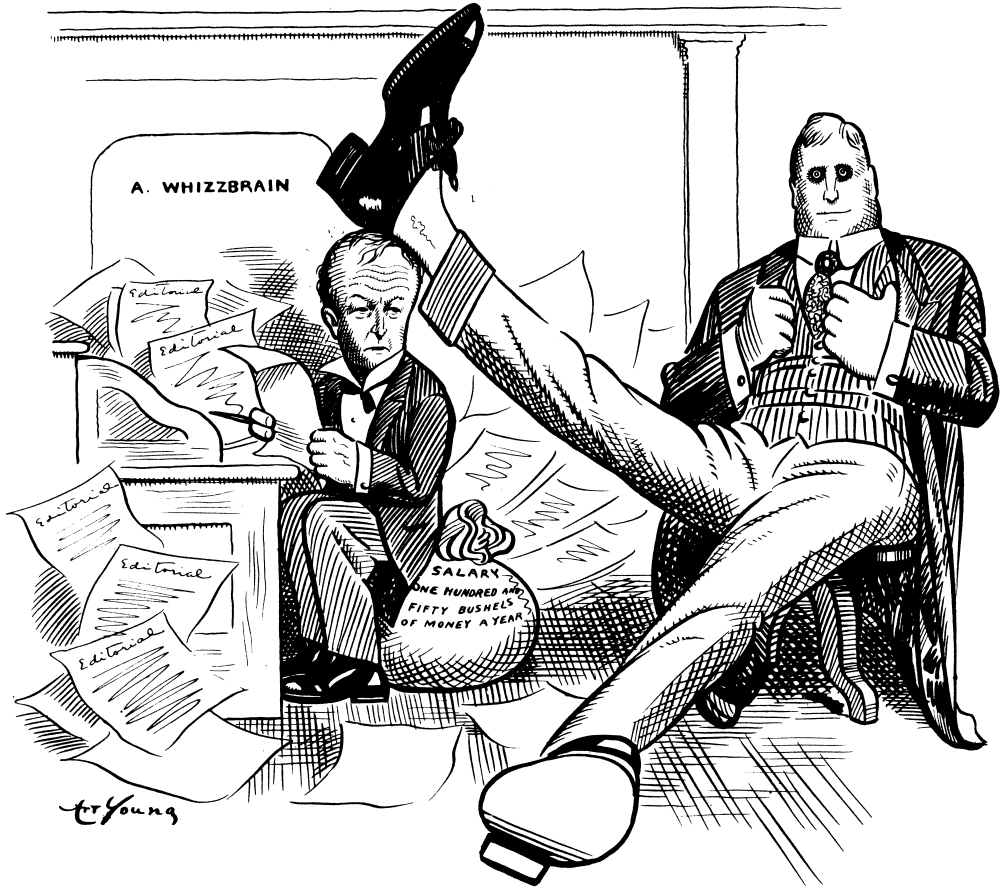
Oh, Lord, control my appetite if you must, but don't take my pie away!"



APRIL FOOL

LABORER: "Say! I've got to have work! My family is starving."

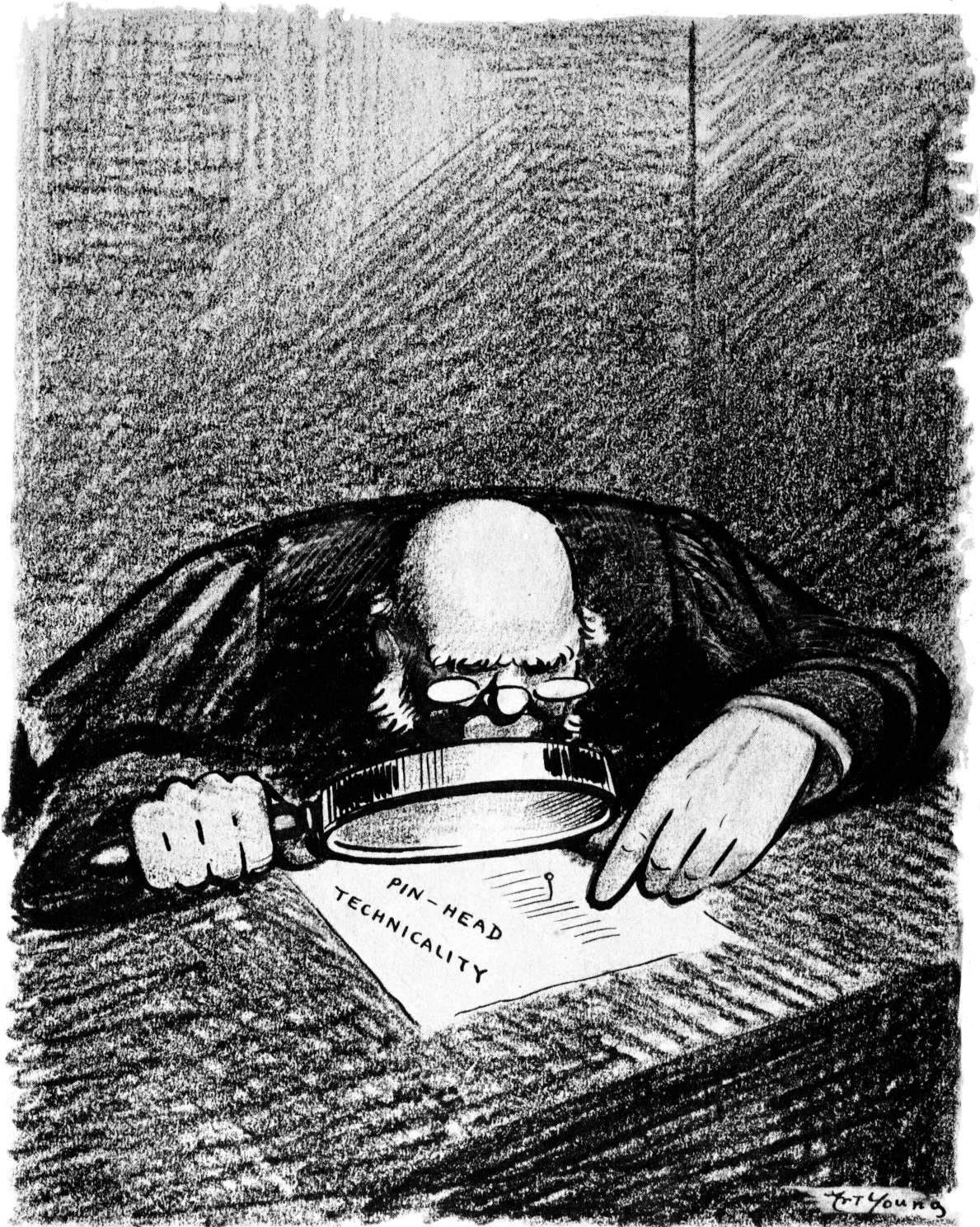
CAPITALIST: "Ah, but I've got overproduction. The joke is on you, why don't you laugh?"



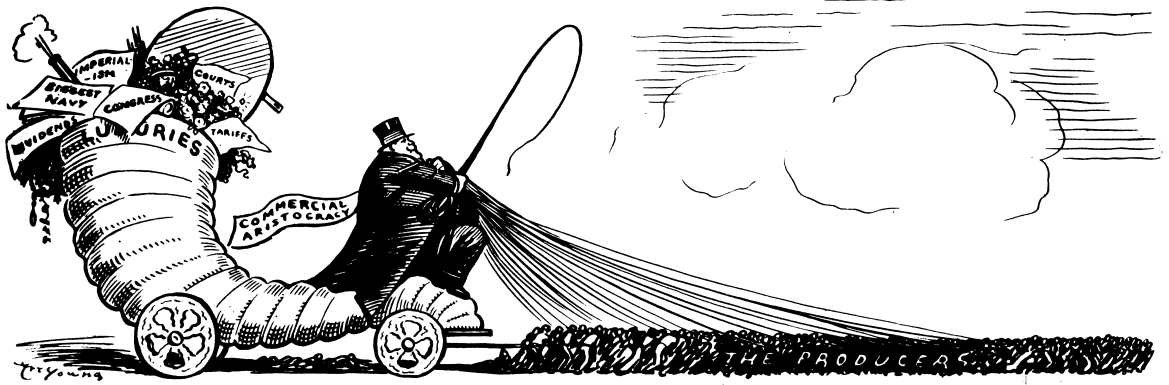
HEARST AND BRISBANE



INVESTIGATING THE VOLCANO
Mr. Bourgeois' Favorite Pastime



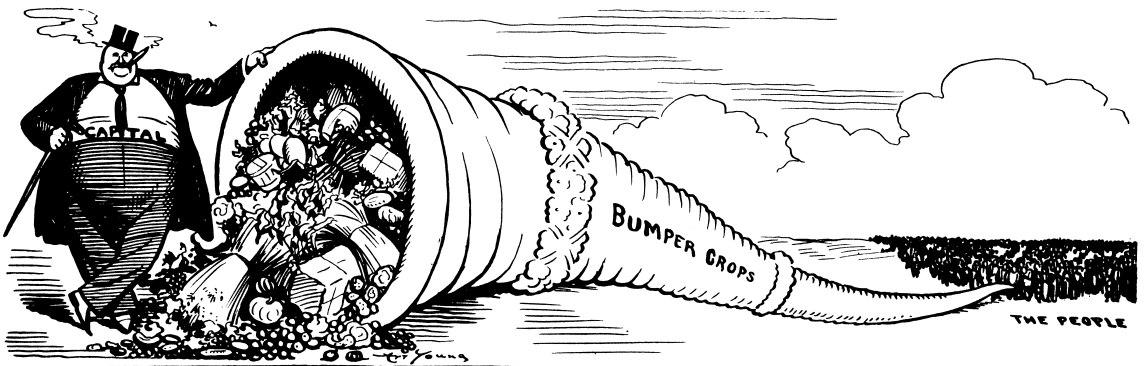
“THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW”



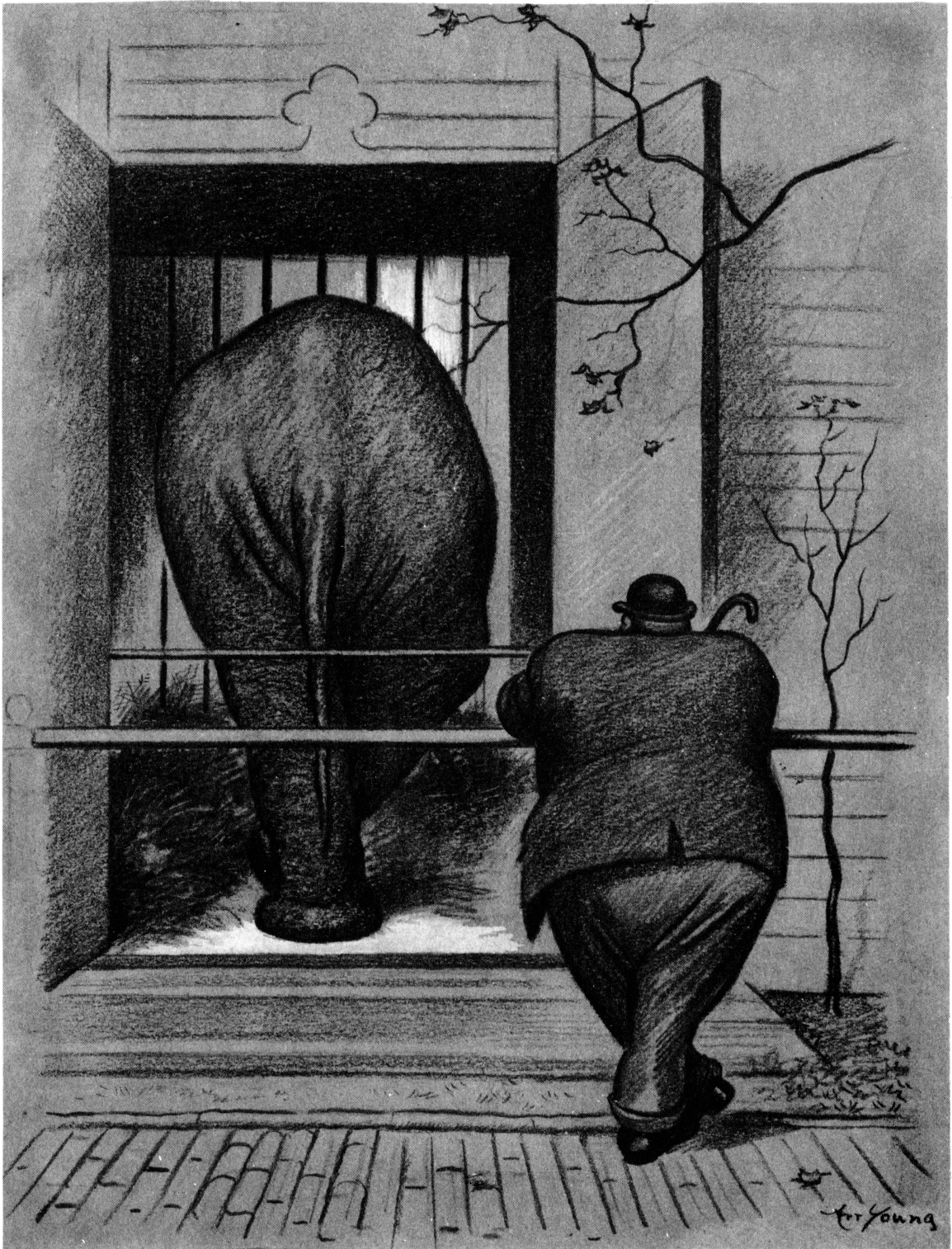
ONWARD!



A YOUNG LADY Writes to the "Good Form" Department of a Newspaper to Know if She Should "Precede or Follow Her Escort Into the Subway Car"



OH, JOY!

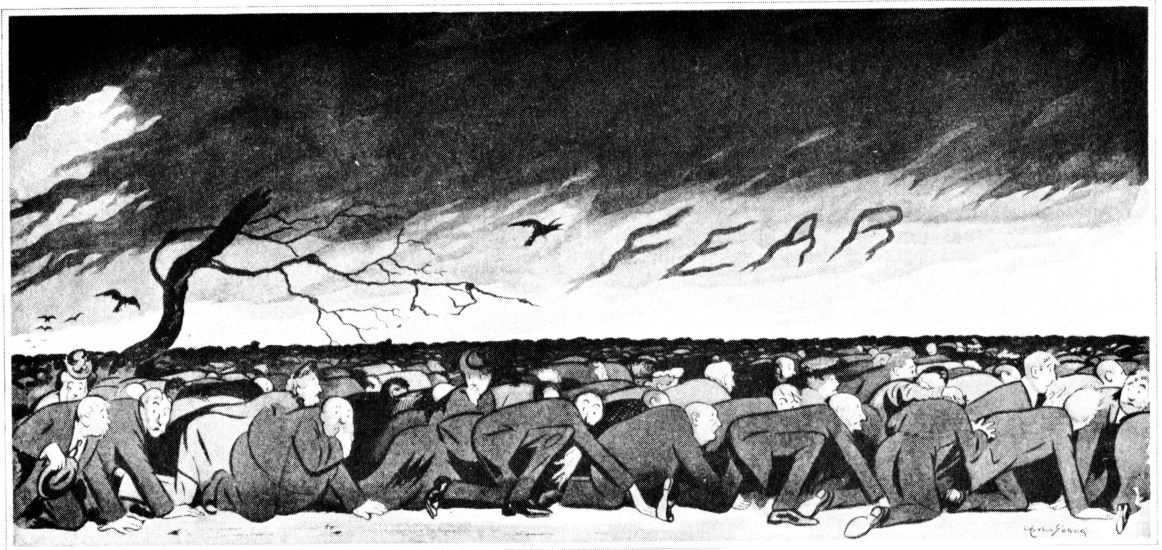


MAN AND BEAST

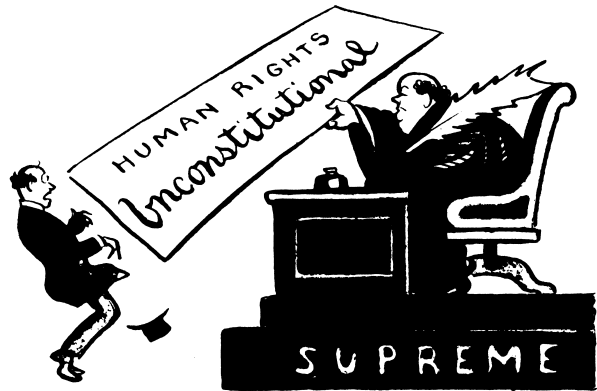
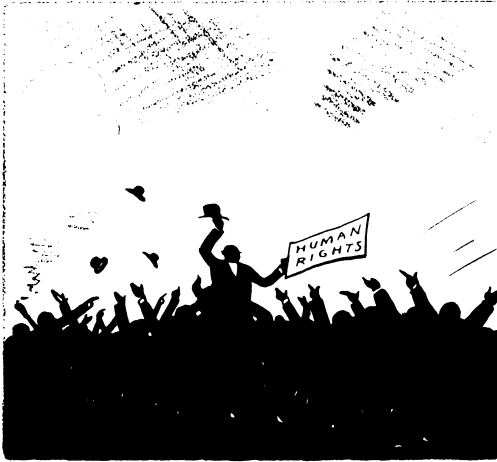
"There's a divinity . . ."



"Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps."—EDWARD YOUNG



THIS WORLD OF CREEPERS



WHY HAVE ELECTIONS?

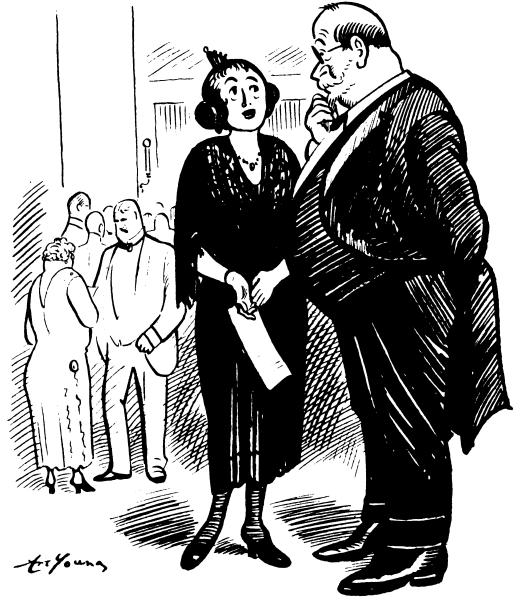


It's Nonsense! It's Ridiculous!

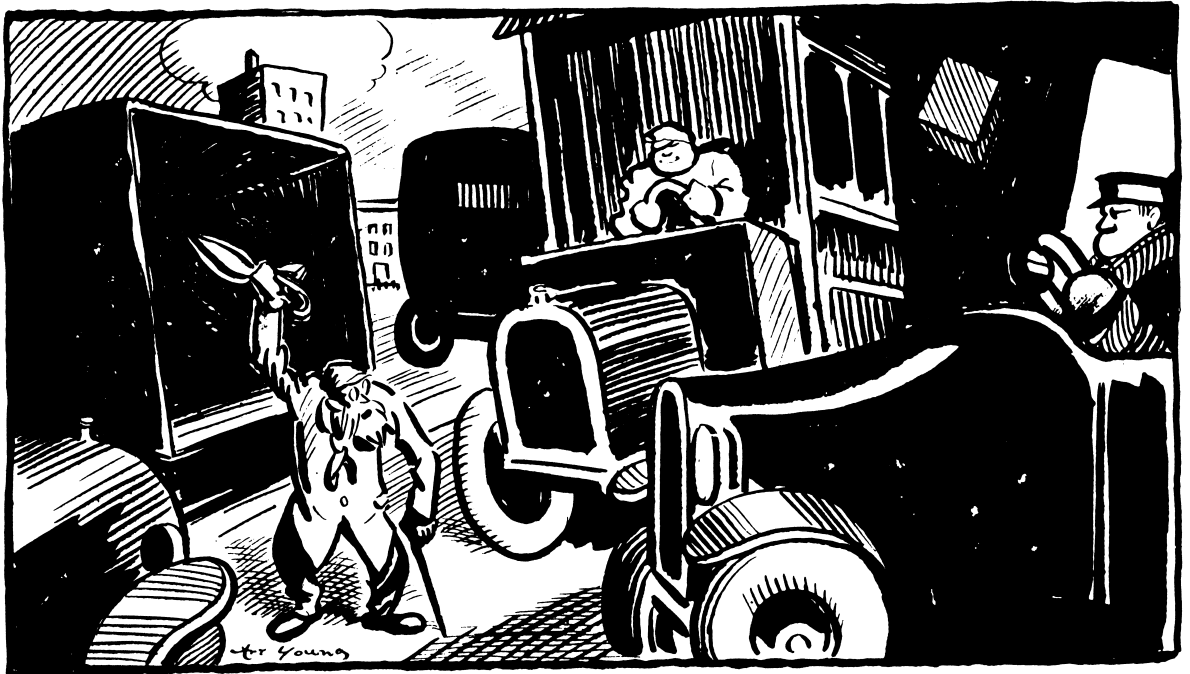
THE SAME CONSERVATISM *Yesterday and Today*



GRANDFATHER ECONOMICS: *"The automobile has been the ruination of this country."*



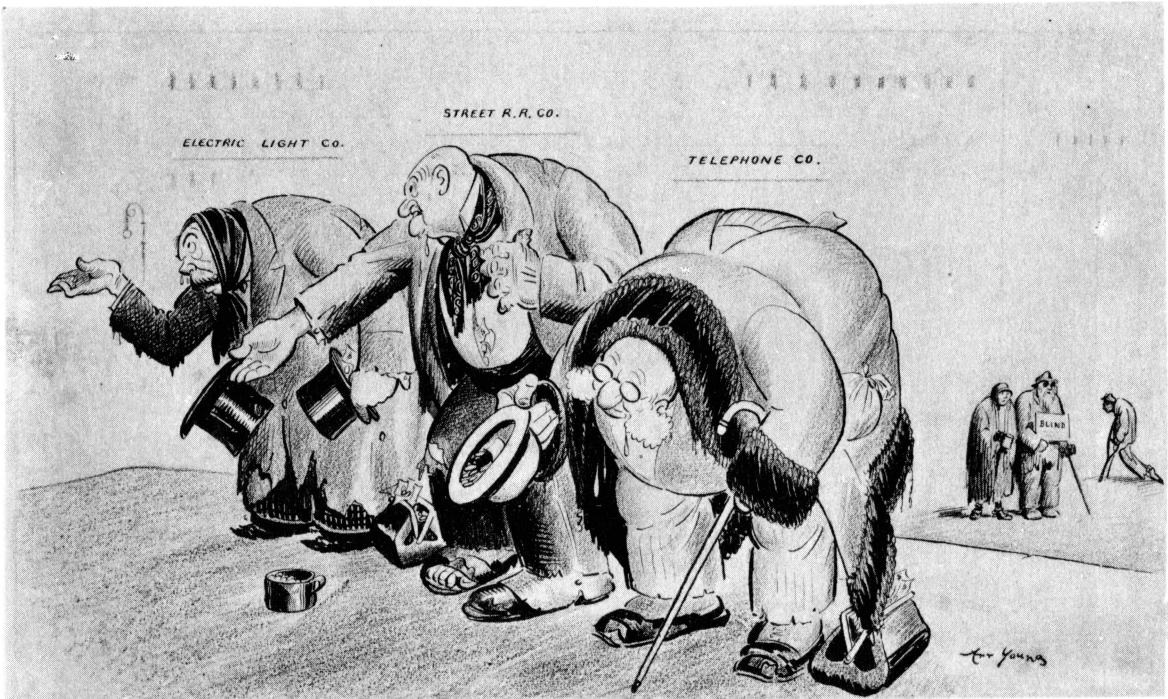
THE LADY: *"But don't you think, professor, that sin is better than it was?"*



RHEUMATIC OLD MAN: *"Hold on, there, you rascals! The man who runs over me will get a beating he'll never fergit."*



PROTEST



BIG AND LITTLE BEGGARS



Ar Young

"Wilbur! You've got to see Santa Claus!"



Ar Young

WHO'S AFRAID?
(The Advance of Woman's Suffrage)



CAPITALISM AND THE REFORMER



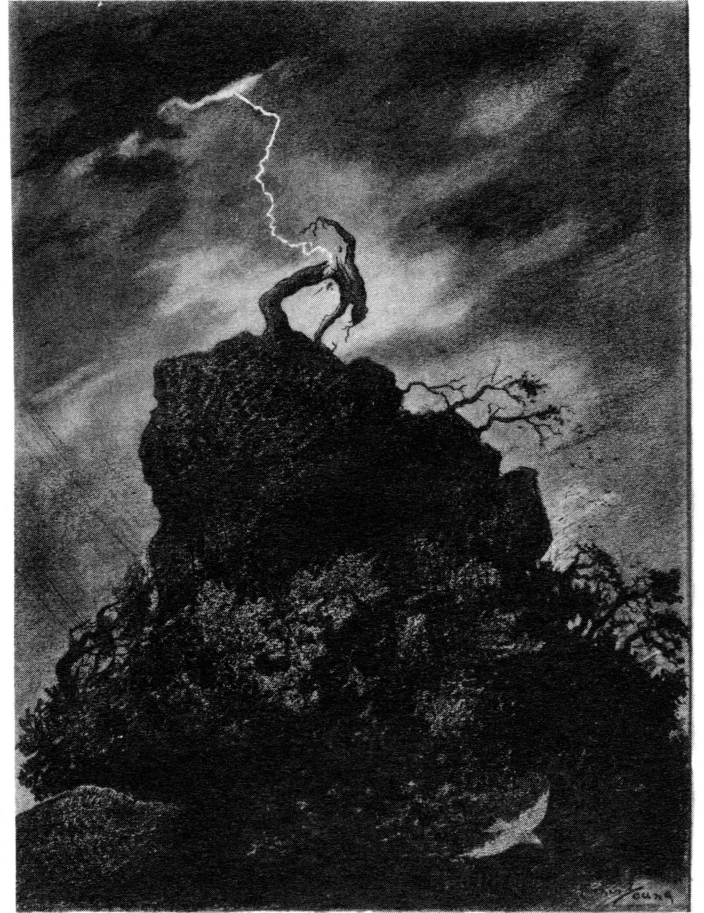
INFERIORITY COMPLEX



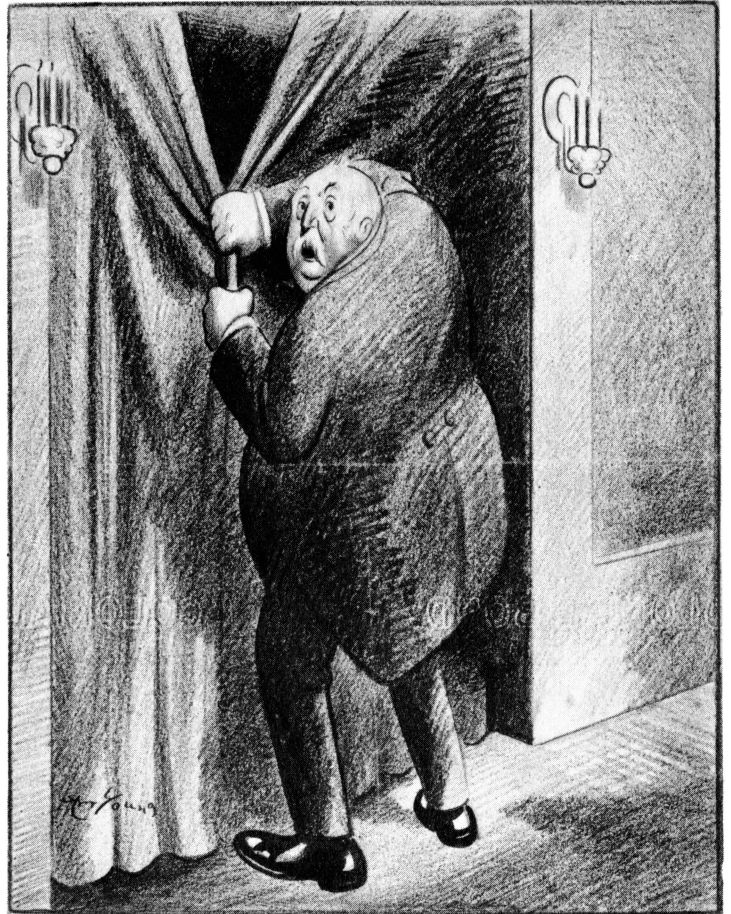
THE HURRY-UP COMPLEX



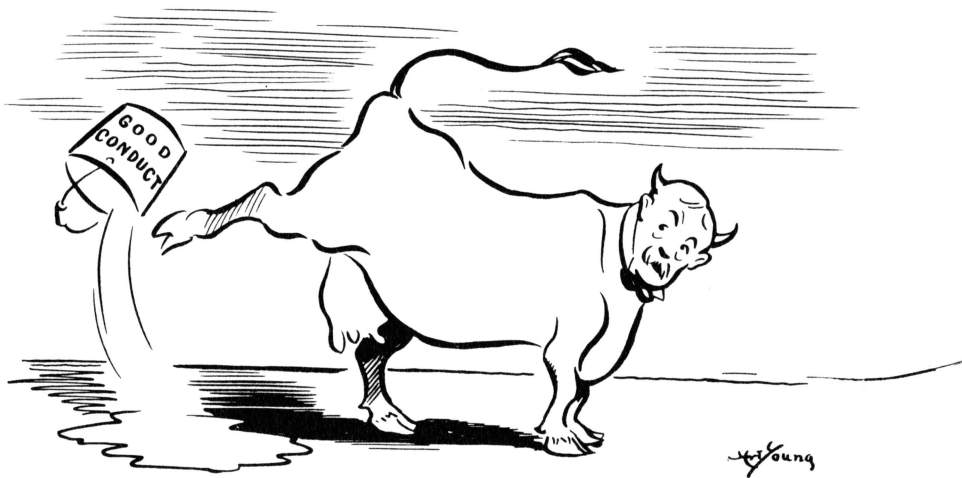
PANIC



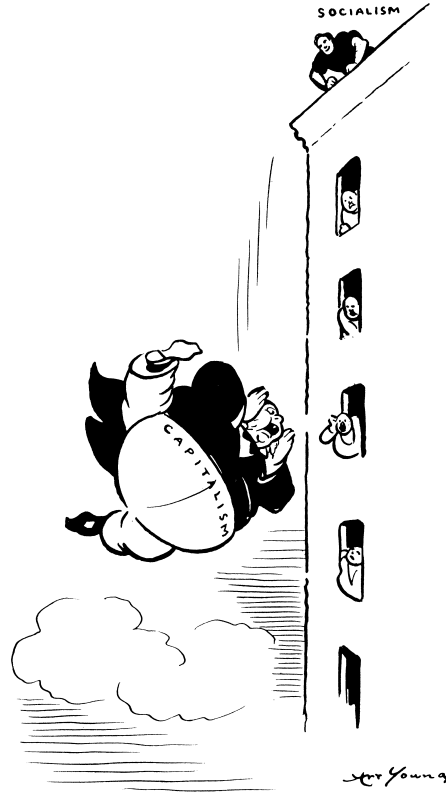
THE PENALTY OF PROMINENCE



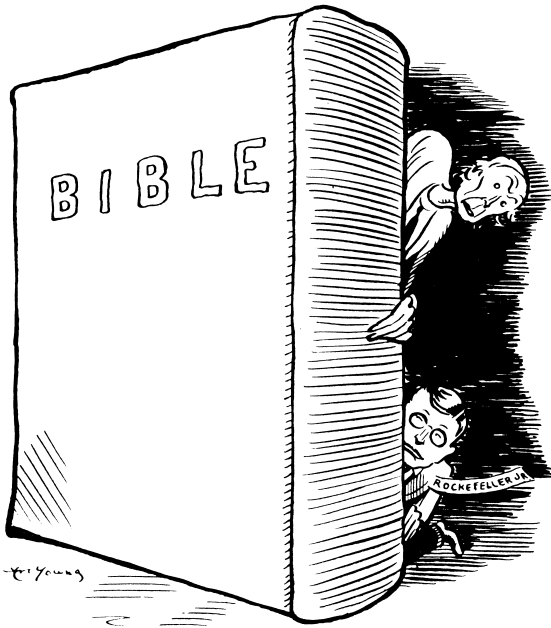
RESPECTABILITY



"Human natur is like cow natur, i have known them both tew giv a good mess ov milk, and then kik it over."—JOSH BILLINGS



"All right, so far!"



JOHN D., JR.: *"Has it blown over, Pop?"*



"Two eggs, three-minute boiled. Hurry!
Only got one minute to catch my train."

CAPITALIST (handing him a cup of coffee and sandwich): "Why, man, I don't want to see you starve—I need you to keep my employees from asking higher wages."

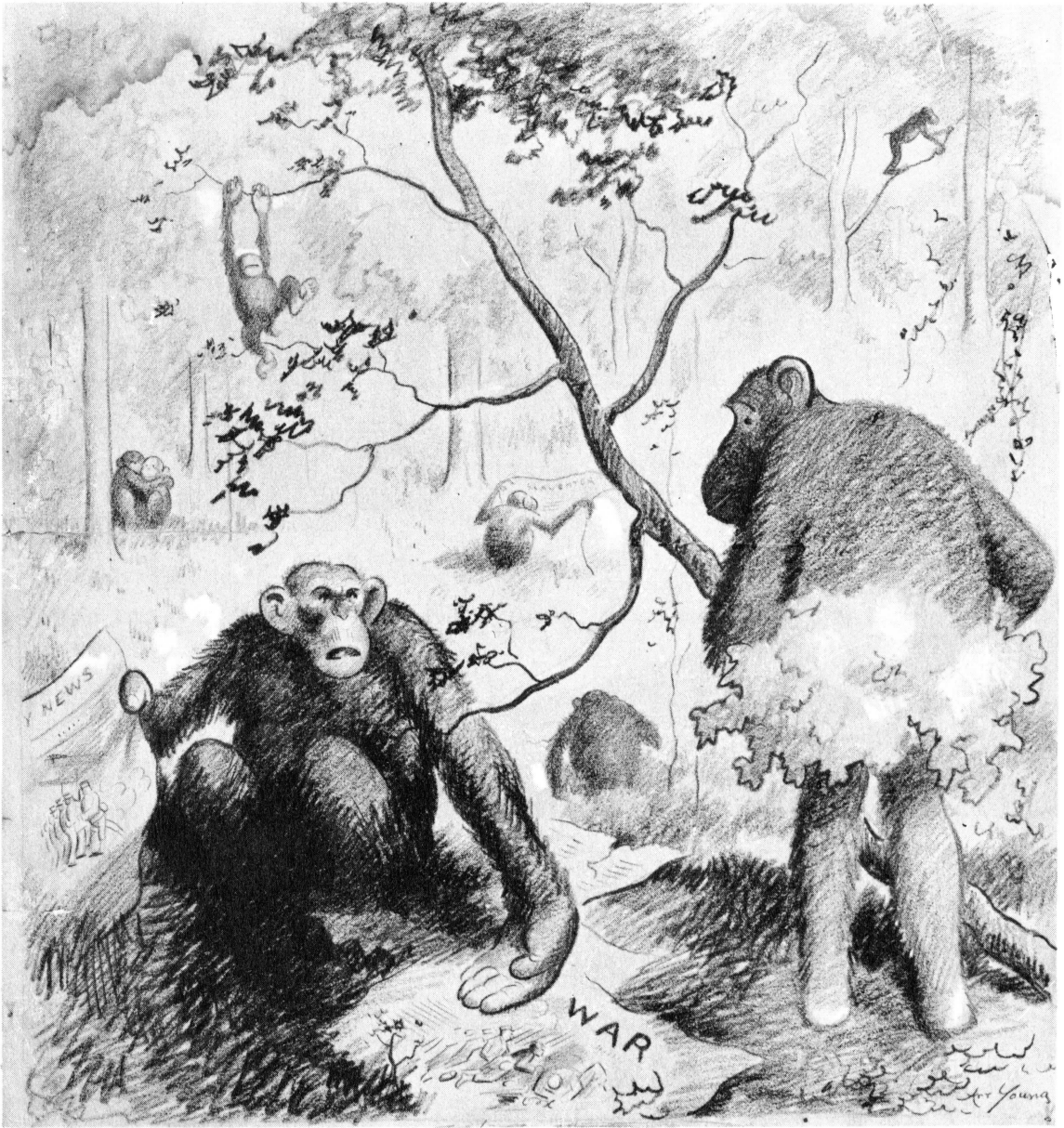
THE UNEMPLOYED.



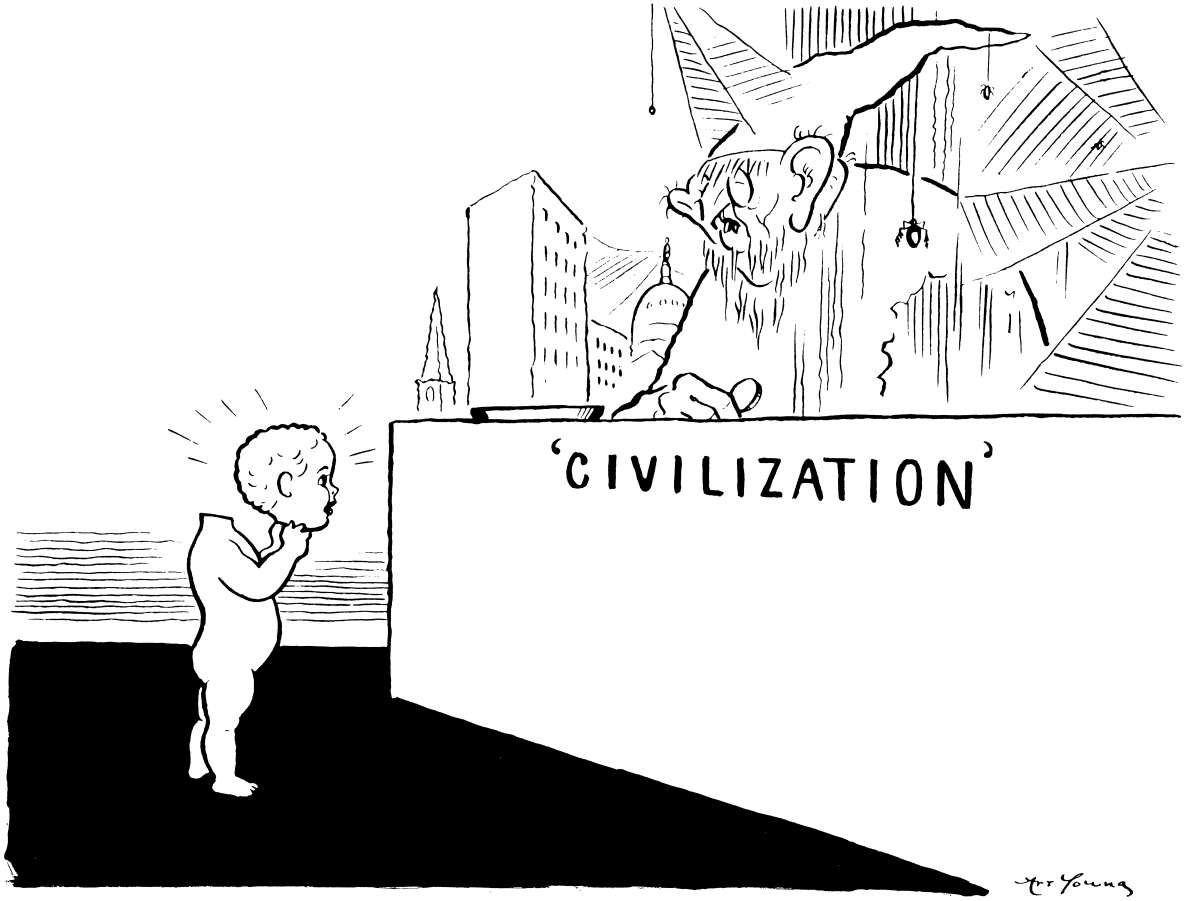
HUNGRY
POCKET BOOK



THE PERENNIAL ISSUE



“Mother, never let me hear you tell the children that human beings are descended from us.”



INFANT: "Is this where I check my brains?"

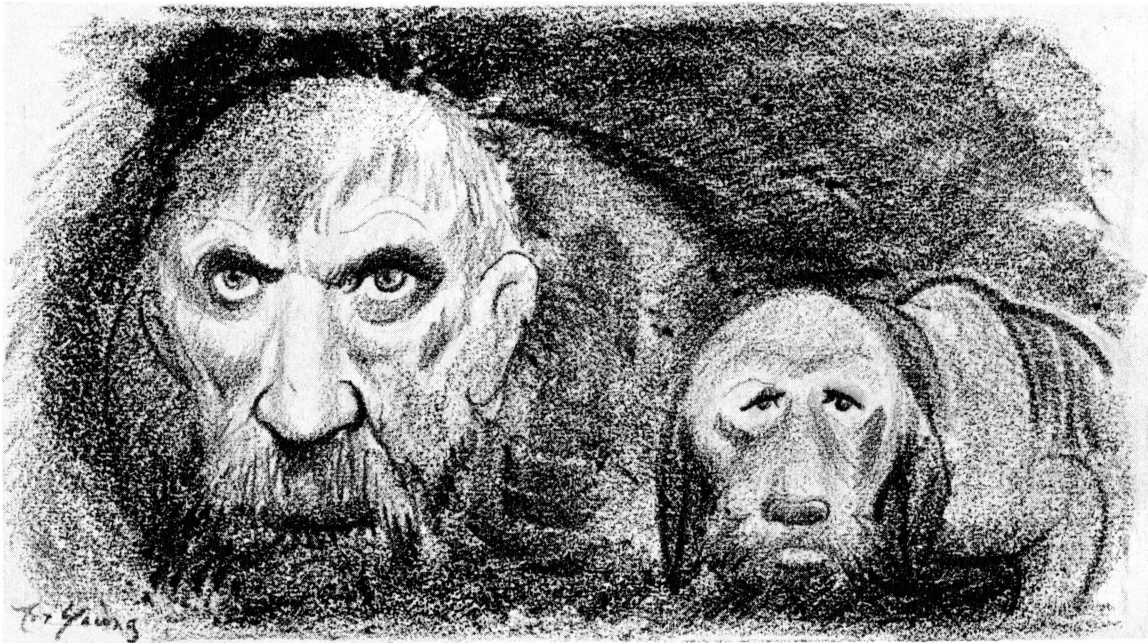


BUSINESS: "Help?—Hell!"

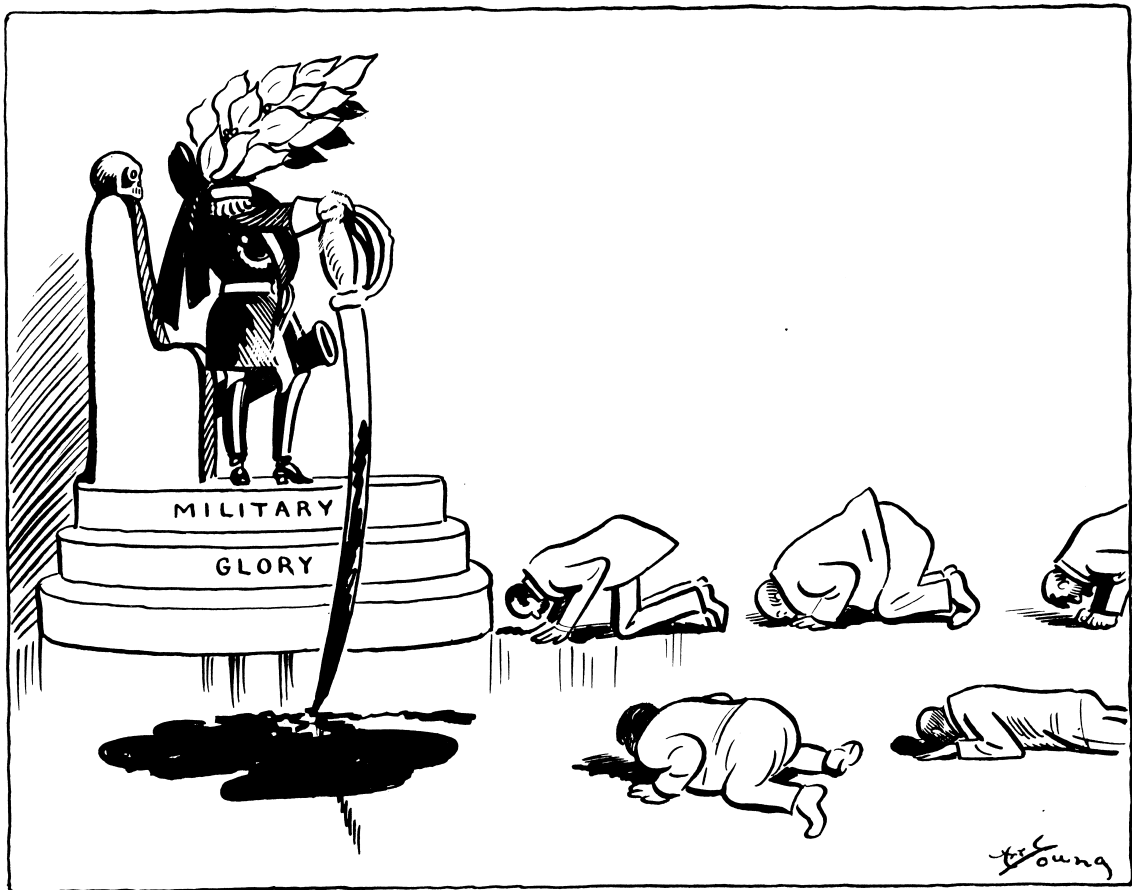


"By gorry, I'm tired."

"There you go! You're tired! Here I be a'standin' over a hot stove all day, an' you're workin' in a nice cool sewer!"

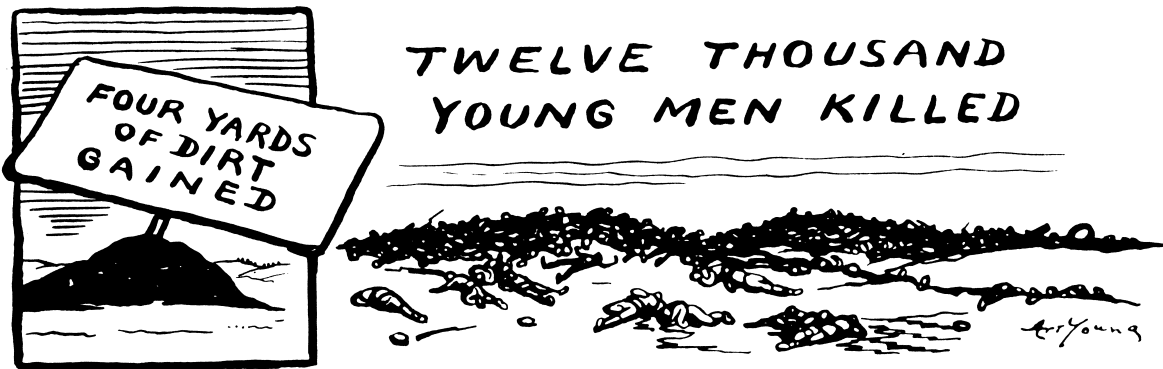


IT'S A DOG'S LIFE



"I wonder is it because men are such cowards in heart that they admire bravery so much, and place military valor so far beyond every other reward and worship."

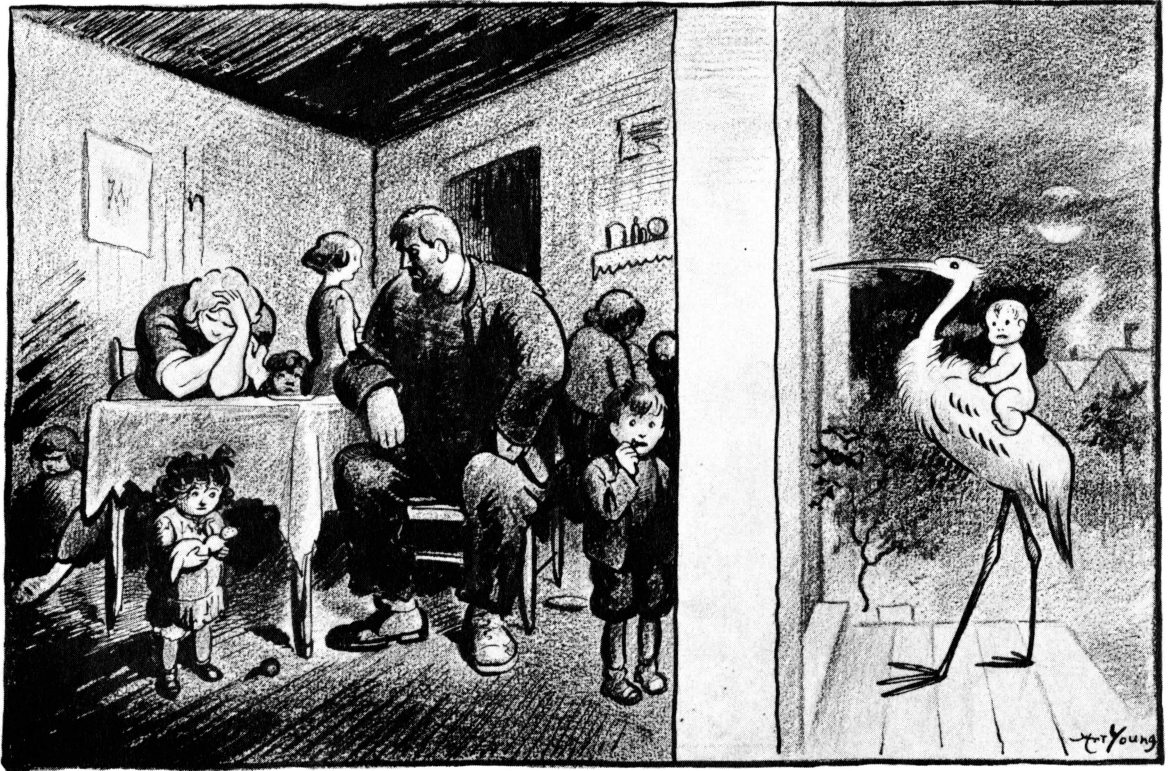
—THACKERAY



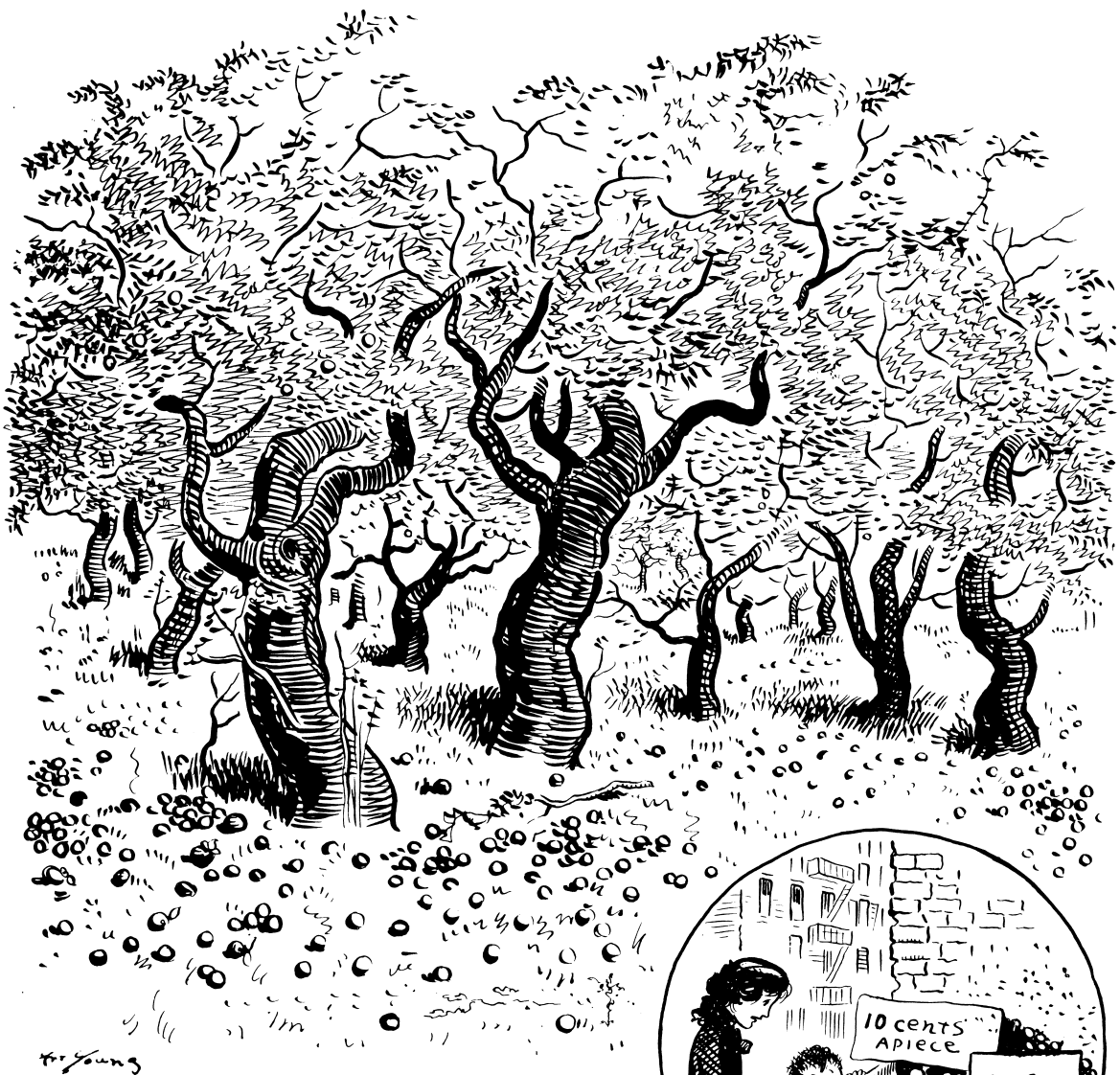
THE WORLD IS HIS ORANGE

Labor Hands Over the Fruit of His Toil and Then Gets About One-Eighth of the Juice





THE BABY: *"I have a feeling I ought not to stop here."*

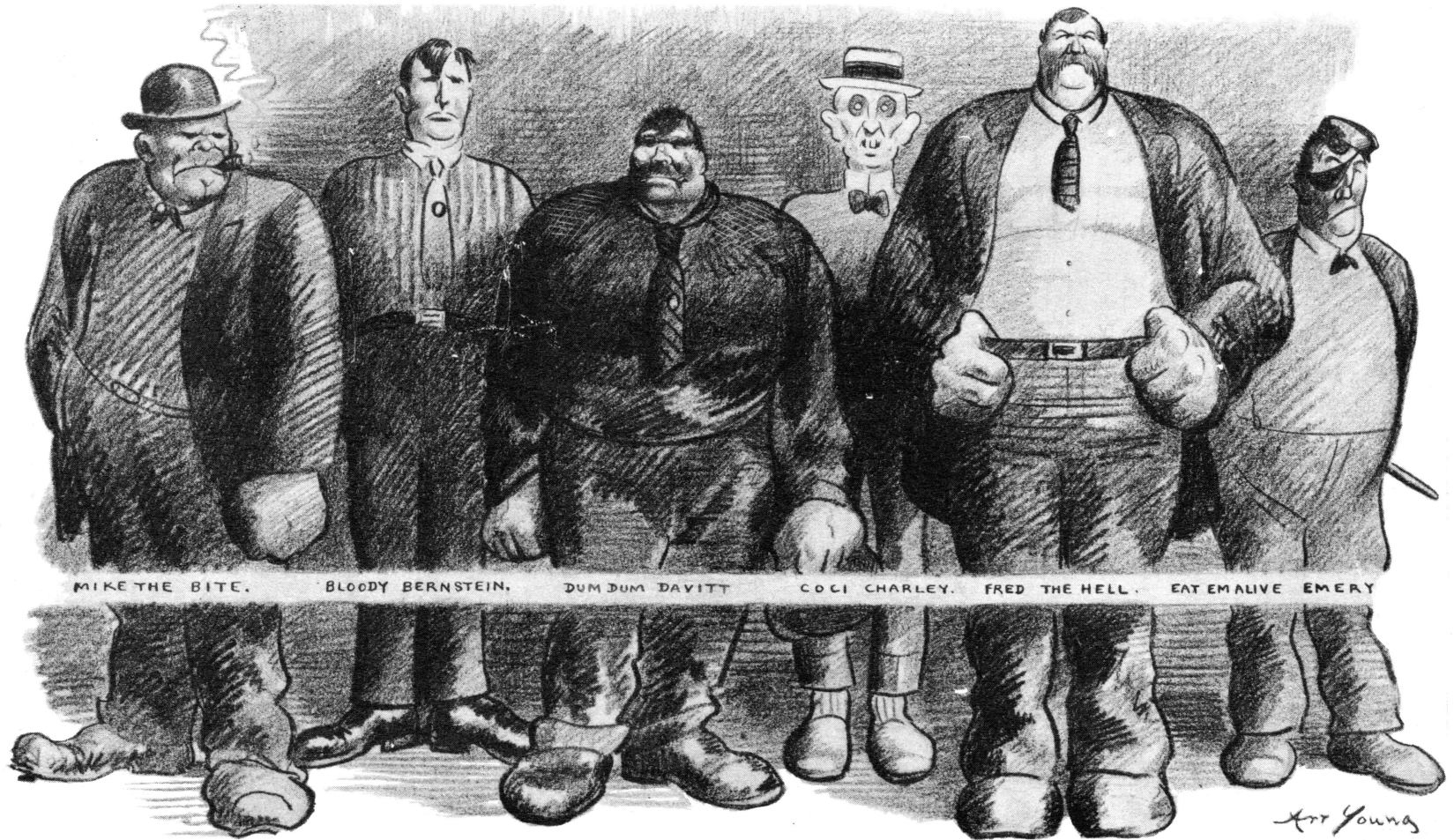


THOUSANDS OF ACRES of Good Fruit Rot on the Ground Every Year and the City Customer Pays the Price





BEGINNING TO THINK



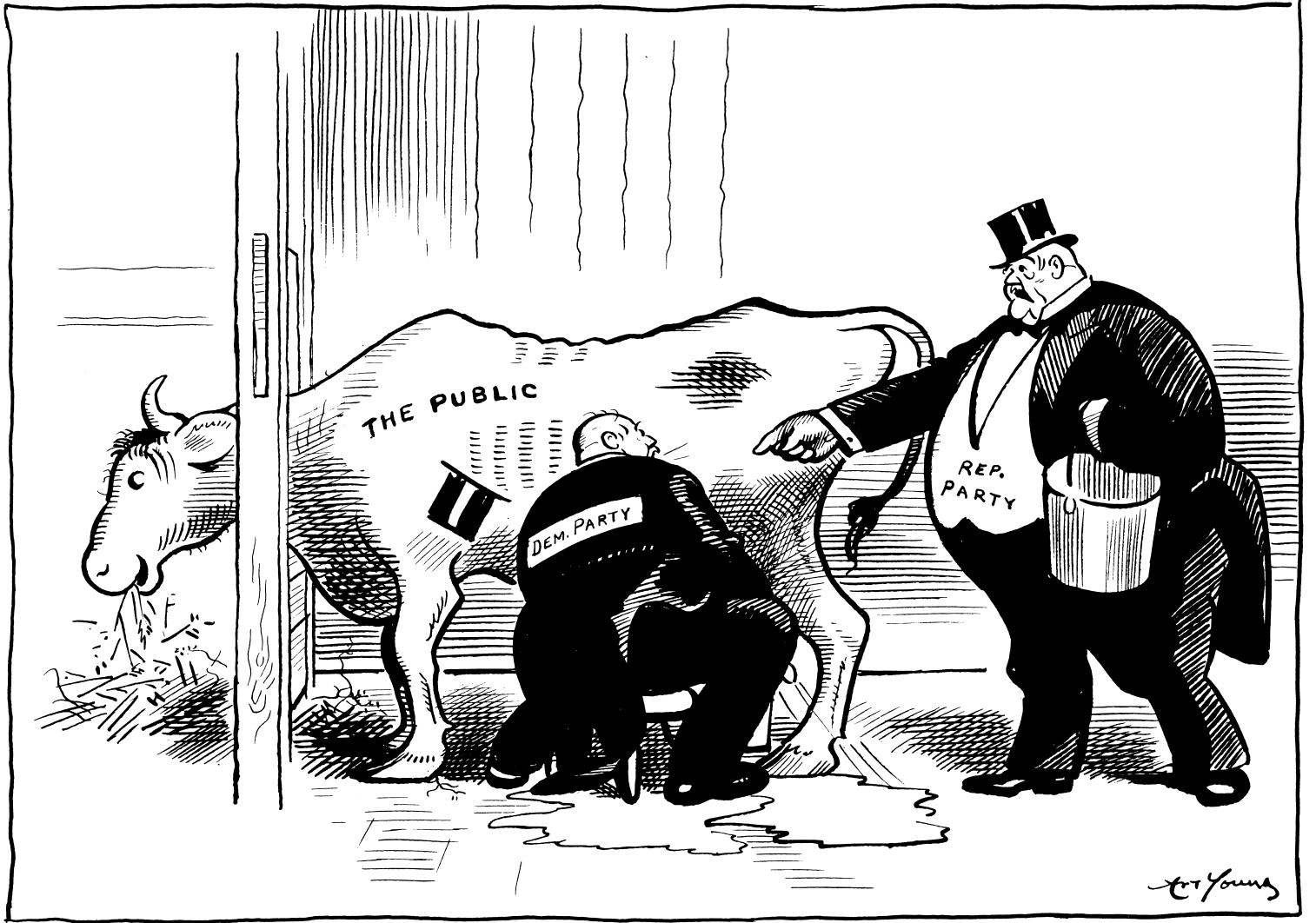
MIKE THE BITE. BLOODY BERNSTEIN. DUM DUM DAVITT. COCI CHARLEY. FRED THE HELL. EAT EMALVE EMERY

THE SQUAD OF STRIKEBREAKERS

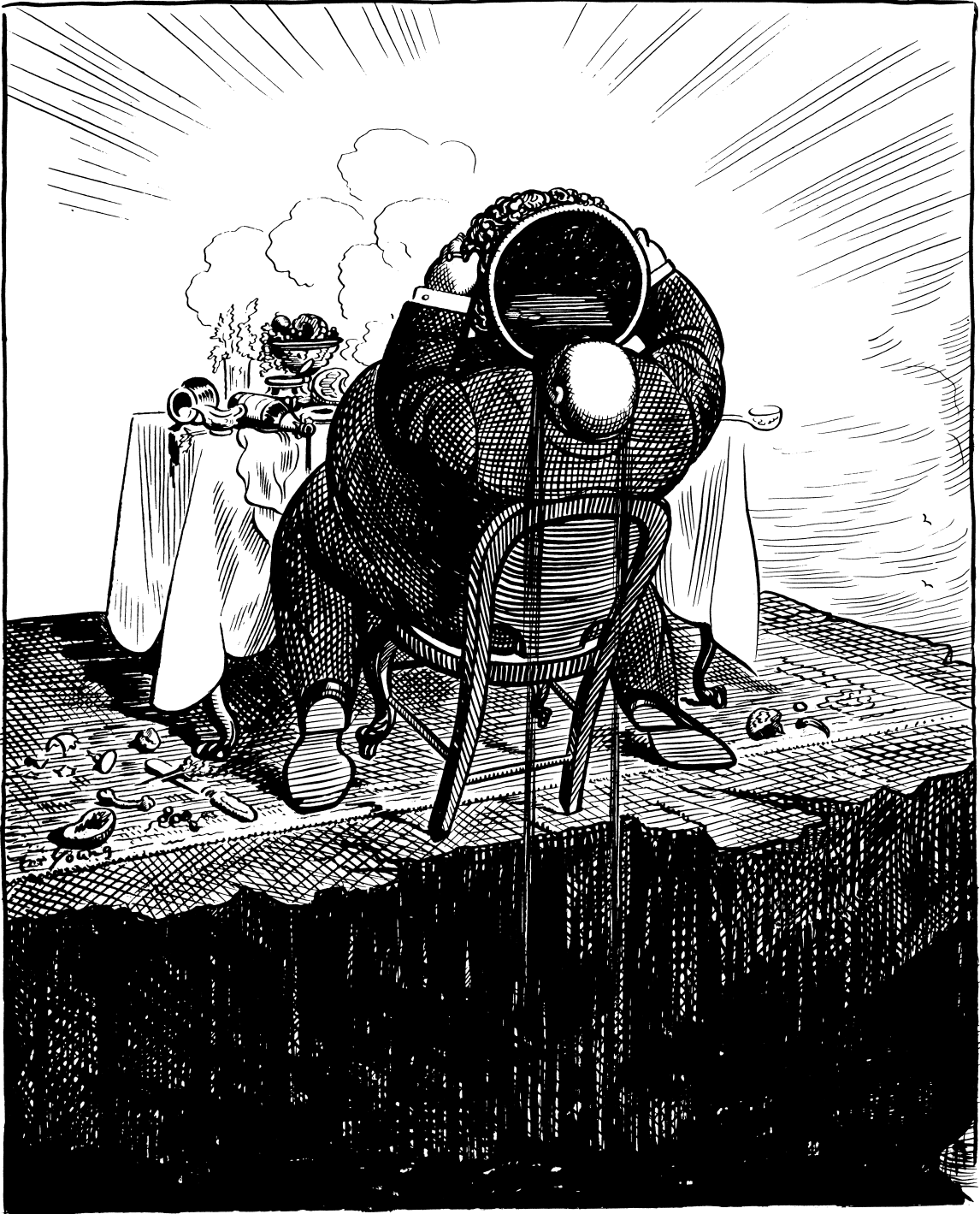
Against This Kind of Capitalist Warfare, the Laboring Man Is Expected to be Courteous, Gentle, and Patient

Strike-Breaking Rates

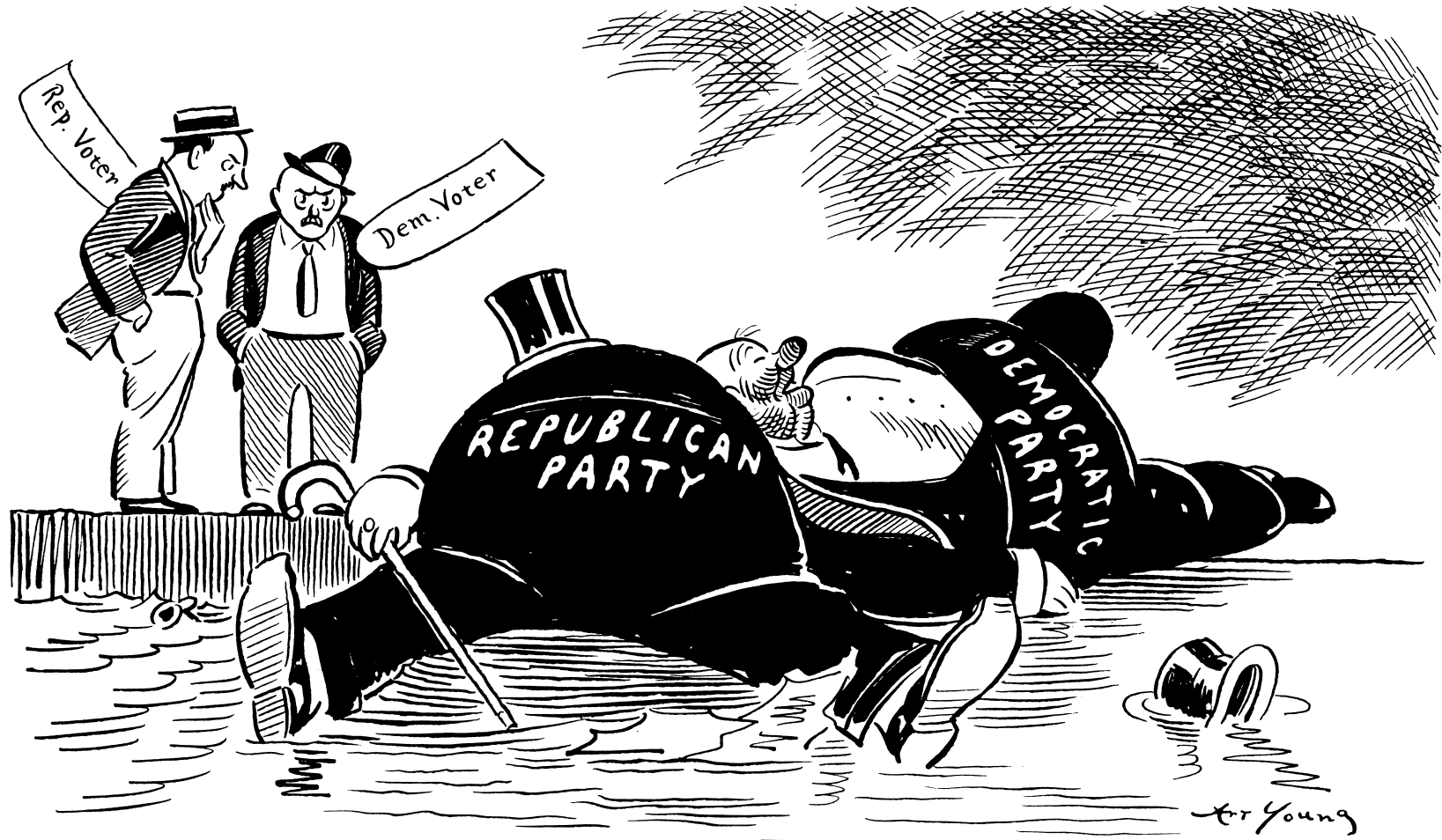
| | | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------|--|---------------|
| <i>A tap on the nut.....</i> | <i>\$10</i> | <i>Knockdown with a kick in the navel.....</i> | <i>\$7.30</i> |
| <i>A shot in the hoof.....</i> | <i>\$15</i> | <i>A crowd clean-out, dead or alive.....</i> | <i>\$ 100</i> |



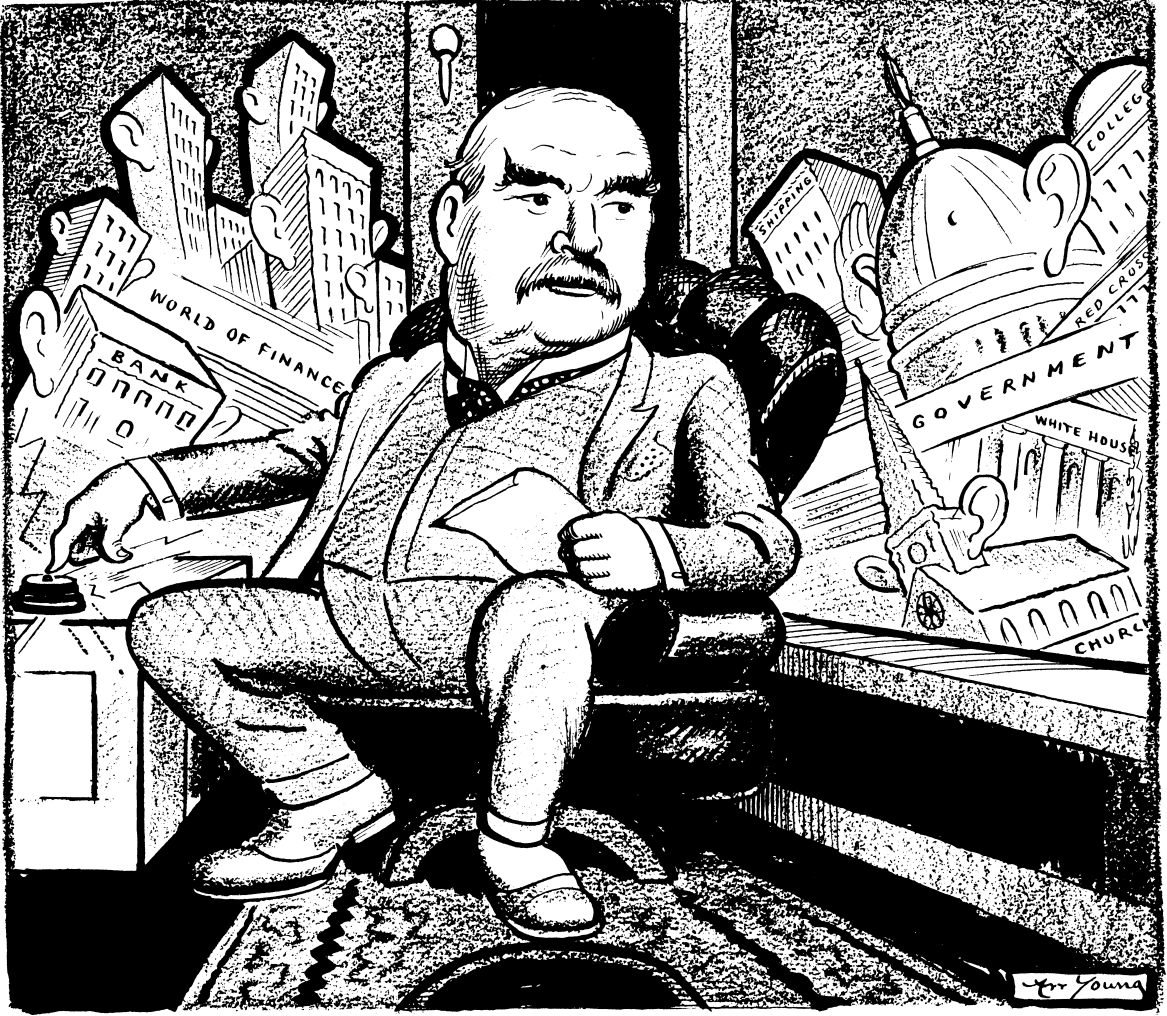
RIVAL MILKERS



CAPITALISM



THE BYSTANDER: "Say, have we got to help those old bums up again?"



J. P. MORGAN



AMERICAN CAPITALIST (whining): "Now, don't you go crazy like the Europeans. This country is different—it's the land of the free."



EDITOR CAPITALIST POLITICIAN MINISTER

HAVING THEIR FLING

(One of several cartoons for which the artist was indicted during the War)



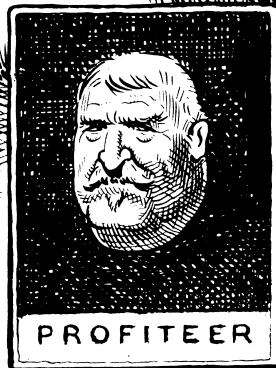
PRESIDENT WILSON: "Gentlemen, may I suggest that we recognize it?"



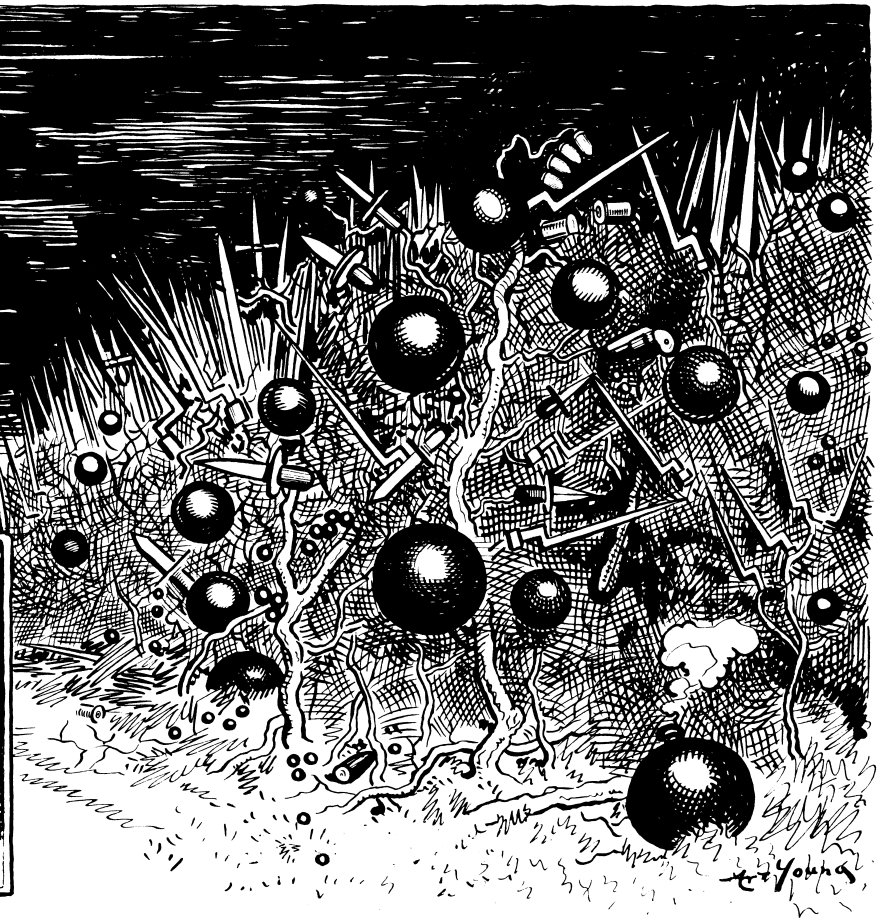
HOLDING THE FORT



The seed



The sower



The Crop



A DISCRIMINATING CENSOR



"Madam, you dropped something."

(The artist's comment when the Associated Press dropped its suit for libel against *The Masses*)



JOY IN THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB

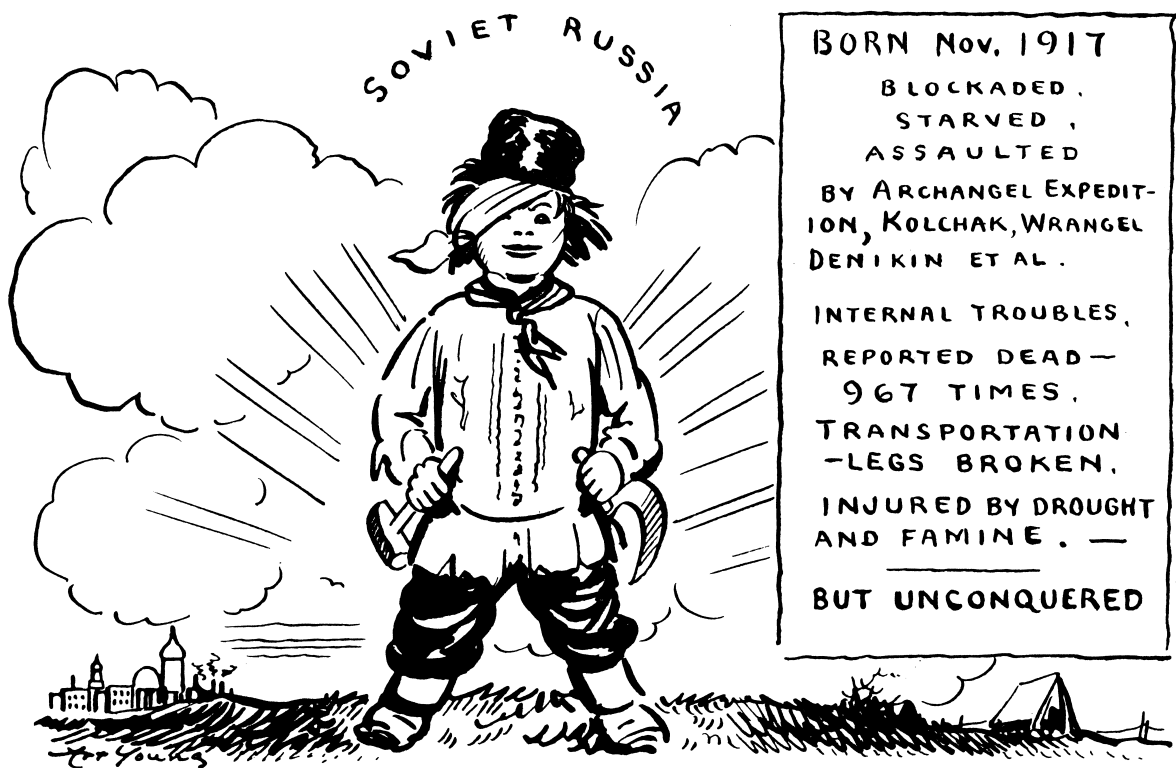
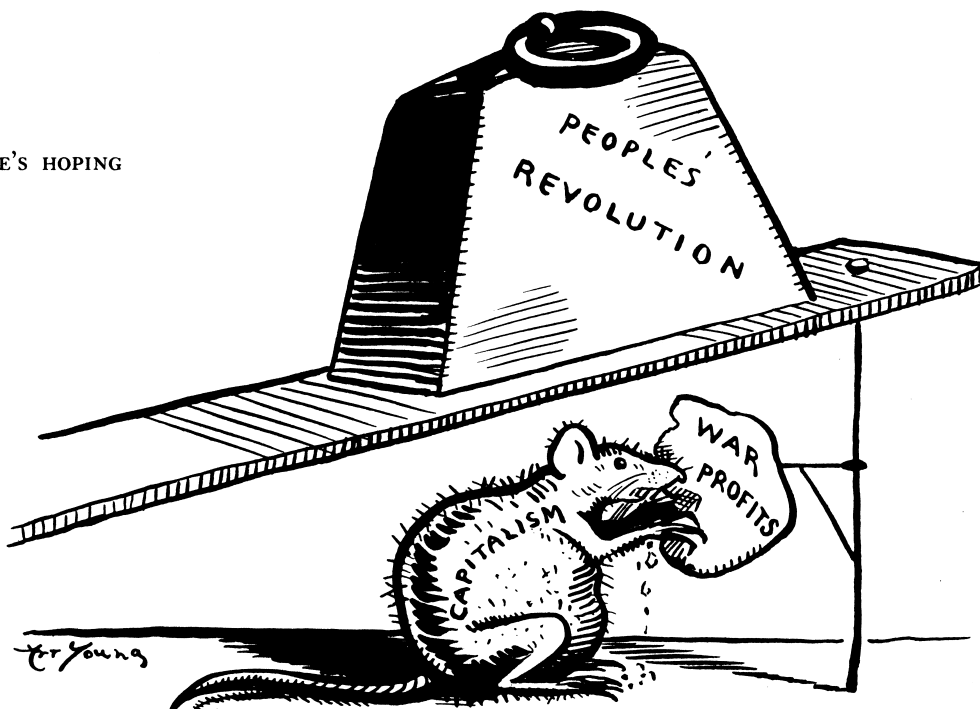


A SEDITION TRIAL

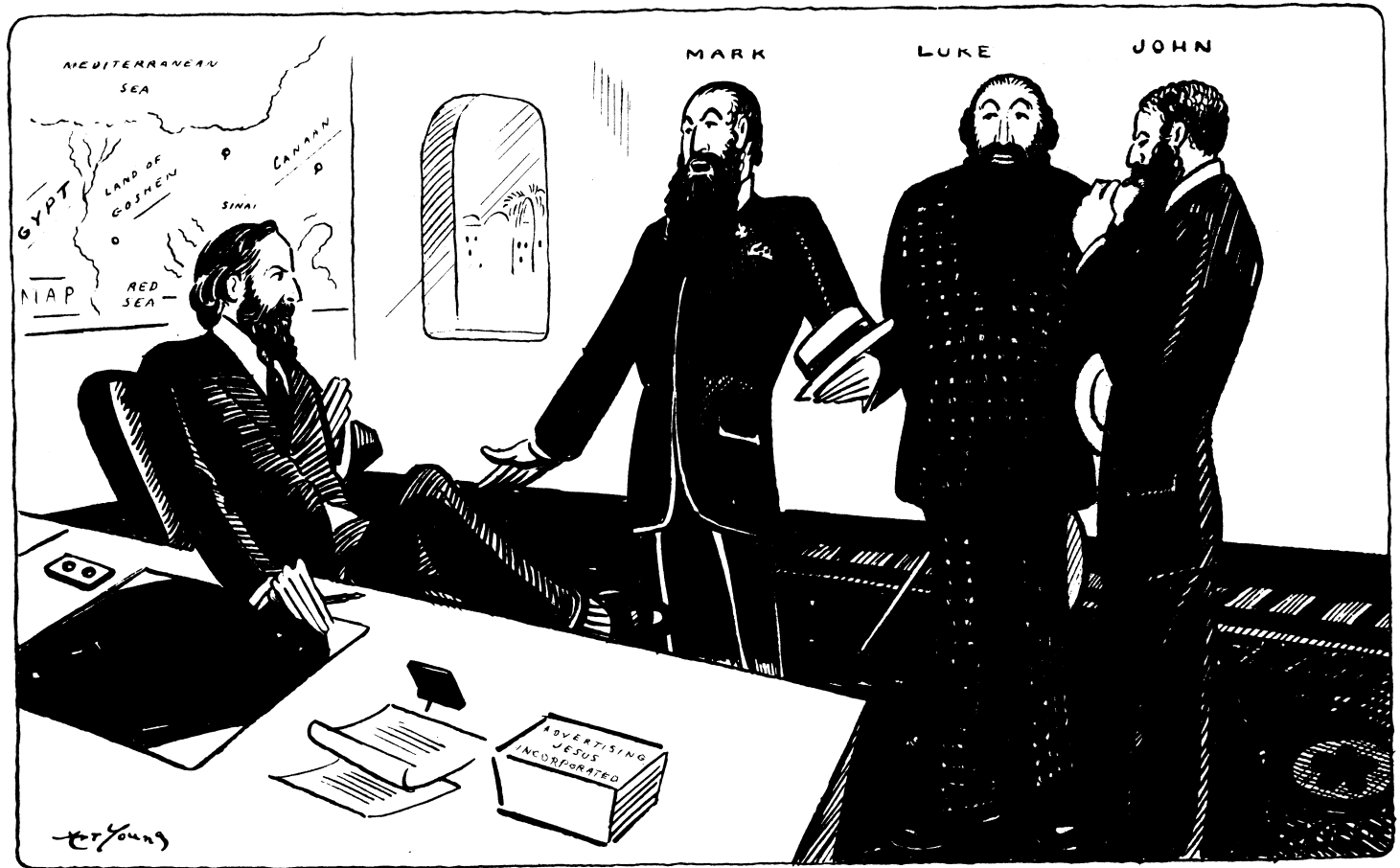
LAWYER: "Are you in sympathy with our American form of government?"

THE PROFESSOR: "It has my sympathy."

HERE'S HOPING



SOVIET RUSSIA'S FIFTH BIRTHDAY

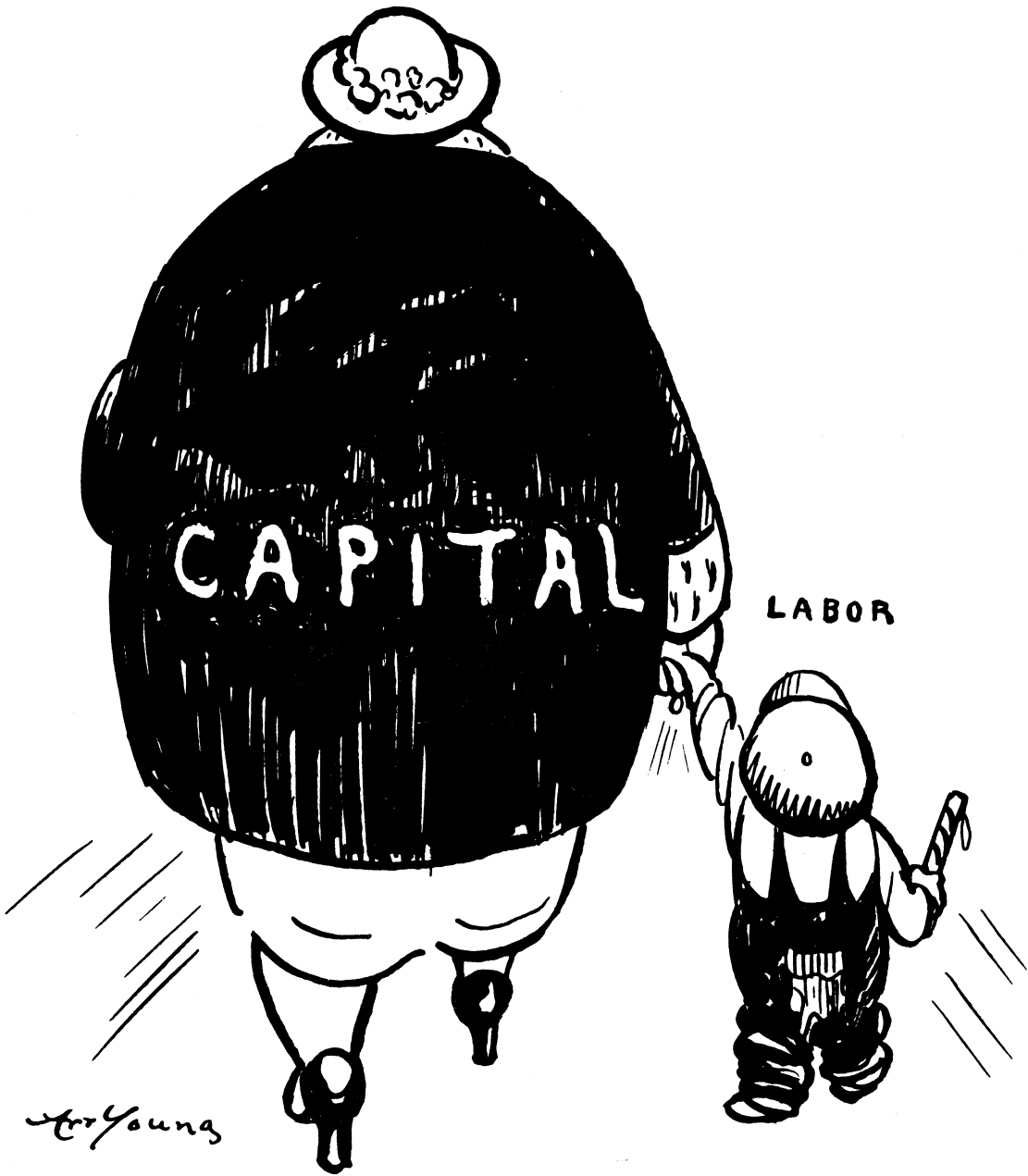


CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES

(as Bruce Barton and the Rotarians Would Have Them)

JESUS: "Well, Mark, how they coming?"

MARK: "We're putting you across, all right. Down in Judea the thing goes like hot cakes. Luke and John tell me they've got the Hickites standing on their heads. Boss, I'm sure there's going to be a lot of money in it for all of us."



"Where are we going, Mama?"

"Never you mind where we are going."



THE FUNERAL POSTPONED



Art Young



EMPLOYER: "I want a good injunction to keep my workmen from striking."

JUDGE: "Yes, sir, right here—will there be anything else?"



SECRET DIPLOMACY

UN ORGANIZED
BRAIN WORKER



.....
STRIKE
.....
.....
.....

ORGANIZED
MANUAL WORKER

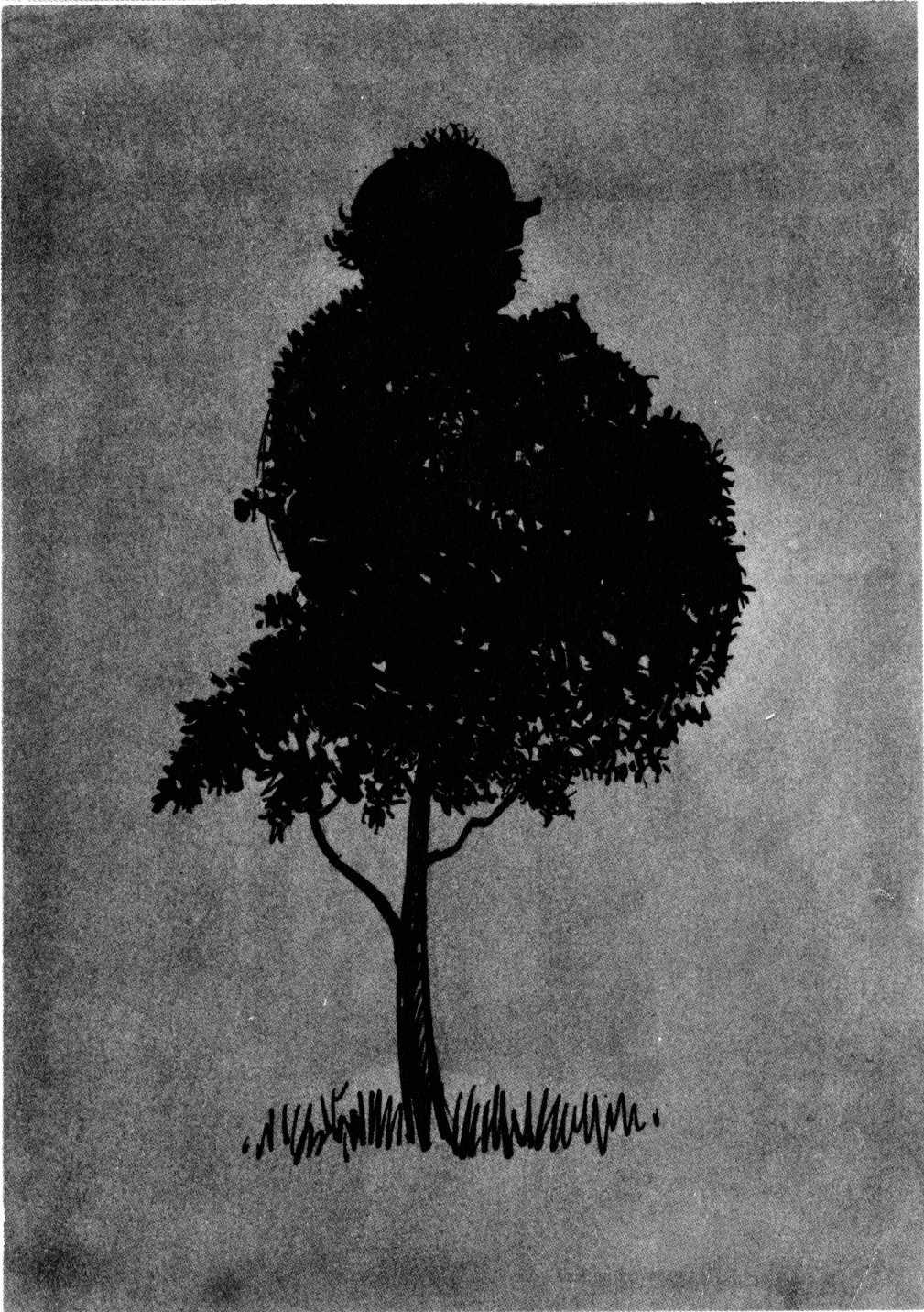


MANUAL WORKER TO BRAIN WORKER: "Bo, you may have more brains than I've got, but you don't know how to use them."

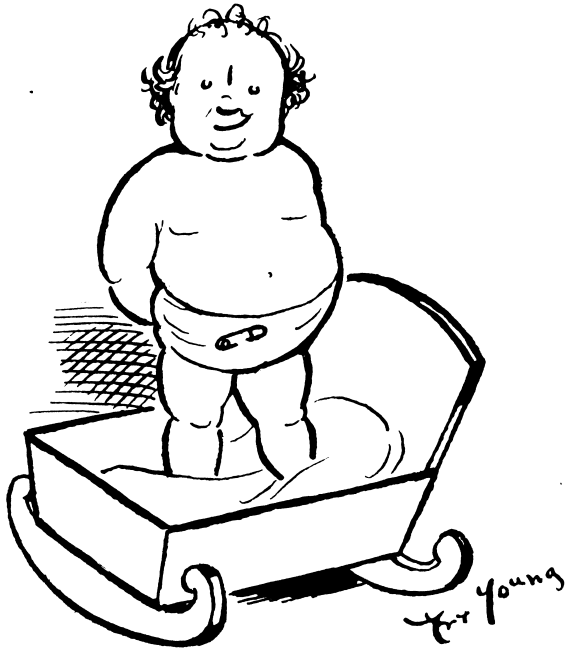
"Young man, your future is all ahead of you."

"That's the trouble—I can't catch up with it."





THE AUTHOR



THE BEGINNING—SELF PORTRAIT



ART YOUNG GETS BUSY



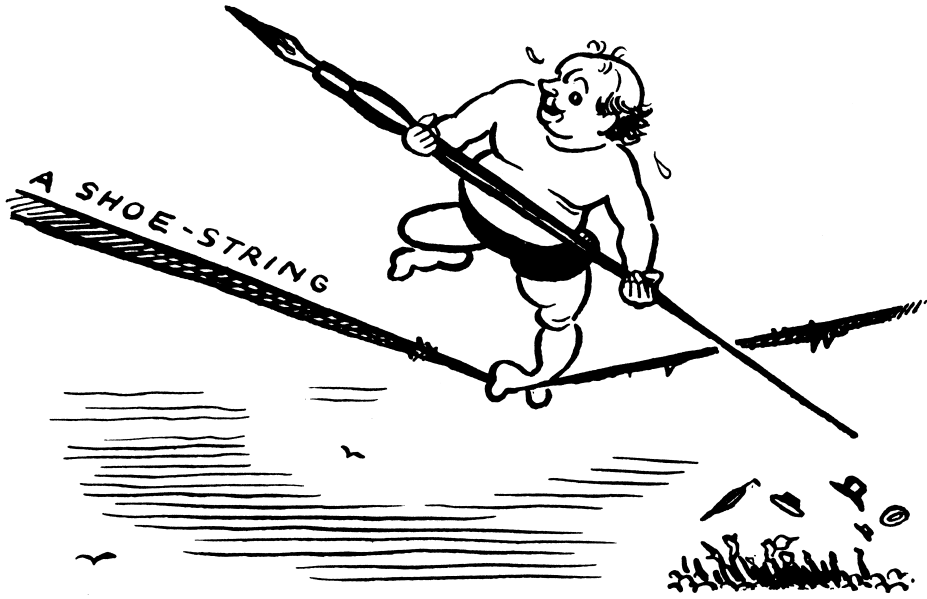
ANYTHING TO OBLIGE



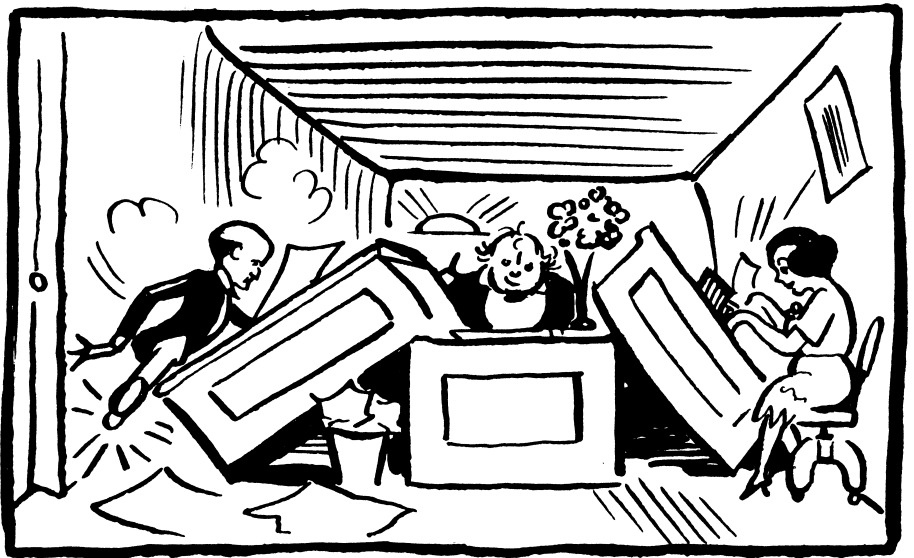
Yours truly



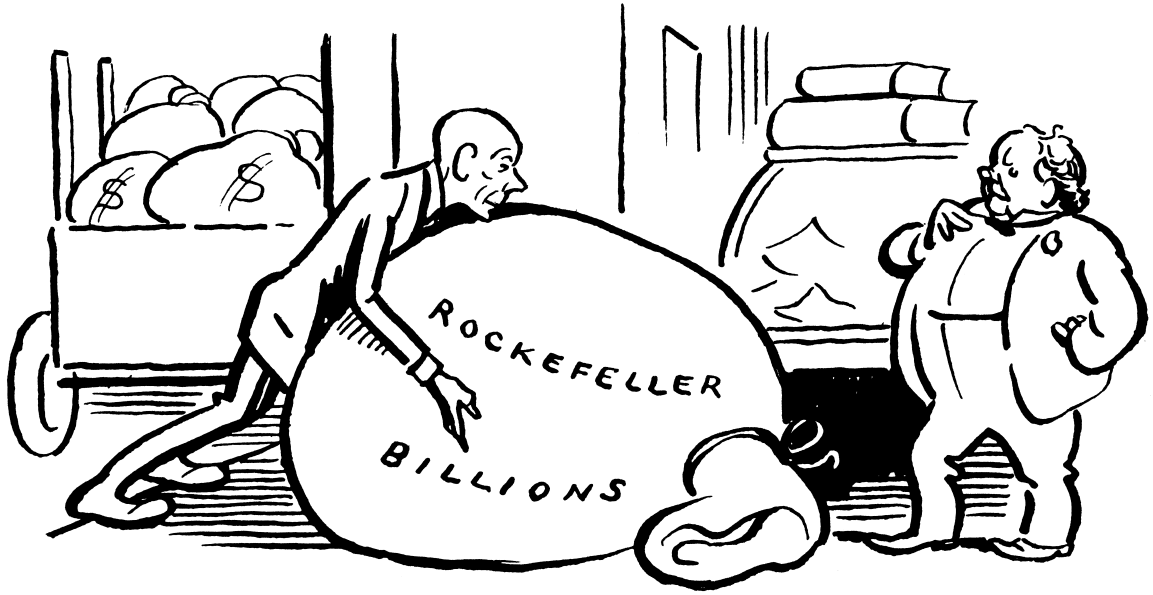
BOILING MAD



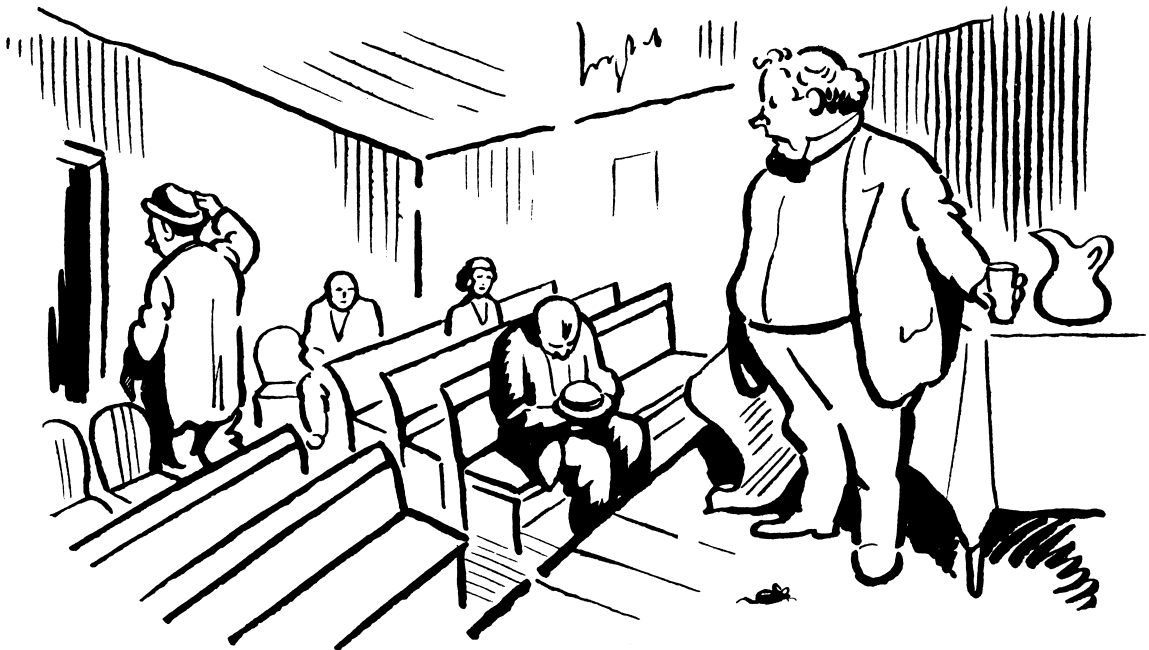
ART YOUNG STARTS *Good Morning* ON A "SHOE-STRING"



ART YOUNG AND STAFF



*HE Not Only "Demands the Surrender of the Capitalist System,"
But Draws a Picture of Himself Presiding at the Ceremony*



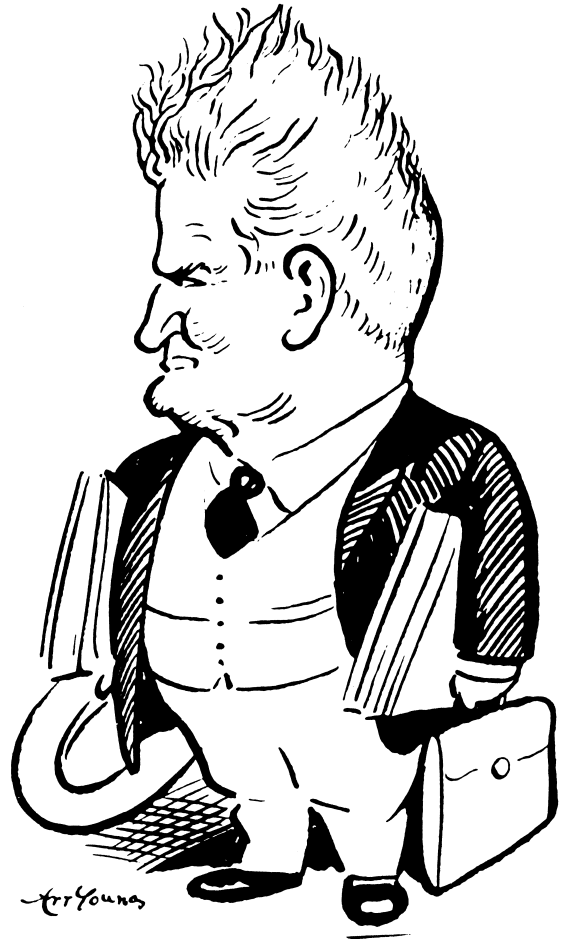
THE UPRISING OF THE PROLETARIAT



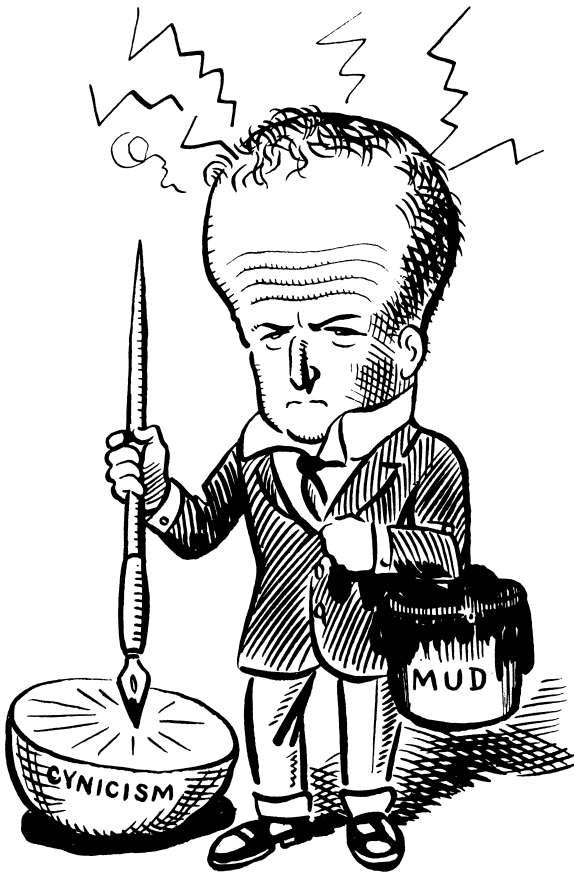
"They're going to make slaves of the Russian People."



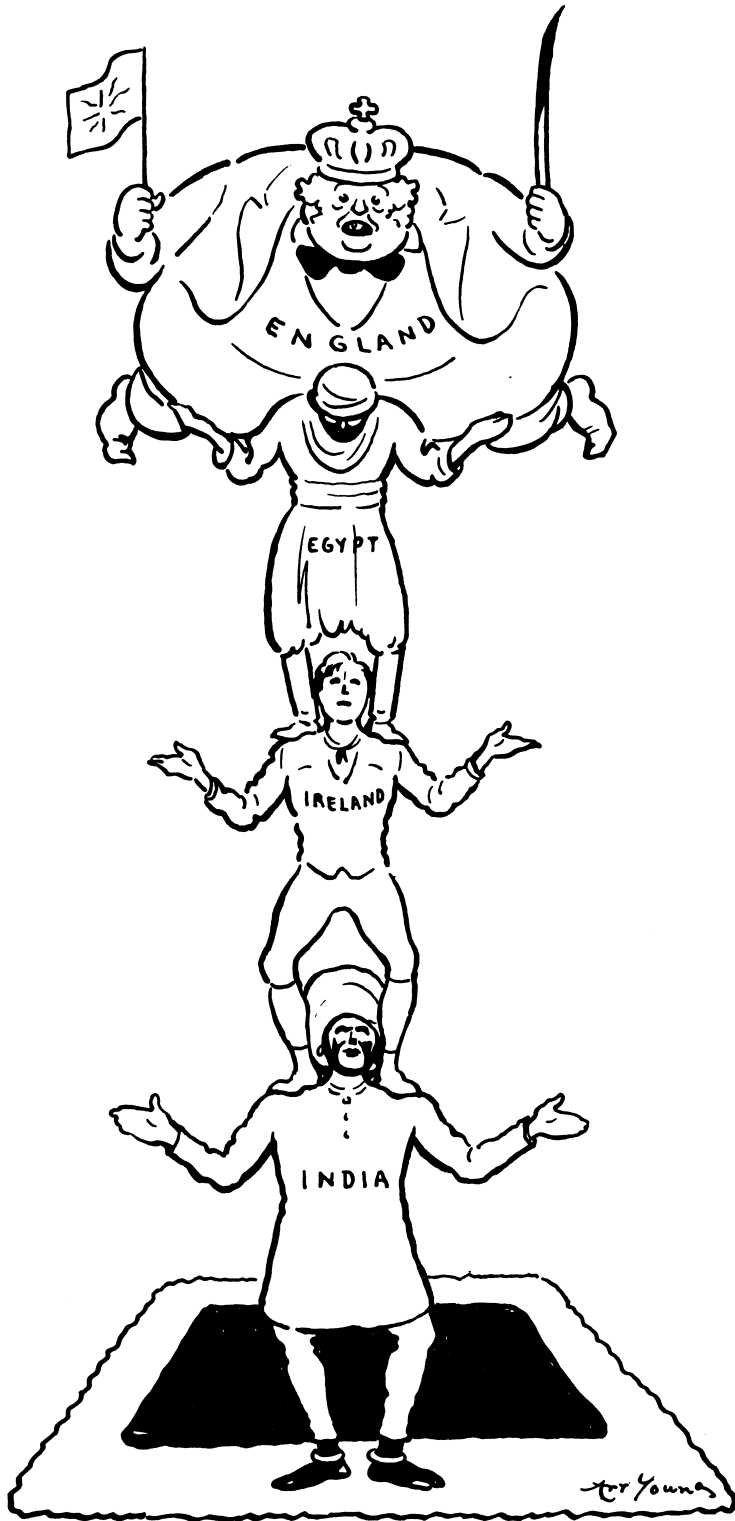
MOTHER JONES: *"Come on, you hell hounds!"*



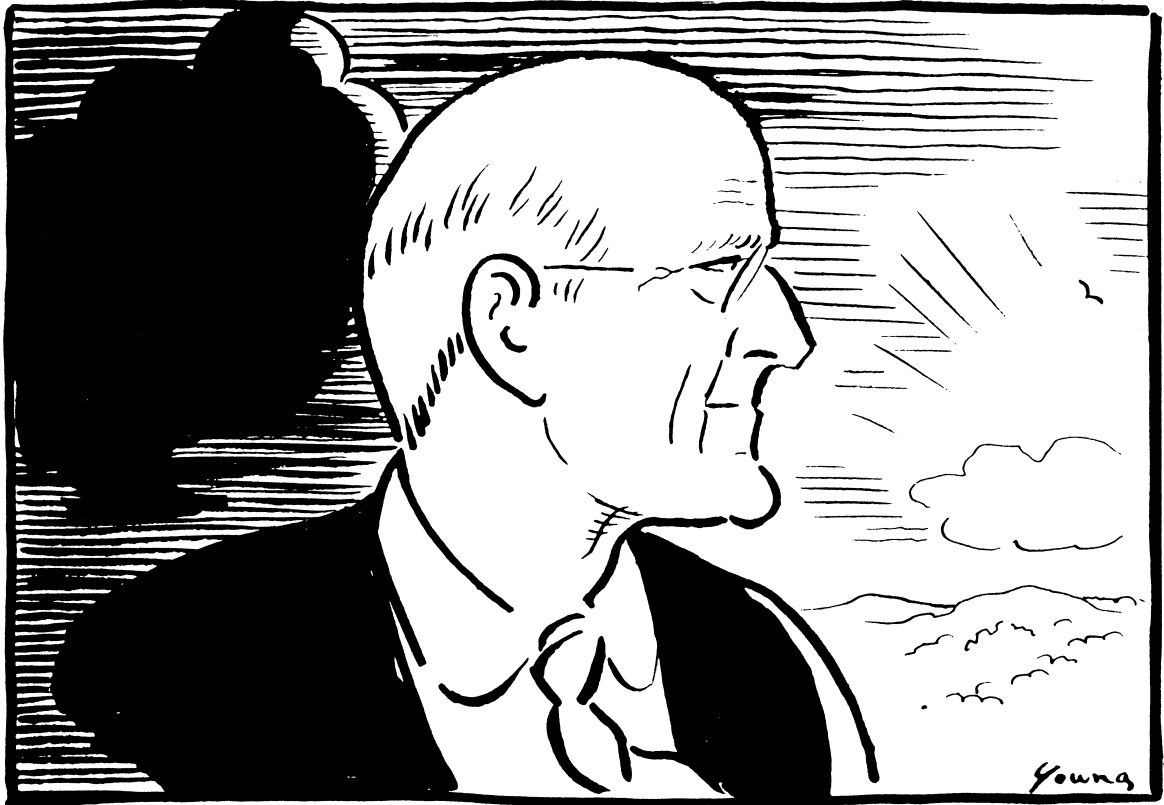
SENATOR ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE



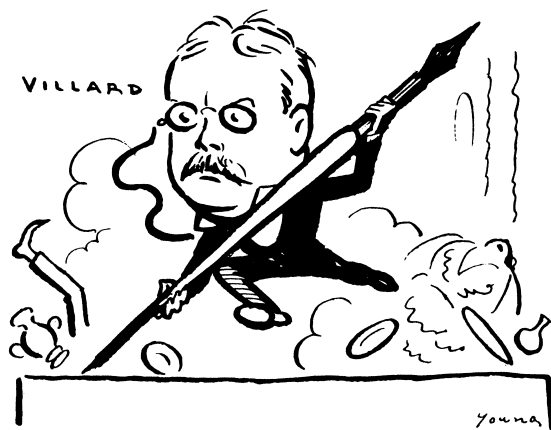
WHIZZBRAIN



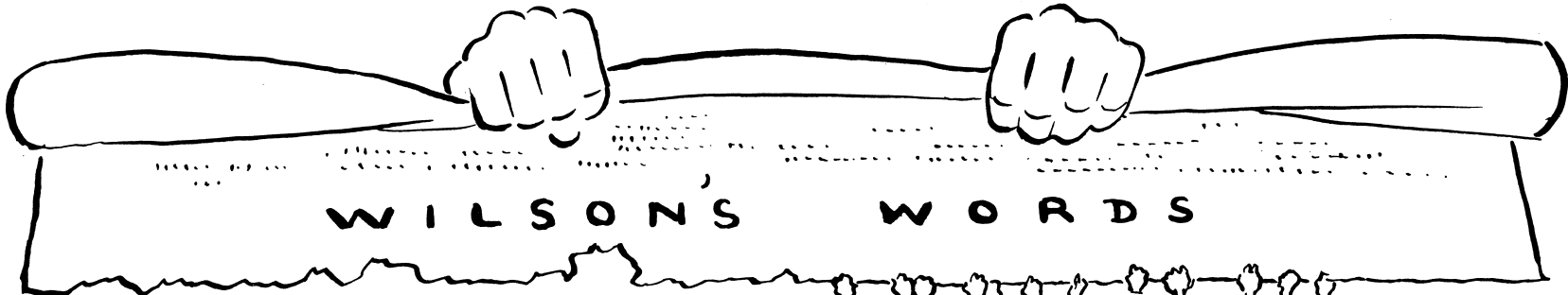
"One, two, three-go!"



EUGENE V. DEBS



OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

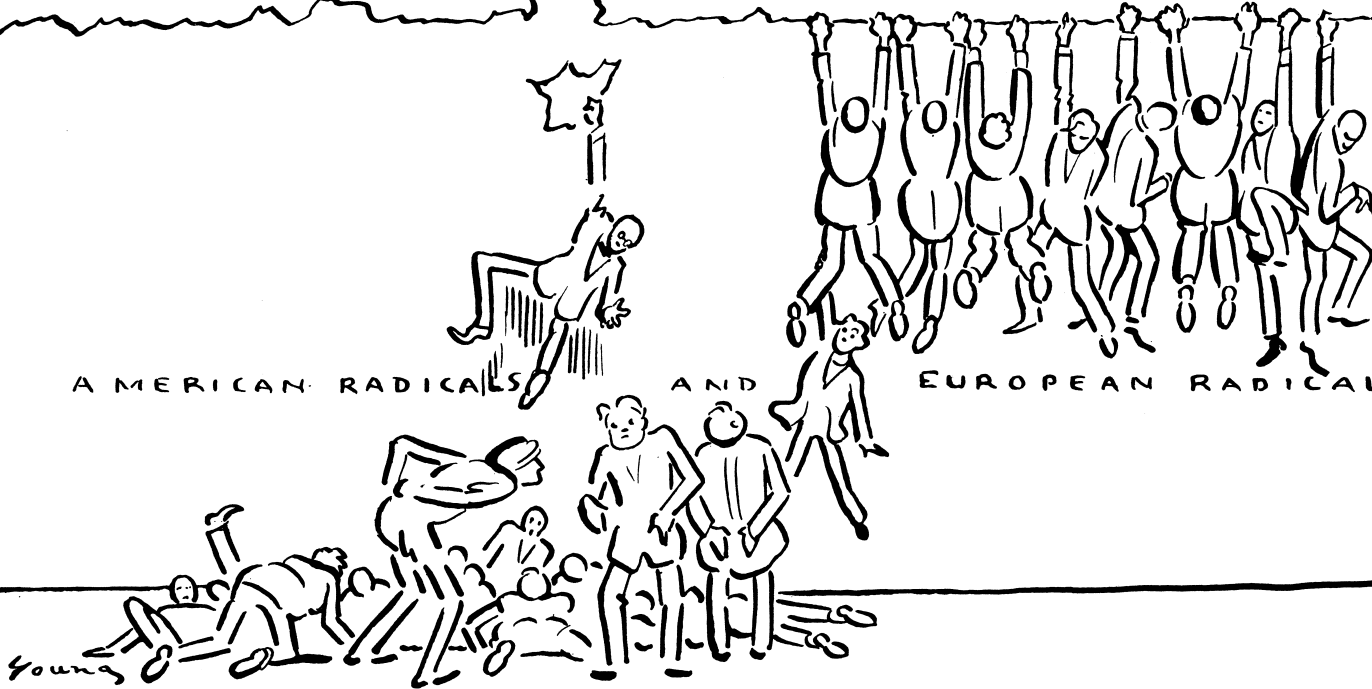


WILSON'S WORDS

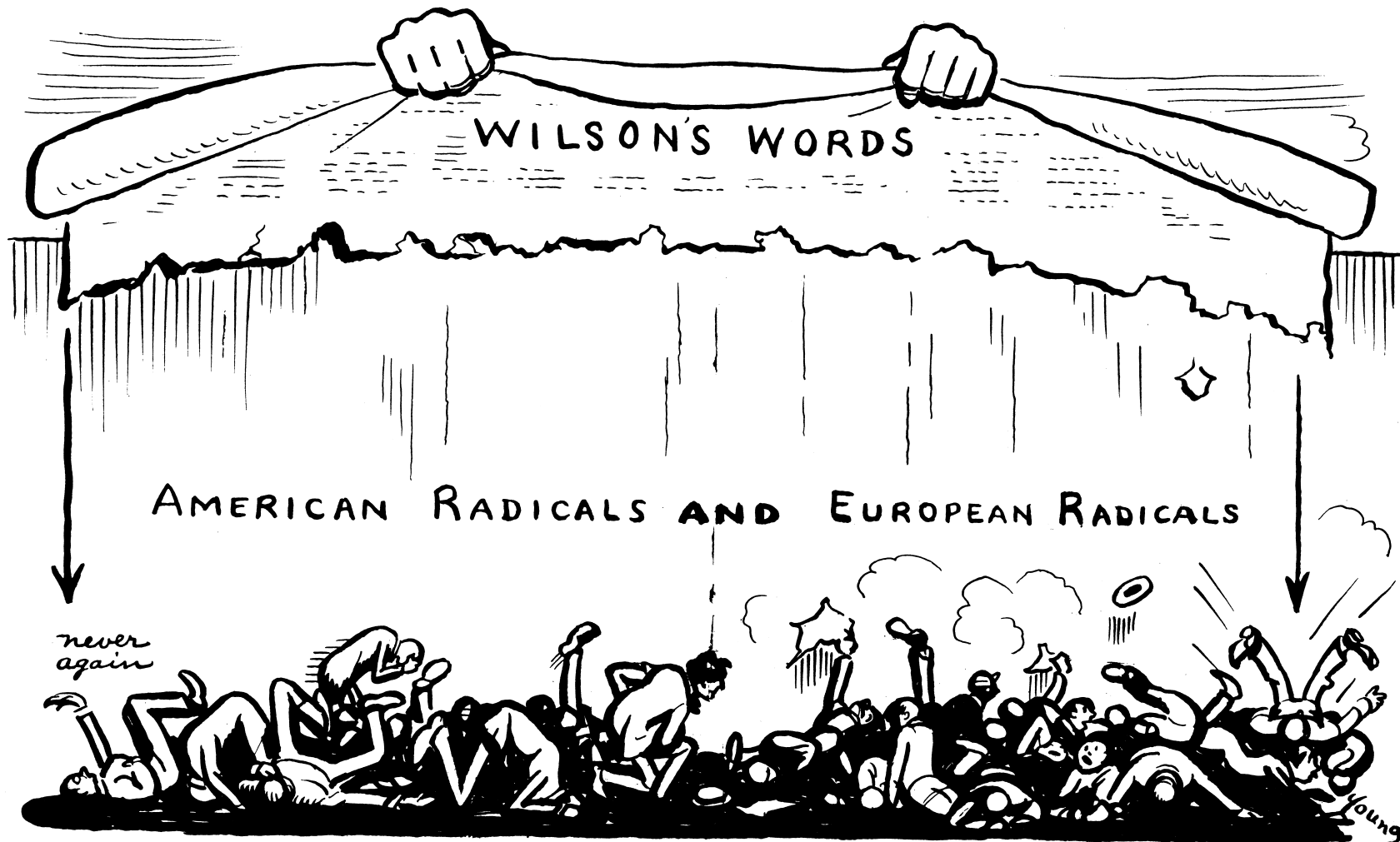
A MERICAN RADICALS

AND

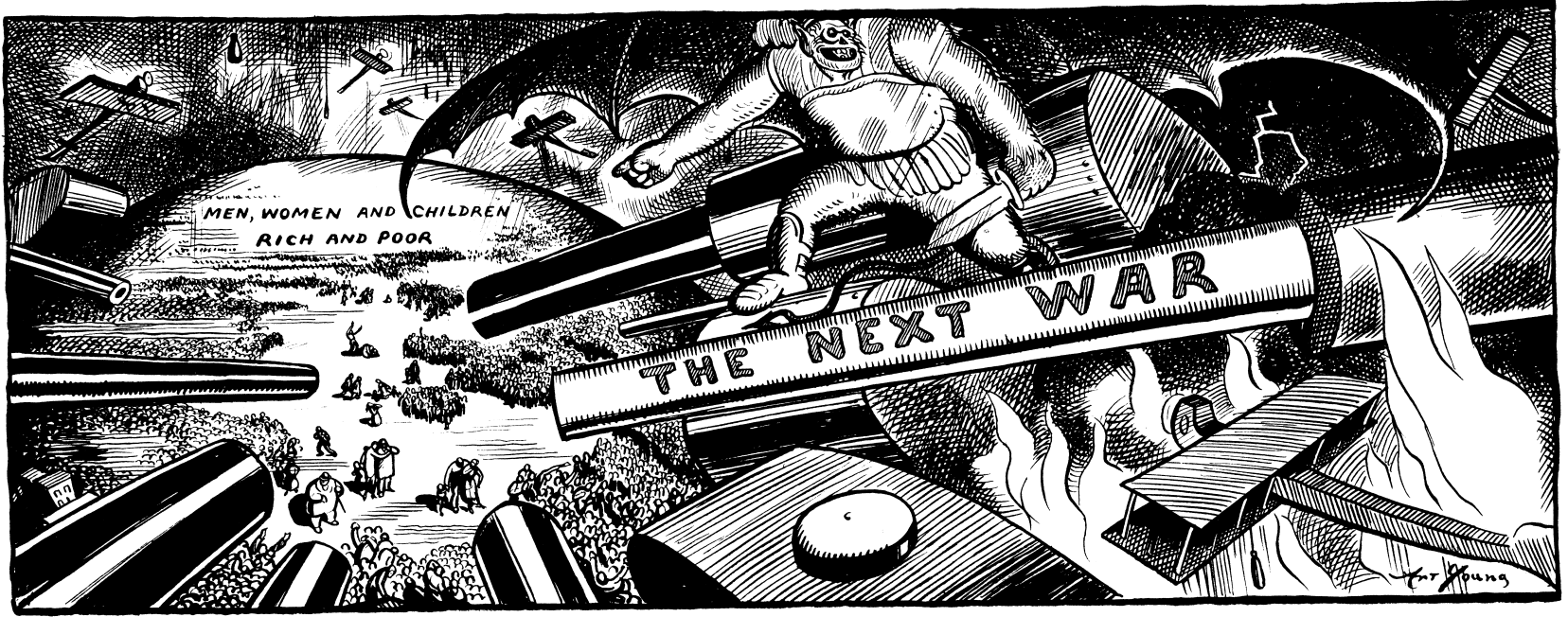
EUROPEAN RADICALS

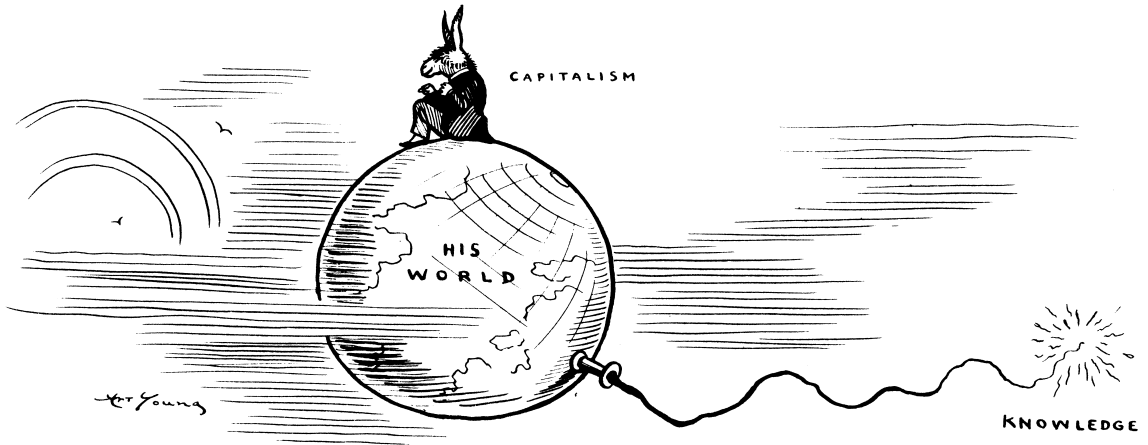


Young

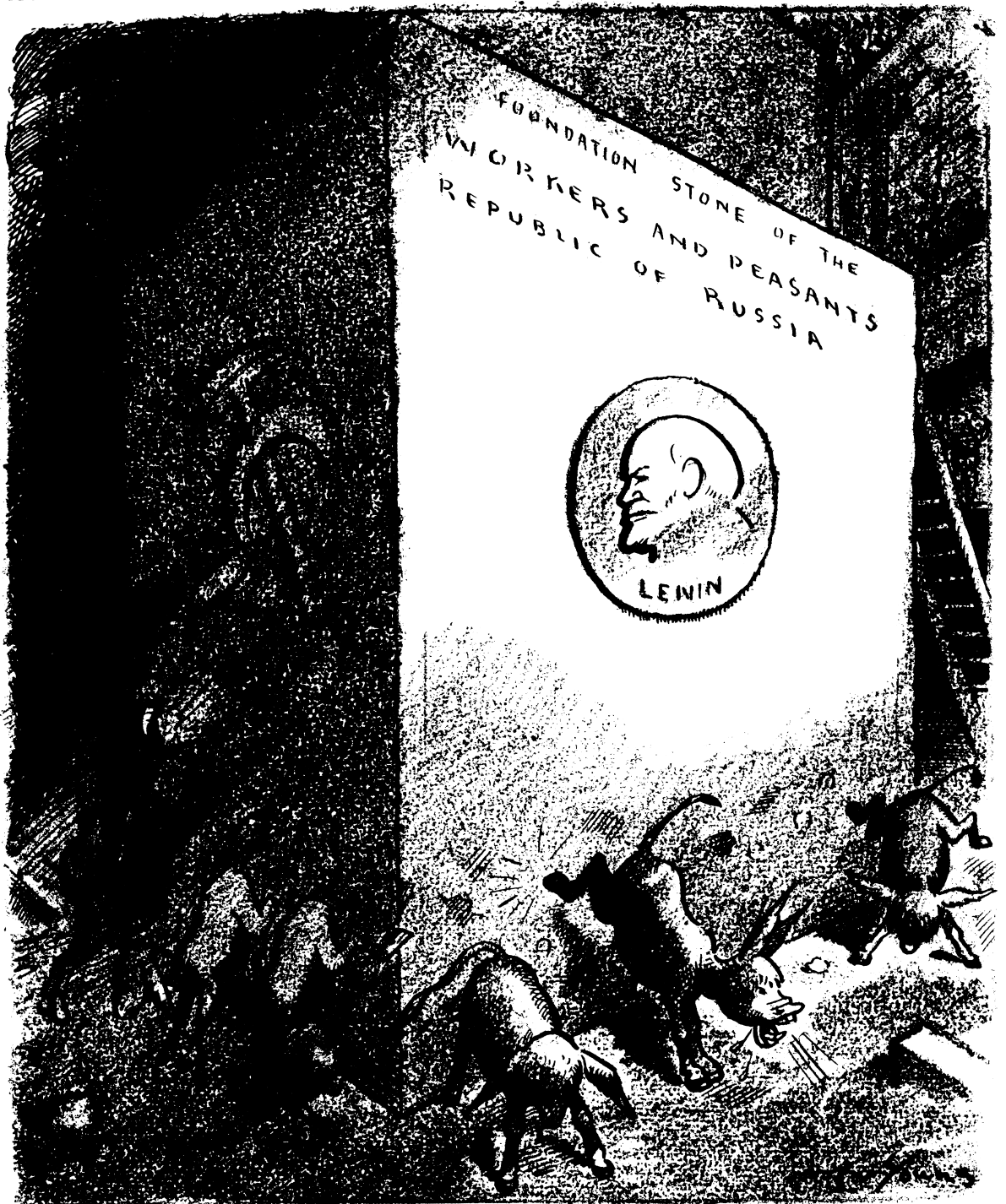


ALL OFF
(May We Not Add That They Hung On Remarkably Well?)





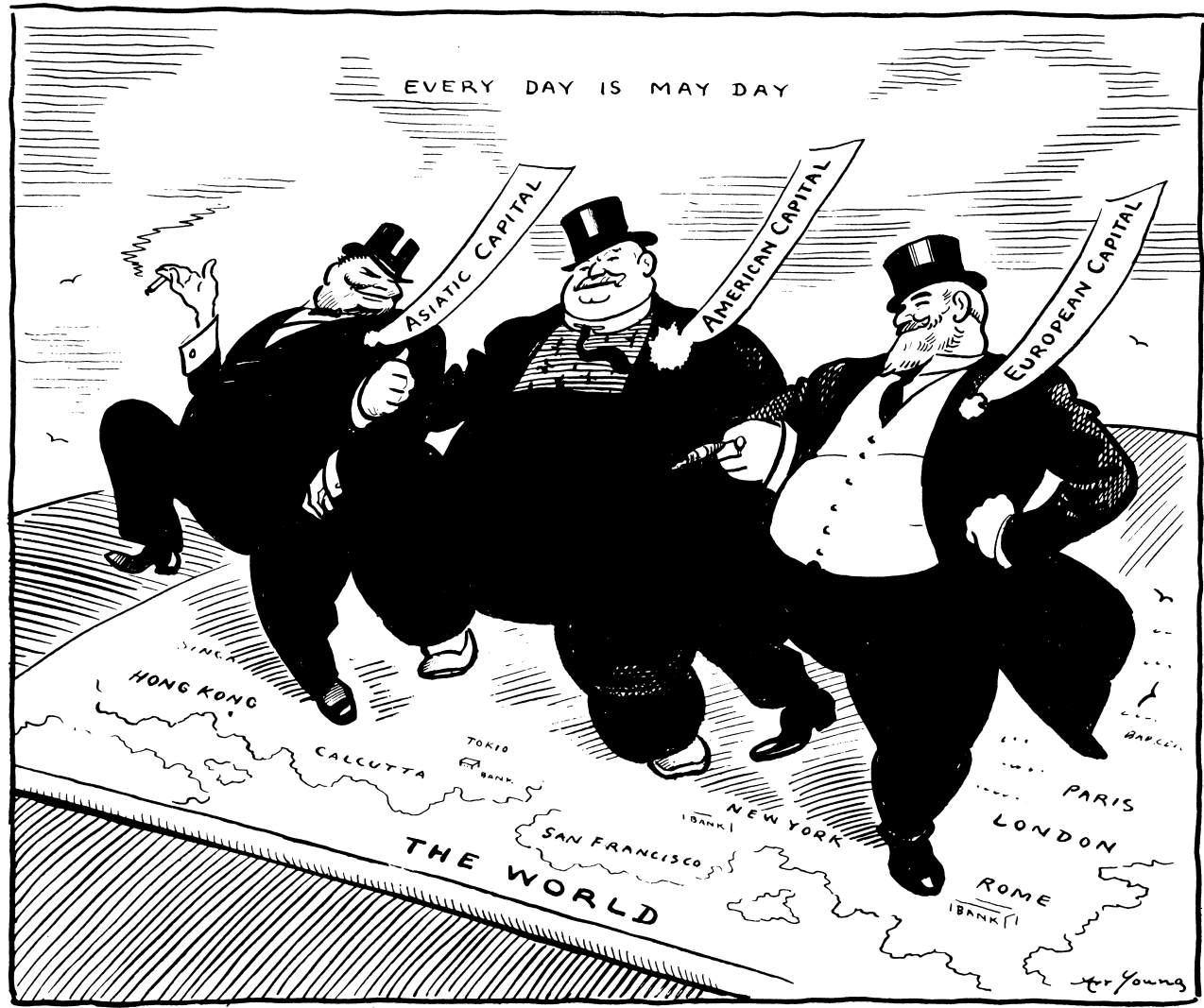
EVERYTHING IS LOVELY



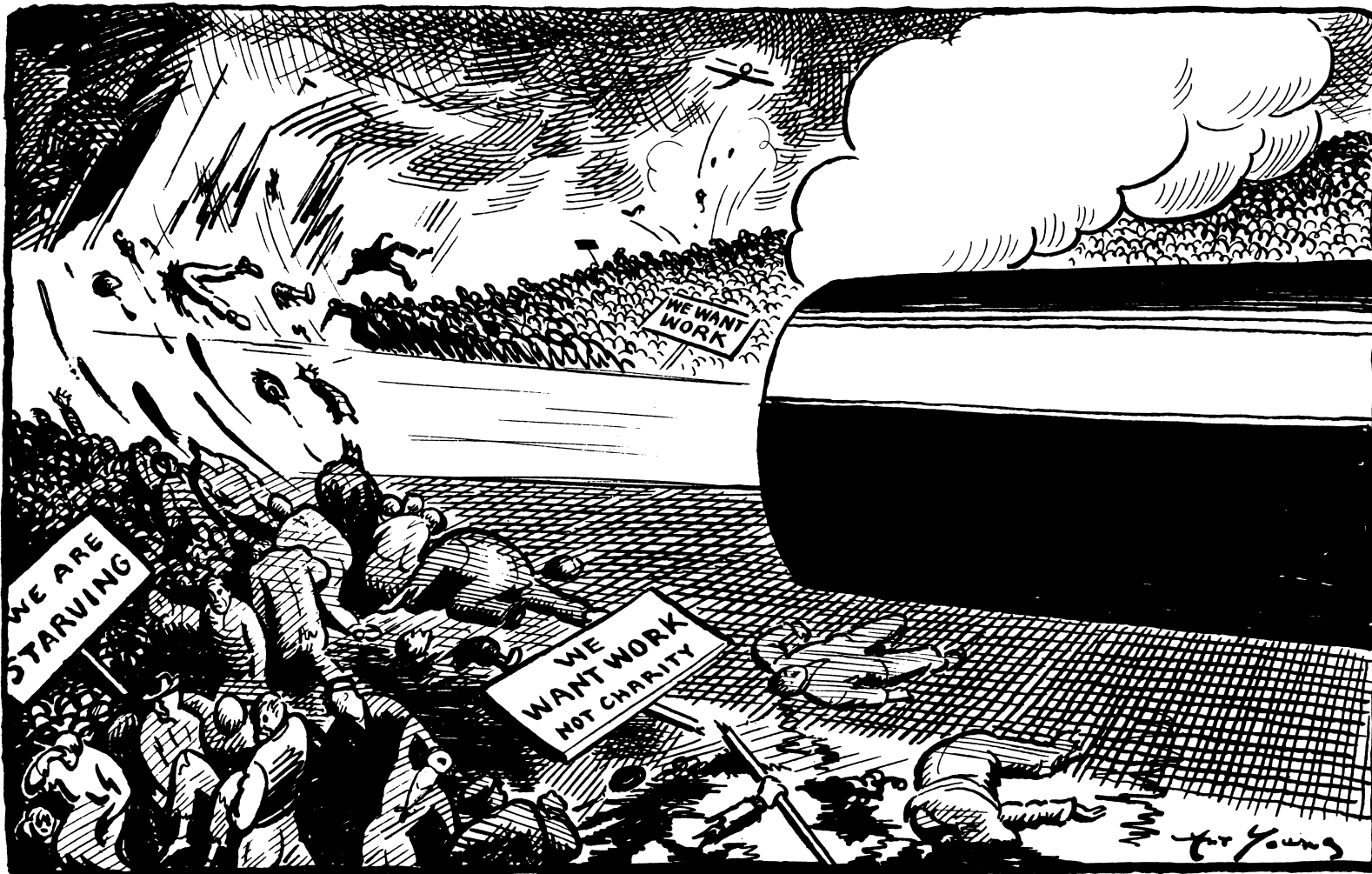
BEYOND THEIR POWER



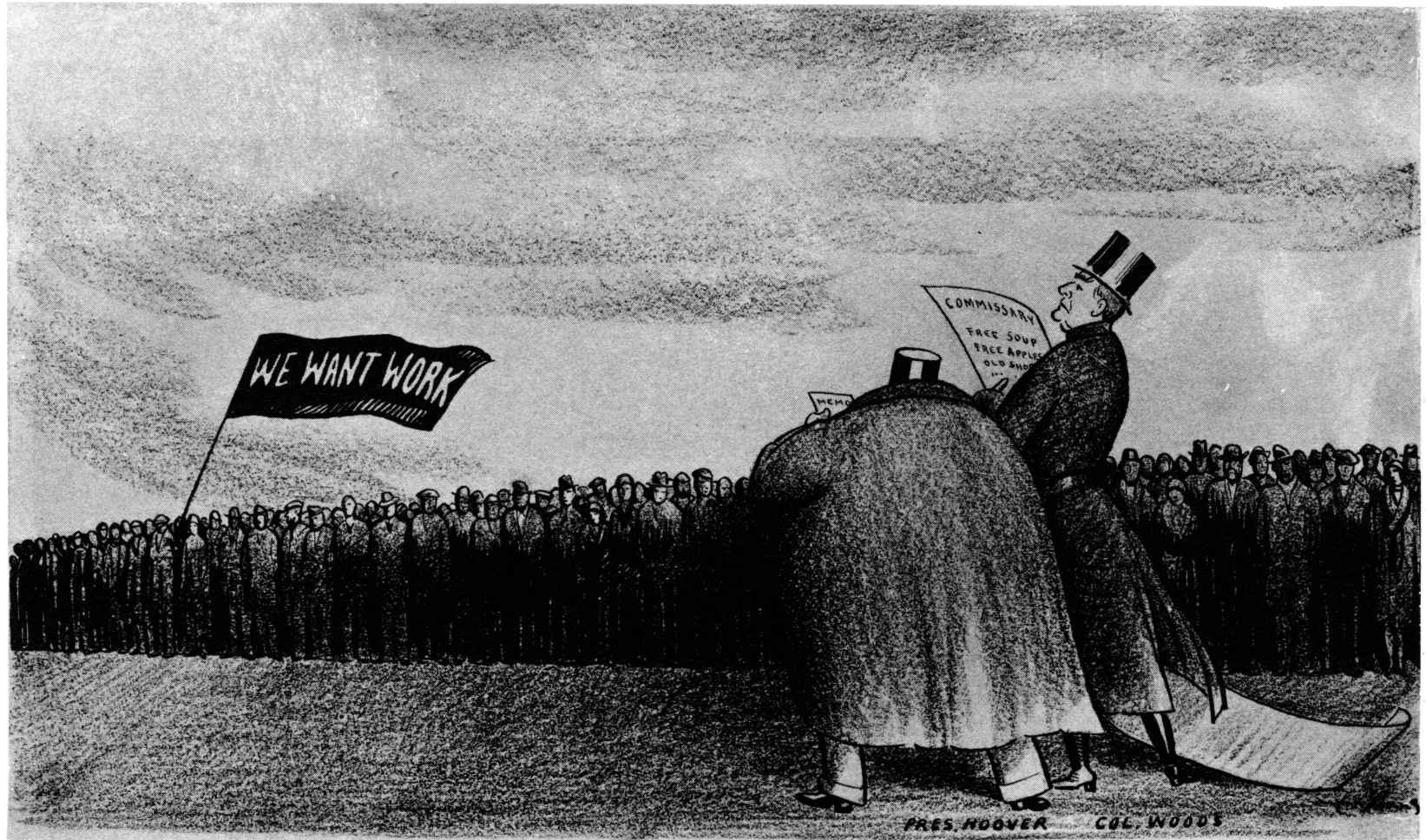
NO MATTER How Poor nor How Small the Nation, the Big Powers Are Driving Them to the Airplane Market



EVERY DAY IS MAY DAY



THE LAST SOLUTION OF UNEMPLOYMENT
Before the Unemployed Themselves Try to Solve It



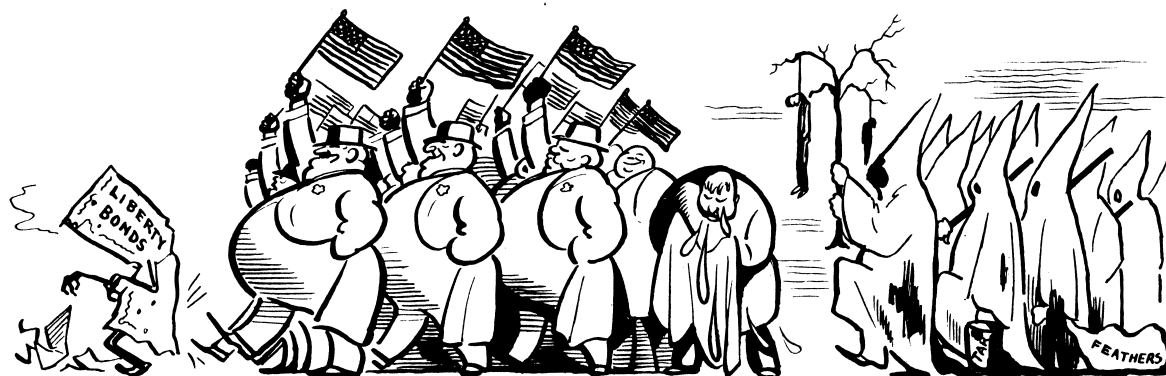
THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC



FINANCIAL INTEREST: *"Now, remember, if we have another, I'll depend on you to make it a very holy war."*

MINISTER: *"Yes, sir, I'll do my best, sir."*

*Are we ready for the next war? Never fear,
We'll be with you boys for one buck a year.*

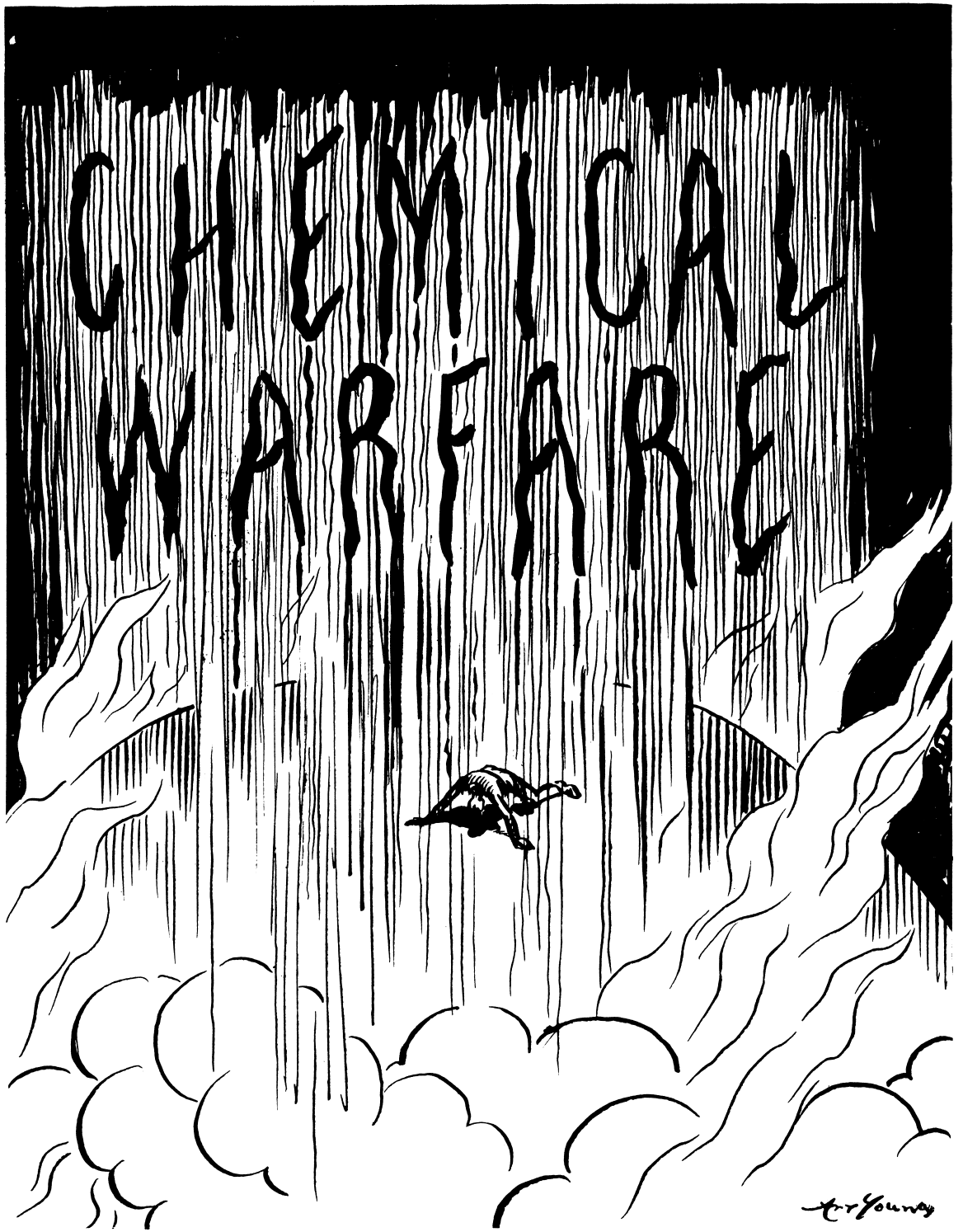




LOST IN THE STORM



"Mother, when you were a girl, didn't you find it a bore to be a virgin?"



TO THE LAST MAN



"I think I'll take the murder."

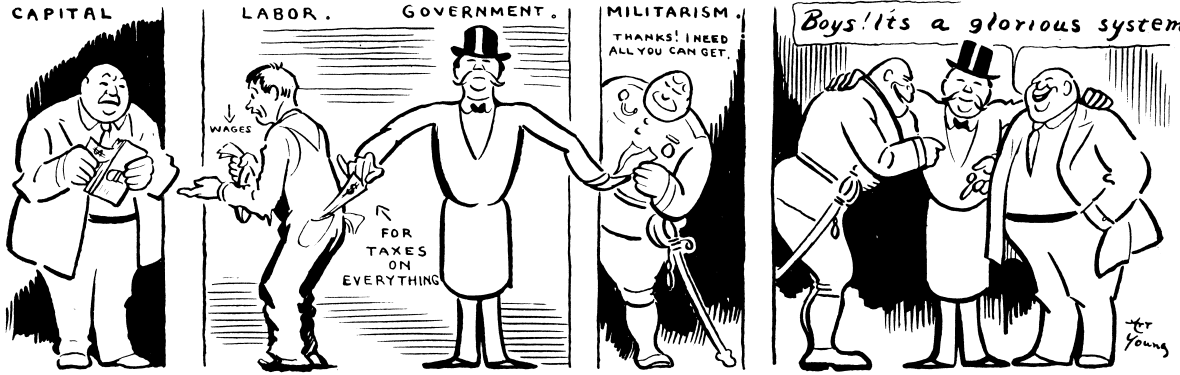
CAPITAL

LABOR.

GOVERNMENT.

MILITARISM.

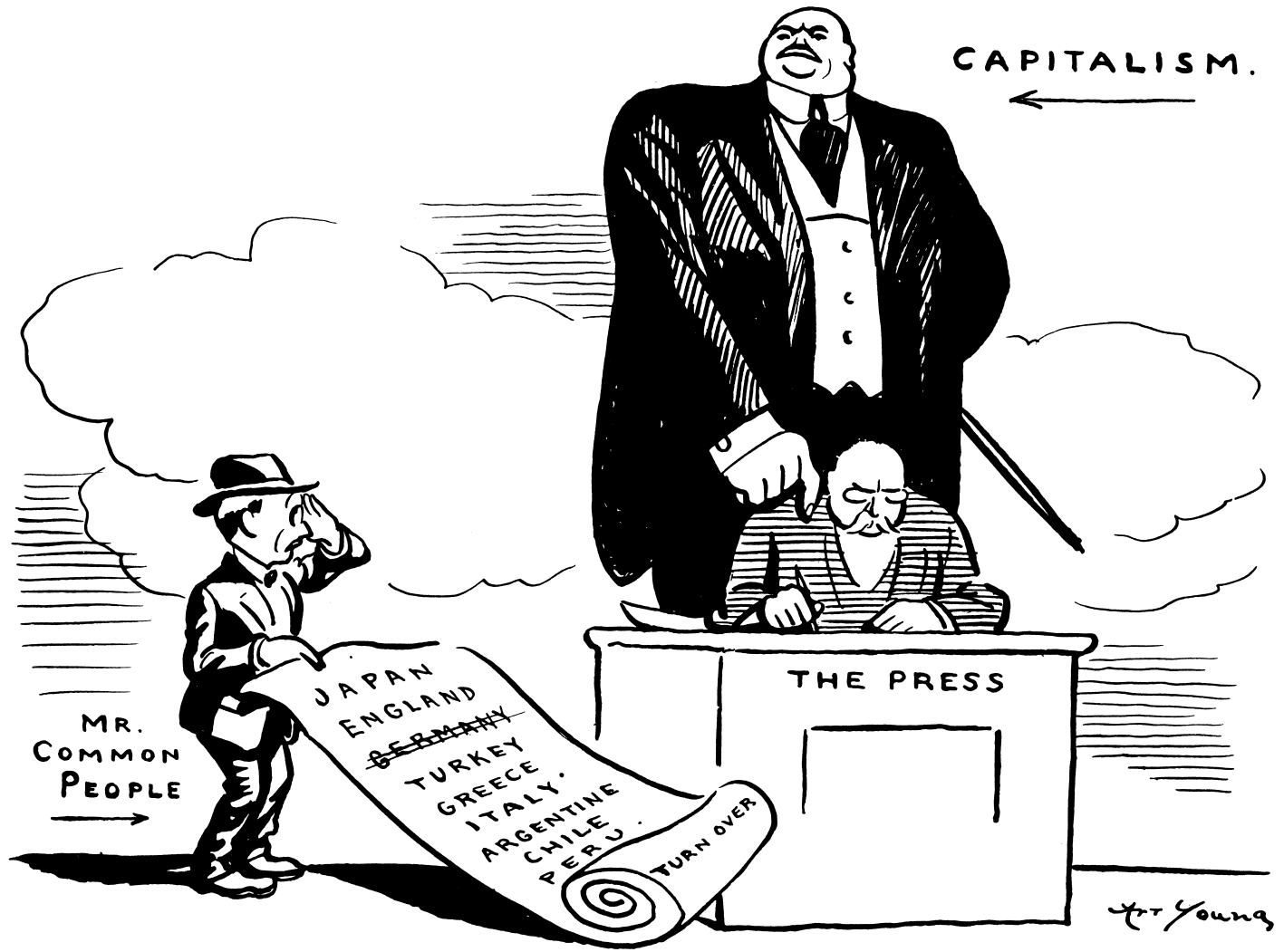
Boys! It's a glorious system



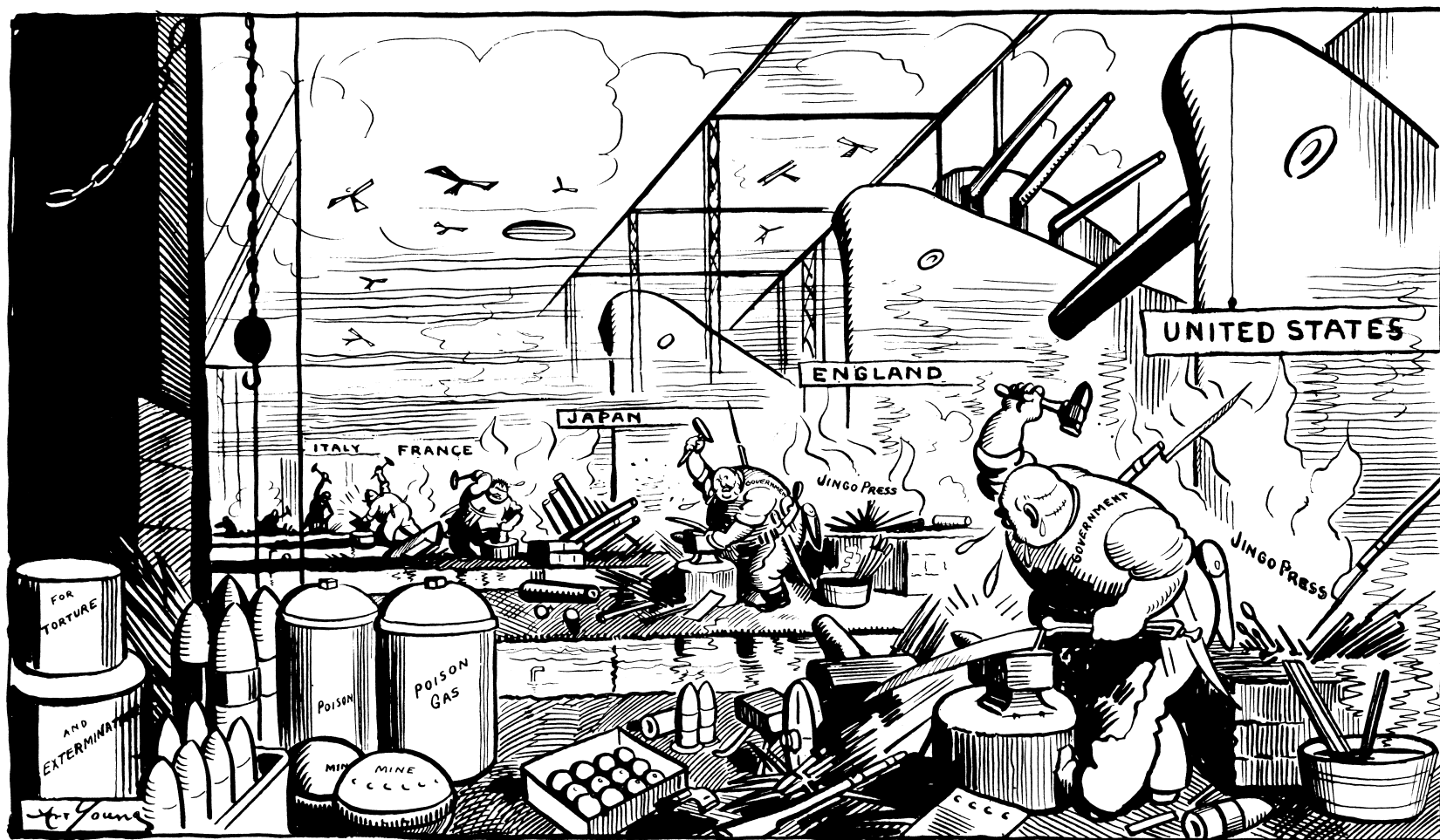
KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY



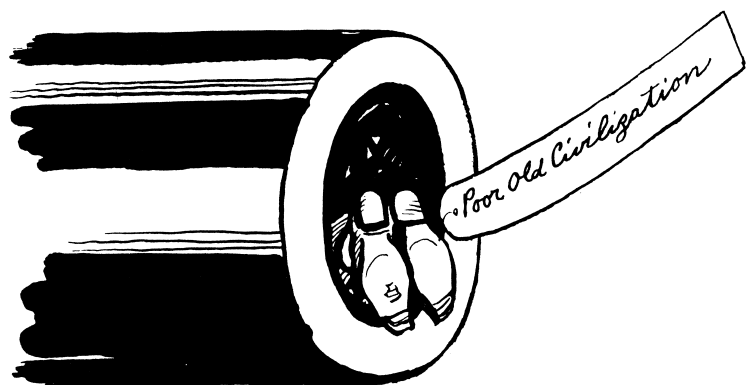
THE PROFITEER: "I'm as good a friend of labor as the next man—but there's no denying the fact that workingmen do spend their money foolishly."



"Excuse me, whom shall I hate next?"



WHO SAID DISARMAMENT?



Ready
Shoot!

E. Young



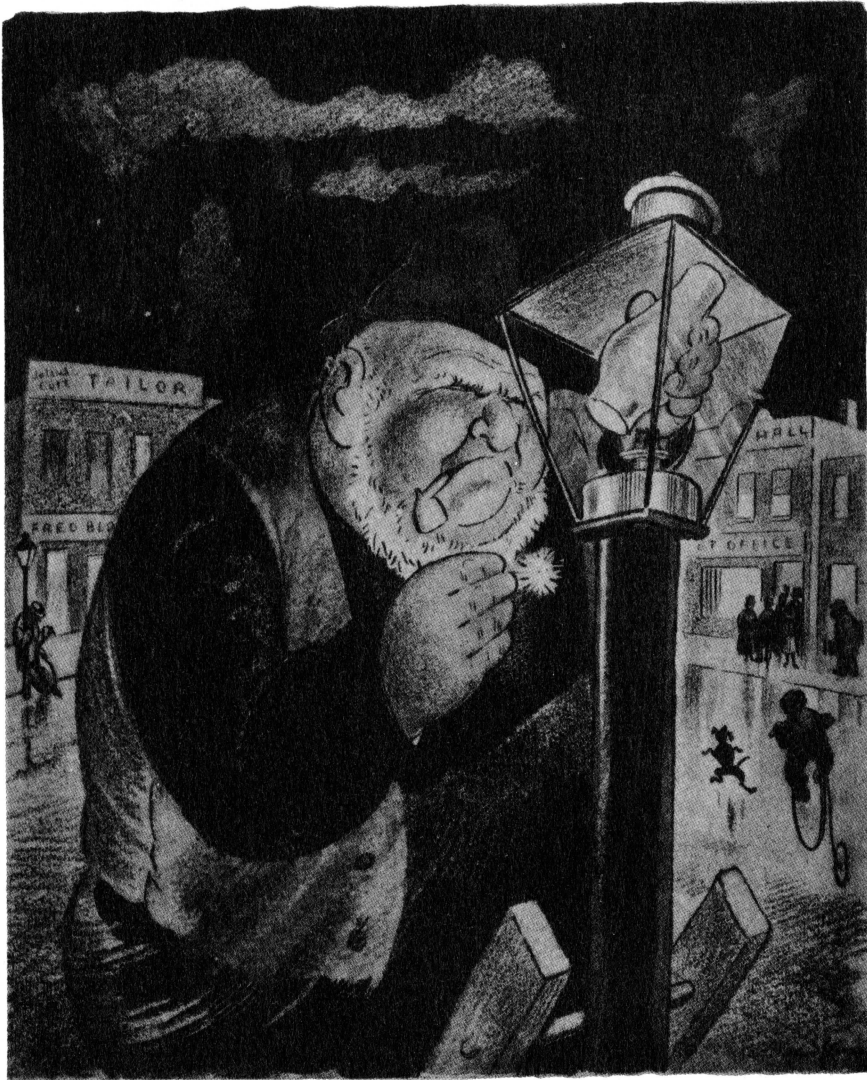
HIS FIRST FREE RADIO CONCERT

ANNOUNCER: *"This is station O.U.I. All those who have enjoyed the marvelous opportunity to hear the classic saxophone solo as just played by Professor Ignatz Blowsky, the uncrowned king of the jazz world, will please write their appreciation to the radio company, number 20 Buzz Street."*

FARMER: *"I thought there'd be some catch in the dern thing—now I got to write a letter."*



"That's for us."

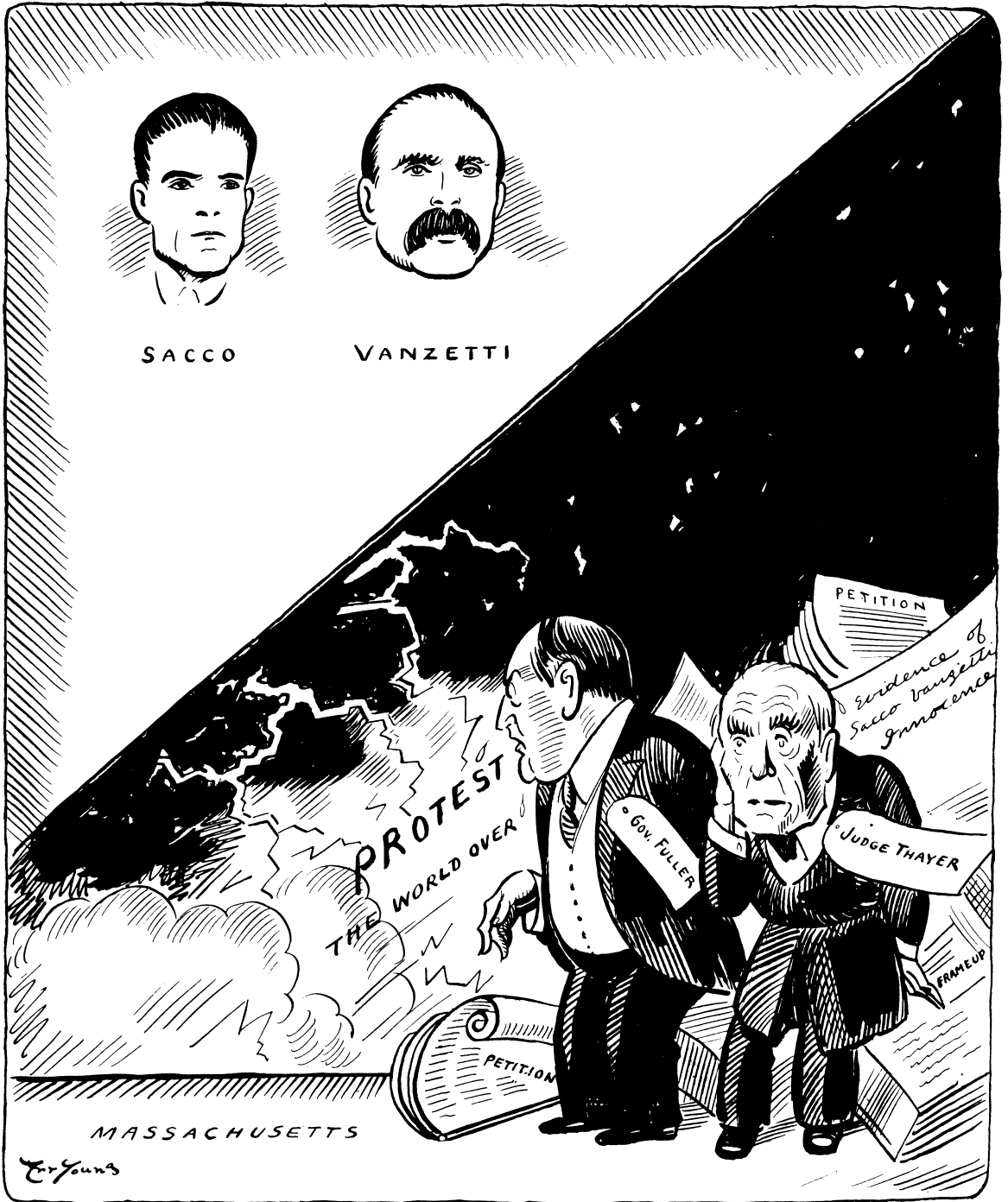


THE LAMPLIGHTER

There were eight street lamps in the "Business Section" of the old home town. Our lamplighter's name was Ashley. When Ashley struck his phosphorus the square took on a glow. Not much in kilowatts and such. But—that was thirty years ago.



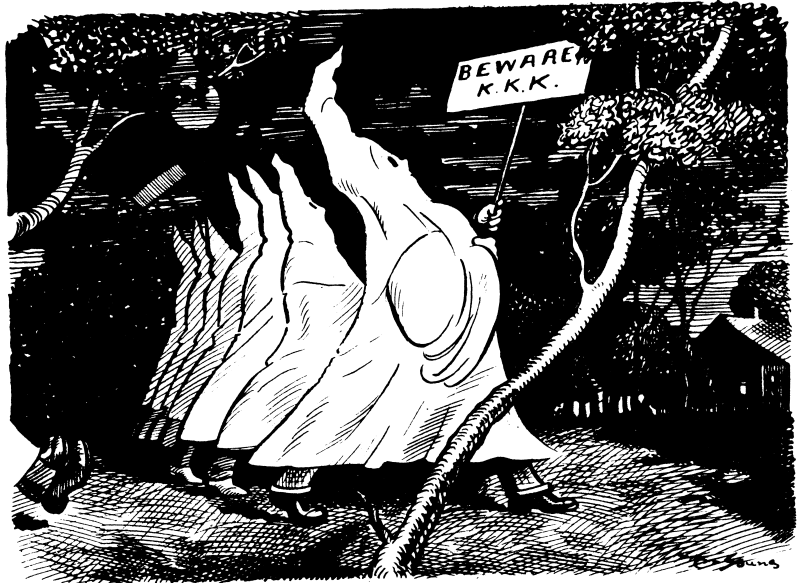
"Mother, use your brains."



GOVERNOR FULLER: "Cheer up, Judge, it will soon blow over."



STILL THE SAME MASSACHUSETTS



TIMID HENRY—IN THE DAYTIME

But You Ought to See Him at Night with His Hood On



THE SOUTHERN CROSS

JOHN ROCKEFELLER JR. : —
"EIGHT HOURS A DAY IS LONG
ENOUGH TO WORK, DONT
YOU THINK ?"

The Whole Babbitt Family
MRS. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
MRS. ROTARY CLUB

MRS. MANUFACTURERS
ASSOCIATION

MORGAN

GARY

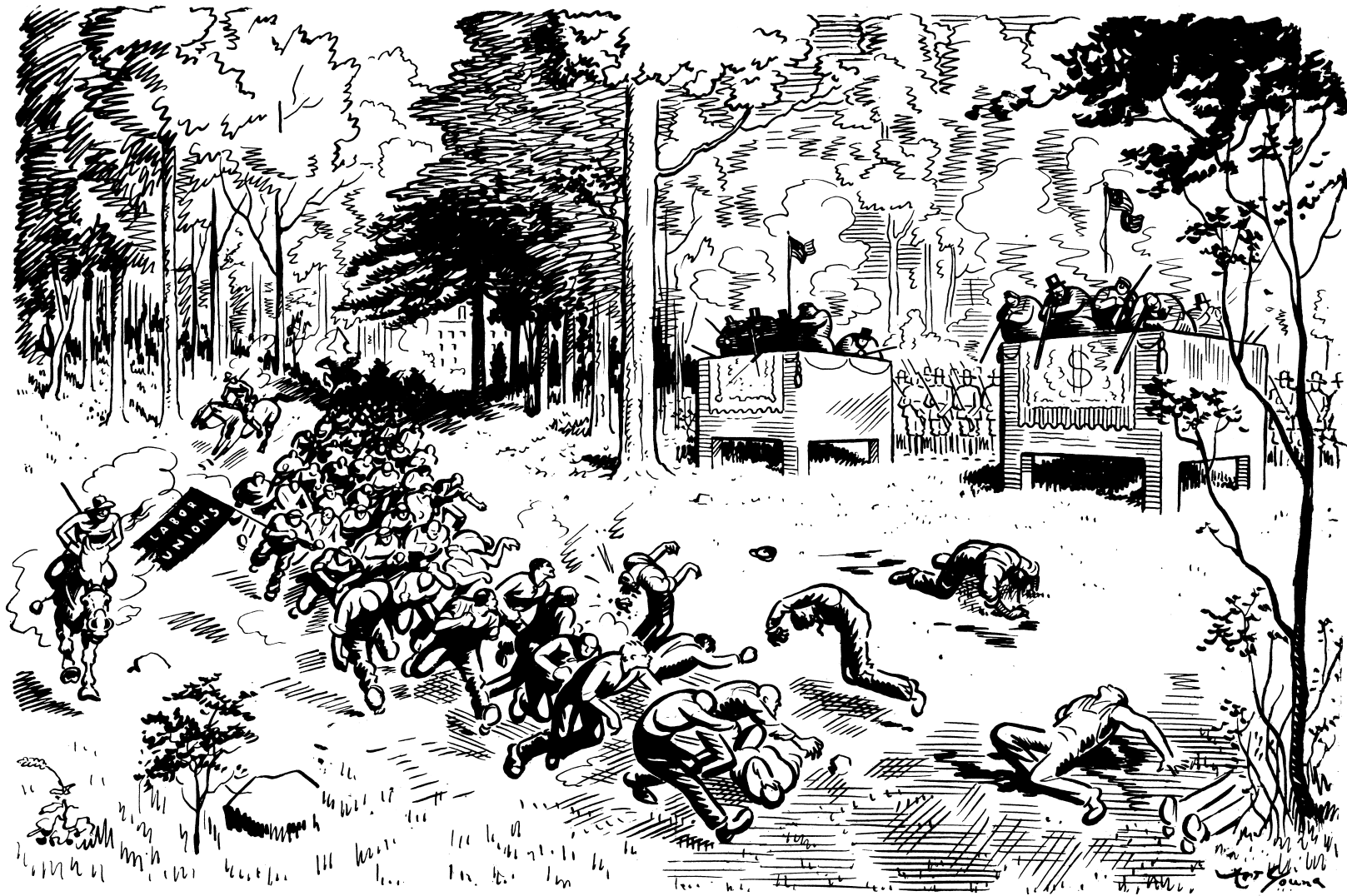
MRS. BANKS

POLICE!



for Young

FLIRTING WITH THE "TERRIBLE CREATURE" AGAIN



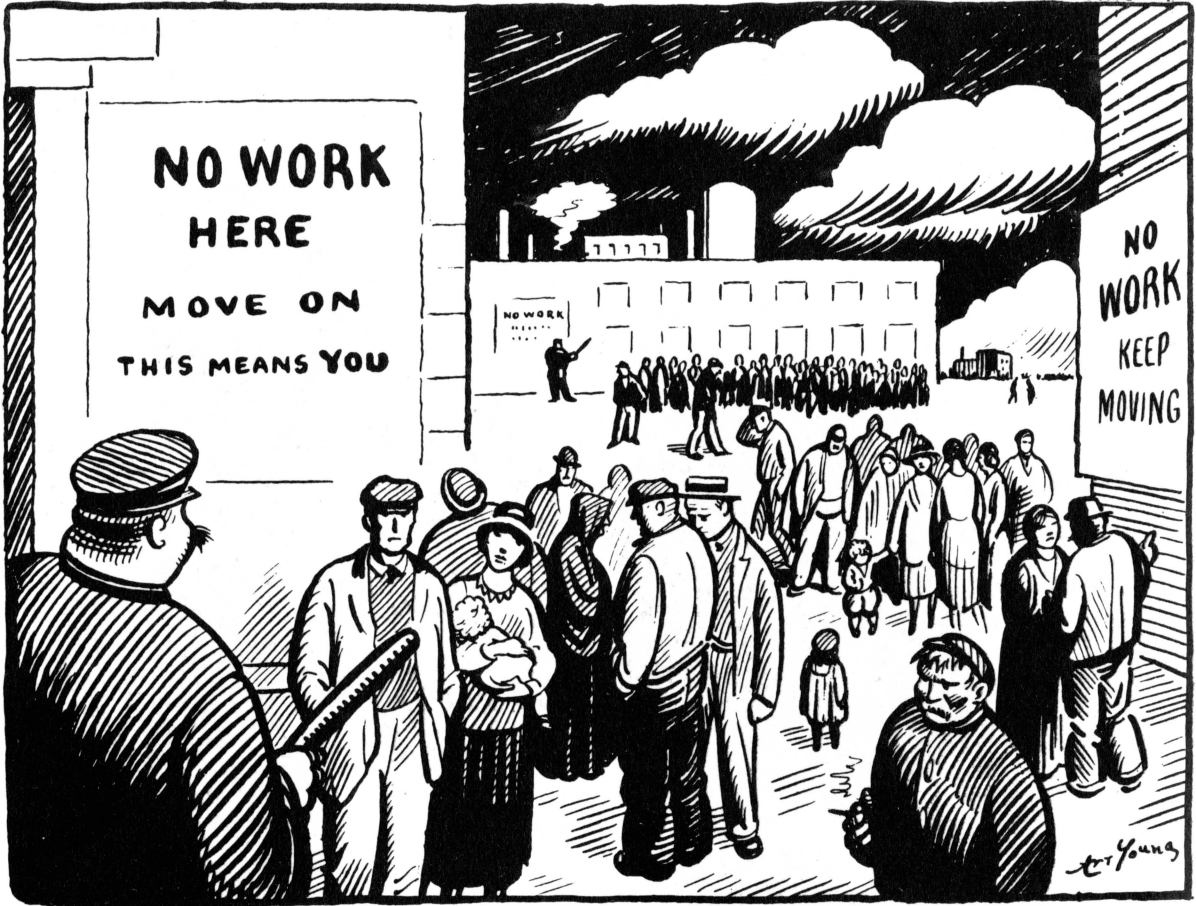
KILLING LABOR UNIONS—THE SPORT OF INDUSTRIAL KINGS



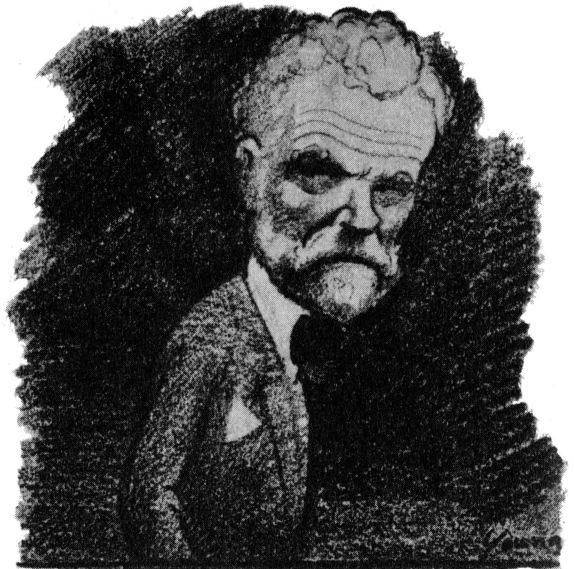
WHEN LABOR BOYCOTTS



WHEN CAPITALISM BOYCOTTS



HUNTING A JOB
"It Develops Character."



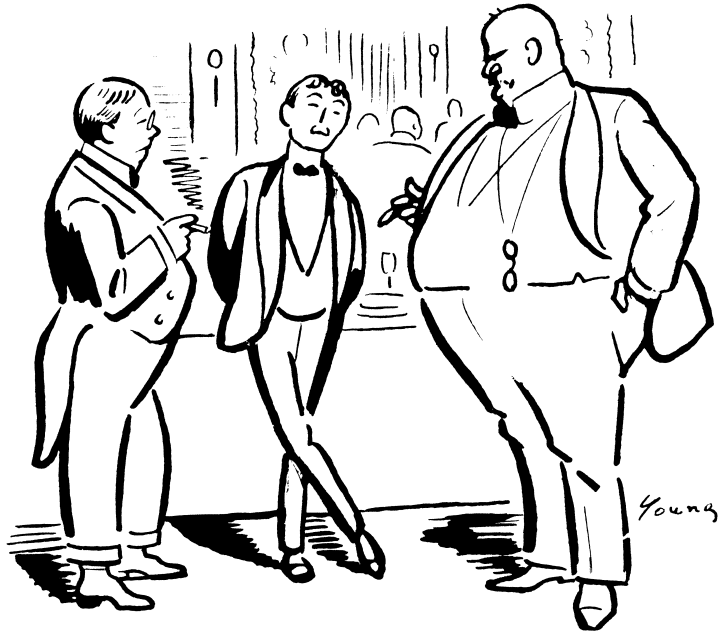
HENRY CABOT LODGE



SAMUEL GOMPERS
Occupation: Sitting on Lids

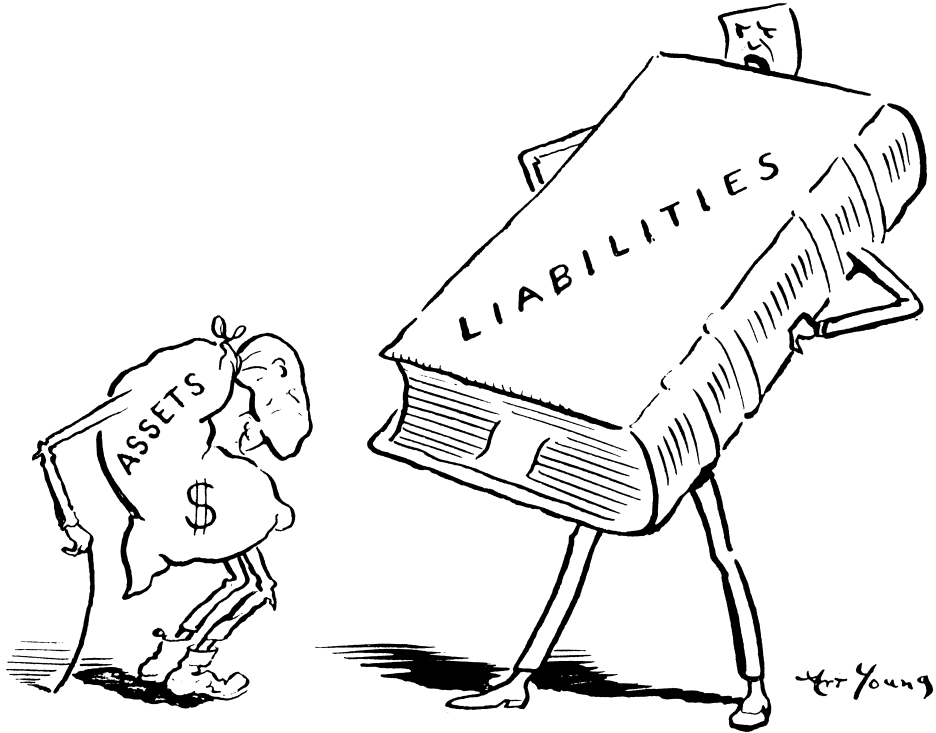


TRAGEDIANS—OLD AND NEW
 BRYAN: *"Sounds like my thunder."*



OF COURSE NOT

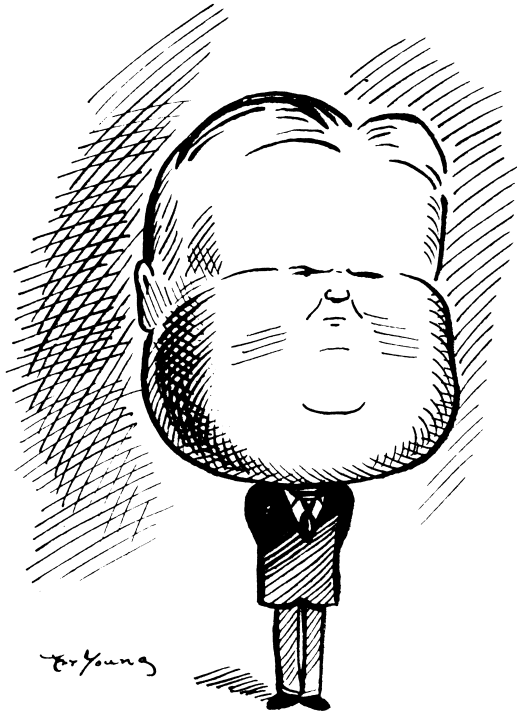
CAPITALIST (at the Writers' Club): "Boys, never mix propaganda with your art."



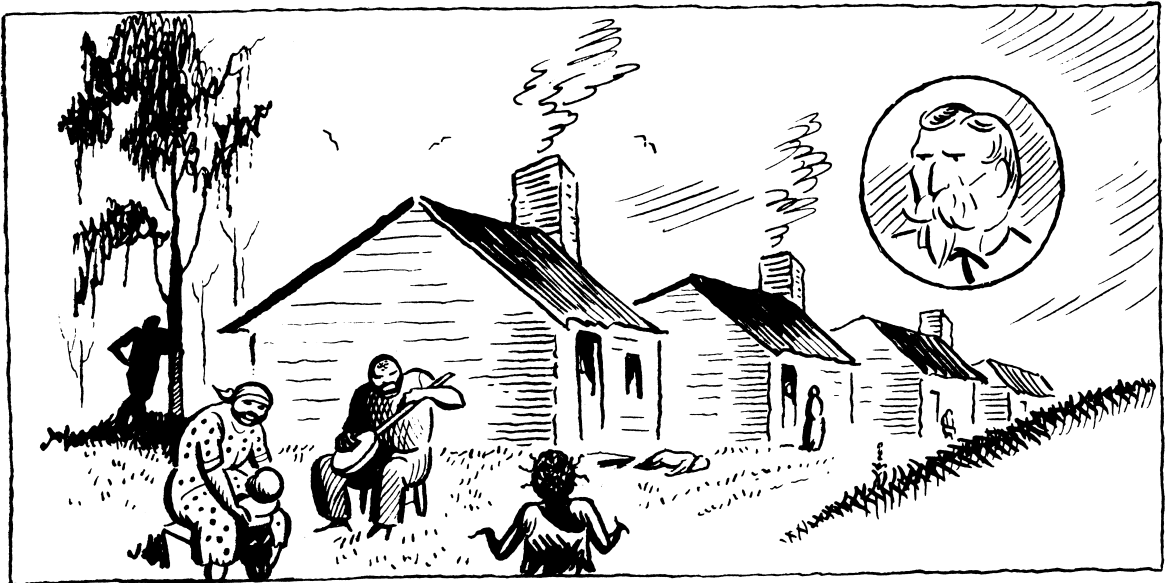
AHA!



EDITOR: "Keep this old file on atrocities alive. We'll need them as soon as the next war begins."



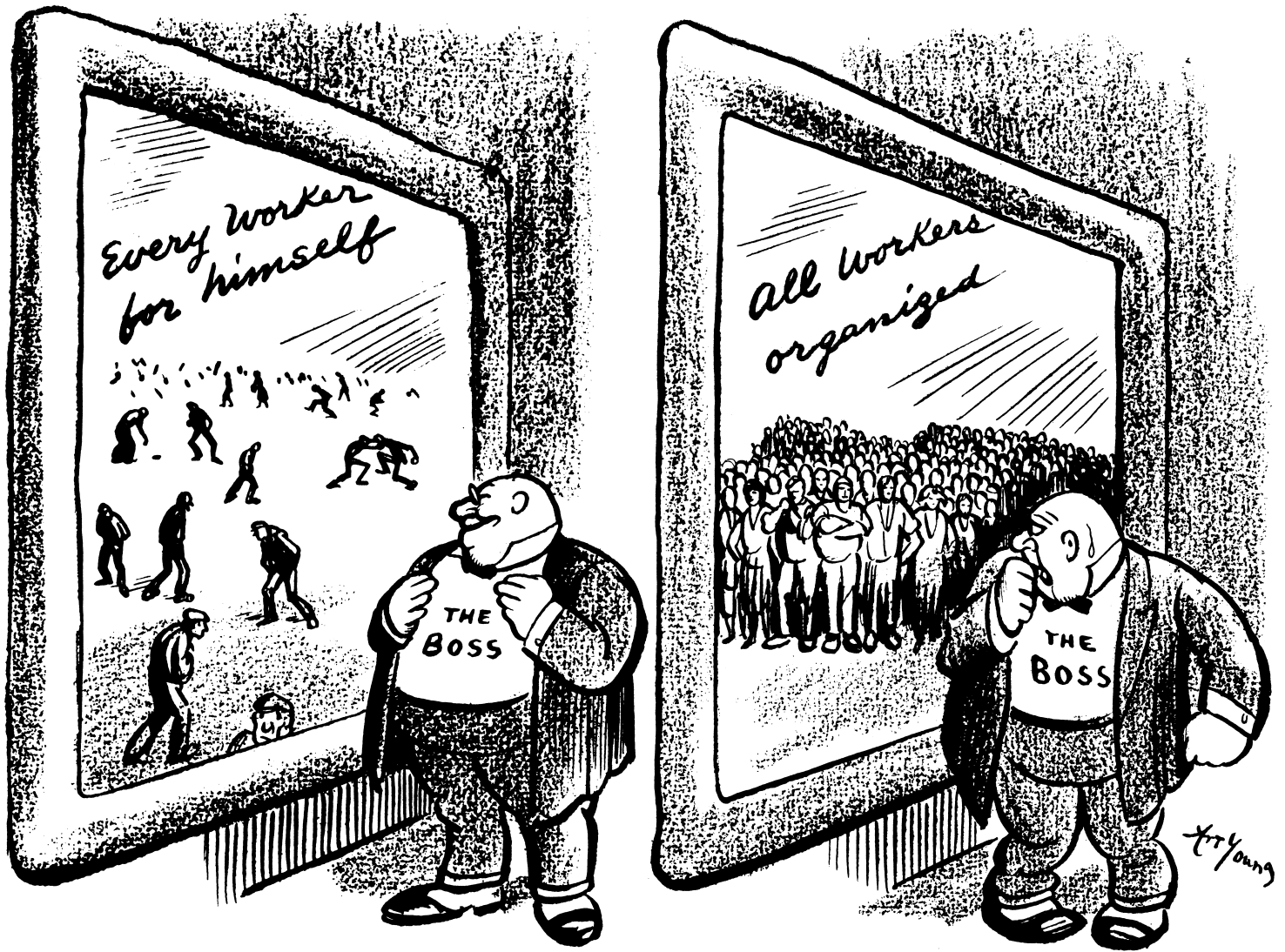
MOSTLY CHEEK



BE IT SAID for the Slave-Master of 1860, He Supported His Slaves Even When There Was No Work for Them

BUT THE SLAVE-MASTER of Today Throws Them Out of Work—To Starve





ORGANIZE THE UNORGANIZED

The Picture the Boss Likes

—And the One He Hates





SINCLAIR LEWIS OF MAIN STREET



B O B M I N O R

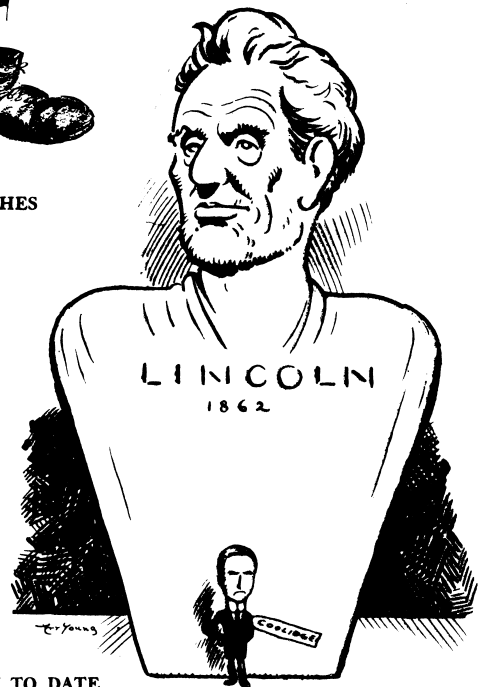




FRANK KELLOGG



MISFIT CLOTHES



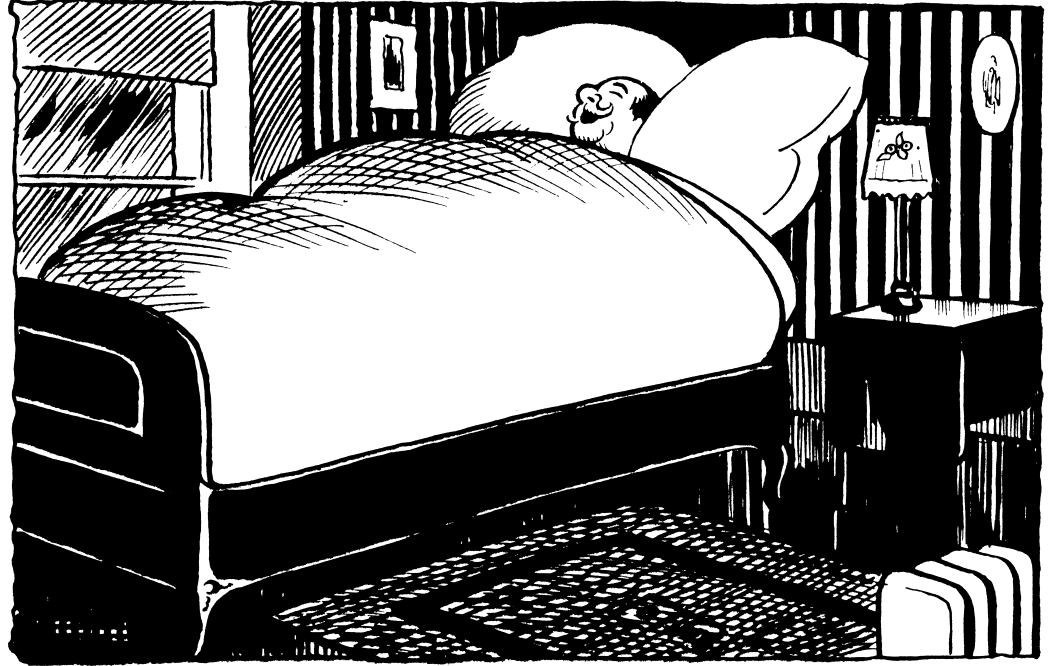
THE REPUBLICAN PARTY DOWN TO DATE

1924



"What's he been doin'?"

"Overthrowin' the govment."



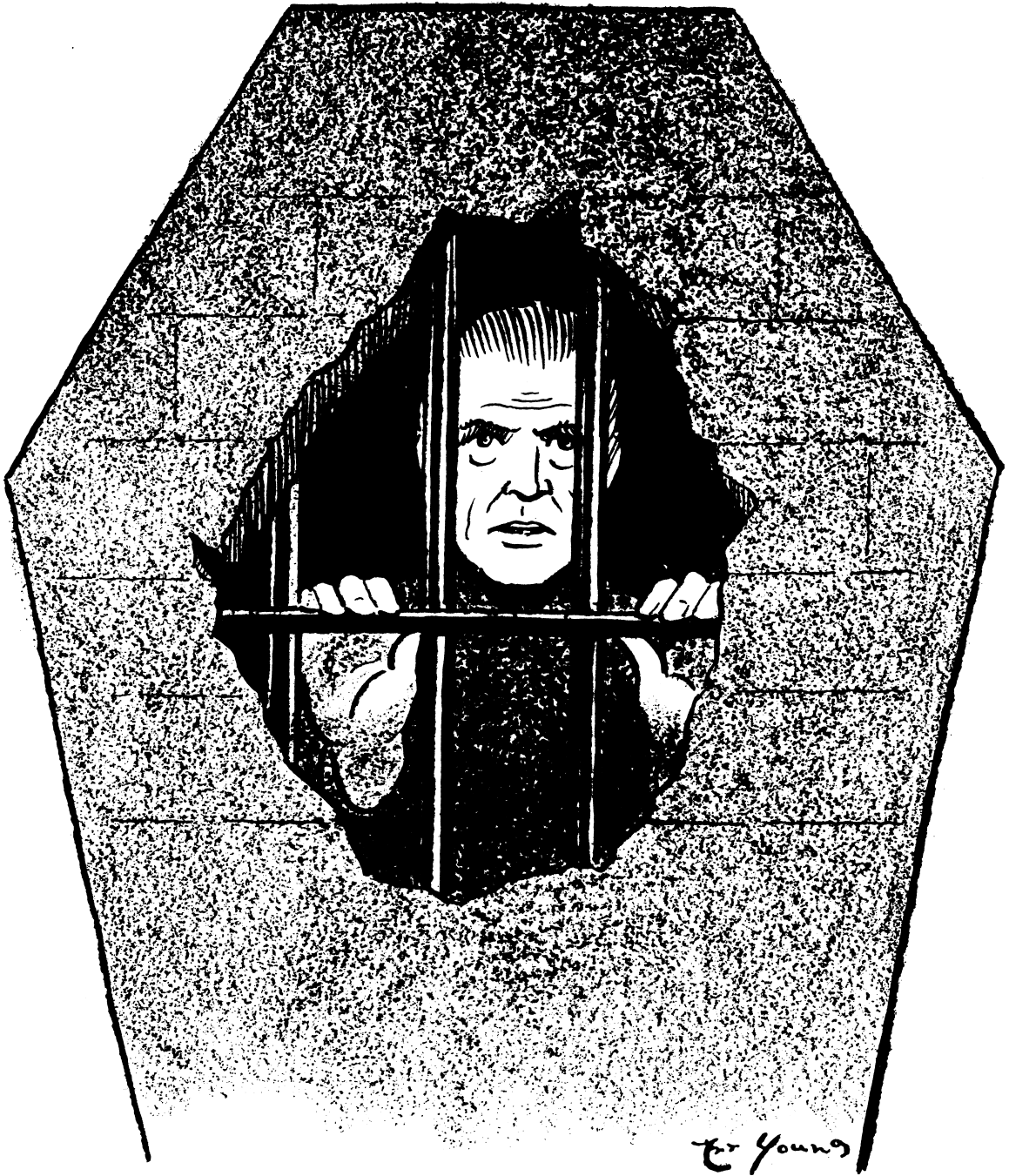
RELATIVITY



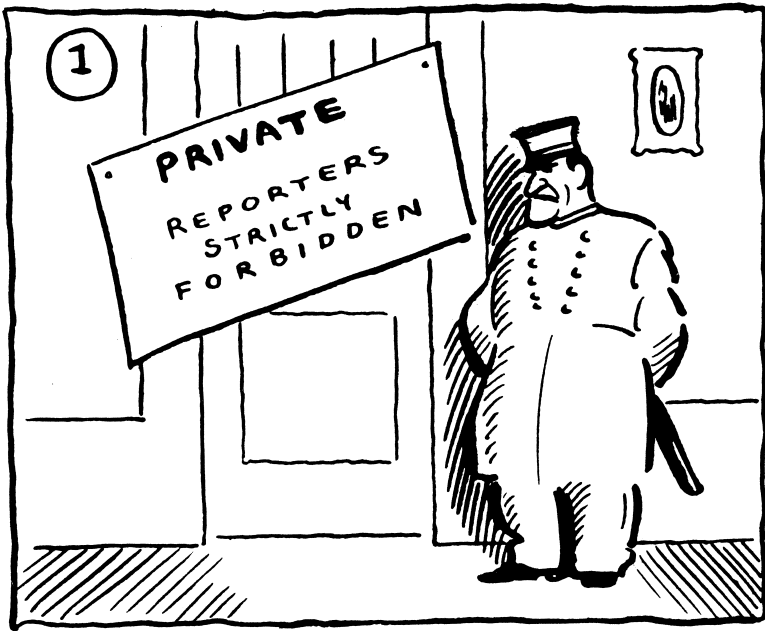
LOVE ONE ANOTHER



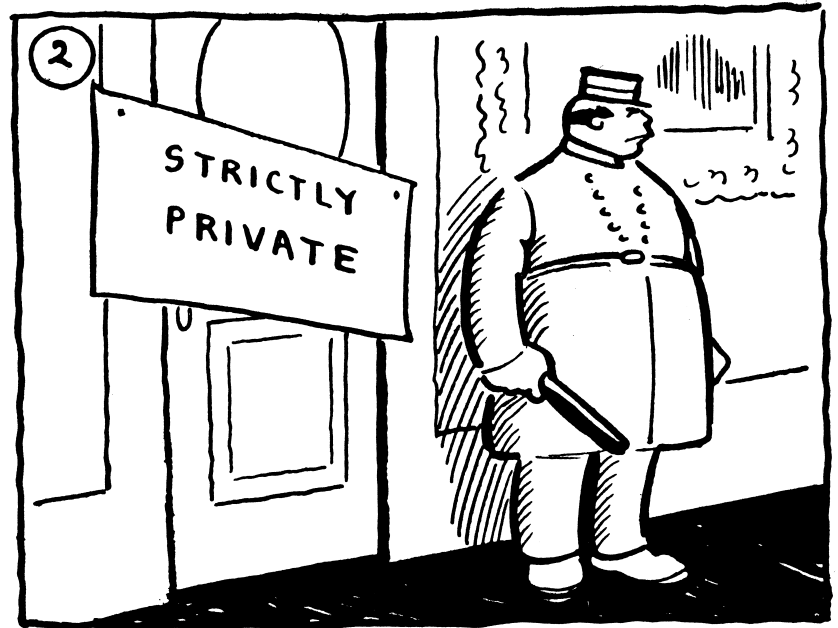
ROBOTS



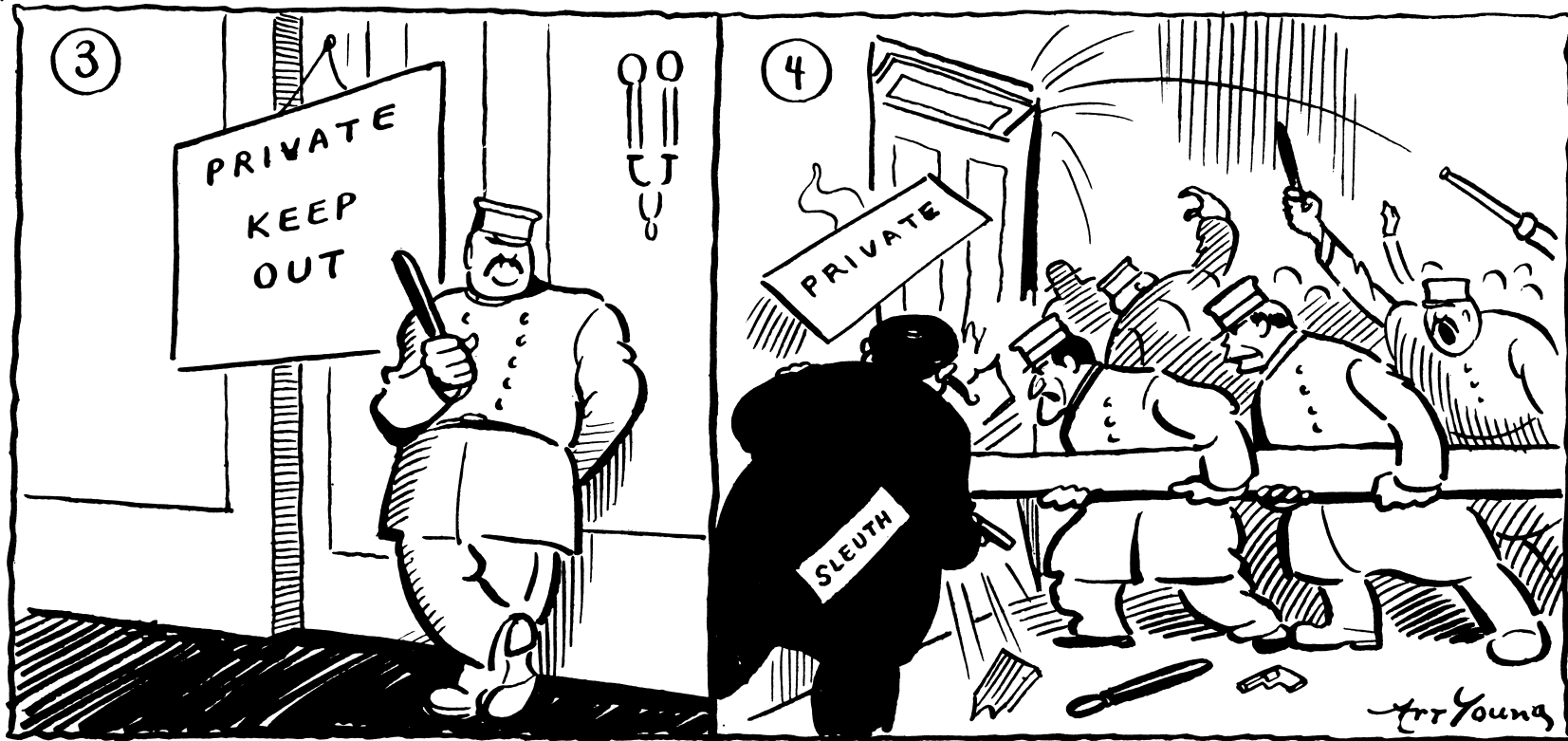
THE CRIME OF THINKING



SECRET MEETING of the *Manufacturers' Association*



SECRET MEETING of *Diplomats*



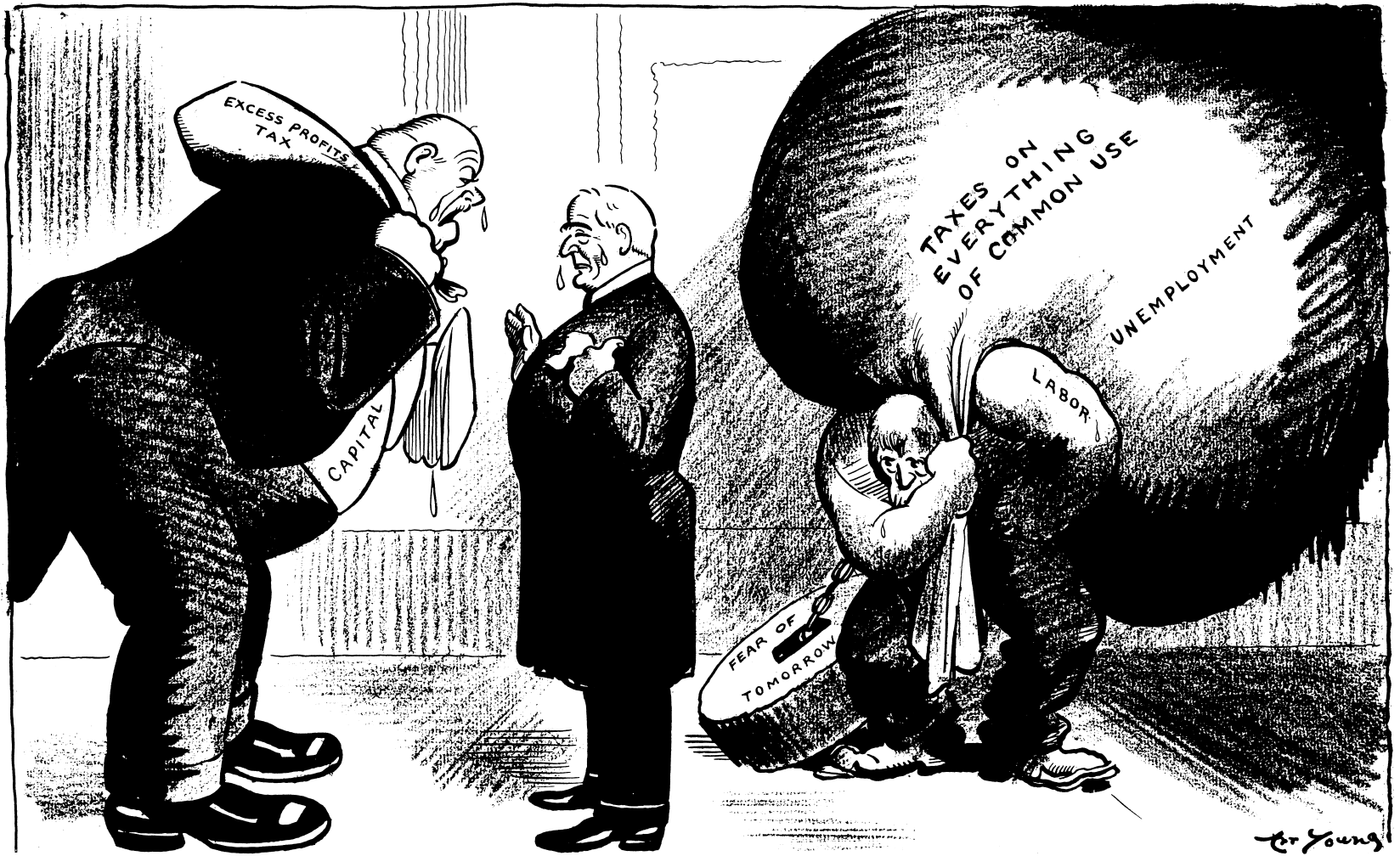
SECRET MEETING of *Republican and Democratic Politicians*

SECRET MEETING of *Workers*

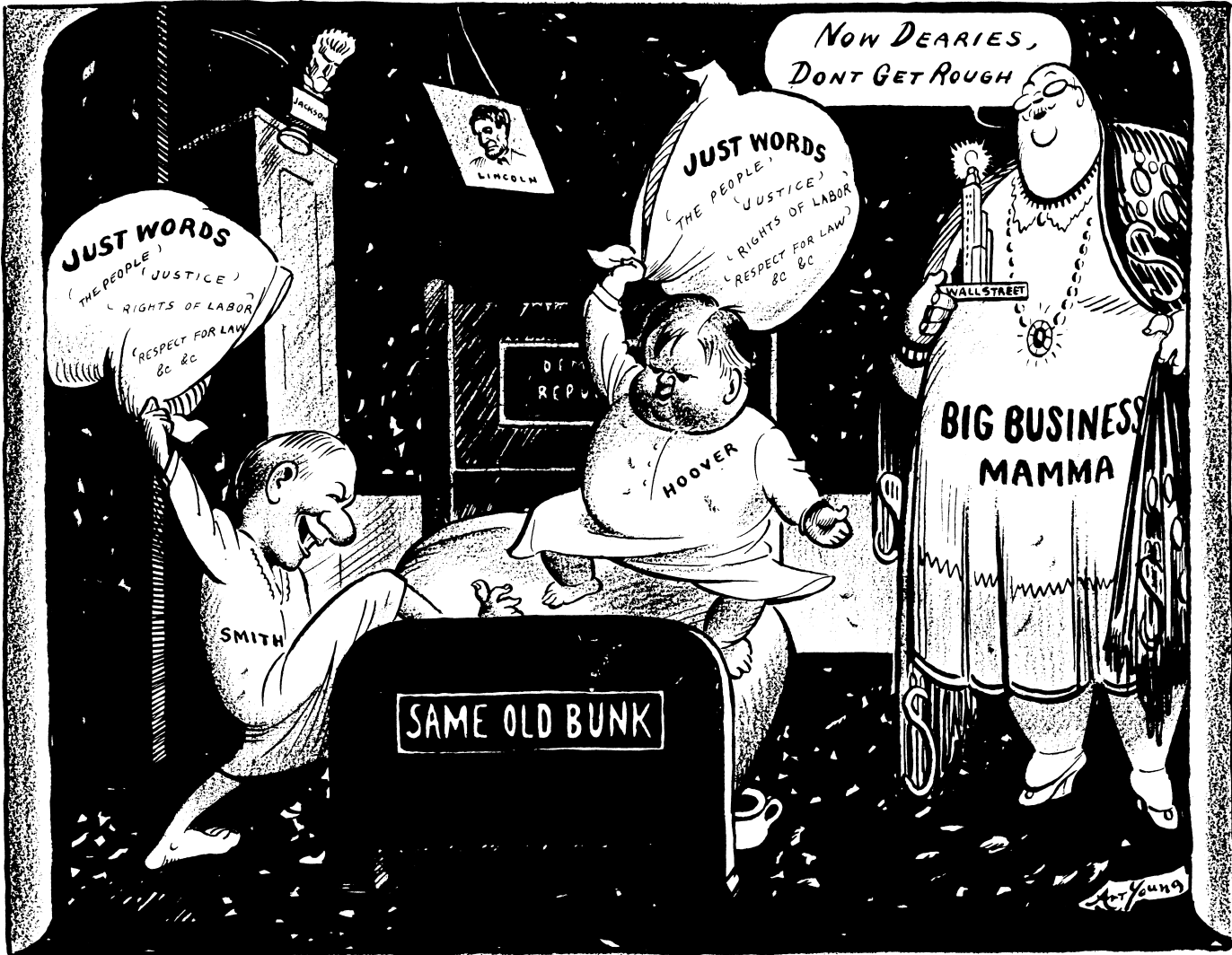


PLANS FOR FIXING THE OLD HOME

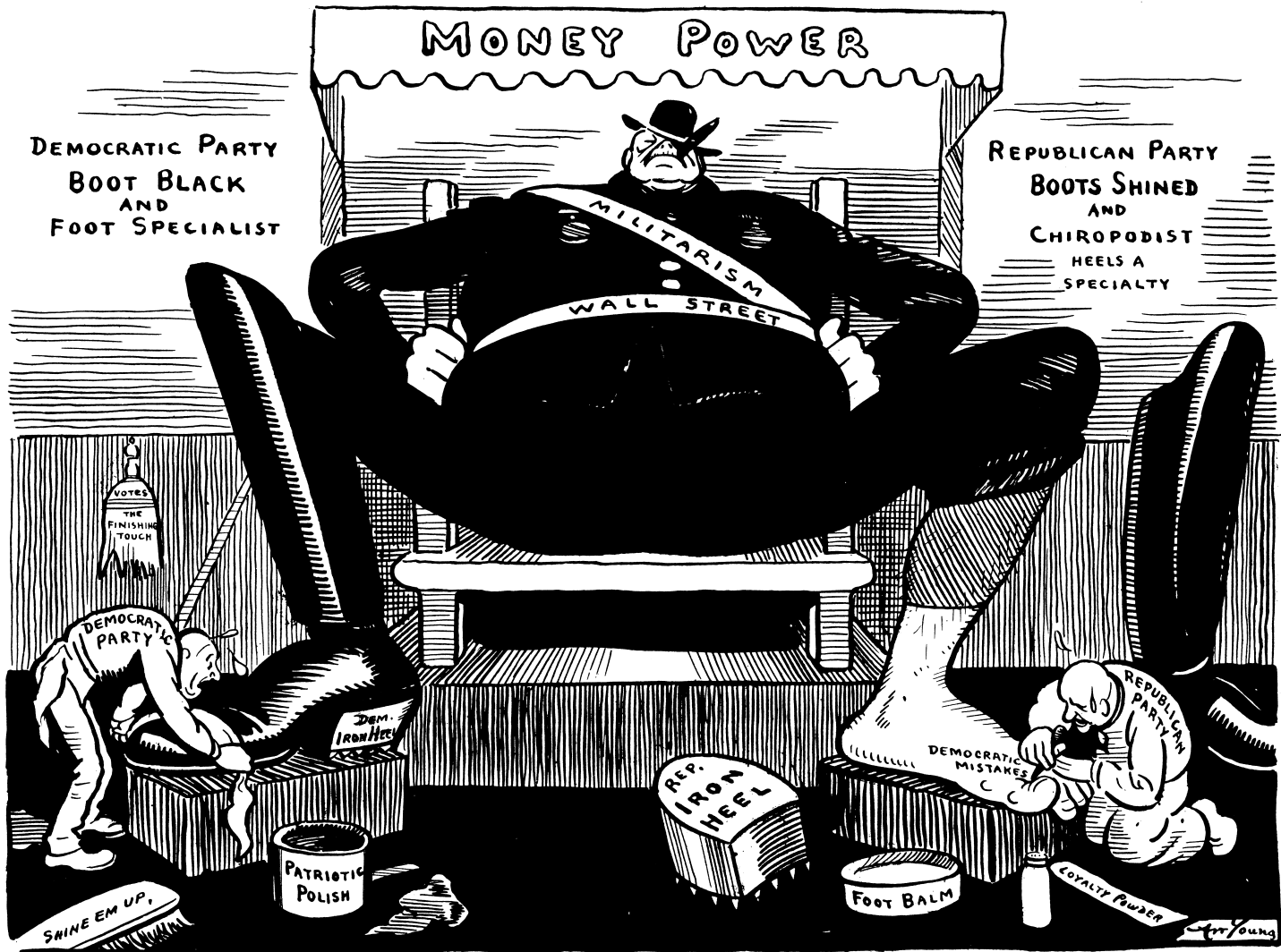
Prop It Up, Plaster a Few Cracks, Wash a Few Windows, But Never Mind What Goes on Under the Foundation



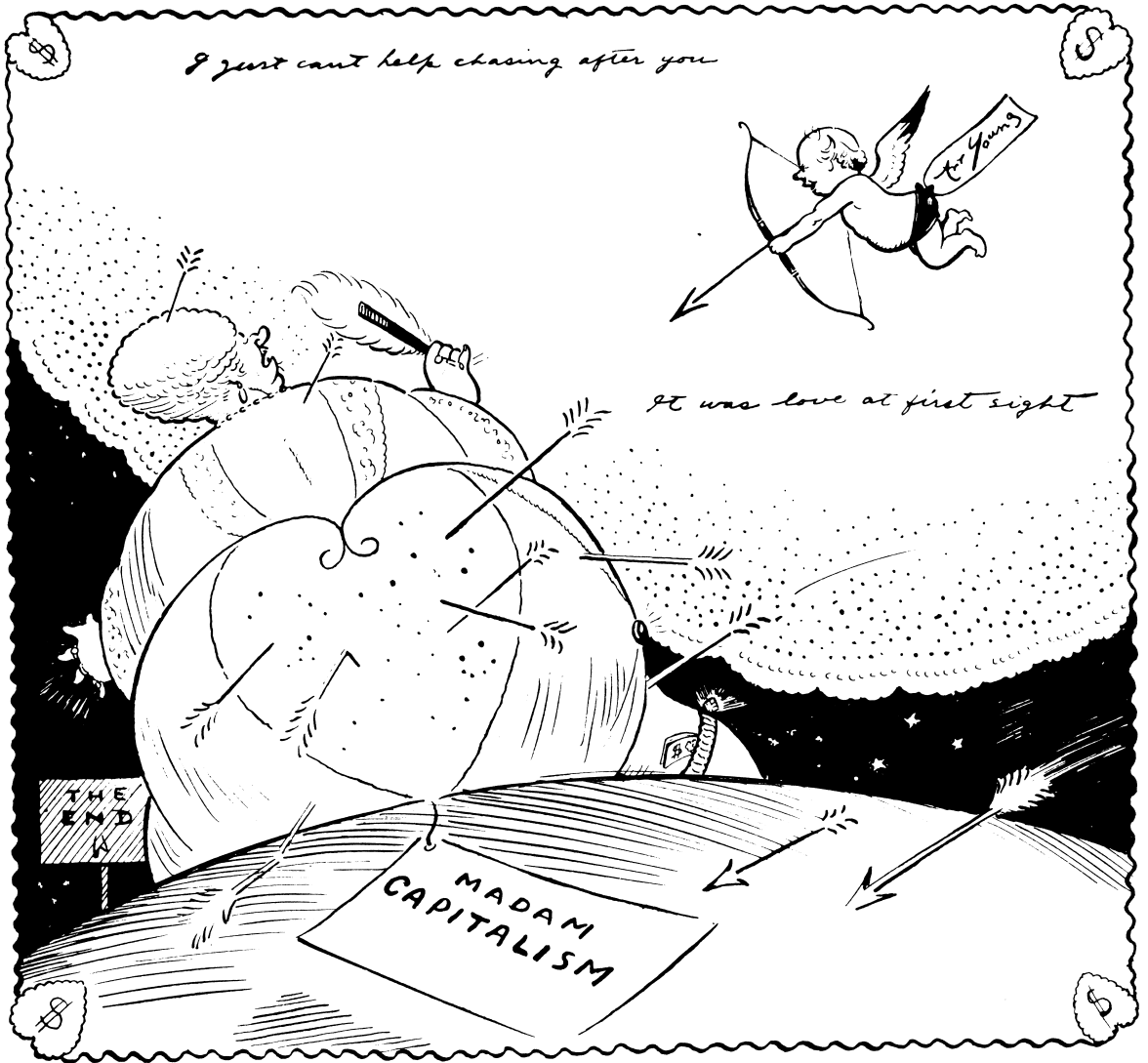
PRESIDENT HARDING: "I know exactly how you feel—I will see that you won't have to carry it much further. We will let him do it all. He's used to it."



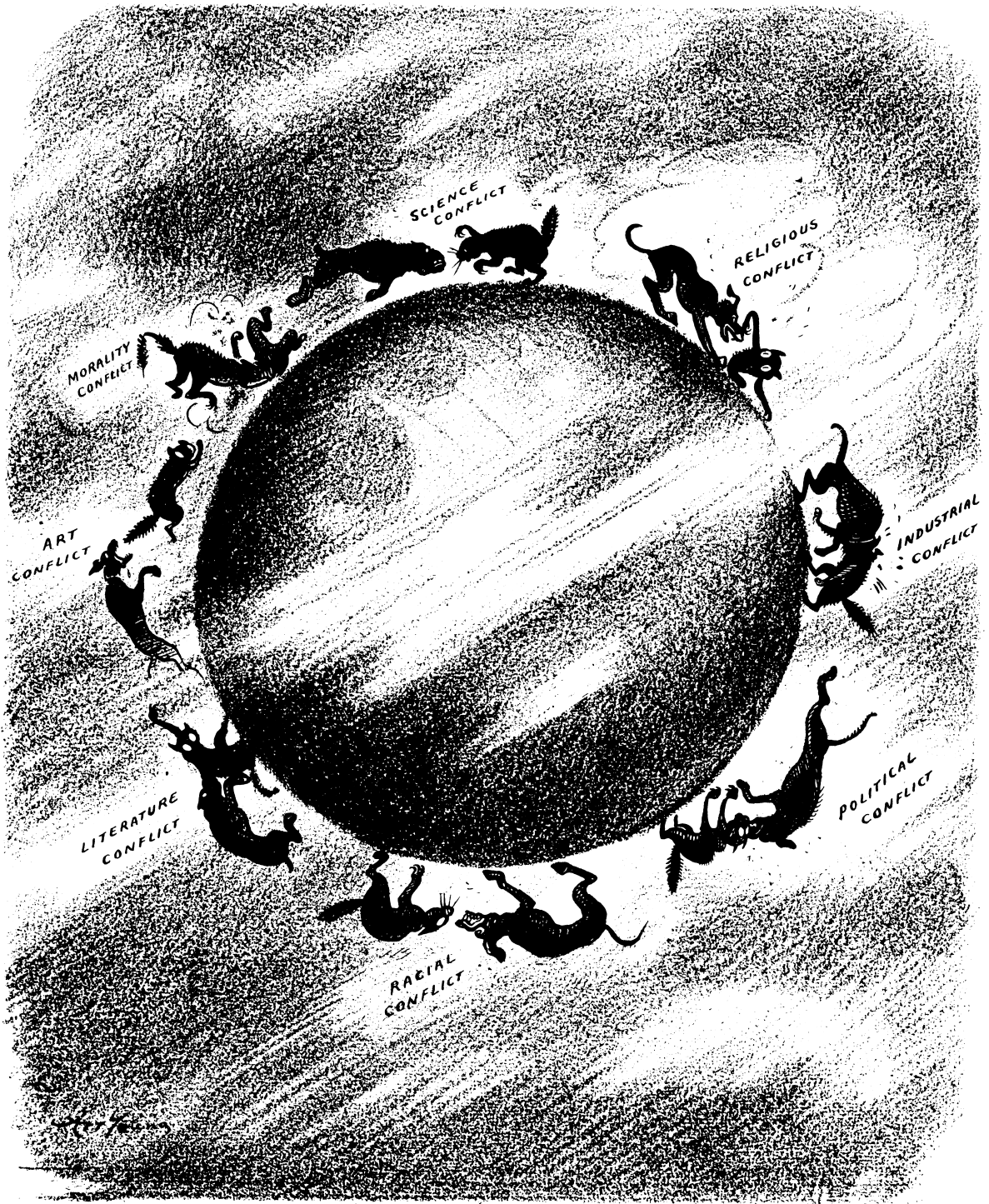
THE PILLOW FIGHT



RIVALS FOR THE MONARCH'S FAVOR



*The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Madam Capitalism, I love you.
I love your form, I love your face,
And your old heart's in the right place.*



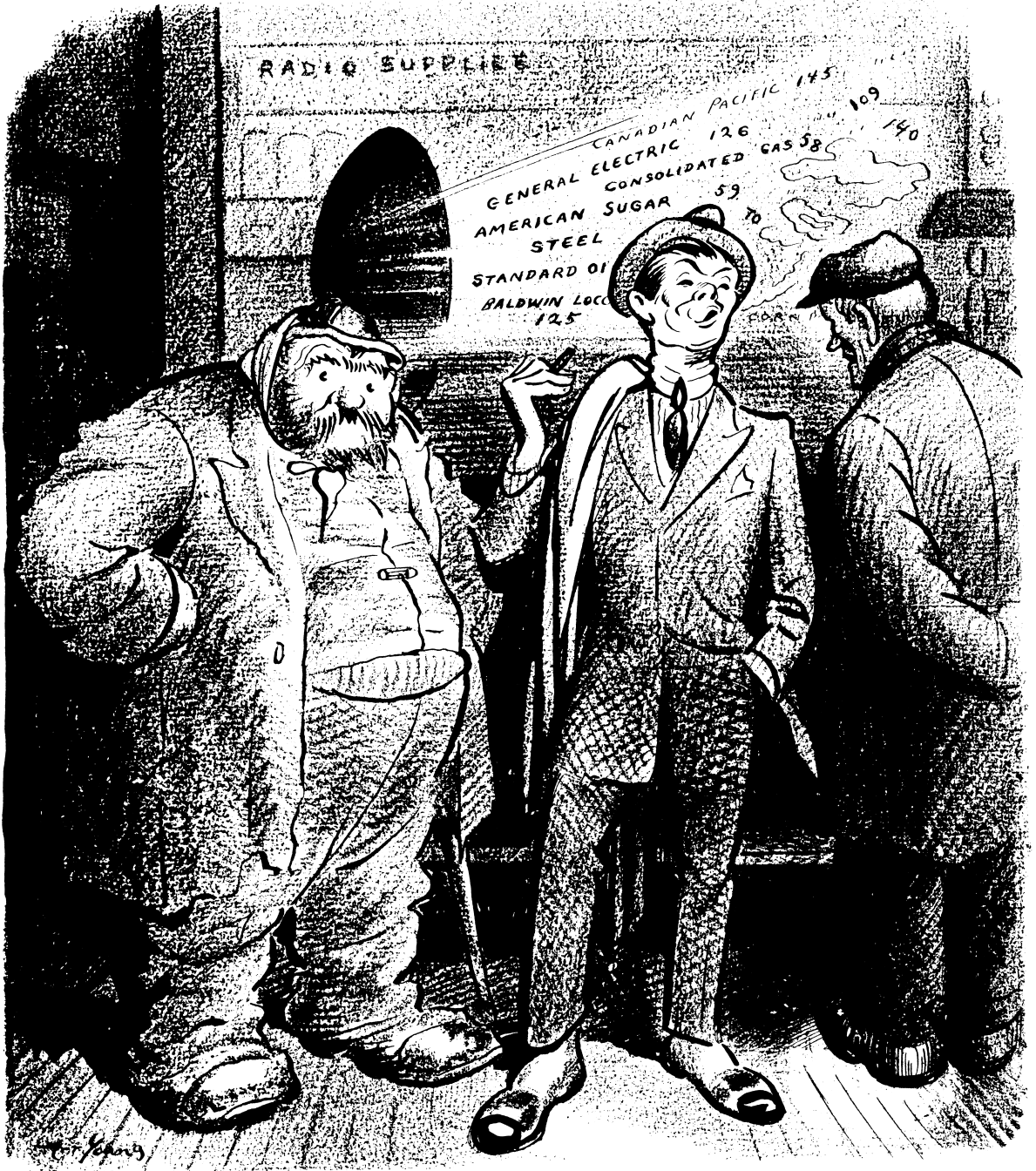
"THE WORLD DO MOVE"



ONWARD, CRIPPLED SOLDIER

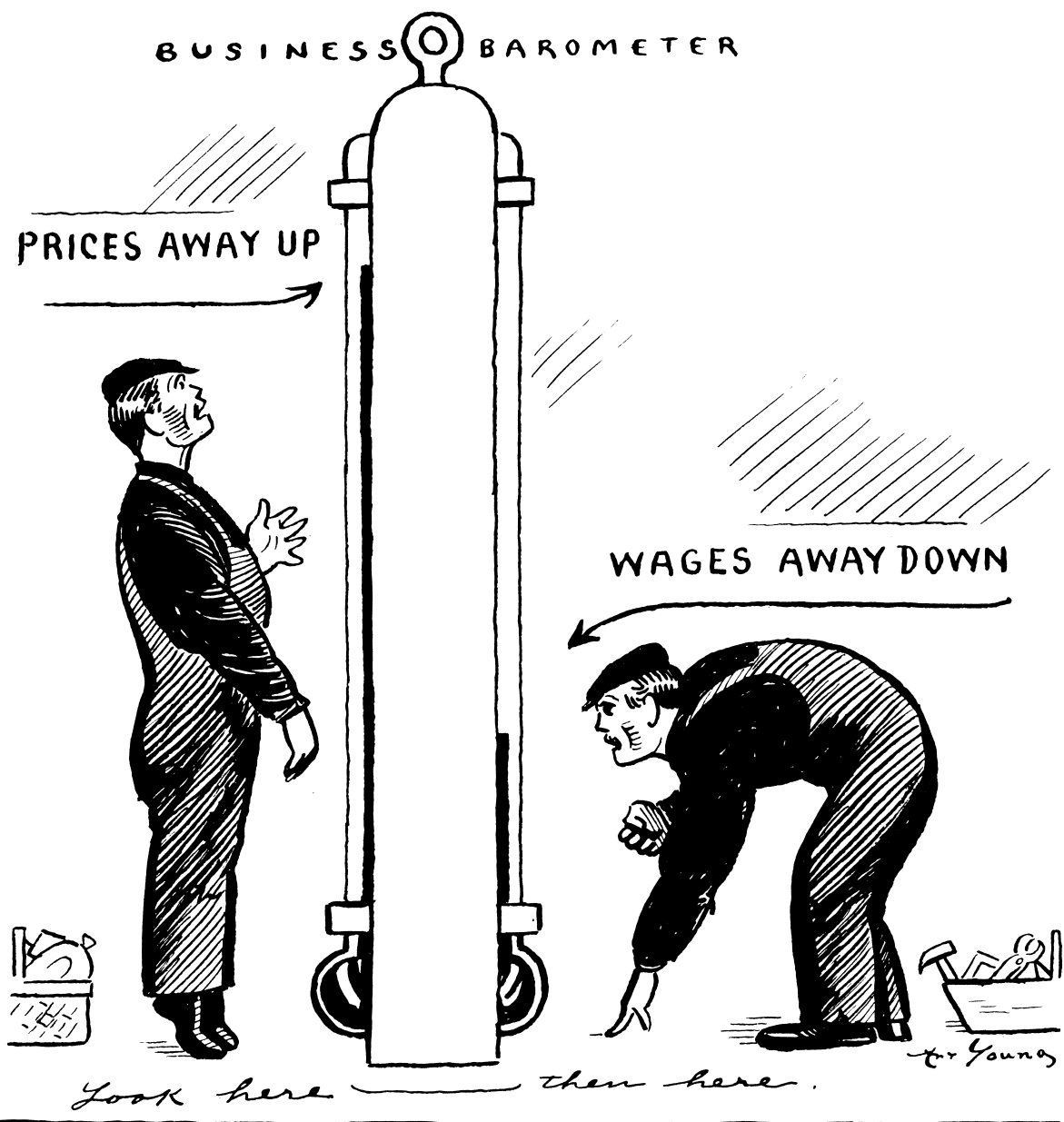


IT'S HELL



GETTING RICH

TWO SIDED
BUSINESS BAROMETER

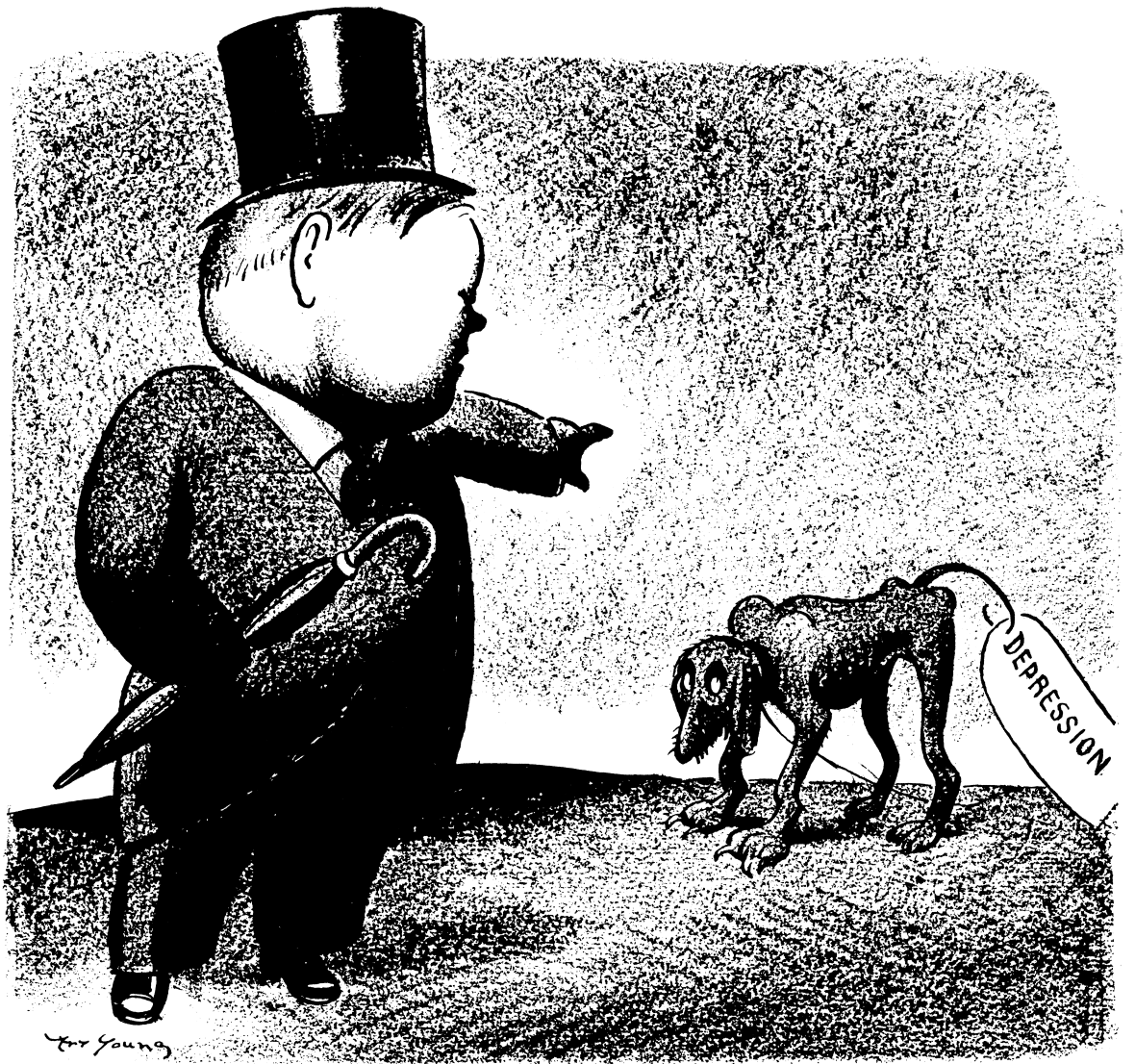


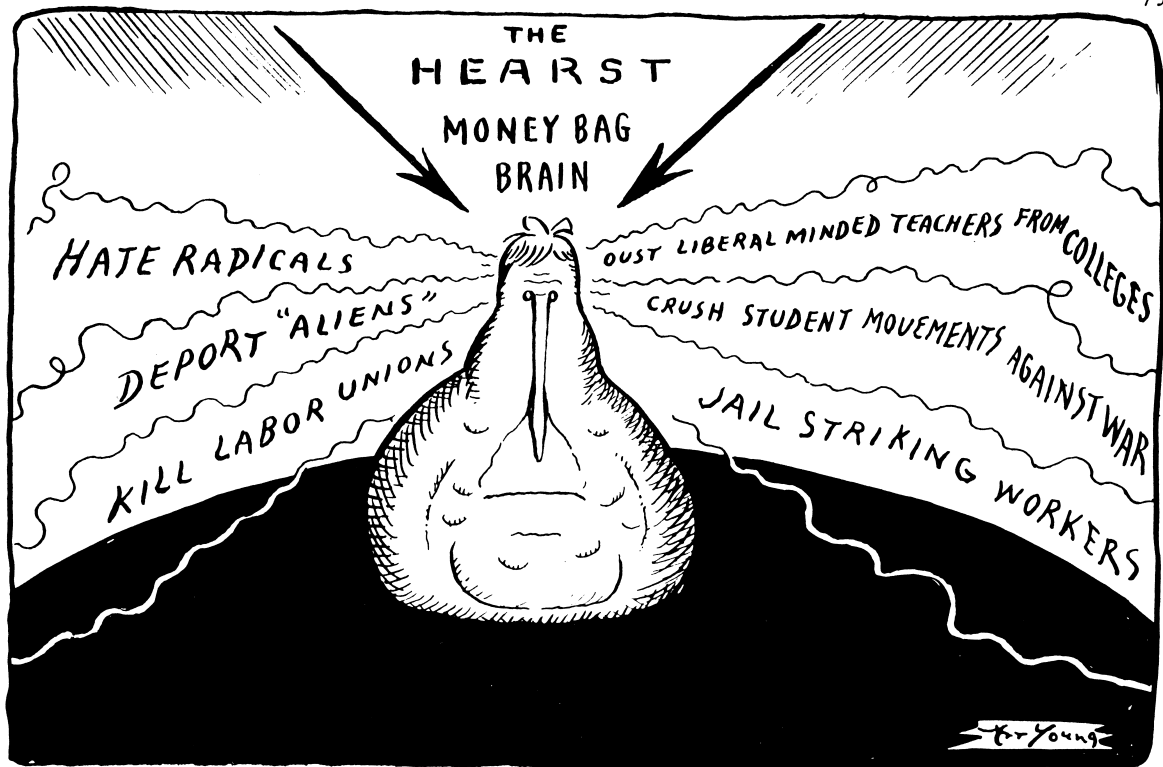
PERFECT WEATHER FOR CAPITALISM

Code or No Code, It Always Comes to This for the Workingman

HOODOOED

HOOVER: "You stop following me, d'hear! Here I am all dressed up for a second term and you spoil everything."



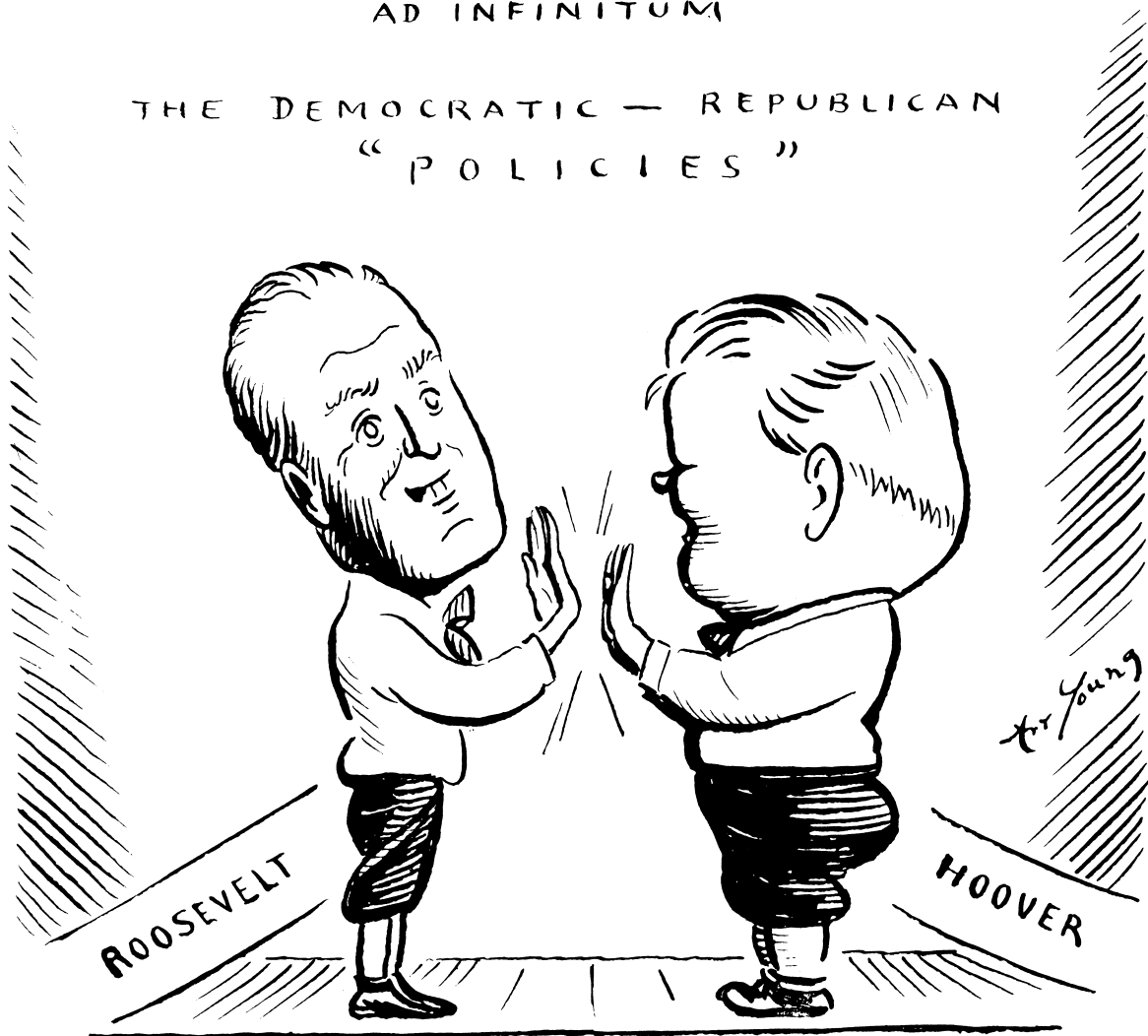


FROM THIS NARROW MIND *an Army of Hired Editors and Writers Get Their Orders for Promoting the Hearst Brand of "Americanism"*

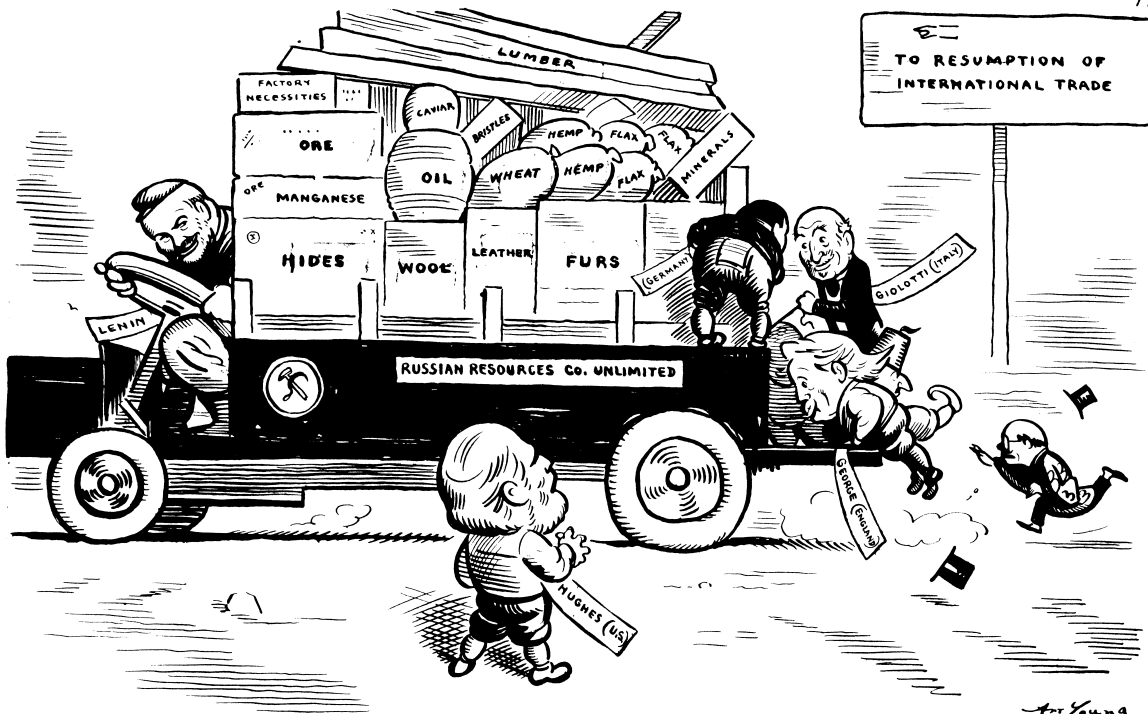
FOR PROHIBITION AND AGAINST IT.
FOR IMPERIALISM AND AGAINST IT.
FOR WORLD COURT AND AGAINST IT.
FOR HIGH TARIFF AND AGAINST IT.
FOR ARMAMENT REDUCTION AND AGAINST IT.

FOR AND AGAINST
AD INFINITUM

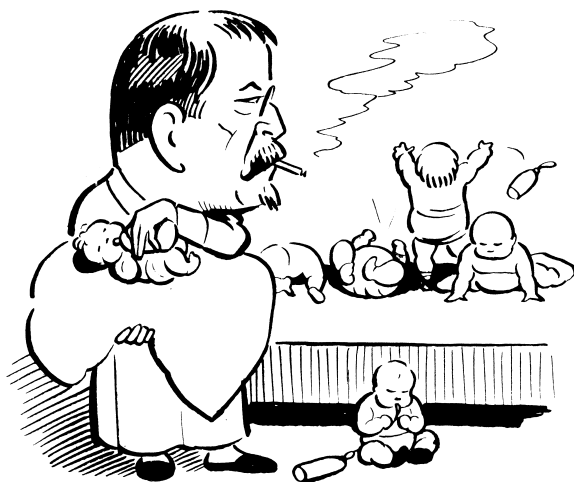
THE DEMOCRATIC — REPUBLICAN
“ POLICIES ”



“BEAN PORRIDGE HOT, BEAN PORRIDGE COLD”



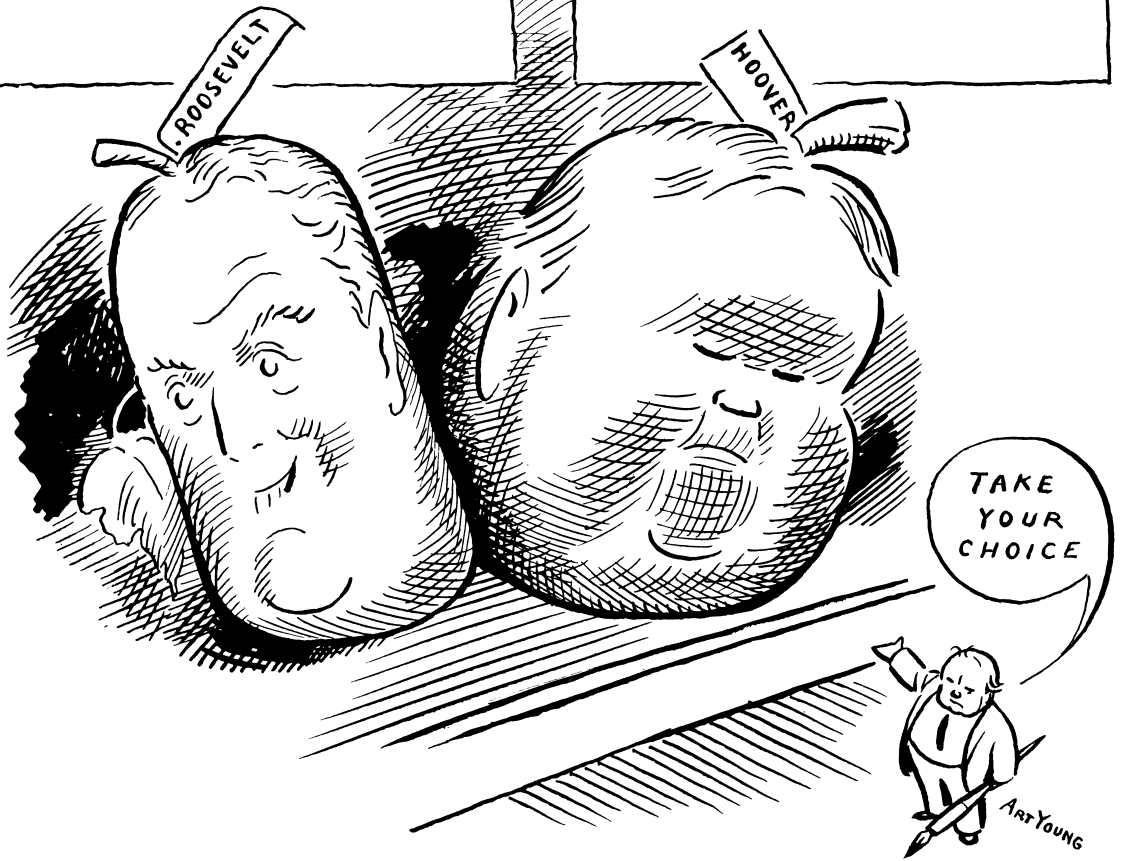
"Better jump on, Charlie."



LINCOLN STEFFENS' DAY NURSERY FOR REVOLUTIONS.

SWEET FLAVORED , BUT
SOMETIMES MILDLY TART
THE FAVORITE OF
'LIBERAL' CAPITALISTS

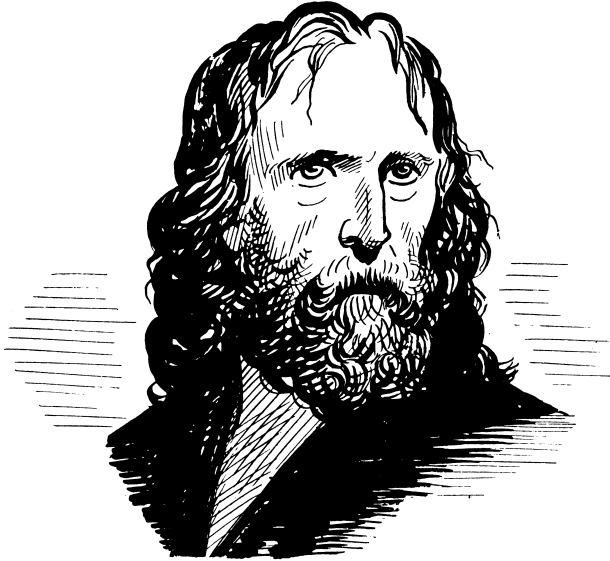
SOUR — BUT MAKES
GOOD PIE FOR —
OLD REACTIONARY
CAPITALISTS



THE FRUIT OF CAPITALIST CULTURE

REWARD

FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE APPREHENSION OF —



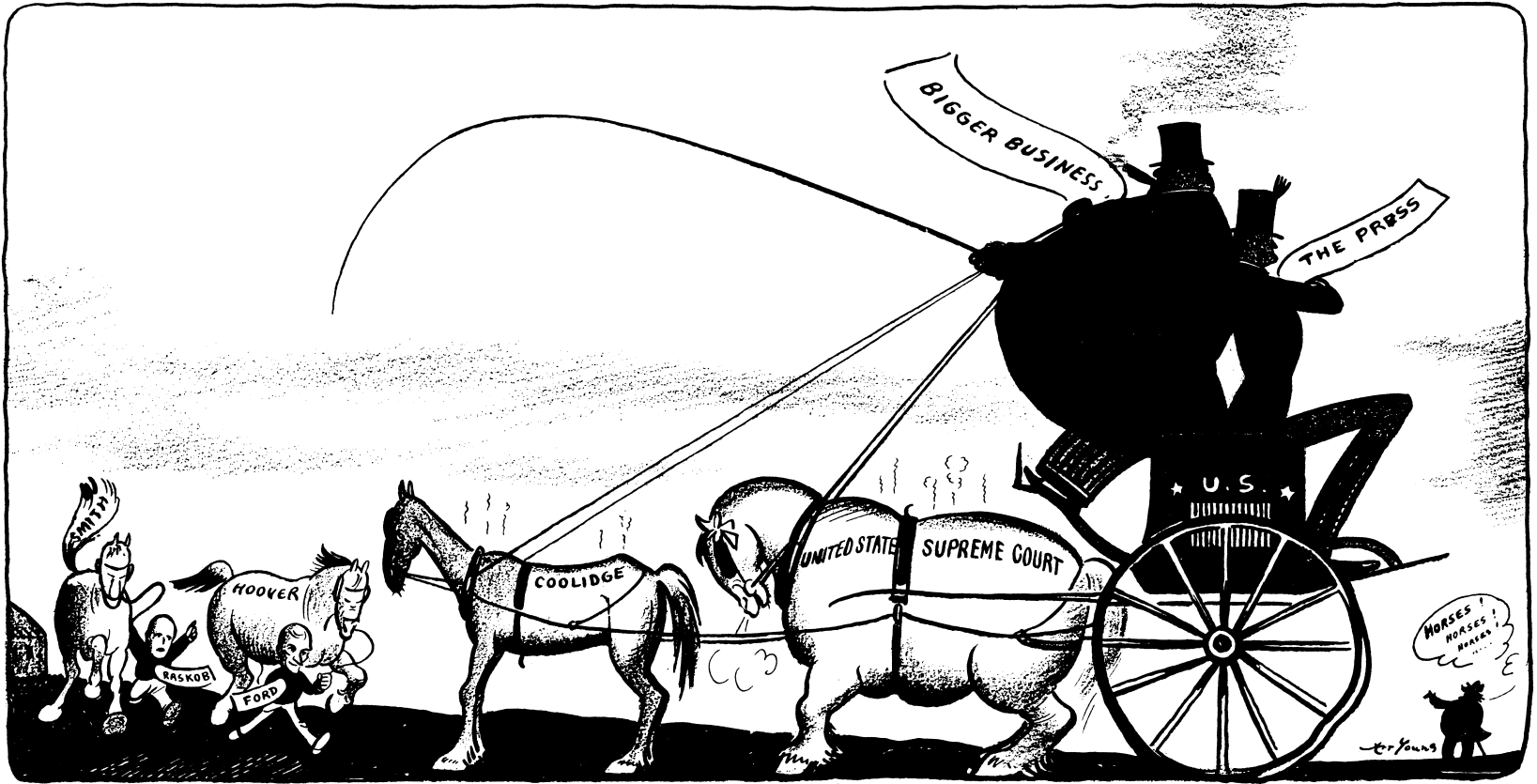
JESUS CHRIST

WANTED - FOR SEDITION, CRIMINAL ANARCHY -
VAGRANCY, AND CONSPIRING TO OVERTHROW THE
ESTABLISHED GOVERNMENT

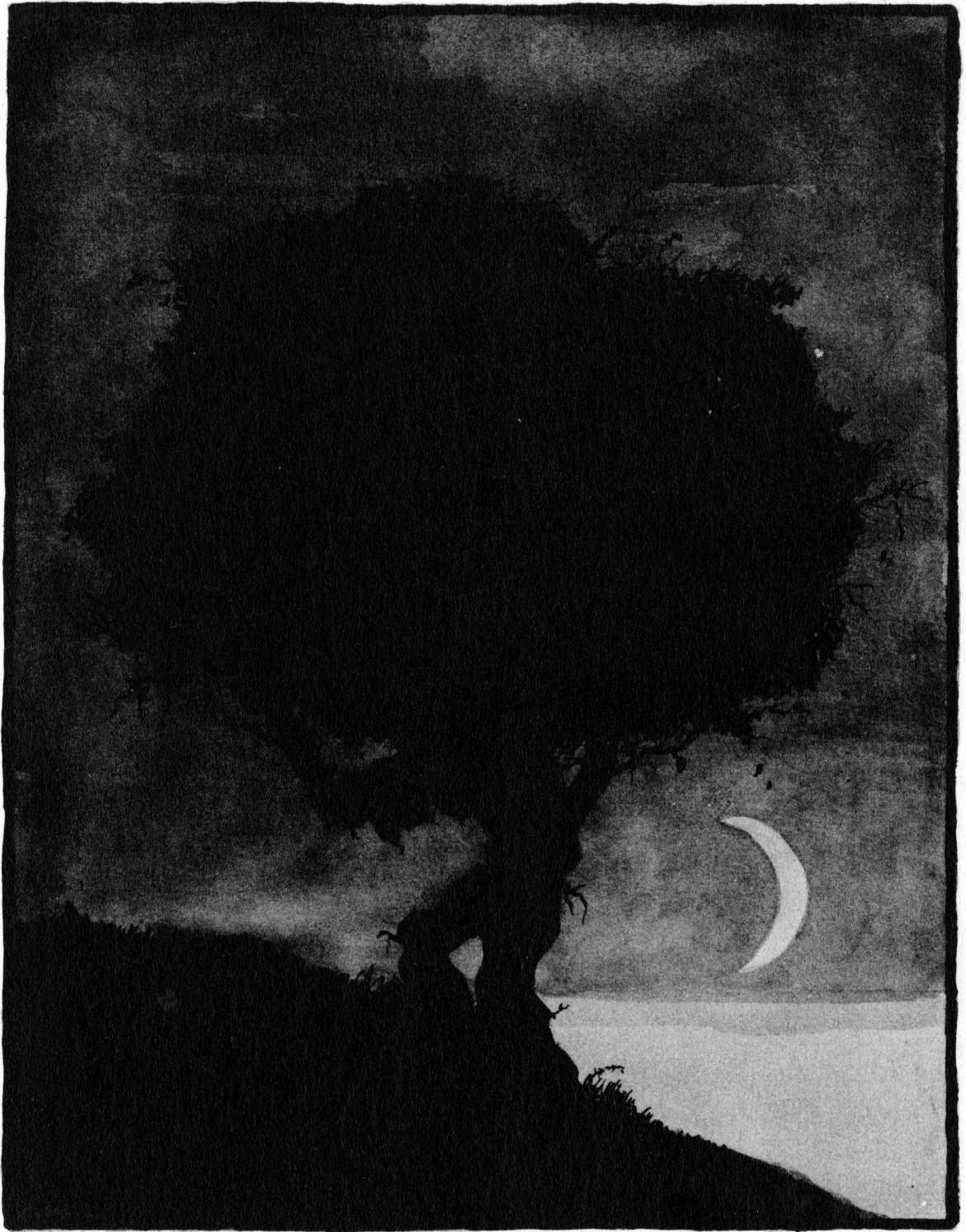
DRESSES POORLY, SAID TO BE A CARPENTER BY TRADE, ILL-
NOURISHED, HAS VISIONARY IDEAS, ASSOCIATES WITH COMMON
WORKING PEOPLE THE UNEMPLOYED AND BUMS. ALIEN —
BELEIVED TO BE A JEW ALIAS: 'PRINCE OF PEACE, SON OF
MAN' - 'LIGHT OF THE WORLD' &c &c PROFESSIONAL AGITATOR
RED BEARD, MARKS ON HANDS AND FEET THE RESULT OF
INJURIES INFLICTED BY AN ANGRY MOB LED BY RESPECTABLE
CITIZENS AND LEGAL AUTHORITIES.

Mr Young

'T WAS EVER THUS



JUST CHANGE THE FRONT HORSE AGAIN—THEN "GIDDYAP!"



WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN



LAST APPEAL



BREED!

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