

"There is a pleasure in being mad which none but madmen know."—Dryden.

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**M**EGALOCEPHALUS. Vulgarly, this form of indisposition is known as swelled-head. The first man of any note who was troubled thus was, as a matter of course, a Scot. His name was Canmore or Kenmore, for he used to say I ken (*i.e.*, I know) more than any other man. This is just what every swelled-headed man says, or thinks. It is somewhat odd, however, that the disease most noticeably affects civil servants, bank clerks, and insurance clerks. Sometimes a man takes it when he has been promoted, say, from a common M. P. P. to be the Hon. Mr. Soandso, or from an every-day clerkship to—well, let us suppose, an inspectorship of ground-hogs, or of 'coons, or something. He then becomes barely on speaking-terms with anyone but himself. He cultivates the pompous swagger. He endeavors to wear a Jovian frown. He imitates the manner of some superior official, or he even goes the idiotic length of delivering platitudes in an *oro rotundo* tone. That he parts his watch-guard and his hair in the middle are instinctive necessities—efforts on the part of even a weak nature to provide ballast.

He seems to forget that he is only a servant as we all are. He is gruff to subordinates, and sometimes even to his equals, but mawkishly subservient to his superiors. Inquirers for information he is paid to supply, leave his presence with feelings of resentment. Those who know his family and official history regard him with disgust. Many who have business dealings with the creature long for a good opportunity to tweak its nose, or to kick it somewhere else!

It appears to think snobbery a virtue, and common courtesy a deadly sin, while it fails to perceive that no gentleman ever conducts himself like an egregious ass, and that an egregious ass can never pass for a gentleman.

Incipient cases of megalocephalus may be benefited by a course of treatment at institutions in Brockville, Kingston, Mimico, Hamilton, London, or at Queen Street West in this city, but for confirmed sufferers; for those who are lost to all sense of common decency, who have become obnoxious official prigs—a menace to the society of man and beast, the only place is Orillia, and for life at that!

**T**HE Tory press has at last discovered the profit of bating a man that was once a follower of Sir John Macdonald. For years the *Mail and Empire* has been scratching and digging at Mr. Tarte with a rusty old pen, till he looks like a poorly made zinc etching, and feels like a deviled crab. In his agony, Mr. Tarte shrieks for *protection*. The *Mail*, blinded by party prejudice, interprets his plea politically, and steps between her victim and the angry *Globe*.

That cry for *protection* commits Mr. Tarte. The *Mail* takes advantage of the Frenchman's unfamiliarity with the English language. The Minister is too proud to explain. The *Globe* frowns still, and shakes her clumsy head. She thinks that the case needs Siftin'.

**T**HE progress that has been made by the people of the United States is nothing short of phenomenal. In one hundred and twenty-five years they have accomplished things that it has taken the great nations of the world many centuries to accomplish.

In 1775 everyone within the boundaries of the States were born again, "free and equal;" the second birth of the negro element, however, seems to have been delayed for about eighty-five years. This, in itself, is a striking proof of the absolute independence of the United States, even as early as 1775. The country was not subject even to consistency.

In 1865 the slave was regenerated by act of Congress and the bullet, and became eligible for the presidency.

Since then (wonderful transformation!) the social system of the country has completed another cycle, and the negro is again born into slavery. Judge Davis, of Kentucky, has sentenced a negro to be sold into servitude for one year, for the crime of vagrancy!

How envious of the progress of "God's country" some of our progressive police magistrates must be!

**T**HE first pitched battle of the school-book war was fought last Saturday evening at Toronto Junction, when the army of patriots, under its imported leader, George N. Morang, attacked and routed the "Divine Rights," who had taken up their position in the form of a *ring*. At the time of our going to press it is said that General Morang is besieging the seat of Government, in Queen's Park.

This whole civil war could have been averted if King Harcourt had not seen fit to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, Mr. Crooks, who authorized two or three different readers,—after which act he died of paresis. It will be interesting to observe whether or not Mr. Harcourt follows Mr. Crooks around the *turn* in the road.

**T**HE MOON wishes to express its thanks to the *Evening Journal*, of St. Thomas, Ont., for the Journal's kindness in reproducing THE MOON's large cartoon on the coal strike, without holding THE MOON responsible for it in any way.

Everything in THE MOON is original. There are no stealings.