

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

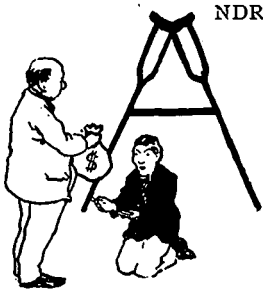
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ANDREW CARNEGIE'S "offer" to give to the city of Toronto the sum of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, instead of arousing the slumbering self-respect and indignation of that city, has so far merely brought forth a drowsy, whining "Thanks, kind sir" from "representative citizens."

The daily Press has fallen into line, and has administered soothing syrup to the city's manhood—soothing syrup in the form of interviews with these "representative citizens." But what can one expect from the daily Press? It has been living on stealings from our neighbor's garbage barrel for so long a time that it has come to look upon self-respect and manhood as dangerously bad relics of a barbaric age. And what are these "representative citizens," who have had the audacity to speak for us? They are would-be Andrew Carnegies—men that give evidence of lacking all that he lacks, besides what he lacks not. The "reasons" why we should accept this alms—the reasons that these persons give:

"Carnegie made his money on this continent, therefore we have a right to a share of it." Noble and broad-minded brother, thou shouldst be Premier of Ontario!

"English and Scottish cities have accepted the money; why should not we?" Behold a patriot! Here we have a man that would be first to pay "Ship Money" to the Imperial Navy.

"It doesn't concern us how Mr. Carnegie made his money. All we know is that we want our share of it." And yet, dear friend, in local affairs we have a police magistrate, who holds the opinion that how your benefactor got his money does concern you. It may be well for you to remember also, unsophisticated, trusting man, that, if you ever reach a healthy maturity of mind—which seems unlikely—you will discover that you have developed a personal magistrate, who will, if you accept gifts with such lack of inquisitiveness, condemn your manhood to servitude for life.

"I should like to see some of those persons that object to the city's accepting the money refuse three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, if Mr. Carnegie should offer it to them." Ah, here we have a democrat of the extremist school! Of the gentleman he knows nothing. It may be well, O modern sir, to assure you that a real gentleman does still exist. It may be well also to inform you that no gentleman can accept gifts of money, without ceasing to be a gentleman. A city is made up of individuals. If these individuals be gentlemen, they cannot accept Mr. Carnegie's money. The action of the city of Toronto in this case will be a proclamation to the world, and that proclamation will unalterably decide the place that individual Torontonians are to occupy in the catalogue of humanity.

But, you say, we need a new library. Quite true! But it would seem that we need self-respect more. Self-respect needs no books nor buildings to aid its development. No; books and buildings obtained at the cost of liberty blast self-respect forever. One can imagine a man reading Carlyle borrowed from a Carnegie Library. In the pages before him he reads his conviction as a slave.

If we need a library, let us build it; let us borrow the money, not beg it. For on the Carnegie Library there shall rest a curse. In whatever city it stands in this country, it shall be a failure. Before this generation shall have passed away, men shall speak of, and point to, "Carnegie's Folly."

What stands upon a foundation of Shame cannot attain an age of Dignity.

THE Anglo-American Treaty, which provides for the settlement of the Alaskan Boundary dispute, places Canada in a position that must be highly gratifying to all self-respecting Canadians. Manma decides how she will dispose of our property for us. The apron-string seems to be still in use, and mother continues to sell our chickens for us. The bargains that maw made for us in the past have proved to be so shrewd that we must, in our own interests, let her act for us again.

IT is reported that in one of the Central-American Republics, quarterly revolution, catalogued as V. 176, has just been given its initial performance. The plot in this Opera Bouffe is based on the result of a presidential election. The President is supposed to be defeated. So far all is well. But here is where the real action starts. The President, who has been regarded as the hero, refuses to resign. We shall not divulge the dénouement, lest we should destroy a treat that is in store for you.

The many parts are all in competent hands. The voices are exceptionally strong.

Of course the plot is absurd. Everyone knows that the complications could have been avoided if the defeated President had brought on three or four bye-elections; but this would have been too realistic for extravaganza purposes.