

S U P P L E M E N T

of *The*

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THE MOON

THERE has always been a deal of chat about the moon and the man therein. I have always firmly held the opinion myself that the man in the moon was a woman because of his changeability, but since that person has deigned to come down to Toronto and edit *The Moon*, the question has been forever settled. He is a man alright—a gay, cynical old chap who runs to calf and heels, wears *some* clothes, but noticeably jester's bells, and an inverted columbine head-dress.

We wonder *why* he did come down anyway. Perhaps it was because he was tired of being reduced to his last quarter once a month. Or perhaps he was arrested by the Toronto police as a manufacturer of counterfeit silver. Everyone who has been married any time knows that they were young fools taken in by gazing on the moon. It is a bad half-dollar, so to speak.

Or perhaps he has come down just to contradict Mr. Zangwill who contends that there is no Providence, else he would have put hands on the moon instead of leaving it to stare at us with a blank, idiot face. Now, the man in the moon would have us know that he *has* "hands," and is the chronometer for all Canada.

Since *Grip* went to kingdom-come, our Canadian politicians have had their golden age, but it has abruptly ended since the moon man has arrived. This is where we humble folk emerge at the big end of the horn. We care for nobody, no not we, and nobody cares for us. "Cling to the peace of obscurity; they shall be happy that love thee."

The man in the moon knows all about everybody, and when he dips into biography

this is his style: "The Right Honorable Gilbert John, Earl of Minto, is the fourth Earl of Minto only because his father was the third Earl. I wish this to be clearly understood for his Lordship is not in any sense to be blamed; he could not help it, whether he Minto or not."

Oh, Mr. Moon Man, you *are* so funny!

ART IN GLASS

AS I stood one day recently and watched Mr. Robert McCausland working on a spirited cartoon of "The Walk to Emmaus," I recalled Wagner's definition of art. "It is," he says, "the realization of a permanent idea in an ephemeral form."

He who runs may read this hall-mark on Mr. McCausland's work. Each window stands for a definite idea, a thought that is clothed in color, just as music, its sister-art, clothes it in sound.

When we go away from home, we look at La Farge and Tiffany windows, and wonder why we cannot do similar work in Canada, while all the time we have something that runs them very close right here in Toronto.

But our cousins of the neighboring Republic to the south are not so slow to recognize this fact, and for some time the McCausland firm have been filling large contracts for Americans in spite of an almost prohibitive duty of 45 per cent.

And we needed Mr. McCausland to show us better things in Canada. Even yet, scriptural scenes are produced in glass displaying little else than criminality of color and barbarity of design. Most of us are familiar with some church window or other that all through the service-hour grates on our souls and sets our teeth on edge be-