

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

Vol. 2.

FEBRUARY 14, 1903.

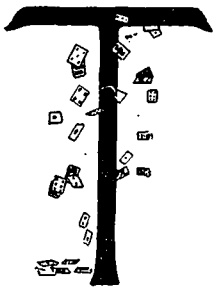
No. 38.

48 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

THE MOON is published every Week. The subscription price is \$2.00 a year, payable in advance. Single current copies 5 cents.

All comic verse, prose or drawings submitted will receive careful examination, and fair prices will be paid for anything suitable for publication.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.



HE unpleasantness that has been caused by the cowardly and unauthorized conduct of some busybody that took the liberty of begging money from Andrew Carnegie for the City of Toronto, could easily have been avoided if ex-Mayor Howland had really possessed that originality and literary taste with which he is credited.

Why did not ex-Mayor Howland, during his two years' of power, submit to the taxpayers of the city a bylaw that would abolish the public library, and establish in its stead a bureau "devoted to Politics, Education, Literature, the presentation of current news and the diffusion of useful information?" If this had been done, think of the money that could have been saved! No books would be required in such a system; no clerks would be needed; an expensive building would be unnecessary. The only expense incurred would be the salaries of the founts of knowledge. These spouts—beg pardon, founts—could be obtained by engaging the Editors-in-Chief of *The Globe* and *The News*. The services of these gentlemen could be obtained for something less than twenty thousand dollars a year; and even this sum would leave the city fifteen thousand dollars a year better off than it will be if it accepts the Carnegie offer.

The advantages, other than monetary, of such a system, are almost innumerable. The information would be *reliable*, pure, matured in the wood, xxx tra dry, pan dried, double action, reversible, switchback, bold faced, ancient, double leaded, in vogue, sugar cured, JAMy, et cetera ad infinitum.

But, of course, this system is too advanced by far for a city like Toronto. We prefer to beg money through the agency of a person that is ashamed to reveal his name.

We crowd our library so full of vile fiction that there is no room for more; then we cry for a new store-house to hold what future rubbish we may collect.

Public libraries are, without doubt, useful institutions, if they be put to their legitimate use. It was never intended, however, that one-half of their shelf space should be given up to books that are, if not harmful, at least useless. If the Public Libraries of Canada would sell or burn the fiction that has not become classic, they would have no need to beg money from Andrew Carnegie, nor from anyone else, for half of their shelves would be empty.

Mr. Carnegie might, with quite as much reason as he now exhibits, present monies to be used for erecting buildings where one might obtain free playing cards, which cards should be furnished at the expense of the city. Indeed, *THE MOON* believes that the cards would be less injurious than is the fiction with which our libraries are crammed.

IT is with a keen sense of satisfaction that we learn of the arrests of players of immoral pieces in Montreal.

If some other of our cities would follow the excellent example set by the Canadian Metropolis, all decent citizens would be thankful.

The filth that is permitted on some of our stages is a disgrace to our country. The only laws concerning theatres that are even pretended to be put into force, are those that prevent playing on Sunday, and the display of improper posters. The posters must not undress nor use obscene language in our streets, but the vile creatures that the posters represent may pour out their filth with impunity, provided that they charge the gang of rowdies that frequent their dens of depravity an admission fee—and pay the Police interest on a mortgage.

The hypocrisy of Toronto would be extravagantly funny, were it not so disgusting.

IT amuses one to read the fiery criticisms of Colonel Lynch, which some hollow-chested, puny and parasitical offshoots of the Human Tree indulge in. From behind prostituted pens they shove out "fillers" made up of epithets as false as their writers' style. Their pet name for the Colonel is Coward—possibly because misery likes company. What must we think of an editor that will permit such absurd lies to appear in his paper? Call Lynch a misguided enthusiast—a traitor, if you will—but a coward, never. Great as his crime may be, that he is a daring man, no one can with truth deny. If the fungi that traduce him had been guilty of that of which Lynch was guilty, they would have, like puppies with tails between their legs, crawled beneath their office tables, rather than face a trial for high treason.

A man that has payed his debts, no matter how great they were, is on terms of equality with the men that have never owed.

THE abdication of the King of Norway and Sweden is nothing extraordinary. Why, in this country we retired our 'oss-car several years ago. But they tell us that the doctors advised King Oscar to give up the throne to his son. Then, looking from *The Mail's* picture of the King to its picture of the son, all we have to say is that those doctors should be lashed to a pjine rjaft and set afloat in the maelstrom.