

*“There is a pleasure in being mad which none but madmen know.”—Dryden.*

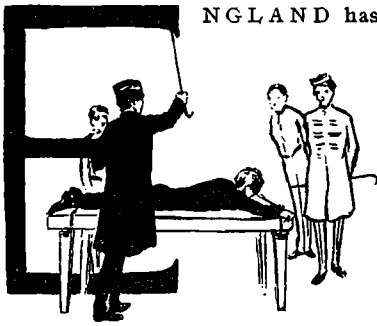
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ENGLAND has recently received another electric shock, which has caused her to start quite perceptibly, and to exclaim: “My eye! Oh bother! Fudge!” One should believe that such vigorous profanity from England could be caused

only by something of great seriousness. Such is the case.

The Grenadier Guards—for years past, one of the most fashionable regiments in the British service—believing themselves to be falling somewhat into disrepute, resolved that it was necessary for them to show the leaders of society that they could be quite as prolific in scandal as the best of the civilian aristocrats. But as going on the stage, marrying dancers, bankruptcy, divorce, larceny of jewels, and bacarat have become hackneyed, it was necessary for them to invent something new and striking, that the imitation of others would stamp them as leaders. “Ragging” was unanimously adopted, no doubt because of its striking nature and the ease with which the rules that govern it can be learned. The plans of the inventors of the game worked almost miraculously; the fame of the Guards has spread over the civilized world. London civilian society is all in a flutter of excitement because of the march that the officers of the Guards have stolen on it. The Baron de Masche, the Duchess of Giddigay, Earl Crimsonbeak and Countess Fiddle-Faddle are loud in their denunciation of what they consider an infringement of their rights.

One can quite understand their annoyance, when one calls to mind the fact that the persons out-done have held this enviable championship for many successive years.

But, on the other hand, the action of the officers of the Guards is quite justified. The British army, from time

immemorial, has been a branch of the public service devoted exclusively to the attainment of physical perfection. The development of the mental qualities has never been attempted. It has made no attempt to develop—in fact, it has even discouraged—such contemptible attainments as tact, policy and resource. When, therefore, it introduces its celebrated “ragging,” it is not encroaching upon the rights of others, for the game is purely physical. It disarms criticism by the consistent manner in which it keeps within its province.

The MAN in the MOON ventures to predict that the original plan of the Guards—that is to have fashionable civilian society follow its example—will meet with the success that it so well deserves. Those very persons that are now green with envy—Masche, Giddigay, Crimsonbeak and Fiddle-Faddle—will, before the green grass comes, have their names in all the “court” columns as practicers of the fashionable game of “ragging.”

SINCE the raising of the Venezuela blockade the news has “leaked” out that Andrew Carnegie, Benefactor-General of the Human Race, offered to pay three hundred and sixty thousand dollars to Germany, on behalf of the South American Republic, that war might be averted.

Isn't that glorious news? And he still has more money. Think of it—more money, which we may get. Let us put on our thinking caps. Can we not start a famine, or a plague—or—why not a mimic war? Ah, there's the plan! Let our librarians, or our mayors, blockade our Customs houses; let the people rise in rebellion against such tyranny; notify Andrew Carnegie—and, presto! the thing is done—yes, and Andrew, too.

Some carpers, like the *Globe*, will object to the unnecessary noise, but, tut, it is the money that we want. What care we for noise, or scandal, or mud! Carnegie's money is gold money—glistening and heavy coins—acid proof. Think of that, friends, and drown your conscience in a flood of gold—yellow gold.

THE Yeomen of the Guard, appointed to do the work of germ-hunting in the vaults of the British Houses of Parliament, performed the duties of their office, reported that several suspicious-looking, microscopic Guy Fawkeses are arrested, thrust their lanterns into a heap of black sand, discovered that it was not gunpowder, beckoned to the King that all was well—and, lo! the great machine for the making and breaking of laws was set in motion. The whole affair passed off according to schedule. Everyone but Sir Henry Irving is now satisfied. The starving poor of London have seen real gold dragging in the mud of the streets; so now they will be quite contented for another year. Sir Henry Irving's discontent can easily be understood; but, after all, it is petty. Why should Sir Henry believe that he should have a monopoly of gorgeous theatricals? He has every reason to expect competition.