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By ANDREW CARNEGIE

If there is any one man who typifies the successful American man of affairs in the fullest and best sense it is Mr. Carnegie. The author's direct style and felicity of phrase are well known; in this volume he talks of matters in which he has shown himself one of our most masterful figures. Among the subjects covered are:

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What Would I Do with the Tariff?

With frontispiece portrait.



Watch for it



ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

As it is the fashion for almost every American Illustrated paper to publish a series of sketches of Typical American Girls, we do not intend to be behindhand.

A series of six striking sketches from living models, by Mr. A. G. Racey, who has traveled the United States and studied the ways of this wonderful and much drawn creature, commences this week.

The sketches are more nearly typical of the beauty of the American girl than any other similar art collection heretofore published on this continent.



THE AMERICAN GIRL. (No. 1)

THE SOCIETY GIRL.

Sweet Sylvia, how your pa does slave
To trap with cash some noble knave—
For son-in-law.

Sweet Sylvia with the winking eye,
And teeth just built for biting pie—
And chewing gum.

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

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JUNE 11, 1902.

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THE MOON is published every Wednesday. 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.

OUR DISGRACE.

It is a disgrace to Canada, and to the whole British Empire, that the ballots cast by the people that wish to exercise their constitutional right to say what men shall rule them should be tampered with. Bribery, and corruption of all other forms, is mere harmless sport in comparison to such dastardly thievery. To us it makes absolutely no difference to which party the man that is guilty of the crime belongs. Whoever the knave is, he should be dragged from the seat that he has stolen in the House, and have his miserable body battered with stones in the gutter where he belongs. If, however, Canadians permit him to escape, as if his sin were but trivial, then may the reproach of the Yankee President nestle snugly and well-deservedly upon our shoulders. For the benefit of those that may have forgotten Roosevelt's words,—and we hope there are few that can forget—we repeat them. He said: "Englishmen and Americans share the contempt that the free man has for the man that is not free." These words were meant to refer to Canadians.

In recounts why is it that the Conservatives appeal to a judge that was at one time a Conservative, and the Reformers seek out an old friend of theirs? Surely they cannot think that a judge can be influenced by what his sometime politics might have been! It must be that they do it merely from force of habit.

The London *Daily News* is well named. We venture to say that the following enlightening paragraph will be "news" to the people of Canada. We can only express our amazement that a leading journal of the metropolis of the Empire should know so many things that are not so. Salisbury must really hurry up with that much-needed Education Bill! Look at this:

"It must be premised that the general elections in the Dominion are close at hand. Nominations took place all over the country on Thursday last, and all voters will go to the poll on Thursday next. The Liberal and Tory campaigns have been in full blast for some weeks. A great competition for the Quebec vote, which is wielded by the French Canadians, is taking place, since it is considered possible that parties will turn out to be pretty evenly divided in the English-speaking provinces. Mr. Whitney, the chief opponent of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has therefore been 'hunting' the French vote vigorously. He has been a little embarrassed by that section of his party which is uncompromisingly anti-French, and caufes bitterly at Sir Wilfrid's long domination."

When, oh when will England waken up?

The Toronto *Star*, in referring to last week's issue of THE MOON, makes the statement that it cannot see how the proprietors of THE MOON can hope to be successful so long as they continue to be disrespectful to *people with money*.

Now this statement by the *Star* is the most honest one that we have read in many moons. There is a good frank admission here. The *Star* admits that it is *respectful to people with money*. Of course we had noticed this before, but we like to hear it officially. For the first time we now learn that the Toronto *Star* is a *fixed star*.

The latest scheme in the line of prison reform is one that aims at making the convict into a respectable citizen, who shall be proud to say that he was snatched from a life of crime and made to graduate from prison a gentleman capable of filling a respectable position in society. If the scheme should be taken up, we may expect to see advertisements like the following in our daily papers:

WANTED.—Expert penman and accountant. Seven year graduate from Kingston penitentiary preferred. Must prove ability as forger. Right wages to right man.

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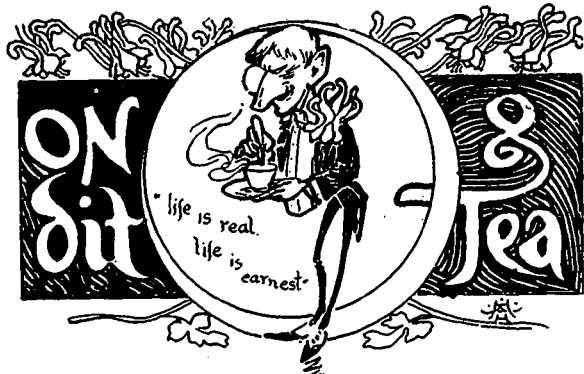
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SITUATION WANTED.—Expert ballot switcher and plugger. Graduate of Kingston and Sing Sing.



Directions for would-be editors of social columns: Study the Standard Dictionary carefully, taking special pains to memorize the weakest and most sickening adjectives. Make thorough examination of the diminutives and abbreviations of christian names, which you should write and rewrite many times. Practise Jack, Willie, Bob, Tom, Joe, Frankie, etc. Practise crawling under stoves, tables and beds, that you may become proficient in demeaning yourself. Smear yourself from head to foot with taffy, well mixed with liquid glue, and while so decorated roll all over a sheet of pure white paper. While you perform this last part of the programme, you must not forget to splutter through the taffy and glue the things that you have learned before, *i. e.*, Jack, Jim, charming, delicious, Tom, Willie, Joe, delightful, stunning, chic. After a few hours of this you will be surprised to find how the pure white paper has been soiled. We guarantee that it will present an appearance sufficiently disgusting for publication in any Canadian daily.

BOOKS.

By special arrangement with the gifted authors, THE MOON has secured the exclusive right to the Canadian publication of the following works, which will be issued during the coming year:

"How I Saved the Empire,"

by Colonel G. T. Denison, author of "Cavalry Tactics for the Russian Army."

"Dukes I Have Known," by G. R. Parkin, LL.D., C.M.G., author of "Bagmen of Empire," "My Friend Lord Rosebery," and other Historical works.

"Sweet Are the Uses of Adversity," a political novel, by J. P. Whitney, M. P. P. The most interesting, though not the first, of this author's works of fiction.

"Rejected Addresses," by the Liberal Candidates in Toronto.

"The Egoist," an autobiographical sketch, by Lt.-Colonel Sam Hughes.

"The Gentle Art of Resignation," by Inspector J. L. Hughes, author of "The Education of a School Board," and other lay sermons.

"How I Saw the Coronation," by Colonel H. M. Pellatt, of the Q.O.R.

"How I Didn't See the Coronation," by Colonel J. Bruce, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers.

THESEUS AND THE MINOTAUR.



IMPERIAL ROAD WORK.



MR. McLAURIER: "The mon that calls this aisy never bruck stones on an Imperial road."



ARCHÆOLOGICAL RESEARCH.

The two old members of the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society had, after months of laborious research under a burning Egyptian sun, at last unearthed what promised to be a priceless treasure. Fame was within their reach. The oldest of the two, laying down his pick, stood erect and doffed his pugaree helmet.

From the symbols and characters carved on the sarcophagus he learned that the mummified occupant had existed contemporaneously with Moses, and had been a jester at the Court of Pharaoh.

What great archæological discovery was waiting for them there? What new light was to be shed on the life of these ancient generations, who peopled this mysterious land thousands of years before the Christian era? With subdued excitement, anticipation written on every feature, and with trembling hands the old discoverers carefully

removed the lid, and before them lay a much-bandaged mummy. It was dry, dusty and withered, but with a broad grin still preserved on the crumbling features; and tightly clasped to its breast was a withered roll of papyrus.

Eagerly and tenderly removing the roll, they carefully spread it out on the lid of the sarcophagus, and with heads close together the two old students translated the following :

MY MOST *Iris*-ISTABLE JOKE.

So *Mo-ses* unto Pharaoh, "Let *Israe-lite* out of Egypt, or by the morrow thy land shall be *Red-see* ! So on the following morn when *Pha-rose* from bed and heard there was *A-ron* on the Banks of Egypt, he remarked, "*Nile desperandum* ! I *Jew* believe they will all be *A-sphinx-iated* in the water, *Pawn* my word I do ! But we shall not starve, for see the *Sand-which-is here* and the *pyramids of Cheops*, so *Lot-us* leave well enough alone and—

But the aged antiquarians got no further. They were dead.

A. G. RACEY.

MARTYRDOM.

The Spartan youth who gave no sign,
His vitals gnawed by cruel fangs,
Would he have changed his lot for mine?
Could I have better borne his pangs?

Beneath a smiling mask I hide
A secret bitterness of woe,
And stifle with a Spartan pride
My anguish—lest the world should know.

For did I lay my sorrows bare
And bid the giddy world behold,
The giddy world would simply stare,
Unsympathetic, hard and cold.

Or, harder yet, might even jeer
And laugh aloud in mirthful scorn
At woe that should distil a tear—
Oh, would that I had ne'er been born !

For what has life of joy to give—
The summer here, the winter gone?
And yet am I constrained to live
With these confounded flannels on !



representatives to do homage to your Majesty? Are not your Majesty's coronation pageants and ceremonies to be the most brilliant ever witnessed in Great Britain? Does not your Majesty enjoy enough shooting, riding, ping-pong, golf, bicycling and automobiling? Are not the operas of a high enough standard? Is not the peace in South Africa most gratifying? Has not your Majesty every happiness, joy and pleasure that can be desired?"

"Yes, yes!" groaned the King, "I have every pleasure and happiness that a monarch could wish for, but I am thinking of Alfred Austin's Coronation Poem which I will be forced to read."

A. G. RACEY.

A man's own soul, unlike most things, seems smaller the more closely he inspects it.

ANTICIPATION.

"But your Majesty does not look happy," said the First Lord High Physician Extraordinary to the Royal Household. "As your Majesty's coronation day approaches, moodiness and fits of intense depression, hitherto unknown to your Majesty, become more frequent. Your Majesty becomes gloomier and more morose every day. May I ask if your Majesty's appetite is good?"

"Yes!" replied the King.

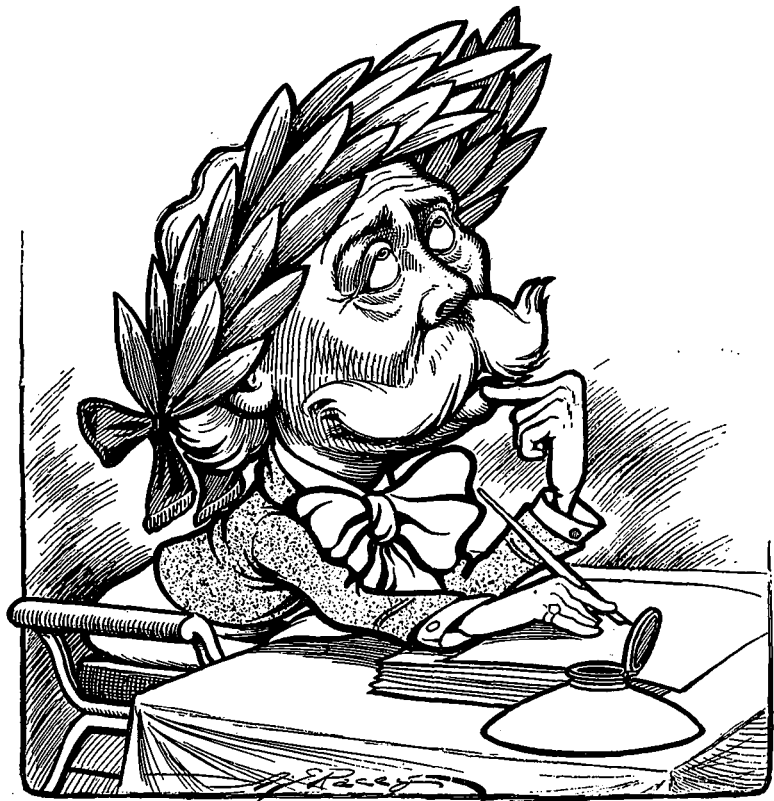
"Does your Majesty sleep well?"

"Like a log!" growled Edward VII.

"Is not everything pertaining to your Majesty's coronation proceeding satisfactorily?"

"Most satisfactorily!" said Albert Edward impatiently.

"Are not your Majesty's subjects most loyal? Is not every nation on earth sending





A FABLE.

In the days of the great kings was one who was very mighty, who ruled over a large country, albeit over many people.

And it came to pass, after the king did come unto his kingdom, that the people who loved front seats in the gate of the city said: "Let us crown our king, for it is not meet that he should put on his crown without our aid."

And those who sold costly wares said, "Let it be so."

And those who profited by all other manner of trade said, "Amen."

And it came to pass that there was a great throng, and many journeyed from afar. And they crowned the king and put on him garments of divers colors and of many kinds. And they pulled him about and put grease on his head. And the priests consecrated the grease and it became holy. And the people craned their necks and said, "There he is"—and he was.

And they caused thousands of the people to pass before him to the end that they might be seen, and the people perspired exceedingly and were weary.

And the king was sore amazed and troubled and said, "What is this that they do unto me? Would that I were a tiller of the soil, for then I had not suffered. The Lord do so to me and more also an I take it not out of them in taxes."

And after many days they said, "It is finished."

And the king opened his mouth and spake, and said, "Thank God!" M. M.

WHAT DETAINED HIM?

An up-country pastor posted on his church door the following notice:

BROTHER SMITH DEPARTED FOR HEAVEN
AT 4.30 A. M.

On the next day he found written below:

HEAVEN—9.40 P. M. SMITH NOT IN YET.
GREAT ANXIETY!

—N. Y. World.

"He has had an interesting career, hasn't he?"
"Well, rather. He has been through two fortunes, three wives and a sanitarium."

RULES FOR SUMMER RESORTS.

Engagements made on these premises are not binding after two weeks.

Married men without their wives will please conceal their identity.

Terms: Whatever the cash you have.

Chaperons will not be permitted on the beach after 8.30 p. m.

Guests preparing to leave should notify the head waiter and all the bell boys twenty-four hours in advance.

No amount of pruning ever made peaches grow on fence-posts.—*Ram's Horn.*

"The man who doesn't own a horse or a wife," remarked the observer of Events and Things, "has no business buying bonnets." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

"Here's a problem for you. If it takes nine tailors to make a man—"

"The average fellow's only a ninth of a man, eh?"

"No; I was going to add: 'How many tailor-made gowns will it take to break him.'"

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*



City Niece: "What breed of fowl is that, Uncle John?"

Uncle John: "That's a brown Leghorn, my dear."

C. Niece: "Oh, I should have known by the horns on his legs."

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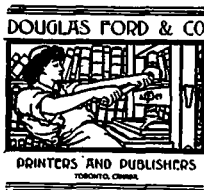
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