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The Moon



THE AMERICAN GIRL.—(No. 4.)

The Sporty Girl.

She will hold thee, when her passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than her dog, slightly better than her horse.

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

Vol. 1.

JULY 5, 1902.

No. 6.

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.

THE man in the Moon, whilst he views the follies of this mundane sphere with sardonic amusement, has no cynical smile for the great calamity that has befallen the British Empire, and shares in the anxious concern with which news of the King's condition is awaited from hour to hour.

NEVER, perhaps, in the history of the world has a pageant of the magnitude of King Edward's Coronation been interrupted and postponed; therefore we have no standard by which we can form an estimate of what the effects of this great disappointment will be. Some pessimists have already said that it will seriously injure the King's prestige by shattering the delusion that a King is a little more than a mere man, which is half-unconsciously held by a large class. It is said that, in a monarchy, in order that the Crown should never lose its influence, one King should rule forever. For all that we know to the contrary, this may be true. We have never seen it demonstrated, you know. Whether a sudden and most unfortunate illness at a critical moment will injuriously affect the King's prestige remains to be seen; but it is the humble opinion of the Man in the Moon that it will increase his popularity—and consequently his influence—ten fold. There is enough of the Celt in the British Empire to turn the human sympathy for the man that is down into a deep and strong devotion when he shall have won the fight.

But the really serious effects of the King's illness and the postponement of the Coronation are to be found among the business men of all kinds. For more than a year the tradesmen of London have been taking out insurance policies on the King's life. Many of their policies, but not all, provide for their protection in case the Coronation should, for any reason, not come off. These tradesmen are protected; but not so the insurance companies—their losses will probably run into millions. This is the serious side of the

matter. Now we come to the almost tragic.

Think of the colonial and foreign speculators that crossed the seas with the intention of running side shows. Remember that under this heading comes our own adored statesmen—beg pardon; politicians! Think of their fate! Starvation stares them in the faces—they're stranded in a great city, with nothing but their stock of now useless Coronation bows and kisses. It is another case of the man in the well, but on an awful scale! Laurier, of all the band, is the one man to find a job. Out of it he hopes to make enough to bring him home. Ross, too, is more fortunate than we had supposed. When we learned of his misfortune we sent the following cablegram:

"G. W., care of Wales, 'Ome.

"Taking up subscription, get you back. Don't give up.

"Themaninthemoon."

To this a reply came in two hours. It follows:

"Themaninthemoon, Canada.

"Don't bother. Sailing back on ship of State. Will hold the plow handles and guide its footsteps myself.

"Georgie."

Wasn't that just like the dear, self-reliant old pet?

We are waiting to see whether he brings the other unfortunates back in his steerage before we start to take subscriptions for their relief.

JUST as we are going to press we learn that the Coronation is postponed till September.

By that time the results of protests and recounts will have definitely settled the question of who should represent Ontario in a Legislative capacity.

We must congratulate Mr. Whitney for the way the whole thing has been managed, from the prophesy of the Banshee that brought on the King's indisposition to the final and happy denouement which makes it possible for him to become Grand High Chief of the Treasury benches.

If Mr. Whitney would kindly inform us as to his future disposal of events in Great Britain, we would undertake to keep Royalty fully posted.

Getting Back at Him.

Proprietor of restaurant: "I'm afraid you will not suit me."

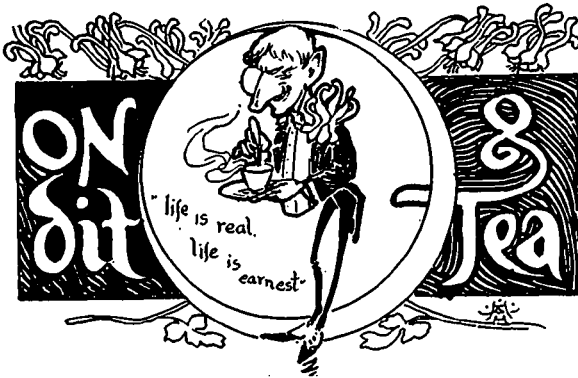
Applicant for situation as waiter: "For what reason?"

Prop.: "Well, you have never done any waiting, have you?"

Applicant: "Oh, yes! I once waited for half an hour at this restaurant before being served."



A GRAVE, AND LOYAL, SUBJECT.



To the Editor of *The Moon*.

SIR,—I would have you know that your sneering at people of fashion wont go in Canada. What are fine clothes and jewelry for but to be shown? What is society for but to call on its members and have a chawming time? If you don't reform this department you will expose yourself to the contempt of the genteel classes, who have nothing to do but admire themselves.

I will try you just once more with a society item, and if you don't publish it I will in future confine my communications to *Saturday Night* or to the great dailies. I submit the following:

A charming little quiet wedding was the event last Wednesday at .009 Jarvis street, where Miss



Schmidt: "Here your molasses vos mine leetle mans. Now vere der money vos for id?"

Georgie: "Ma put it in de pitcher so's I wouldn't lose it."

Alexandra De Nood, youngest daughter of Jerome L. De Nood, Esq., of the firm of De Nood & Co., stockbrokers, was wedded to Mr. Albert Edward Laurier Roosevelt Burns, at the residence of the bride's father.

The bride was dressed in cream colbreeel crash, cut low fore and aft, with an underskirt of old Irish point lace, at \$100.00 per point. The veil was of pea-green peruke, with lemon blossoms on the side, and garters of sea-green silk gauze. The socks of the groom were of finest Scotch fingering imported direct from Australia.

The bride was given away by her father, the father was given away by the old lady, and Bobby, the youngest, gave the whole thing away to yours truly,

SOCIETY REPORTER.



X-Ray Gossip.

She: "What an impudent looking fellow that Mr. Skellington is."

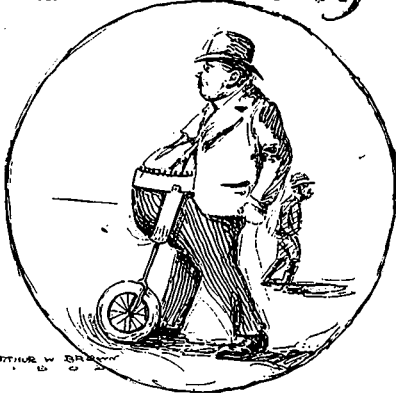
He: "I should say so. Look at the cheek-bones on him."

MR. SOLOMON BRAHAM, Mrs. Rachel Braham, the Misses Rachel, Ruth, Mary and Masters Solomon, Benny, David and Ikey Braham were prominent features on the Island Dominion Day.

Street car conductor (new hand): "Fare, lady."

Miss Elderly (short of temper): "Young man, don't be impudent, I'm not a fair lady." And she wasn't.

XXTH CENTURY
SUGGESTIONS



A WEIGHT OFF THE
FAT MAN'S BURDEN



Torture Revived.

By Special Cable to THE MOON.

London, July 1. Just heard startling thing about titles bestowed on two Canadian politicians. Appears that on arrival here both registered as Democrats-up-to-Hilt. Wore hats at dinner and boots in bed as tokens of complete freedom. Were urged by S-l-s-b-y to accept knighthoods. Both declined firmly. Were told it was King's wish. Still obdurate. As King much worried over it, Cabinet decided strong measures necessary.

Both gentlemen invited to visit new Star Chamber at Westminster. Went unsuspectingly, thinking to witness one of the historic functions of Coronation. Taken to underground apartment. Were again offered titles. Jeered at idea. Masked men, at sign from leading Cabinet Minister, produced thumbscrew and rack. Highly interesting implements. Rusty from disuse. Since reign of James II only employed once, that was in 1897 upon one L-u-r-e-r, also Canadian of extreme Democratic proclivities. "William," said Minister in charge of party, "for last time will you obey King and take title."

"Can't, me lud," retorted William, "Eyes of Ontario upon me. Was Democrat from youth up. Am Liberal leader, all wool and yard wide. Would bust my party if accepted."

"Executioner," said me lud, "Do your duty." He did it. William shrieked with pain, right boot being twisted into shape of penny stamp. Capitulated at second twist and was carried out a K.C.M.G.

Same procedure with B-r-d-n, who, being muscular, fought vigorously. Being desperate case thumbscrew also employed. Yells of victim heard block away. Big Ben in clock tower so startled missed a chime. House of Commons in session disturbed. Question at once asked of Government leader what din was.

B-l-f-r replied: "Mr. Speaker, would remind my hon. friend that Colonial Democracy of extreme type is now rampant in our midst (laughter) and must be put down at all hazards (hear, hear). Discordant sounds now heard are merely protests from two gentlemen from the Colonies who dislike titles, but whose natural prejudices we hope to overcome by patient firmness (cheers)"

Next day new knights looked Sir-ly but submissive. Have applied for Royal permission to say they accepted "under pressure to oblige King." Request probably be granted. On news of occurrence leaking out, other Canadians in London so terrified that several eagerly sent word to Cabinet expressing willingness to accept titles rather than undergo torture.

After Lowell Quite a While.

Once to every fool or poet comes the chance to write some stuff,
Till the editor considers that of this he has enough,
Some great gingle, God knows wherefore, as his fancy haps to rove,
That the man of fate assorted in the basket or the stove,
"And the choice goes on forever" Hobson's choice for him, b' jove.—M.M.



"POLITICAL Science Catechism." By J. G. Cunningham. London: Moggs & Son, Limited, 3/6 or \$1.50.

In this volume Mr. Cunningham proves himself to be a true teacher—something not too common now-a-days in school, press or pulpit. He addresses himself to common people, uses plain English, and succeeds in making what is generally a dry subject one of thrilling interest.

We have marked many passages, and sometimes whole pages, we would like to quote, but perhaps what follows will suffice to give Moonrakers a slight idea of the author's style and method of treatment. After discussing fully whether we should say politics IS and WAS or politics ARE and WERE, he proceeds thus as a catechist, page 15:

"What is a statesman? A statesman is one



Billy Beetle: "Why, my dear Mrs. Grubb, what can be the matter?"

Mrs. Grubb (of Applecore): "One of those big, horrid men came along here just now and ate me out of house and home."



Sandy: "But, you said you was a cousin of ole Goldberg's. Den why doan you claim your relationship?"

Michael: "Well, ya see, Ezy, I were wot dey calls a cousin-once-removed, and I weren't hankering to be removed so uncermoniously agin."

who devotes his time and attention towards devising practical legislation to benefit the people as a whole, for the future as well as for the present.

Are there many men of th's kind? No.

Is there any difference between a statesman and a politician? Rather.

What is a politician? A politician is one who devotes his time, attention and the public money to his own advantage, by every means, fair or foul, but especially foul.

Are there many politicians? Millions.

How do they secure power? By votes.

What is a vote? A vote is the expression of one's wish verbally, by show of hand or by means of a proper mark on a bit of paper.

In what way do politicians get votes? Mostly by lying in various ways.

Do they not get found out sometimes? Oh, yes! But then they just go on and lie some more.

Do sensible people believe them a second or a third time? No, they do not.

Then how is it that politicians manage to get more votes? Because there are not many sensible people. Thomas Carlyle explained this.

How did Carlyle explain it? He said the people were mostly fools.

Are there not many reputedly good men who are politicians? Oh, yes!

In what way then do you account for this?



A Thousand Years Hence.

Prof. Hinks : "In one way only do I find that our ancestors a thousand years ago resembled mankind to-day."
 Prof. Jinks : "In what way?"
 Prof. Hinks : "They were just as keen after cash then as we are to-day."

manner, that such a very large number of people elsewhere are so much more deeply sunken in political profligacy than we are.

God save the king !
 Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,
 On Thee our hopes we fix.

The Festive Season.

Oh ! gone are the days of leafy June,
 When lovers delight to coo and spoon,
 But 'tis naught to the month of the dragon fly,
 The time of excursions, warm July.

We start with a bang on the very 1st,
 With the trombones and ferry-boats filled to burst,
 And then on the 4th come the boys in blue
 To see if the moon here is really new.

The schoolboy is rid of his irksome task,
 And off to his fishing without an "ask,"
 And mother has nothing to do but work,
 Making lunches large for the gay young Turk.

And then, to a minute, the "twelfth" comes round,
 When our foes are talked dead, and our beer is downed,
 Then with a hat too small, and a heavy eye,
 We zig zag homeward, in hot July.

Easily. Such men make a plain distinction between politics on the one hand, and religion, social relations and business on the other. One who would not cheat you out of sixpence, or who would not say "By Gad!" will steal votes by corrupting returning officers, and will buy votes for cash or the promise of some reward; then, if he is suspected he will not only lie himself free, but he will pay others to lie for him, too. Sometimes, however, they are proved guilty.

Did you ever know of any political villian of this kind being ostracised by society, or removed from church membership when proved guilty? I never did."

These paragraphs from Mr. Cunningham's catechism will enable readers to judge of his mode of treating one section of his study. Those who wish to follow him further should procure a copy of the book. Fortunately none of the author's inferred strictures apply to this country, and it must therefore prove extremely gratifying to us to know, even in this indirect

Uneducated.

Augus McAngus : "I'm thinkin', Sandy, that oor new neebour, the doctor, is no verra educat."
 Sandy : "An what for no is he no educat?"
 Angus : "He ca's fesh, fush!"



X-Ray in the Barnyard.

Mrs. Marrow : "Come in the house here, Willie and Freddie, or the rags-and-bone man will catch you."



Rex: My wife's rich uncle won't speak to her since she married me—don't-cher-know.

Reggie: Baw jove, how's that?

Rex: Well, old chap, it looks to me like another case of capital refusing to recognise the union, don't-cher-know.

our last issue. Following is the letter of the successful applicant:

CHARMING MADAM: In answer to your dainty advertisement in the last MOON, I would say that I am exactly the well-educated young person your delightful family require. I am a graduate in modern languages and have had a two years post graduate course in social page gush and chit-chat. Your cute advertisement shows you to be an entertaining person of chic taste and gorgeous manner and I therefore feel sure I can at once place every smart member of your beautiful family in the social column. My adjectives are not common au contraire they are proper, cute, elegant and include all of the smart set of adjectives. I am the author of "The Social Column Reached in Six Weeks." I enclose references from Mrs. Dunn-Europe, Mrs. Lighthouse and Mrs. Banke-Book (nee Penniless.)

Yours gushingly,

A Hint to His Most Gracious Majesty

INASMUCH as it has pleased your Majesty to honor sundry persons within your realm, and that, in the opinion of THE MOON and it's lunatic readers, Canada has been much overlooked, we humbly submit the names of other Canadians that it would be well to honor, together with the honors that would be fitting to their respective stations.

Hon. G. W. Ross, to be Knight of the Burnt Ballot.

Hon. J. P. Whitney, to be Knight of the Stunted Poplar.

N. W. Rowell, Esq., Barrister, and *Globe* Director, to be Night and Day of Lake Nippigon.

Hon. John Dryden, to be Knight of the Steer.

J. S. Willison, Editor of the *Globe*, to be Knight Commander of "However and Nevertheless."

That J. L. Hughes, Esq., be Lord High Keeper of Resignation.

The Successful Applicant

The publishers of THE MOON wish to state that a young man has been engaged to fill the position of social writer for the newly-rich Toronto family who placed an advertisement in

Oliver A. Howland, C. M. G., to be Knight Commander of the Ball Cartridge.

Alexander Smith, Liberal Organizer, Knight Commander of Township Side Lines.

Castile 'Opkins, to be Knight of the Dawn of 'istory and Commander of Things in General.

Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, to be Night of the Holy Marter.

That all the new K.C.'s including L. V. McBrady, Jimmie Haverson and Allan Dymond be K.C.N.G.

That Hon. R. Harcourt be Lord High Keeper of the Rake-off.

That Hon. S. H. Blake, for his efforts to throw down the Liberal party, be given the G.B.

That Hon. E. J. Davis be the Blight of New Ontario.

That Hon. Eye William be Lord High Keeper of the Post Whistle.

That J. H. Clergue be given no rights north of the 75th Parallel North Latitude.

That Wm. Hendrie, Esq., Hamilton, be Lord Mount Horsey.

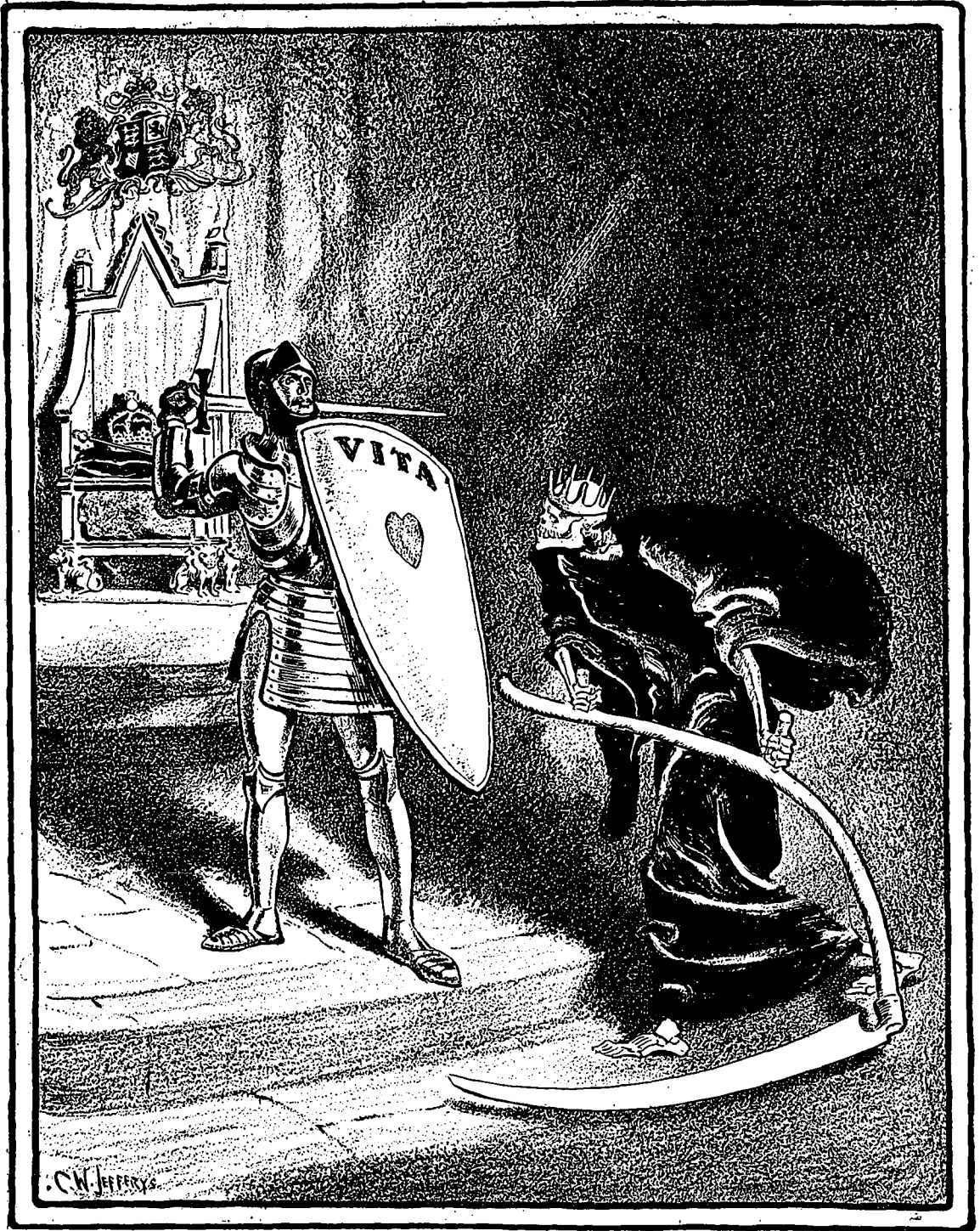
That the Editor of THE MOON—that is—aw, we have a man in our eye that would'nt object to a slight decoration, if any could be had without ordering another batch from the factory.



Unprecedented.

McParritch: Mon, its awfu'! McOats yonter's gang clean daft, aw seen him wi' ma ain e'e gi'e awa' saxpence tae a beggar-mon.

MacMeal: Be gox! He's no daft, he's followin' the evil enequitous example set up by Carnegie, o' Skibo. What's becomin' o' Bonnie Scotlan' at a', at a'!



VIVE LE ROI!



Street Cleaning in London.

Our London Letter.

DEAR OLD MOON,—Sumthink bad 'ave 'appened to hour most gracious Majesty. Hi've felt all of two weeks aback that somethink would 'appen. Hi told 'Enery Halbert. Hi says, "'Enery, there's ben a hold 'ag a prophesayin' all sorts of trouble to hour gracious Souvrin," Hi says, "an Hi feels in my bownes that somethink dreadful is agoin' to be. The wind 'ouls so in chimibly, and fork stook in floor t'other day, an' thirteen at table o' Sunday lawst, w'en Joe and 'Anner an' t kids come owver, Hi tell 'e," Hi says, "folks as prophesy bad about King Hedward, hought to be 'anged," Hi says.

"'Arriet," 'e says, for 'Enery, if 'e is a bit of a muff, 'e just calls me "'Arriet," same as if we wasn't wed—an' some folks, Hi was agoin' to say 'eaps o' folks, calls their gal "'Arriet" or "'Anna" or w'ot hever hit be, but wunst they's wed they says, "Missus," they says, so 'ard like, y' know, same as they was a drivin' osses, you know. So, as Hi was a sayin', 'Enery 'e says, "'Arriet," 'e says, "W'at a caise you be hany way. W'at devil," 'e says—'Enery never 'ad no reverence for sacred words—"w'at devil 'th mattah," 'e says, "th' 'ang 'im awfter a prophesain? Now soort o' good in a 'angin' on 'em awfter, nor yet afoor. Them as says hit doont maike hit," 'e says. "Hi doont go nothink on prophesy," 'e says, "hunless they gets in their work awfter hit's hall 'appened."

'Enery 'e be such a 'eathen 'e be, Hi hoften says to 'im as 'e'll go to 'ell yet along of 'is hinfidelity, but 'Enery 'e be so domestick like 'e halways hanswers: "Hall right, 'Arriet, Hi shawnt leave you an' the kids."

But as I was a saying o' lawst week: them Hamericans is caises, they is. They ups an' hawksk me w'ere to go an' see the sights afoor the King come hout to show 'iself.

Hi says, "Look a 'ere, Mr. Flapdoodle," Hi says, "Kings don't go for to show their selves to no Flapdoodles. But," Hi says, "w'ile you're awaitin' for King Hedward to come to see *you*, hif you wants to see *somethink*, go han' see the Crystal Palace."

Well, they goed, han' w'en they comes back you never 'eard the like. Missus, she says, "My sakes alive," she says, "you calls that hold 'en coop crystal? Hi calls hit nothink but glawss," she says.

They do say that King Hedward is relapsin' splendid awfter 'is perrytomatoes hand will soon be hall right, w'ich Hi takes hit you 'ave been hinfirmed about long afoor this. About the doin's an' the goin's on of the folks as come to see and be seen Hi 'aven't no room for in this 'ere letter, but will let you know subsequent.

The Kind of Man McAllister is.

A new neighbor had taken up a farm in the Scotch block near Guelph, and a caucus of the neighbors met in the back parlor of the "Black Bull" to discuss the matter.

"McPherson," said one, "What kind o' a neebour is McAllister?"

McPherson: "A wull told you what kind of a man he iss. Mysel' went to see him and he brought oot a wee bit bottle, an' he'll gif me a glass, and he'll begin to poor it oot an' when there wass a wee drop intil 't a said 'stop,' an' he stopped. *That's* the kind of mon McAllister iss!"



A BULL RUSH



She Wanted to Know.

Miss Florence (after Uncle William Henry's explanation of how maple sap is gathered in the spring) "Oh! how too lovely for anything—and then the apple trees, uncle: when do you tap them for that sweet, delicious apple cider you always have in the country?"

The Effects of The Moon on Poor Grandpa.

DEAR MOON: Poor grandpa is getting to be an old man, he admits this himself. He was ninety-six last birthday, but he is hale and strong, and clear in his mind. Up to last week, he had never been known to laugh but *once* in his life; and that was when, as a young man, he pulled down a ladder, for fun, and the man who was on the top of it fell and broke his legs. Last week poor grandpa caught a bad cold, and aunt Jane made him gruel, and gave him tracts to read about "The Jaws of Hell" and "The Sinner's Remorse"; and uncle McTavish, who had drawn up his will for him, tried to get him to sign it. Poor grandpa thought his end was near indeed, and uncle McTavish grew hopeful.

Then I did all the mischief—silly, thoughtless girl that I am. I showed poor grandpa a copy of THE MOON, which made him laugh, for the *second* time in his life. This brought aunt Jane upstairs; and oh, how angry she was! She said something about "The laughter of fools, and the crackling of thorns under a pot," which made poor grandpa angry too; and he tore up the tracts about hell, and the will that uncle McTavish had prepared;

and now he has come to live with mother and me. We take THE MOON, and poor grandpa gets a good laugh every week, and feels ever so much better for it. He has made a new will, leaving everything to mother and me; and, oh, if you want to make aunt Jane and uncle McTavish *prance*, send them a MOON.

SIGMA.

Who killed Dr. Hunter?
 "We," said the preachers,
 "We hate pulpit screechers
 We are up-to-date teachers,
 We killed Dr. Hunter."

Who killed Dr. Wilkie?
 "We," said each minister,
 Leering so sinister,
 "His college, we've finished her,
 We killed Dr. Wilkie."

Not on Your Life.

Smith: Would you advise me to take out a policy with this new insurance company?

Brown: Not on your life, old man.

Smith: Why not?

Brown: They give nothing but accident policies.



Carried Back.

There's no scene of country childhood,
 Nor a mem'ry of those years,
 But in manhood seems a glimpse of heaven fair;
 But *one* gleam from out the wildwood,
 Ever sanctified by tears,
 Was when mother yanked him in to cut his hair.—S.H.



In the Philippines

A soldier on his return to Manila from Batangas, contributed the following to the *Manila American*:

Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,
 And let me go home again just for to-night.
 I am so weary of sole leather steak,
 And petrified hardtack a sledge can not break;
 Tomatoes and beans in hot water bath,
 And bacon as strong as Goliath of Gath;
 Weary of starving on what I can't eat,
 And chewing up rubber and calling it beef.
 Backward, turn backward, weary I am,
 And give me a whack at dear mother's jam;
 And let me drink milk that has never been skimmed,
 Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed.
 Give me once more an old-fashioned pie,
 And then I'll be ready to go south and die.

Exchange.

Sermons are commonly supposed to be medicinal to the mind of both compounder and congregation, but the *New York Tribune* tells the story of one which, if the minister's servant was right, was an exception:

On Sunday morning the late Rev. Dr. Ducachet, of Connecticut, arose feeling decidedly ill. After a futile attempt to eat breakfast, he called an old and favorite colored servant to him and said:

"Sam, go around and tell Simmons"—the sexton—"to post a notice on the church door that I am too ill to preach to-day."

"Now, massa," said Samuel, "don' you gib up dat way. Just gib him a trial; you get 'long all right."

The argument resulted in the minister's determination to try it. He preached as usual, and after service returned to the house, looking much brighter.

"How you feel, massa?" said Samuel, as he opened the door.

"Better, much better, Sam, I'm glad I took your advice."

"I knew it, I knew it!" said Samuel, grinning from ear to ear. "I knew you feel better when you git dat sermon out o' your system!"
 —*Exchange.*

"That's Mrs. Giltedge-Bonds, the prominent society leader," said the man in the crowd who knew.

"What's she in half mourning for?" inquired several voices.

"Three of her six former husbands are dead," said the man; whereupon the crowd expressed great admiration for her delicacy of feeling.—*Philadelphia Record.*



Farmer Hayes: "Great Methusela! Billy, whar did ye git that 'are hoss.

Billy: "Dad swapped his cross-cut saw fur him.

Farmer Hayes: "Well, darned if I wouldn't ruther ride the saw.

"They had to wait two hours for the bridegroom last night."

"Where was he?"

"Playing ping-pong at the best man's."

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I should like," said the man, "to get a position as proofreader."

"Sorry," said the publisher, "but we've laid off all our proofreaders; don't need 'em."

"You don't?"

"No; we're publishing nothing but dialect stories now."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Mother: I am surprised, Ethel, that you should talk so impertinently to papa. I'm sure you never heard me talk that way to him.

Ethel: Well, you choosed him, and I did't.

Detroit Free Press.

J. Pierpont Morgan was showing some friends through his kennels the other day, and one of them expressed great admiration for an imported setter.

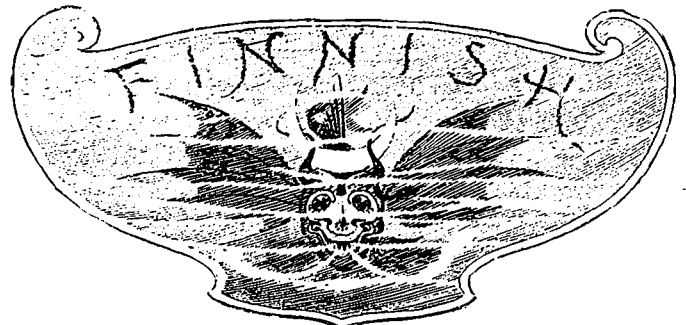
"Yes, he's a fine dog. His name is Russell Sage."

"How did you come to give him that name?"

"Well, he never loses a scent."—*Argonaut.*

"Do you know anything about hypnotism?" asked the girl in the pink waist.

"Well," replied the fluffy-haired maid, as she held up her left hand to display a sparkling solitaire to better advantage, "you can judge for yourself."—*Chicago Daily News.*



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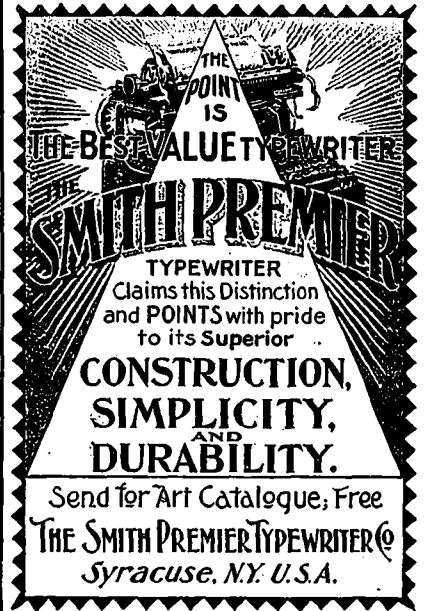
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