



## AIN'T IT SO?

Lions, the respected beasts of the jungle, have received much adverse publicity in the late years we passed. Justly or no matters not—nevertheless, we have been deeply pained and greatly influenced by his seeming unseemly conduct. We have it directly from sculptors of untarnished integrity,

men that wouldn't lie even for sweet sentimentality's sake, that a lion will at times pounce upon a family of other animals and practically put the "kibosh" on their modest aspirations by grabbing the mother of the layout by the nape of the neck and shaking the very lifeblood out of her right into the faces of the young and hopeful cubs.

Why the lion prefers the tough steak of the mother in preference to the nice, juicy steaks of the cubs is a mystery, and the sculptors, as "canny" as they are, have not indicated the cause therefor. It would at first glance seem that the lions are "smart" and eat the old ones first because they fear the old one is apt to die a natural death leaving them nothing but cold meat on the table—something, I'm informed, the lion is not at all fond of. That theory, of course, is untenable because we cannot readily admit that lions are as smart as we are.

And, therefore, to think that a lion moves from the principle of "old ladies first," or "perishable goods first" is not dialectic reasoning.

Why, it is preposterous!—that would be functioning just like the capitalist system! Imagine a low-brow lion exhibiting the same intellectual capacity as capitalism. Need I say more?

No, No! We can never, never admit that a lion has the same amount of intelligence as has the capitalist system—that is, to conserve the young by letting them work for their livelihood and kill the old by "scrapping" them. Nor can we concede that a lion is conscious of the principle of saving the good foods (because of their value) and eating the bad foods as fast as they spoil—and no faster.

We never can concede them credit for so much all-around sagacity.

We never could admit that a lion reasons far enough to retard the development of the young by worrying the parent, or, by eliminating it. That would be altogether too liberal a view for practical men to entertain.

That lions would kill the "experienced," on the plea that "let the kids learn for themselves," would be comparing them a trifle too favorably with—capitalism,—its ethics, etc.

We're not going to do so. We'll be darned if we do!

But as unfavorable as the sculptors reports are in regards the lions' hobby, it is refreshing to note that they have had the

honesty to indicate in the sublime creations (with great power) that lions are almost scholarly in their selection of the *biggest mouthful*.

This would seem to indicate that a lion is not entirely a stranger to "tables of measure" and that it has a live "sense of proportions" despite the fact that it is considered a poor judge of quality—probably wouldn't know a piece of spring chicken from a "panco" half-sole.

This earnest criticism of the lion has been handled *superbly* by the sculptors—but, unfortunately, they have been powerless to depict the cause of the lions peculiar *selectiveness* in picking its victims.

Ordinarily we would jump to the conclusion that lions grab the head of the family because they are too polite to pick on the poor innocent cubs.

But when we recall that the parent hasn't been proved guilty—no matter how considerate the lions action may seem—we must conclude that sympathy has no part in the lions *apparent* solicitude for the young.

Especially when we recall that its so-called "graciousness" was making orphans of the cubs and instituting life-long troubles upon them instead of ending their miseries at once and forever; thus retarding the development of the cubs civilization (instinct)—frail as that civilization may be even when fully developed.

This being so, we must lay aside the lions "sentimental-motiff and conscientious scruples," base our investigation on something more substantial than *mushiness of the soul* and search elsewhere for the answer to our problem.

The fact that a lion attacks the *big one* disposes of the theory that it fears it—and proves he's damn hungry.

But—three of those cubs would make every bit as hearty a meal; and spare him the manifold torments of indigestion. Then why is it that he attacks the mother instead of the cubs?

Ah, fellow workers, if he attacked the cubs, the mother would "chew off his ears."