



AIN'T IT SO?

Well as the sculptors have reproduced the customs of lions, they have been pretty much concerned with the "actual deeds," more so than with the moves that led up to it—therefore, if we desire additional information on the lions we must consult the poets:

They tell us that lions have a habit of preying upon institutions of animal and living upon them because they've never learned to support themselves any other way. They lie in wait in dense undergrowths, watch their opportunity (opportunists) sneak up on their victim when least expected and bring it down for a hasty meal.

"In this," the poets tell, "lions differ from capitalism insofar as they do not enslave their meal tickets for a series of years"—presumably owing to the fact that lions have not developed abreast of capitalism in the art of extortion—that is, they do not take the product in installments, day by day, but wait until the product has accumulated to a reasonable extent—in other words, as the poets yell:

They trust their victim to the fullest,
Let him pile on wealth of store;
Ere their gentle joke they pullest—
Bring him down to kiss the floor.

It is idle for us to call them names such as "vile" and "parasite," as idle as it is to wonder why they don't organize for themselves a less destructive way of obtaining a livelihood, but I simply can't help wondering why, if they want to eat animals, they don't grow their own stock—why they persist on jumping on animals already made, produced by someone else?

Why do they insist on gobbling up the full product of their neighbor?

Can you beat it!

(Capitalism confiscates only 80 per cent of the product of its victims and, that, in instalments or "easy payments;" figures not exact).

Lions are to be severely censured for their highhanded procedure regardless of their apologies and explanations as to how "they do it all for the best"—they, themselves, being the said best—yea, regardless of any hope or promise they hold out—and they certainly do hold out!

Nothing in this world is more dispicable than moving in on another man's product—thief—and when a lion hides in the undergrowth and unexpectedly "jumps another animal's claim," he is more than a thief—he is a sneak-thief. Now, if it be admitted that a lion is a sneak-thief, what's the use of speculating as to why he don't get his living honestly? We must know he is lazy. We should know he's brainless. He is not capable; is selfish; a beast of the most degenerate type.

So, when it sometimes happens, the lion accidentally jumps upon a family of cats, not wild cats—but tigers—we can withhold our sympathy within reasonable bounds and mummur:

The pup is dead!
Let's save our tears!
He got too red—
Behind the ears.

* * *

Mrs. Edna May Coursey was convicted by a jury of manslaughter in connection with the death of her five-year-old boy Eldridge, following repeated beatings with a broom-handle.

Thus it may be seen that broom-sticks are detrimental to the advancement of rising young America; even as cigarettes, pool-halls and other religious institutions were. Even as picnics, limburger and beer-saloons were to their fathers—and mothers.

Clearly something should be done about it.

I would suggest that, since the devastating effect of broom-sticks is self-evident, our able legislators ought to either proscribe the Bill of Rights or prohibit the manufacture of brooms with handles attached. That ought to bring our belligerent mothers down to their knees—at least while sweeping.

But no!

The "dear mothers" of Towson, Md., would then tear the handle off the pump and lambast their half-fare offspring until thoughts of funeral expenses would cause them to hesitate—maybe too late. Then, again, if pump-handles were abolished, the mothers would no doubt look to the rail fence for suitable weapons, or pound their kids with wagon tongues.

We can't abolish everything!

By the way, Ralph T. Coursey, husband, jointly charged with beating Eldridge, is to go on trial Monday, having elected a non-jury trial.