

lions. They frequently steal into their camp at night. They are dangerous on account of an offensive explosive which is their only method of warfare. The sloths are true parasites. They live on the lives of all. So incapable or indolent are they that they will make no endeavor to feed themselves, unless in dire necessity. The sloths are the "tramps" of the jungle. They are fed and nourished by two insane ravens. The names of these birds are Beneficence and Benevolence. In their struggle over the Behemoth, in order to supply his necessities and obtain his good will, the lions and tigers are cautious not to arouse him to wrath.

The Wrath of the Behemoth.

Being the bone of contention between them it has happened on several occasions that they have not only threatened his peace, but sufficiently aroused him to make him defend himself. "What happened then? It must have been a grand yet terrific sight to see so mammoth an animal excited to wrath!" Only a few now living can tell us much about it. The Solomon mice know all about it. They say it is a matter of sacred record in their family, passed down from generation to generation. They tell us that no one can describe the violence of the Behemoth when aroused to anger and that is why they are so cautious in telling him of the dangers about him. He is slow to anger, but, the mice say, it is almost impossible to control him when once aroused. They tell us that, like a thunderbolt forged by the immortal Jove, the Behemoth arouses himself when enraged; that he rushes on the contending armies of lions and tigers, grasps their respective leaders in his terrible mouth and with one crunch of his terrific teeth they are destroyed; at the same time he extends his majestic body over the contending armies crushing them to the earth. The Solomon mice tell us that nothing can stand before his voice; that the beasts of the jungle tremble in their lairs; that the thunder of it echoes and re-echoes from the arched vault of Heaven as the Behemoth commands to all inhabitants of the jungle: "Peace! Be still! Disturb me not again."

Anarchy in the Jungle.

The army of lions is in a constant condition of anarchy. There is no union in it. Of late some earnest attempts have been made by those having a common interest to combine and form "trusts." The Solomon mice tell us that the name should be "distrust." The army is composed of subalterns, but is entirely without a general. It is the army of laissez-faire individualism. Probably that is why the Solomon mice tell us "it is an army of individual distrust." In a certain sense the lions are the substantial support and defense of the jungle. The lions are the men of

extreme financial and business ability in the jungle. The jungle is civilization. They are those who apparently maintain its fortresses. They are neither the watchful guardians, nor are they the maintainers of peace within the jungle. They are one of the exciting causes to revolution within it on account of misunderstanding their relations to the tigers. Naturally the tigers are the other cause of disturbance because they understand not the veil and therefore cannot see the real nature of the lions. The veil is ignorance. The tigers constitute the bands of organized labor. The Solomon mice tell us that these "unions" much resemble the "trusts" of the lions. "Distrust of each other is one of the weakening characteristics of the unions." So say the Solomon mice. They know the veil and can see through it. They are not mistaken. The wolves are the most disturbing element in the jungle. They are so blinded by their supreme selfishness as not to be able to know the other animals even though the veil is invisible. The wolves are the emotionally insane reformers, the walking delegates, disgruntled or unprincipled politicians; unscrupulous men generally, though they oftentimes pass as respectable (so say the Solomon mice) and their subjected tools (the mice say "fools.") The hyenas and jackals are the criminal classes who could but will not maintain themselves honestly. The sloths are the paupers, the imbeciles and those who will not feed themselves unless the food is put in their mouths. The pole cats are the anarchists.

The Behemoth.

"But the Behemoth, what about him?"

The Behemoth is the sleeping common sense of the jungle of civilization, which is locked up in the great army of the self-supporting, self-contented, want-to-be-let-alone middle class. There he sleeps in the jungle, seemingly unconscious of the constant warfare about him. The roar of the lions, the snarl of the tigers, he heedeth not. The mighty somnolent is the incarnation of inert potentiality. He knoweth not himself, neither knows he much of the real nature of the other inhabitants of the jungle. The Solomon mice know the Behemoth as they do all the other animals. The Behemoth lodges a great secret, a precious treasure. The lions and tigers know of it, they have some idea of its value. They have no idea of its real nature. The veil is impenetrable to them. The Behemoth knoweth it not for the same reason. Only the Solomon mice know it. They are its natural guardians as the only representatives of the omnipotence of the omnipresent in the jungles. The Solomon mice tell us that, hidden away in the darkest recesses of the massive body of the Behemoth, is a napkin; that within

this napkin is a gem, known as Wisdom, or the Pearl of Price; and that, in a secret chamber within this gem is the most precious of all jewels to the lions and tigers, the gem of Freedom. The omnipresent put it away in the Behemoth, but committed its guardianship, in a strict sense, to the Solomon mice. It is for this gem that the lions and tigers are constantly quarreling. It is only when instinctively feeling this gem of Freedom within its body is in danger (its very life) that the Behemoth is aroused from his slumbers to defend himself. 'Tis then that the Solomon mice show that they do indeed represent the omnipotence of the omnipresent. Through their profound knowledge of the veil they tell the Behemoth of the dangers of over-exertion to his massive body; that to kill the lions and tigers, or too severely cripple them, would only destroy those who minister to him and thus destroy his own freedom. Could the Solomon mice but remove the veil entirely from the Behemoth, so that he would know himself, and the lions and the tigers know themselves; could the mice but assert their rightful position in the jungle, and be maintained therein by the Behemoth, the wolves, the hyenas, the jackals, the sloths, and the pole cats would be either killed or banished. Then the veil would be destroyed and the representatives of the omnipotence of the omnipresent would live in freedom; "peace and good will" prevailing, because of their subservience and respectful attention to the omnipotence of the Solomon mice.

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DROWNED OUT.

The general rain of Thursday, July 27, 1899, while not very vigorous, was exceedingly refreshing to corn and everything else except populist politicians. It nearly drowned them all out. With abundant crops, good demand for them, and an exceedingly easy money market, in which supply is so much in excess of demand that rates of interest constantly decline, there is despondency in the camps of discontent and the captains of calamity weep. Another shower or two dropping gladness and fruition upon these fertile fields will drown out the last hopes of those politicians of fusion who seek promotion for themselves by braying about the poverty of the people.

Good crops, active markets and low rates of interest are to populist office-seekers more deadly than arsenic to rats. A few more rains and a corn crop of two hundred and fifty to three hundred millions of bushels will be perfectly matured in Nebraska. How then will Allen, Deaver, Dech, Bryan & Co. allure votes?