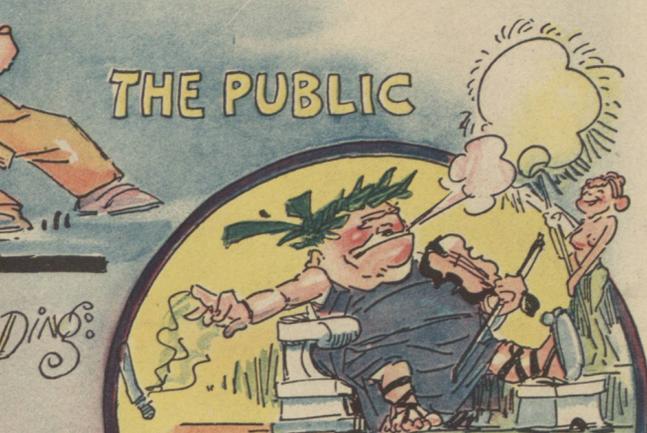


# WE HAVE WITH US TODAY!

## THE PUBLIC



BY GRANTLAND RICE AND J. N. DING



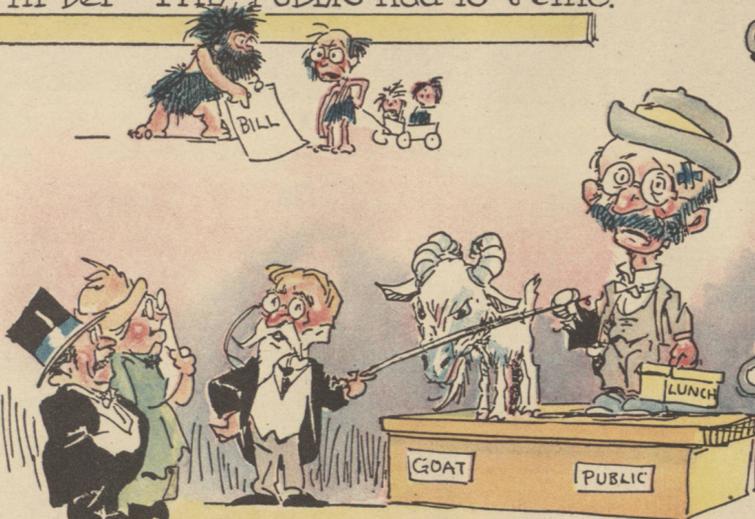
When Nero tossed a cigarette  
Into a cluttered mass of paper,  
And fiddled while the flames beset  
The city, turned into a taper;  
He had his fun-but long before  
His fiddle passed where none could play it,  
It was our patient friend once more  
Who got the bill-and had to pay it.

ARBITRATE?  
THERE'S  
NOTHING  
TO  
ARBITRATE!

In days of old, now hardly known,  
Just after Cain out-pointed Abel,  
They built a place of bronze and stone  
And called the new apartment Babel;  
They fought, of course-and left a debt,  
Also a lot of useless metal;  
I've never heard both sides-and yet  
I'll bet THE PUBLIC had to settle.



When Labor tackles Capital  
And heaves the well known brick,  
And Capital returns the punch  
And counters with a kick,  
They swing with gay impunity,  
Well knowing through each scene  
Their crashing wallops fall upon  
The Little Guy Between.



In some Museum-through future days-  
These lines will meet the passer's gaze--



This specimen is now extinct,  
Known as the PUBLIC, you will note;  
In ancient days its fame was linked  
With that rare animal, The Goat;  
While no one has the record here  
Against which learned men might check  
Observe those knots above his ear,  
Also those scars upon his neck,  
He once swarmed over sea and land,  
And though he had both brawn and brain,  
As far as we can understand  
He cracked at last beneath the strain."

JACK SPRATT owned no union card,  
No bond house knew his mate,  
And so between the two of them  
They rarely ever ATE!

