

# WE HAVE WITH US TODAY

BY GRANTLAND RICE  
AND N. DINGO

Copyright N. Y. Tribune Inc.

## THE JUNGLE AND THE TOWN

'SALL'RIGHT,  
I'VE HAD MY  
DINNER.



When food is needed in the lair  
The tawny lion seeks his prey,  
A killer for the daily fare  
Of one who knows no meatless day;  
Although he rules the jungle throne  
He bothers no one in his path,  
Provided they leave him alone  
And do not stir his kingly wrath.

The tiger is no gentle mate,  
And yet his claws are held in bond,  
Unless his breakfast time is late  
And food appears of which he's fond;  
He does not whisper to the yak  
About some elephantine sin,  
Nor talk behind the leopard's back  
About the spots upon his skin.

There's some excuse for jungle law,  
Though it may lead to daily strife;  
For fresh-killed food, albeit raw,  
Means something in the jungle life;  
And yet we speak of "savage beast,"  
Who dwell in city or in town,  
The while we gather at the feast  
Of reputations hunted down.

When Smith or Brown get word that Jones  
Has skidded down the narrow pass;  
With eyes alight, in eager tones,  
They "always knew he didn't class";  
What joy a lot of trouble brings  
To wagging, human tongues unfurled;  
And how the Anvil Chorus rings  
Above the tumult of the world.



In town no tiger stalks the street,  
But Scandal is a fiercer foe  
That shadows all along the beat,  
No matter where they chance to go  
And Envy with its bitter fang  
Has something on a rattlesnake,  
When once it spreads from gang to gang  
The rumor that no truth can shake.

"Man's inhumanity to man,"  
Wrote Bobby Burns before our day,  
"Puts countless thousands on the pan,"  
(To re-arrange the ancient lay);  
Where Envy, Greed and Scandal stalk  
By street and counting room and feast,  
We have a lot of room to talk  
About the so-called "savage beast."