

1917

The Fiery Furnaces

Going down Morgan with Janko, Jerko, and Jerry,  
We downed our Pils, and over at the South Shore, they sipped th  
eir sherry.  
I opened my Kaiserized speller to learn what they know:  
Nurse killers, annexers-executioners, wo!  
Hey Slavonians, be ye mindful  
That our 'tis tongue dies never.  
The happy Hun Felsch sure likes his blond beer  
And I like his doubles so much I might even cheer.  
Last year he had enough and got fixed on the cardinal  
Who'd pardon all  
The riff-  
raff and all their sinister ways and halves and he laughs  
Over on 56th, and he's got the arsenic on his left White Sock  
And he sees the chicken stock in a big black pot  
And he pours in the lot, but what ruined or saved the day  
Was that the soup then turned gray, and a hundred higher-  
ups came  
Back from the hospital to keep getting wafers from Mundelein:  
But now the Gigantics are getting the tar taken out of their pi  
ne  
By my hero Red Faber and I'm ready to get rapprochement with my  
neighbor  
As part of the healthy back and forth