

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