



THE PASSING SHOW

By Gene Morgan



SOMEWHERE-IN-THE-WILD-WOODS

SOMEWHERE the bacon's frying, drying,
Under the spreading tree.

Somewhere the camp fire's burning, turning
Twigs into sparklets free.

Somewhere the birds are flocking, mocking
Those who in town must stay—

Hark to their chatter!

Joy notes they scatter.

List to the crickets,

Thick in the thickets—

Soon I'll be on my way!

Somewhere the fish are nipping, flipping
Under the placid lake.

Somewhere the musky's gleaming, scheming,
Some cunning dive to take.

Somewhere the worms are twining, pinning—
Ah, for a hook they sigh!

That's where I'm happy—

Where fish are scrappy.

How I've been fasting.

Now for the casting—

That's why I chirp "Good-by!"

Somewhere Dame Nature's reigning, gaining
Worshippers new each hour.

Somewhere my heart's preceding, leading
Me to a pine branch bower.

Somewhere the oars are flashing, splashing,
Speeding a gay canoe.

Somewhere there's laughter ringing, flinging
Echoes across the blue.

Somewhere one's woes are banished—van-
ished,

All in a burst of song.

Here in the city

I'm sore and gritty.

Weary of slaving,

Dog-tired of shaving—

That's why I say, "SO LONG!"

BOOM! GOES THE FOOD SAVING CAMPAIGN

(News items from near and far, gathered for The Passing Show to show how our people are bucking up to the work of economizing.)

TOLEDO, Ohio.—"Meatless days" have been ordered seven days of the week by officers of the local Vegetarian Club in this city. Members of the Vegetarian Club have been ordered to refrain from passing butcher-shops, walking if possible on the other side of the street. They have also been ordered to boycott theaters which show ham actors.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—"Pruneless days" have been inaugurated by Mrs. Howe U. Starvus, a progressive boarding-house keeper in this city. The idea has scored a big hit with her patrons. In place of serving dessert of any kind at her bountiful table Mrs.



Starvus has hung a beautiful painting in the dining-room, depicting twelve kinds of imported fruit and entitled "Nature's Plenty." This picture will be served after every meal.

WATERLOO, Iowa.—"Hashless hours" will take place every day at the popular Pup lunchroom in this

city. In this way not only will a saving in foodstuffs be obtained but Mae and Maybelle, the beautiful blond hash slingers, will be able to save their strength for the fly swatting season.

ABILENE, Kan.—"Nutless days" are in order at the clubrooms of the Squirrel Athletic Association in this city.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—"Canless days" are now the rule on an ostrich farm near this rising metropolis. In order to economize on the nation's metallic output the ostriches have been deprived of their usual supper ration of tin cans and monkey wrenches. Afternoon tea has been dispensed with, and the birds are forced to be satisfied with two doorkeys apiece at this hour.

LAKE OPUNKOPUNK, Wis.—"Fishless days" have been ordered by the game wardens in charge of fishing in beautiful Lake Opunkopunk. Some of the old settlers deem that this is a stall to beguile the summer tourists, as it is a commonly known fact hereabouts that fish are scarcer in Lake Opunkopunk than swans in the drainage canal.

BOSTON, Mass.—"Beanless days" are being considered by the authorities of this city in order to conserve the supply of brain fruit. In case the direful order is put into effect every such "beanless day" will be marked by displays of intense mourning on the part of the populace. Street car and automobile traffic will be suspended, all stores and places of amusement will be closed and church bells will toll from morn till night. Detachments of infantry, cavalry and heavy artillery will be stationed to guard all the beaneries. Regular troops will not be called, however, except in case of serious rioting.

THOSE FARMER REDSKINS

THE other morning I was in the happy hunting grounds of denatured dreaming for a very short while. Silvery foamed thought waves dashed against my lighthouse of intellect—and then they dispersed under the back wash of hard facts.

Indians to Help Reduce Cost of Living

This was the headline in a newspaper which brightened my life and paid up the gas bill on my star of hope.

I wanted to begin a war dance of joy. Footing it in a war dance is so much nicer than footing grocery bills. Think of it!—methought. Think of turning the wild Apaches and the fierce Algonquins and the wall-eyed Walla Wallas on those middlemen and price fixers!

And then—oh, pshaw! The bubble burst. I read the paper further and found that the Indians were



not to take the warpath again after all. Alas, the tall weeds will grow taller on the warpath and the earthworms will continue to shave themselves with the buried hatchet.

Now, here is what wise Uncle Sam intends to do with his wards and children, the simple redskins. Instead of turning those tomahawk sculptors loose on the middlemen Uncle Sam is going to coax them to raise larger crops and more cattle and fatter hogs and spiffier spuds. Farming is going to be conducted on the reservations without reservation.

And now, fellow palefaces, let me warn you of the noble redskin when he turns farmer on a large scale. He's going to get revenge on us, I fear, for all the indignities and wrongs and bunco games that were suffered by his ketchup-colored ancestors.

Before the white man came, with his boiled shirts and bathtubs and other tortures, the Indian led a happy, prosperous, carefree existence. Poor Lo measured his backyard garden patch not by the front foot but by the Mason and Dixon line and the continental divide and the heavenly horizon.

But the paleface came, and the con man's suitcase and shell game outfit followed the flag. The wily white man began selling pocket mirrors, tin whistles, cigaret holders, glass beads and hand-painted mus-

tache cups to the childlike natives. Also brass watches which kicked a fellow below the belt every time they ticked.

One pocket mirror would sell for 1,000 acres of virgin soil a week, on the installment plan. After making five or six of these installment payments the Indian chief would get disgusted with the bargain. For one thing his squaw was lamping herself in the mirror when she ought to have been slaying a dog for dinner; another reason was that the chief figured the installment rate of 1,000 acres a week was a pretty stiff bargain. But the white man would promptly foreclose on the poor chief and get a judgment against him for the seizure of the whole State of Indiana—with half of Michigan thrown in for court costs and typewriting.

Buffalo Bill has passed away. So heaven help the poor consumer when Poor Lo begins to get back the overcharge on those pocket mirrors and those door-knob watches!

HELP! HELP!

MISTER KIPLING,

Mister Kipling,

Why don't you twang your lyre
Give us a lay of frightful fray
With patriotic fire.



Give us a song to lift our minds
From selfishness, greed and pelf.
Oh, lend thy might?
Or must I write
The bloomin' thing myself?

Mister Ber-nard,
Mister Egr-nard,
Oh, Mister Bernard Shaw,
Write us a page to mark the age
And fill our foes with awe.
Oh, make 'em wince in the public prints—
Your pen is a poisoned dirk.
Or must I do
The job for you—
I'm dead from overwork!

Mister Byron,
Mister Shelley,
Tennyson, Poe and Keats,
From thy dark sphere now do appear—
Inspire us to noble feats.
At thy cold hands the world demands
New poems of wondrous flight.
Don't lean on me,
For don't you see
I've got a date tonight?

Mister Shakespeare,
Mister Shakespeare,
Rise from thy Stratford grave.
Write us a play of life today
In the land of the free and brave.
Hear in our heroes' battle cries
The signs of a tyrant's fall.
Oh, give thy aid,
For I'm afraid
I cannot do it ALL!