“Gee, Mag. Think of Us Bein’ on a Magazine Cover!”
THE BROOD
ANY CITY

Louis Untermeyer

INTO the staring street
She goes on her nightly round,
With weary and tireless feet
Over the wretched ground.

A thing that man never spurns,
A thing that all men despise;
Into her soul there burns
The street with its pitiless eyes.

She needs no charm or wile;
She carries no beauty or power,
But a tawdry and casual smile
For a tawdry and casual hour.

The street with its pitiless eyes
Follows wherever she lurks,
But she is hardened and wise—
She rattles her bracelets, and smirks.

She goes with her sordid array,
Luring, without a lure;
She is man’s hunger and prey—
His lust and its hideous cure.

All that she knows are the lies,
The evil, the squalor, the scars;
The street with its pitiless eyes,
The night with its pitiless stars.
She:—“What’s the joke?”
He:—“I don’t know!”
THE HERO OF THE FACTORY FIRE

"His Heart was True to Pol"
“Hope Springs Eternal——”
CIVILIZATION

“Ah is Feelin’ Mis’able Discomf’table, Phoebe, How is You?”
“Ah is Sufferin’—But it’s Sunday.”
THE OLD RIDDLE AND THE NEW

Drawn by Charles A. Winter.
"Your wife's better, I hear."
"No—not a bit."
"I heard she was improvin'."
"She ain't to work yet."
Shall We Have A State Constabulary In New York?
“Did You Find It?”
“Find What?”
“Spring!”
A TRIP TO THE BIBLE
Whom the Gods Would Destroy They First Make Mad
Wars May Come and Wars May Go—
Jefferson Market Jail

Drawn by Glenn O. Coleman