

"MCCURDYS MUST BE FED."

Some time ago we asked a fee
Which we believed was fair,
From each insurance company
For risks upon the square;
But, strange to say, we were opposed
By reasons strongly plead,
But now the solemn truth's disclosed—
"McCurdys must be fed."

The holders of the policy
'Twas said we'd victimize,
"If we insisted on such fee,"
"Could not be otherwise."
"The Great Insurance Institutes"
"To bankruptcy'd be led,"
But these were merely idle bruits,
"McCurdys must be fed"

We thought our honest toil deserved
At least a fair reward,
Our loyalty has never swerved
Insurance companies toward;
Yet whilst these companies get rich
We heard the wolf's prowl dread,
And quite forgot at such a pitch,
"McCurdys must be fed."

But since the late developments
Across the "Border Line,"
We see ourselves as malecontents
On hist'ry's pages shine
We used to think we were ill-used
Until new light was shed
Upon confusion worse confused.
"McCurdys must be fed."

As M. D.'s we're content to starve,
A philanthropic view,
Or, better yet, we try to carve
Our way to fortune through.
But that we asked e'en righteous fees
It never shall be said
At the expense of poor McC's—
"McCurdys must be fed"

Our wives and children, "God's own poor,"
Who with us e'er abide,
It matters little to secure
'Gainst ills on every side,
So long as clever, cool McC's
Finds asses to be bled.
"Go straight to Sheol if you please,"
"McCurdys must be fed."

Poor McC's! 'To starve is pitiful,
We've been there in our craft,
But never with the strenuous pull
That hundred thousand graft.
Men talk of Hades, say 'tis hot,
It may be so, and red,
But whether it is hot or not,
"McCurdys must be fed."

M. A. H.