

INSURANCE MEN AT THE FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, NEW YORK.

The insurance fraternity turned out in force a short time ago to witness the burlesque "Evangeline" at the above theatre. Insurance officers, agents, clerks, brokers, and journalists were present, and evidently enjoyed the fun immensely. Among the verses sung by *Gabriel*, and which specially tickled the fancy of the fraternity were the following:—

They say the trade of insurance has made
A Paradise for the "Beats,"
That the Brokers thrive like bees in a hive
On Cedar and Liberty streets.
They dress, they smoke, they drink, they eat
Their three square meals a day,
But how they do it on Ten Per Cent,
It isn't for me to say;
It isn't for me to say;
The company's premium account might tell—
It isn't for me to say.

A prosperous Broker once was I,
Ere the Tariff Rates were made;
I thought "honestee" was the best policy,
But that old notion is "played."
Some great big brokers made a deal,
And took my business away,
And placed it under the Tariff. But where?
It isn't for me to say;
It isn't for me to say;
I have a suspicion, but then you know
It isn't for me to say.

I quit the "Fire" and went into "Life,"
And became such a terrible liar,
That when I go out of *this life*, I fear,
I shall go right into the *fire*.
I worked the "Assessment" plan by night,
The "Tontine" racket by day,
And which is the biggest humbug of the two,
It isn't for me to say;
It isn't for me to say;
I doubt if I know more about it than you,
So it isn't for me to say.

An insurance journal I represent,
And I go to the Compane,
And I say we will *write you up* with a boom,
For a very liberal fee.
But if they refuse to advertise,
And don't consent to pay;
Our Editor! He *might write them down*,
But it isn't for me to say;
It isn't for me to say;
For I never—never—never—levy blackmail ever,
So it isn't for me to say.

My Aunt she died while fast asleep,
Awake my Uncle died;
And the Company insuring their lives maintained
That they died of suicide.
Their wise physician he opined
That both would be living to-day,
If she'd stayed awake and he'd gone to sleep,
But it isn't for me to say;
It isn't for me to say;
He said they died by a voluntary act,
But it isn't for me to say.

Above the debris of the fire
The bold adjuster stands,
And like old Shylock, cruel and hard,
His pound of flesh demands.
And yet a most outrageous claim
Sometimes consents to pay;
Now, what effects this wonderful change,
It isn't for me to say;
It isn't for me to say;
A snug little check might soften his heart,
But it isn't for me to say.

I went to have my life insured,
And answered the questions plump
Till the agent got rather impertinent
And found he had struck a stump.
"Are you married?" says he. "Oh, no," says I.
"How old are you to-day?"
I smiled sarcastic-like and replied:
"It isn't for me to say;
"It isn't for me to say;
"I've set my Cap for a Millionaire,
"So it isn't for me to say."

We had a board of brokers once,
But that was in days gone by;
When they would not cut a tariff rate
Any more than they would fly,
But now the thing has changed about,
Scalping's the order of the day.
Just how some brokers get their lines
It isn't for me to say;
It isn't for me to say;
It isn't for me to say
What they will do when the world burns up;
That isn't for me to say.

Captain Dietrich sang the following stanzas:

I first essayed
The Hardware trade,
But failed three times or more;
Then I bobbed around
Until I found
A chance in a Dry Goods Store.
But my head isn't strong,
So it was not long
Till I busted that firm complete.
Then it seemed to me,
That soon I should be
Once more upon the street.
But the fates took pity,
And soon a committee
Of insurance men were sent
Now I never objected,
And so they elected
To make me their president.
Said they, it's a rule
In the Insurance school
That a president's usually made
Of some bald-headed dunce,
Who has failed at least once
In some other department of trade.

I shivered and shook
When the place I took
As head of the companee,
For O! I am fated
To be over-rated,
And placed where I ought not to be;
But it can't be denied
That a man must provide
For himself and his familiee.