



## ON BIRTHDAY HONOURS

Most men I know all wish they were  
 A Knight—Viscount or Baronet,  
 Each says "If I were but a Lord  
 My name would spread around, you bet.  
 If I could put before my name  
 That classy sounding prefix—EARL—  
 I'd be sought after all the while  
 By every Yankee Doodle girl.  
 I'd wear a beaver hat all day  
 And sport an eye glass in my face,  
 I'd be immune from common laws  
 And all my family would disgrace;  
 I'd fix my shack with Yankee seads  
 And get a million from her Pop;  
 We'd have so many wedding gifts  
 To guard them, I would need a Cop.  
 We'd go abroad for forty years  
 And in the limelight we would come."  
 I often wonder if he thinks  
 That he'd be living like a bum.  
 The finest title that I know  
 A man can bring to someone's sister  
 Is simply that old fashioned one,  
 A plain and simple honest "Mister."  
 I'd rather be of common cley—  
 A policeman—janitor or mule  
 Than have a million seads or more  
 And be a Chawming-bally-fool.  
 A title—friends—is not worth shucks  
 Unless the man who has it lingers