



## WHAT DO YOU CALL IT?

By ANTHONY EUWER

"WHAT'S in a name?" the poet said,  
And when the poet said it,  
He robbed the thing we call a name  
Of any special credit.

Our family puts great store in names—  
When christening our auto  
Or other chattels, always we  
Use "fitness" for our motto.

For instance, there's my lovely wife—  
I call her "Hinges," for  
Each day I live I'm more convinced  
She's something to adore.

We have a chatty parrot with  
A disposition sunny,  
And since they say that money talks,  
We call that parrot "Money."

We have a squirrel—it lives on nuts  
And gobbles all you give it—  
The way those nuts are bolted down  
Has made us call him "Rivet."

We have a dog—we used to call  
The little fellow Towser,  
But since his pants come thick and fast,  
We've changed his name to "Trowser."

We call our skiff the "Jail-bird" for  
Whenever we go boating,  
We always have to bail her out  
To keep the blame thing floating.

Our saddle horse—he jolts so hard,  
He's ridden by no mortal—  
And so because his gait's a jar,  
We call him "Open Portal."

Our tabby-cat we call "First-aid"—  
The name it seems to fit her,  
For not a year goes passing by  
But what she bears a litter.

We had a mule—a cheerful cuss,  
His shanks were sleek and brawny—  
We called that mule "Max Welton" for  
His brays were always bonny.

We call our gold-fish "Climber" for  
Since he has started failing,  
No matter where he's headed for,  
He's always, always scaling.