

IV.

You dress yourselves in uniforms to guard your native shores,
But those who make the uniforms do work as good as yours;
For the soldier bears the rifle, but the woman bears the race—
And *that* you'd find no trifle if you had to take her place!

Oh, it's woman this, and woman that, and "Woman cannot fight!"
But it's "Ministering Angel!" when the wounded come in sight;
When the wounded come in sight, my friends, the wounded come in sight,
It's a "ministering angel" then who nurses day and night!

V.

We may not be quite angels—had we been we should have flown!—
We are only human beings, who have wants much like your own;
And if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
It wasn't man's example could have turned us into saints!

For it's woman here, and woman there, and woman on the streets,
And it's how they look at women, with most men that one meets;
With most men that one meets, my friends, with most men that one meets—
It's the way they look at women that keeps women on the streets!

VI.

You talk of sanitation, and temperance, and schools,
And you send your male inspectors to impose your man-made rules;
"The woman's sphere's the home," you say? Then prove it to our face;
Give us the vote that we may make the home a happier place!

For it's woman this, and woman that, and "Woman, say your say!"
But it's "What's the woman up to?" when she tries to show the way;
When she tries to show the way, my friends, when she tries to show the way—
And the woman means to show it—that is why she's out to-day!

L. H.

Read our paper, "VOTES FOR WOMEN," One Penny Weekly.

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