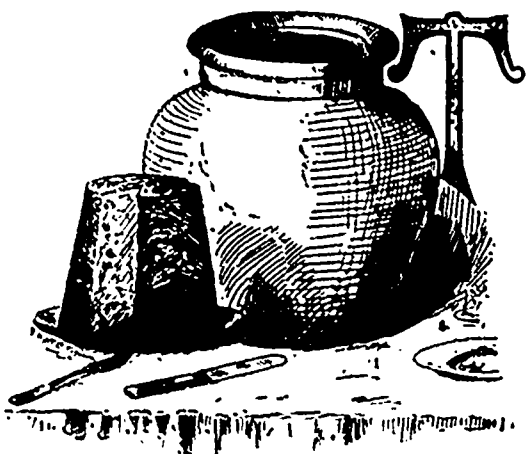


THE DRUMMER'S PLEA.



IS said that woman dear will vote in days
that are to come ;
And in the fields now worked by men,
that they will make things hum ;
The occupations we have now she'll claim
as her own right,
And at the games we love to play she'll
beat us out of sight.
But let the scythe of Time with rust of
countless years corrode,
Ere woman, lovely woman, ever travels
on the road.

We've had the glib-tongued agent with
the book to sell appear,
And pour her tale of eloquence into our troubled ear ;
We've seen the lovely model, as she donned a fetching cloak,
Walk back and forth with stately air, and with the buyer joke ;
But let us hope the day'll not come when forth from their
abode
The ladies of the cloak trade will appear upon the road.

O woman, think of what this means, and let us have our trade,
And leave us to the customers that by hard work we've made.
For, oh, consider what it means to be a drummer bold,
You'll have to smoke and open wine, and hear such stories told !
If not without a country you will have no set abode
And this is what it means, dear girls, to travel on the road.

To have the porter call you, and in thundering tones declare
You've only got ten minutes to arrange your auburn hair,
To have six trunks of samples that you've got to pack each day,
To play draw poker on the train and while the time away ;
And then—this happens with the rest—to sometimes get a
“load.”

Dear girls, if you'll avoid all this, don't travel on the road.

Be lawyers, clerks, and ministers, and politicians, too ;
Be editors and angels, but no matter what you do,
Oh, never be a “tourist” with a gripsack by your side,
But if you feel ambition's touch, then be a drummer's bride.
Come, be the rulers of our homes, where cribs are all the mode,
And while you rock the cradle, let us travel on the road.

—TOM MASSON, in the Clothier and Furnisher.

