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## PATRIOTIC BRITISH WOMEN

(Suggested by an Article in Daily Herald.)

Some people good, of generous mind,  
They fill a place on earth,  
They're heart and soul so very kind—  
Are truly sterling worth;  
In lots of ills now under th' sun  
They're on lookout for good;  
"The silver lining's" sure to come—  
Clear water after mud.

So in this war some good's been found,  
In Sister Sylvia's crew;  
(Small wonder mischief flew around,  
With nothing else to do).  
Now noble work their hearts engage—  
Their tongues right well directed,  
They take full share in war's mad rage,  
With energies deflected.

All British women, one in heart—  
One single object view;  
Have shown the world (got past the start),  
How push this matter through:  
They're patting loved ones on the back—  
Encourage them to go,  
The women all (not one is "slack"),  
Their help o'ercomes the foe!

"Anticipating?" so I am—  
Your conscience says I'm right;  
The Lioness is not the lamb,  
When Hun's the foe to fight.  
She's roused, and filled with righteous ire—  
There's nothing she will shirk  
In animating son and sire,  
To crush the German-Austro-Turk.

She's welding ammunition, shot, and shell,  
Is making rivets hot,—  
Is driving taxis, 'bus as well,—  
Of other things, a lot.  
She's heaving coal, is Army-groom,  
And spinning rope so strong,  
Is farming, gardening, making broom,  
(She'll sweep the foe ere long!)

"They're skilled in aerial work," 'tis said;  
(Lloyd George has lady chaffeur,  
Dispenses drugs, is molding lead;  
(She's lost the name of "duffer").  
If aught's to do to win the war,  
She surely does it well—  
She'd kill the Germ, war's canker-worm,  
Stick Kaiser's nose in—  
(The pin-cushion).

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