

BACHELOR GIRL'S BALLAD.

By Helen Rowland.

"Mrs. Tommy Atkins."
(Wit no apologies to Kipling.)

I went into a church last night as
meek as meek could be;
And lo the preacher rose and aimed his
sermon straight at me!
And while he railed at womankind I
smiled behind my fan;
For, said I, "We may be dreadful, but
we're good enough for man!"

Oh, it's woman this and woman that,
and "woman is to blame!"
(Remember, back in Eden shifty
Adam said the same!)

It's woman's clothes and woman's
ways, her hats, her heels, her
walk!

It's "woman, woman, woman!"—and
I'm tired of the talk!

It's "the woman with the serpent's
tongue" when poets wield the flail,
Or "the female of the species far more
deadly than the male!"

It's "the hobble-skirted horror," luring
men to sin and debt,

It's the vain and wily "vampire" or
the "strong-armed suffragette!"

Pshaw! It's woman this and woman
that! "The woman tempted me!"

But it's "Oh, forgive me, angel!"
when they're waking from a
spree.

It's the "mannish modern woman,"
or the "silly, frilly" one;

But it's "God bless home and moth-
er!" when they want their cook-
ing done!

It's the "sneaking peeking woman,"
never known to work or think,

It's the "nagging, ragging woman,"
driving patient men to drink.

It's the "rambling, gambling woman,"
spending all her husband's cash.

It's the "ghoulish, clubbish woman,"
letting hubby live on hash.

Oh, it's woman this and woman that,
and "Lord, I didn't do it!"

"Behold, the woman lured me on!"
or else, "She drove me to it!"

It's the woman here and woman
there, man's burden all through
life!

But when they get a toe-ache, it's
"Oh where's my little wife."

Now, we aren't all plaster angels, and
it's lucky that we're not,

As long as we must live with men (a
rather earthly lot!)

We may have our faults and foibles,
but if all your taunts were true,

Well, don't you think we still should
be quite good enough for you?

Oh, it's woman this and woman that,
and "Let's reform her quick!"

But it's "ministering angel!" when
they're down and out and sick.

It's woman here and woman there,
and "'Ware the siren's snare!"

But if man gets into heaven 'twill be
woman got him there!

INTERVIEW WITH MRS.
PETHICK LAWRENCE.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, who with
Mr. Pethick Lawrence, is staying for
a fortnight's visit with her brother and
sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. Pethick, at
976 Heywood Avenue, very kindly gave
our reporter a special interview before
her departure for the Old Country.
Mrs. Pethick Lawrence was looking
extremely well after her rest in Vic-
toria, and declared that she felt quite
ready for strenuous work again. Her
strong personality and great charm of
face, voice and manner, are a combina-
tion which would always give her great
influence not only over her friends but
over all those who have had the privi-
lege of coming in contact with her, and
it is easy to understand that she was
born to be a leader in the great move-
ment with which she has so complete-
ly identified herself.