

Excerpts from “Are Women People?: A Book of Rhymes for Suffrage Times” Poetry Collection, 1915

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The Newer Lullaby

(“Good heavens, when I think what the young boy of to-day is growing up to I gasp. He has too many women around him all the time. He has his mother when he is a baby.”— Bernard Fagin, Probation Officer.)

Hush-a-bye, baby,
Feel no alarm,
Gunmen shall guard you,
Lest Mother should harm.
Wake in your cradle,
Hear father curse!
Isn't that better
Than Mother or Nurse?

The Protected Sex

With apologies to James Whitcomb Riley.

(“The result of taking second place to girls at school is that the boy feels a sense of inferiority that he is never afterward able entirely to shake off.”— Editorial in London Globe against co-education.)

There, little girl, don't read,
You're fond of your books, I know,

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But Brother might mope
If he had no hope
Of getting ahead of you.
It's dull for a boy who cannot lead.
There, little girl, don't read.

Warning to Suffragists

("The Latin man believes that giving woman the vote will make her less attractive."— Anna H. Shaw.)

They must sacrifice their beauty
Who would do their civic duty,
Who the polling booth would enter,
Who the ballot box would use;
As they drop their ballots in it
Men and women in a minute,
Lose their charm, the antis tell us,
But — the men have less to lose.