
ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?

A Consistent Anti to Her Son

(“Look at the hazards, the risks, the physical dangers that ladies would be exposed to at the polls.”—*Anti-suffrage speech.*)

YOU'RE twenty-one to-day, Willie,
And a danger lurks at the door,
I've known about it always,
But I never spoke before;
When you were only a baby
It seemed so very remote,
But you're twenty-one to-day, Willie,
And old enough to vote.

You must not go to the polls, Willie,
Never go to the polls,
They're dark and dreadful places
Where many lose their souls;

ARE WOMEN PEOPLE?

They smirch, degrade and coarsen,
Terrible things they do
To quiet, elderly women—
What would they do to you!

If you've a boyish fancy
For any measure or man,
Tell me, and I'll tell Father,
He'll vote for it, if he can.
He casts my vote, and Louisa's,
And Sarah, and dear Aunt Clo;
Wouldn't you let him vote for you?
Father, who loves you so?

I've guarded you always, Willie,
Body and soul from harm;
I'll guard your faith and honor,
Your innocence and charm
From the polls and their evil spirits,
Politics, rum and pelf;
Do you think I'd send my only son
Where I would not go myself?