

“Mother Goose as a Suffragette”



The Queen of Hearts
Has made some Darts
And shoots them straight each day.
The Knave of Hearts
Has felt her darts
And fast is giving 'way.

**"MOTHER GOOSE
AS A
SUFFRAGETTE"**

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"A little nonsense now and then
is relished by the best of
women (Suffragists)
as well as men."



Jack and Jill
Have equal will
And equal strength and mind.
But when it comes to Equal Rights
Poor Jill trails far behind.



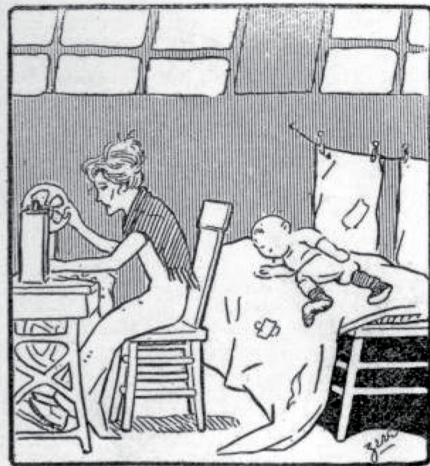
This little pig went to business;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had the suffrage;
This little pig had none;
This little pig said, "Wee, wee, wee
I'm goin' to get it some day!"



Hark! Hark!
The dogs do bark!
Suffragettes on parade
Some in rags
And some in tags,
But all are welcome made!



See-saw, Margery Daw,
Her brother has a fat wallet,
But she shall earn but a penny a day
Because she has no ballot.



Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son, John,
He went to bed with his stockings on.
Why wasn't I there when he went to sleep?
I was working all night for his room and "keep."



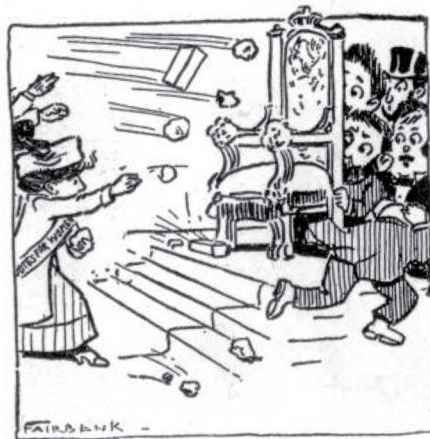
Little Miss Horner
Stood on a corner
Making a suffrage speech.
"Her logic and brain,"
Said the women, "are plain."
But the men just said, "Ain't she a peach!"



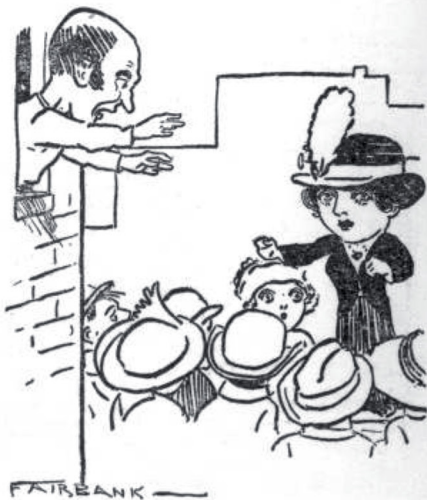
Little Boy Blue, come shut the door,
The suffragette bandwagon's here once more.
Where's the little boy that keeps them out?
That's he on the top with the loudest shout.
How have they got him to go their way?
They read the Child Labor Law t'other day.



There was a little girl and she had a little curl
Right down the middle of her forehead.
When she got the vote she was very good, indeed,
But when they kept it from her she was horrid.



Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, where have you been?
"I've been up to London to look at the Queen."
Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what found there?
"The Cabinet hiding behind the Queen's Chair."



Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
For all her days and all her nights
She spent in preaching Equal Rights.



Pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake, baker's man!
So I will, master, as fast as I can.
A nice little cake for Johnny to eat.
But Sister can't have one. The plums are too sweet.



Cross-patch,
Draw the latch.
Sit by the table and pout.
Because you don't wish
To sample the dish
You keep all your neighbors out.



Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How do your arguments grow?
A few facts perverted, old notions asserted,
And little fibs all in a row.



Taffy was an Anti, Taffy was a "peeve,"
Taffy came to my house and told me not to leave;
I went to Taffy's house; Taffy was not at home;
I laughed at Taffy's arguments and left for her this
"pome."



Dickory, dickory, dub,
The mouse ran under the tub.
He stays there yet,
For a suffragette
Is after him with a club.



Higgledy, Piggledy,
 My black hen,
 She lays eggs
 For gentlemen;
 Won't they be stumped
 Some fine day, when
 The ladies find
 A nice White hen!



Simple Simon met a pieman
 Going to the fair;
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 "Let me taste your ware."
 "Certainly, Simon," says the pieman,
 "Just choose from what's before you."
 "I'm starving," says a woman near,
 But they say, "We'll eat for you."



Ding, dong bell, the woman's in the well.
Who put her there? Ignorance, I swear.
Who'll pull her out? The Vote, without a doubt.
It was a naughty world, I trow,
To try to hurt the lady so,
Who never did it any harm
And only added to its charm.



There once were some women who lived in the East;
They hadn't any power and their troubles never ceased;
Of remedies to everything the ballot seemed the best,
So they got what they needed by going to the West.



One, two,
 A vote will do;
 Three, four,
 I'll do some more;
 Five, six,
 The laws I'll fix;
 Seven, eight,
 Make politics straight;
 Nine, ten,
 Equal with men.



Sing a song of sixpence,
 A government of quacks—
 Four and twenty women
 Paying in their tax.
 When the money's counted
 Their's is good as any.
 Why is not a ballot
 Fair as is a penny?



Rub-a-dub-dub—
 Three men in a tub,
 And crowded in with them—a lady!
 A convict, a fool,
 And a lunatic, who'll
 Leave her longer with people so shady?



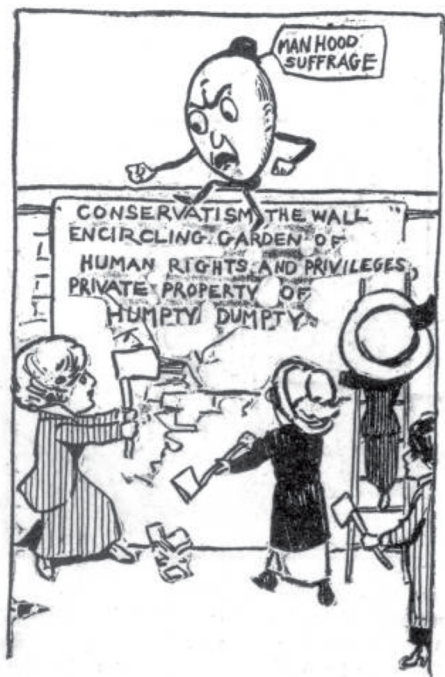
Little miss, pretty miss,
 Blessings on your ilk.
 If you and yours cleaned Phippen Hill
 'Twould be as white as milk.



Three wise women of Brooklyn
Went to ride on a moose.
If the moose had been stronger
My tale had been longer.



"Old woman, old woman, will you stay behind?"
"Speak a little louder, my hearing's poor, I find."
"Old woman, old woman, shall we go together?"
"Thank you, kind sir, it's improving in this weather."



Humpty Dumpty sits on a wall;
 Humpty Dumpty's doomed to a fall;
 For suffragist logic and women's intrusion
 Are demolishing much of his former seclusion.



I had a little husband
 No bigger than my thumb;
 Though I was college graduate
 My husband, he was dumb.
 I earned the money we lived on
 And ran the house beside,
 But when it came to voting
 I must humbly step aside.



Misrepresentation is vexation;
Exclusion is just as bad;
The Rule of Men perplexes me
And Antis drive me mad.

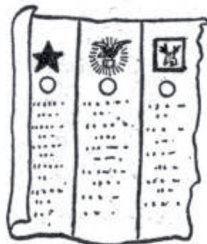


This is the house that Jack built.



This is the Legislature
That lives in the house that Jack
built.

This is the Ballot
That elected the Legislature
That lives in the house that Jack
built.



This is the Money
That bought the ballot
That elected the Legislature
That lives in the house that Jack
built.



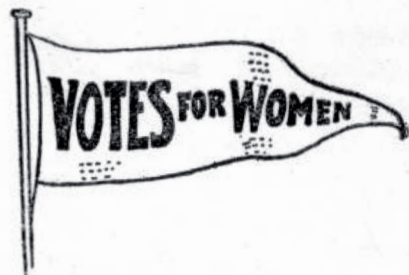
This is the Politician
That paid the money
That bought the ballot
That elected the Legislature
That lives in the house that Jack
built.



This is the Trust
That owns the politician
That paid the money
That bought the ballot
That elected the Legislature
That lives in the house that Jack
built.



This is the Housewife
That is oppressed by the trust
That owns the politician
That paid the money
That bought the ballot
That elected the Legislature
That lives in the house that Jack
built.



This is the Remedy
That is needed by the housewife
That is oppressed by the trust
That owns the politician
That paid the money
That bought the ballot
That elected the Legislature
That lives in the house that Jack built.

THE END.