LET HER COME.

New York Times.

Ef women had the right to vote they'd
down the Demon Rum,
An' shet up every gamblin' place
'twixt here an' kingdom come;
They'd sterilize the city streets an'
elevate the polls,
Till vice an' crime would have to hide
in their respective holes.
Then when these cruel monsters got
their ugly features hid
The Nation's womanhood would go an'
set upon the lid;
For woman is commissioned to reform
the world, although,
Jest by casually observin', you might
never think 'twas so.

Ef women had the right to vote we fel-
lers couldn't chaw,
An' smokin' vile tobaccy would be
plumb agin the law;
We'd never smell the fragrant weed in
street er train er room.
We'd have to use patchouli er some
feminine perfume.
But civic right an' righteousness in
mighty streams would run—
We'd never see another spot, not even
on the sun;
The great millennium would dawn,
them suffrage leaders say,
An' sorrow, sin, an' sickness would
ferever flee away.

Now by her ever-changing form, di-
viner than of yore,
An' by her superstructure, which she
cal's her pompydore,
By all her charmin' arts an' wiles, an'
by the great Horn Spoon,
She ought to have the ballot, an' she
ought to have it soon.
Her husband an' her father, an' the
other powers of sin
Are hold'n' back the golden age—
that's why it don't begin;
Let loose them tides of goodness that
are waitin' to be hurled
By the power of Votin' Women on a
poor defenseless world.

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