

**Title:** Laura E. Burt's original woman's rights stump speech a la Belva Lockwood

**Name(s):** Burt, Laura E.

**Resource Type:**

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**Subject(s):** gender stereotypes -- women  
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Queen Victoria  
clothing -- bathing suits  
food -- gender preferences  
gender relations -- ruling women

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*Laura E. Burt's Original Woman's Rights  
of Emancipati Stump Speech  
A. La Belva Lockwood.*

Enter handsomely dressed, wearing stylish bonnet

trimmed with real fruit, carries umbrella-- goes to table, C,  
on which is inkstand with burnt cork.

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L A D I E S:

I repeat, Ladies! You'll observe that I don't say gentlemen. They're not in this at all. (fiercely.) We don't want 'em-- We won't have 'em-- We can't (mildly.) But to resume.

I have been requested to stump the state. I don't state the stump I stand on when I stump the state, Oh, No! Are you a Republican? Hood for you. Are you a Democrat? You know your business. Are you a Prohibitionist? I'm with you.

Only yesterday Grover said to me-- "Belva, my dear-- he said my dear rather mildly you know, for Frankie was in the next room-- Belva, my dear-- they mean to lock up the surplus. To which I replied, "let em-- let em- They may lock houses, they may lock stores, lock factories, but they can't Lockwood!

(Puts handkerchief to her face, drops it on floor and pulls it up quickly by invisible string.)

But to resume-- Where is woman? I repeat, Where is she? Crushed, trampled on, laughed at and suffering terrible humiliation. Fed on reed birds, quail, ice cream, soft shell crabs and champagne. And the tyrant man? What is he doing? He is hustling for the dust. What does woman care for hustle? Nothing at all. But spell hustle with a B and she is with you.

(Picks fruit from bonnet and eats it.)

But to resume. When men speak of the noise and bustle of the street, they are giving us a shot. They said that the bustle must go, we laughed at them- Ha-ha-ha-ha- But when Frankie said it must go that settled it, what she says goes, even the bustle. But to resume. In this great contest, woman has no say. (Very loudly.) Woman must be silent she has no voice- she can't be heard. (Very loudly and rapidly till breath is exhausted.)

They will not always be meek, mild, gentle, submissive, quiet, a lamb like, shrinking, doing all the work and getting none of the money except when our husbands are asleep, washing the dinner, cooking the children, setting the table and upsetting things generally. Eh, What? I am a woman of very few words.

But to resume. This young man of whom I have been speaking! What of him? Oh! what of him? He fell into some property and hurt himself.

What do women want? The ballot. What do men want? The Ballet. Talk about reducing the surplus, most people would like a surplus to reduce. Oh! Woman, lovely woman, never happy when you're free. You're always talking about the men wherever you may be. Even the little laugh you give is always He-He-He. and if you're both in love with one, Oh! how you disagree. But to resume.

(Business with Handkerchief)

Where are Susan B. Anthony, Dr. Mary Walker and the rest of us girls? Looking for a vote. We want the vote, as for Dr. Mary Walker, she pants for it. We want the tariff changed. We don't know what it is, but we want it changed.

We girls want things fixed so that when we lose a bet, we needn't pay. Though to come to think of it we never do.

But to resume. I once was a sales lady and my employer was crazy, he let us girls set down behind the counter, Dude came in, Dude said, ' I want a number fourteen collar, stand up!

But to resume. How about money, How about it, where is it? its locked up in the treasury, give us the key and you'll see it fly.

Men take their money to the bank and safely there they lock it. But woman's cash is safer still, for no man ever did or will find out a woman's pocket. Girls don't you marry! don't you marry girls. No-- you marry men.

What kind of a man is that, that when his girl asks him for a seal skin he gives her the sacque? Yet such men live and they abuse us girls, because we can't be quiet, they say that when we ain't talking, we are chewing gum to keep our jaws in practice,

But to resume. Political effervescence amalgamated with hysterical coincidences, philosophically ostrasized with etymological vocabularies, will never permeate the magnanimity of the meteorological ambiguousness of perpendicular peculiarities. Will they? Never! I hope I make myself clear.

But to resume. Suppose a man doesn't believe in the electric light and prefers a gas chandelier, can you call him chandelirious? Eh! What? Never! Think of that beautiful poem that has been a comfort to so many weary hearts, that was written by Lawn Tennis. ~~It~~ mean Lord Tennyson.

"If a body meet a body, tramping through the snow,  
There are no flies on Galloglass because he let 'em go."

Pause for a moment. Let us look backward into the future! What do we see? We see gentle woman, what is she doing? She is doing nothing and man is helping her. It won't do-- it won't do-- No wonder women are such good poker players, they generally have such beautiful hands. So are Irishmen, don't they often hold Pat hands? And some of the New York car companies, don't they generally fill their Bob-tails? Then there's Base Ball. Your Mother-in-law can't play base ball! Why? Because she'll never make a short stop. She says she only visits you twice a year, so she does, so she does, and she stays six months each visit.

But to resume. (Eats fruit from bonnet.)

Why shouldn't we have a woman President? Isn't England ruled by a Queen? And isn't her side always Victorious? Eh? Look at Frankie! Wouldn't she make a daisy President? But what has this got to do with ladies bathing suits? Were you at the seaside? Did you see 'em? They were hard to see, but did you see them? They say there were few young men at the seaside this summer! No wonder! those bathing suits drove 'em away! Who started that horrid story about red headed girls and white horses? Why it was a man! What's the matter with a white headed man being followed by a red Horse? **Nothing** at all! Keep it up!

Statistic's say that there ain't men enough to go around. Not at all. Not at all. The trouble is they go around too much and when they get home at night they dont

know a door-key from a Donkey. We don't want the men, we can get along without 'em. But can they get along without us? that's the point!

Put all the girls on one side of the river and all the men on the other and what a lot of poor men would be drowned. That's all right, I know you've heard it the other way, but the other way was wrong. Then there's whiskey. Women don't want free whiskey, give 'em free ice cream, free caramels and free Matinee tickets and they'll vote for you, then there's the taxes. We don't care anything about taking the taxes off of Tobacco. What we want, is something that'll take the tacks out of carpets. And where's the Politician who'll give us frizzes that won't come out in damp weather.

Now in conclusion my sisters, let me say, that we have a great future before us. Man rules the world, but woman rules man, if she knows her business. They say if a woman gets to be a voter, she'll marry the Politician, who is the handsomest. Not at all, she may do so two or three times, but she won't make a practice of it.

Sixteenthly and last, be courageous- be brave and Oh! girls we shall force the tyrant man to give us our rights, including the right to play base ball-- Then women will know they are in the right field. If we succeed the future is bright; if we fail (Puts handkerchief to her eyes, burnt cork &c.) things will look black, very black. (Removed handkerchief and exits immediately.)