

THE

FLAPPER

Not For Old Fogies

JUNE, 1922

THE NEW FASHIONED GIRL.

Let them sing of the girls of the long, long ago,
Who were shocked if their elbow or stockings did show
But I'll chant of the maidens whose ankles are free
To show their half-socks, and the shape of their knees.
Let them praise those back numbers who turned in their toes
And panted and fainted when MEN would propose;
Compared to the short-skirted, bob-headed fry
Who meet all proposals with right to the eye.
Let them shed all their tears in a crocodile pour
For the simple simp sister who flourished of yore
But I'll cast my vote in the way that I feel—
For the girl self-reliant, bright, snappy and REAL.

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