

TERRANIA

OR
THE FEMINIZATION OF THE WORLD

BY

COLUMBUS BRADFORD, A. M.

Author of "Birth a New Chance," "Circumstances Made to Order," etc.

"TERRANIA" is partly history, but mostly prophecy written as if history, supposedly in the year 1950—somewhat after the order of Bellamy's "Looking Backward."

It is cast in the form of a romance, with an unusually unique plot. Major Goff, a wealthy young army officer, falls in love with his stenographer, Amy Mortimer, and proposes marriage. She rejects his offer outright at first, later confesses her love for him, but tells him she cannot marry because of a career extraordinary she has resolved upon, which is to organize the unmarried women of the world in a world strike against matrimony as a means to a particular end—the ending of war.

The major finally induces our heroine to agree to marry him after all this has been accomplished, putting at her service all of his wealth and influence. She resigns her position in the War Department but asks him to remain in his that he may be used later as an instrument in compelling the armies of the world to scrap their own armaments.

The strike meets with unexpected success. The "Federation of the World" is soon effected through the "Feminization of the World." All the nations are federated under the name "Terrania," and our heroine becomes the first World President.

The story ends with the marriage of the hero and heroine, and that of all the other conditionally engaged couples of the world, and the inaugural address of President Amy Mortimer Goff.

Taken seriously or as burlesque, we have in "TERRANIA" a piece of peace advocacy in most fascinating form.

Terrania

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BIRTH A NEW CHANCE

CIRCUMSTANCES MADE TO ORDER

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DEDICATED TO

My Wife

My four Daughters

My Granddaughter

PREFACE

THE author of this book does not need to be told that he has set forth in its pages an exaggerated situation.

But, however unlikely the radical program herein set forth in fiction form is ever to become a fact in history, I do contend that there is nothing in said program that women would not be justified in resorting to to abolish war.

Premier Ramsay MacDonald, in a recent newspaper interview, is quoted as saying:

“The next war, of which people are already talking so lightly, and for which governments are so blindly preparing, will leave civilization a smoking ruin and a putrefying charnel house. No man, woman or child will be immune. Destruction will arise from the sea and fall from the air, and people will drop mysteriously where they stand, touched by the invisible breath of poison.”

I have written this story in the sincere belief that the only hope of averting that “Next War,” with all its suicidal consequences, is in

P R E F A C E

organized womanhood. Feeling a real humiliation in the messed-up condition of world affairs brought about by my own sex, I share the faith expressed by Mrs. J. Borden Harriman in her book, "From Pinafores to Politics," that "women may yet find some way to lead the race away from self-destruction." I also believe with Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, as reported from an address before a women's convention in Atlantic City some time ago, that it is "the task of women to demilitarize the minds of the world."

Commandeering the apt title of a book by Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, I trust my story may aid at least a little in "Mobilizing Woman's Power."

C. B.

Washington, D. C.

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CHAPTER I

STARTING SOMETHING

“ . . . ’till the war-drum throbbed no longer,
And the battle flags were furled,
In the Parliament of WO-MAN,
The Fem’nization of the world.”

“**T**HAT, I suppose, would be the way you would render the great laureate’s lines if you ever succeed in putting into operation your proposed scheme.”

When John Goff proposed marriage to Amy Mortimer he had not the remotest suspicion that he was thereby “starting something.” And when in the process of pressing his suit he satirically made the above paraphrase of Lord Tennyson’s familiar lines, he did not dream that he was unwittingly uttering a prophecy that he was later to see so literally fulfilled.

Looking back from the summit of this mid-year of this Twentieth Christian Century to the year 1920, it is difficult for us to realize what momentous strides in world government have come about in one short generation

through the agency of organized womanhood. In that year the Nineteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution went into effect, and the doors to every polling booth in the United States swung wide open to women for the first time. Previous to that date a few states had permitted complete or partial suffrage to women, and the practical results were such as to deem justifiable the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment.

While the adoption of this Nineteenth Amendment was a long step in the right direction, it was soon discovered that it did not give the women all that they demanded, namely, absolute equality with men in all the states in all particulars. So there was organized what was called "The National Woman's Party," which sponsored an additional amendment to the American constitution, worded as follows:

"Men and Women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its Jurisdiction." This was known as the Lucretia Mott Amendment, while the Nineteenth was called the Susan B. Anthony Amendment, thus honoring the two most

noted women among the pioneer workers for woman suffrage.

The adoption of this amendment for complete equality of women with men was a comparatively easy task, since the women themselves were in a position to furnish so many of the necessary ballots for its adoption.

Possibly it would have been not so easy if it could have been foreseen that the women would not stop with mere equality, but were before very long to take all political power away from the male sex in all the world, and almost suddenly switch the entire course of human history, as the coming pages of this story will disclose.

From this period on we can note a very rapid increase of woman's influence in world affairs. It was not far from this time that the ballot was given to women in Great Britain and Germany, and even in India the women were voting, and the Kuominting Congress in China had declared for equality for women in law, politics, economics and education. Altogether twenty-nine governments of the world had woman suffrage.

But if we may judge from the current liter-

ature of that period, no person then living had the slightest conception of the then imminent world changes that were to be wrought through the organized agency of enfranchised womanhood.

While practically all people living today, even many of the grade school children know the main facts about this feminization movement, there are many important particulars and details that have never been made public. Events have been speeding along so rapidly there has not been time to record them all, much less to analyze the causation processes preceding those events and the momentous effects following them.

Inasmuch, therefore, as this new, feminized régime seems now impregnably established throughout the world, and matters in general moving along normally under that régime, I feel that the time has come to present the history of the wonderful movement in something like its fullness. And, by virtue of a very full knowledge of that history while it was in the making, and of the exclusive possession of much of the material essential to history writing, such as the letters, diaries and scrap-

books of many of the foremost figures in the movement, I feel justified in attempting the task of telling the world the story of this most unique revolution in all human history.

It will probably at first seem a bit strange that such a stupendous revolution should have been precipitated by so commonplace a thing as a marriage proposal by a young man to a young woman. But the matter will all be cleared up by the time the story is fully told. All the steps leading up to the sudden precipitation of this revolution did indeed appear on the surface to be the most common possible of the every day commonplace. A young major of thirty-two in the United States Army has charge of a Division in the Office of the Chief of Coast Artillery in the War Department in the Capital City. A young lady from New England with a Civil Service status is appointed to be his stenographer. She is ten years his junior, but he falls in love with her at first sight, though he stoically conceals the fact for a full year. He had always considered himself perfectly and permanently immune to the wily darts of Dan Cupid. But when this attractive young brunette from New Eng-

land appeared in his office, he suddenly became aware of a serious and hitherto unknown heart affection. Long smouldering embers, you know, oftentimes flare up with greatest fury. It certainly was so in this case. For some little time he heroically but hypocritically suppressed and concealed this new emotion. He was courteous and considerate in his daily conduct of that part of the office business in which his stenographer had to participate, but beyond that he scrupulously avoided showing her any attention whatever.

“What’s the use, anyway?” he would say to himself. “I would only be kidding myself if I tried to make love to her. I am such an old guy, and she is so young and attractive. I would have no chance at all in competition with some young chap nearer her own age.” Then he would find himself in spite of himself consoling himself in the recollection of some much older “guys” than himself who had wooed and wed their office stenographers. He may or may not have heard that saying of some wag or wit,—that stenographer girls make the best of wives because they have become accustomed beforehand to being dictated

to. If he had heard it, that consideration had no influence upon him, for as we shall see further along he loved Amy Mortimer enough to let her do some dictating.

For her own part, Miss Mortimer did not have to play any hypocritical game. Love at first sight in this case was a one-sided affair. Being aware of this, the major was the more eager to conceal his love in order to avoid an inevitable humiliation. But she had no occasion for concealing on this score, for she had no love either to conceal or reveal. While her conduct towards her "dictator" was always strictly ladylike, and while she was faithful, punctual and efficient in all her work, she never in the least showed him anything akin to deference.

The same, however, could be said as regards her conduct towards all men in general. She was exceedingly reserved and reticent in the presence of men. We can even go further and say that she was backward and shy even in mingling with those of her own sex. She roomed alone at the Government hotel, and insisted on eating alone at a small table off in a corner of the dining room. She was re-

garded by the other girl occupants and the matrons as decidedly unsocial. She became familiarly known among them as "that Yankee recluse." She was an omnivorous reader, having quite a few books in her own room, and being often seen at nights and on Sunday afternoons in the Library of Congress. She seemed also as fond of paintings as of books, often visiting the Art Galleries, and having many pictures in her small room at the hotel, and especially photographs of the more noted women of history, such as Queen Elizabeth of England, Catharine of Russia, Joan of Arc, Mrs. Pankhurst, Lady Astor, Susan B. Anthony, Frances E. Willard, Carrie Chapman Catt — and even Carrie Nation with her hatchet. All of which indicated her belief in the capacity of womankind for the control and direction of world affairs.

Besides her severely unsociable disposition, Miss Mortimer came from an entirely different social stratum from that represented by Major Goff. She came from what may be called an upper middle class family of New England, speaking in terms of intellect and education rather than of wealth. Her father

was an American Quaker of English ancestry, and her mother, though American born, was the daughter of thrifty and intelligent French peasants of old Huguenot stock. Amy was the youngest of five children. Her father died before she reached her teens, and her four brothers all lost their lives in the World War. They were all unmarried, and two of them had insurance in force at the time of their deaths, of which their mother and sister were the sole beneficiaries, and this provided the means for Amy's education. She took a four-year literary course at Wellesley, then a year in a Boston business college where she became an expert stenographer. Surplus funds being now all used up, and she under the necessity of supporting herself and partly supporting her mother, she took a Civil Service examination for stenographers, passed with a high grade, went to Washington and received the appointment as above stated.

Major Goff, on the other hand, was the scion of a wealthy family of New York City. His father had chosen for him a military career on the day of his birth, and began the boy's education for that career as soon as he

was old enough to play with toys by keeping him constantly supplied with all kinds of military toys—tin soldiers, drums, bugles, toy pistols and cannons. He sent his young son to the best private schools in preparation for college, put him through a literary course in Columbia University and then a military course at West Point.

When the World War broke out, young Goff was among the first American boys to go to Canada and enlist in a Canadian company that went overseas early in 1915. He fought in the ranks as a private until the United States entered the War, and was then transferred to the forces of his own country with the rank of captain. He fought in many battles with much distinction, and came out with the rank of major. On his return to his homeland he was assigned to a desk in the Office of the Chief of Coast Artillery, settled down to the routine of office work, hopefully awaiting "the next war." He purchased a beautiful wooded knoll overlooking the Potomac River from the Virginia side, which he named "Potomac Prospect," and began the erection thereon of a fine mansion—not, it would seem, with a

view to "marrying and settling down," but mainly because he did not know of any more desirable way to use his inherited money.

Here, then, in this ordinary business relationship, are these two quite opposite poles of human society, the one strongly attracting, the other apparently just as strongly repelling. The innate difference in taste and disposition between them at this time is in nothing better illustrated than by the young stenographer's first letter back home after she had been appointed a stenographer in the War Department:

Government Hotel R-S, Washington, D. C.
Monday night.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I arrived safe in Washington City early this morning, came to this hotel, which consists of a group of buildings especially built to house the girls working in the several Government Departments, got breakfast, left my baggage and went first to the Civil Service Commission. There I was told that the only place where a stenographer was needed was in the War Department, in the Bureau called the O. C. C. A.

(which I afterward learned means "Office of the Chief of Coast Artillery"). I was told to go to the Munitions Building and ask to see the chief clerk in that Bureau. I found this genial gentleman, who after looking over my papers, administered the oath of office to me, and appointed me to the position of stenographer for one of the officers, whom they call Major Goff. He is a very polite and kind gentleman, and I believe will be agreeable to work for. But oh why did the Fates assign such a lifelong hater of war and lover of peace as I am to work in the War Department, where I must stay constantly in a military atmosphere and environment? The blood of my four dear brothers sleeping over there in Flanders Field, seems to cry out in protest! Through all the years of my college course, as I daily recalled the unwelcome way the means therefor came to me, I vowed I would do something to avenge their untimely deaths by helping in every way possible to abolish war. And now the first work I enter upon is of a nature tending to perpetuate war.

But I see nothing else to do but go ahead in the faithful performance of my daily tasks un-

til the way opens to a work more to my liking. So I can but take as my motto that of the late President Wilson—"Watchful Waiting."

Your loving and devoted daughter,

AMY.

In a few days came this reply to the above letter:

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

I am so relieved to know that you reached your destination in safety, and that you succeeded so early in getting a position. With our shortage of funds, how embarrassing it would have been to have had to wait for weeks for work.

Though your position may not be as congenial in all particulars as you could wish, the only proper thing to do is, as you say, to make the best of it, and hope for something better by and by. We cannot always know in advance just what is for our own best interests. What sometimes may appear not to be for the best in the beginning, may turn out to be so in the ending.

Write often, my dearest. Be a brave girl
and don't get homesick.

Much love,

MOTHER.

The full significance of certain statements
in the above letter will appear in later develop-
ments of this story.

CHAPTER II

COMING EVENTS FORESHADOWED

THERE were some other commonplace happenings in the processes leading up to the revolution whose story we are here recording.

One of my contemporaries tells me the following interesting incident:

“Away back in the early eighties of the nineteenth century, when I was a young commercial traveler in a middle western state, I dropped into a small town late one Saturday afternoon and inquired for a boarding house. There was a small college in the town, and I was directed to a house where several of the young men students boarded. I did not dream that at that place on that evening I was to meet a future President of the United States, and one who was to have a considerable part in the ushering in of the new age of which you write. He was then still in his teens, and had just graduated from the little college above mentioned. I hardly think anybody at that time would have regarded him as of presidential proportions, though one could readily

gather from the talk over the tea cups that his fellow students saw in him at least incipient aptitudes of leadership.

“I did not remain long in that town, but carried away in memory the full name of that young man, which I had looked up in the college catalogue. I did not see in print or hear spoken that name for twenty-eight years, but when I saw in the newspapers in the summer of 1910 that the Republican party in Ohio would likely nominate Warren G. Harding as its candidate for governor of that state, I said to myself, ‘That must be the Warren Gamaliel Harding I saw in the catalogue of that little college in Iberia, Ohio, in June, 1882.’ My curiosity prompted me to write him a letter addressed to the State Capitol, to which I received a reply verifying my surmises. I wrote him again to thank him for his reply, and said to him: ‘You are in the state that makes Presidents, and if you get elected governor you will be in line for the White House.’ He was defeated in that election, but four years later was elected to represent his state in the United States Senate, and in 1920 was elected to the presidency.”

Although Mr. Harding lived through but little more than half of the four-year term for which he was elected, his election and brief administration will ever stand out in history as the beginning of a new epoch in human affairs. In that brief period occurred some events notable enough in themselves, but even more notable as the foreshadowings of greater events that took place after he passed from the stage of action. It was in his election, as previously noted, that women first participated on a national scale, under the then newly adopted Nineteenth Amendment to the American constitution.

Then there was the Limitation of Armaments Conference called by Mr. Harding in the autumn of the first year of his administration. This Conference, held in the United States Capital, and participated in by several of the greater military powers of the world of that day, was regarded at the time as in itself a most noteworthy world event. While it proved later to be largely a disappointment, the discerning historian must after all regard it as the beginning of that completely dis-

armed condition in which we find our world in this glad year of 1950.

In support of my claim that the Harding Administration was a turning point in history, let me quote a few sentences from the memorial address given by Secretary of State Hughes at a Memorial Session of Congress held not long after Mr. Harding's death:

"A period has closed from which mankind will hereafter make its reckonings. It was at the very moment of transition that Warren G. Harding was called to leadership."

"President Harding met the need of the hour. That need was conciliation and co-operation; he incarnated both."

"Doubtless the great Armament Conference will be known as the most outstanding event of his administration. It was a statesmanlike effort to promote world peace."

In his opening address to this Limitation of Armaments Conference, President Harding himself said:

"A world staggering with debt needs its burden lifted. Humanity, which has been shocked by wanton destruction, would mini-

mize the agencies of that destruction. . . . The United States welcomes you with unselfish hand. . . . We wish to sit with you at the table of international understanding and good will. In good conscience we are eager to meet you frankly, and invite and offer co-operation. The world demands a sober contemplation of the existing order and the realization that there can be no cure without sacrifice, not by one of us, but by all of us. . . . Our hundred millions frankly want less of armament and none of war.”

Later, after several weeks of conference by representatives of nine great nations, in a closing address Mr. Harding uttered these significant words:

“At this table came understanding, and understanding brands armed conflict as abominable in the eyes of enlightened civilization. I once believed in armed preparedness. I advocated it. But I have come now to believe there is a better preparedness in a public mind and world opinion made ready to grant justice precisely as it exacts it. And justice is better served in conferences of peace than in conflicts

at arms. . . . No intrigue, no offensive or defensive alliances, no involvements have wrought your agreements, but reasoning with each other to common understanding has made new relationships among Governments and peoples, new securities for peace, and new opportunities for achievement and attending happiness. . . . It is all so fine, so gratifying, so reassuring, so full of promise, that above the murmurings of a world sorrow not yet silenced; above the groans which come of excessive burdens not yet lifted but soon to be lightened; above the discouragements of a world yet struggling to find itself after surpassing upheaval, there is the note of rejoicing which is not alone ours or yours, or of all of us, but comes from the hearts of men of all the world."

President Harding's successor, Calvin Coolidge, in a later memorial address, uttered these words concerning the place and achievement of his lamented predecessor:

"He caught the ear of a war-tired world. He called our country back to the paths of peace and gladly it came. He beckoned the

nations to come and sit in council. He pointed them the way to peace. He set the example of readiness to cast away the sword from the arm of might. He sought for men and nations a peace, the only true and lasting peace, based on justice and right. He stood first and firm for his own country, then for mankind. His sincerity and frankness won to his side those who sensed the great truth of human brotherhood. So he led the way to the monumental accomplishments of the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament."

Following this Conference there was indeed a considerable scrapping of some old and obsolete war vessels, and a check on the building of certain types of new ones. But in a few years it became sorely manifest that the achievements of the Harding-Hughes Conference of 1921 fell far short of what had been so fondly hoped. And it was this general reaction from hope to disappointment that helped to provoke and to precipitate the radical woman's movement of world proportions, of which we are to learn more fully in succeeding chapters of this story.

A further foreshadowing of the future was indicated in the great convocation of women in Hyde Park, London, in the summer of 1926, called "The Army of Peace." These women came together on foot from a considerable area of the British Empire—one claiming to have walked five hundred miles to reach the place of meeting.

These marching crusaders for peace carried banners and streamers with these significant sentences on them: "*War Is Hell.*" "*War Is a Massacre of the Innocents.*" "*The World Is a Family, Not a Barracks.*" "*Where Reason Rules There Is No War.*" "*End War, or War Will End Us.*"

One of the most important addresses at this London meeting was by Lord Parmoor, who had been Lord President of the Council of the Labor Ministry of Ramsay MacDonald in the early twenties. Referring to a conference at Geneva, at which an attempt had been made for further limitation of armaments by European nations, he said: "I see no prospect of an immediate advance (towards disarmament) unless Britain comes to the front, not

only by taking the lead at the proposed conference, but formulating a concrete suggestion for prompt action. As matters stand, the spirit of peace evoked in formulating the protocol at the great Geneva meeting in 1924 is ebbing away."

A similar pessimistic note was struck at another gathering of women in Atlantic City, earlier in this same year (1926) by one of the most noted women of the time—Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt. She referred to the various organizations seeking to promote world peace, such as the League of Nations, the World Court, The Hague Tribunal, but said these were not enough. It was the task of women, she said, to "demilitarize the minds of the world."

I must refer briefly to yet one more assemblage of women in this eventful year of 1926—The Women's Peace Congress at Dublin. It was held under the auspices of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, whose aims were restated to be "to unite the women in all countries who are opposed to every kind of war, exploitation and oppression, and who work for universal disarmament

and for the solution of conflicts by the recognition of human ability, by conciliation and arbitration, by world co-operation, and by establishment of social, political, and economic justice for all, without distinction of sex, race, class, or creed."

This Dublin Congress was presided over by Miss Jane Addams, of Chicago, a woman who a few years before had received the largest number of votes in answer to the question, "Who is the most noted woman in the world?" She was the founder of the Hull House Social Settlement in one of the densest slum districts of that great city by the lake. This local enterprise would have been enough to engage all the powers of the ordinary man or woman, but Miss Addams seemed to be able to lend a hand and a voice to almost every uplift enterprise in all the world.

In spite of all these movements and organizations for the promotion of peace and the disarmament of the nations, those nations kept on increasing their armaments. It was the contemplation of this fact, and the daily growing menace of another world holocaust, that moved the main heroine of our story to brood,

and scheme, and plan some more radical movement to bring about that which all existing agencies seemed utterly powerless to achieve, namely the disarmament of the nations and the establishment of universal peace.

CHAPTER III.

BUILDING A BRIDGE OF SIGHS

WANTED, by John N. Goff, *a Bridge of Size*. Constructed, only a *Bridge of Sighs*. He did indeed need a bridge of considerable size as to length to span the social chasm between himself and the stenographer girl with whom he had so violently fallen in love. We will let him tell his predicament in his own words. On the same night that Miss Mortimer had written the above letter, Major Goff made the following entry in his private journal.

“Something new and unforeseen has happened to me today. I have fallen in love. And if they knew it, I dare say my home folks, and my social set generally, would put the emphasis on “fallen.” Without doubt this young woman with whom I have become so suddenly and so violently fascinated does come from a social stratum different from mine—I somehow cannot let myself say lower than mine—and this does mean some problems for me if I decide to venture forth upon a courtship in earnest. As all my friends and

close acquaintances know, I have long considered myself immune against such an experience as this that came today, and if it had to come I wonder why it could not have involved some young woman of my own social rank. That it hasn't, has been by no means from lack of opportunity. I have no less than a half score of lady friends and acquaintances here in Washington of the highest caste and character, with whom I have associated freely and regularly at theater parties and military balls, but . . . No one of these has ever taken hold of the deepest depths of my being as has this perfectly wonderful girl from New England who came into my office today and became my stenographer.

"Of course, this being a new experience, and coming so suddenly, it may possibly pass off just as suddenly. I will have to wait a bit and see.

"But if it does soon pass off, as regards this young lady, the fact that it came means that I can no longer consider myself immune, so may as well begin seriously to sift the question of matrimony—whether I will resolutely fight off such spells of fascination and remain single

all my life, or succumb to some one of them and take a wife. As a military man in full anticipation of another great war in which as a matter of course I shall expect to participate, I have congratulated myself many times on having no family. I have seen the parting of officers from their families on going away to war, and felt that a military man by profession really is better off without a family.

“But on the other hand it has to be admitted that most of the great generals of history have been married men and had families. The fact that I am building a house of some pretensions leads my friends to surmise that I have really decided to seek a wife and settle down—anyhow until that next war does come. But I began this building mainly as an antidote to the ennui of peacetime in army life.

“As for this particular young woman, even if my present fascination holds fast, and I should decide to ignore all differences as to social strata, she may not reciprocate my interest in her. I am such an old guy and she is so young and attractive. I fear I would have no chance in competition with some dashing young chap nearer her own age. So all these

pros and cons I am putting down here may count for nothing. I guess it would be prudent to indulge in a period of Wilsonian 'watchful waiting.' "

. . . The watching and waiting went on without a break for almost a year. As the time came near for Miss Mortimer to go on her first annual leave, the major formed a firm resolve to make some kind of a "break." He would at least break his silence. And he hoped that nothing else about him would have to break, but he had to confess to himself that he had very scant grounds, if any, on which to base that hope. Let us have another brief extract from his private journal: "Almost a year now, of watchful waiting; with emphasis on both words. On my part it was love at first sight, and as my fair one goes away on her vacation it will be love at last sight, and continue love out of sight. I think my course has been the prudent one—submitting my new experience to the test of time. Now I am so sure that my love for this young woman is genuine, I feel justified in letting her know how I feel towards her. I am no longer bothered, as I was at the first, about differences as

to social strata. True, I have not let my father and mother know of my fascination for this girl who does not move in our social circles. I will defer that until I learn whether or not I can win the girl. Time enough to cross bridges after we reach them."

On her way back to her New England home, where she was to spend her vacation, Miss Amy stopped off and spent a Sunday with some friends in Baltimore. I mention this little detail because it has an important bearing on subsequent events, although at the time there was no surface appearance of any such bearing. The Presbyterian General Assembly happened to be in session in that city at that time, and although Miss Amy was a communicant and regular worshipper at the old Quaker church at 1811 Eye Street in Washington, the friends she was visiting were Presbyterians, so she readily consented to go with them to the Assembly session for that day. The special feature of the service that day was an address on Constitutional Government by a prominent United States Senator from the far west. While his address that day specialized on one particular amendment to the

American constitution, Miss Mortimer noted some general points in constitutional government stressed by the senator which were to be of service to her in the future, though of this fact at this time she was of course wholly unaware.

But Major Goff, though himself a pious Presbyterian, and a regular church attendant and choir singer in Washington, did not go to church on that Sunday. Considering the state of mind in which he found himself, he felt that it would be a kind of solemn mockery to go to the sanctuary and take a mere perfunctory part in the service. He had on the day before asked and obtained the consent of Miss Amy to go to her hotel and assist her to her train with her hand baggage. He at first planned to ask the privilege of spending a part of the previous evening with her, but got a fear that she would be so busy packing for her journey that it would be an unfavorable time for him to tell her what was on his heart. So on Sunday morning, after getting her and her baggage on the train for Baltimore, he went to his room and spent most of the rest of the day in

composing and writing the following letter to her:

“DEAR MISS MORTIMER:

You will doubtless be surprised to receive this letter on your arrival home, and I have a fear that you may regard me as ultra timid, if not positively cowardly, in not telling you face to face what has so long been on my mind and heart, instead of waiting till you got out of sight and then firing a letter after you. But I have waited in order to be more sure of myself. And now that you are gone from my sight for a time it settles down upon me with a positive certainty that the feeling aroused in me at my first sight of you a year ago is no mere surface and fickle emotion, but one that is to abide, regardless of how you may choose to regard me. I feel that I shall be doing myself a wrong if I longer withhold from you the knowledge of my deep and sincere love for you. Believe me, my dear Miss Amy, if ever on this earth a man loved a woman, I am that man and you are the woman. Never being in love till I saw you, I could not understand the queer conduct of those who were said to be

in love—rather regarded it as a weakness of which I would never be guilty. But this, I now discover, was only because the right woman had never happened along. My first sight of you was when you sat with uplifted right hand while the chief clerk of our Bureau read the oath to you. I specially noted and admired the beauty and abundance of black hair you wore on your head, and rejoiced that I was to have as my stenographer a young woman who was not swayed by the dicta of Dame Fashion. Then at the conclusion of the reading of the oath, you happened to look towards me—and, oh, the revelations that shot forth from those dark and piercing eyes! And every time you have looked at me since that first time, those eyes have shot fiery darts through the inmost soul of me. Because of the disparity of age and some other differences between us, I at first thought best to restrain and suppress my feelings towards you. But all in vain. I must now let you know that henceforth my life is incomplete and unsatisfied until linked with yours in the bonds of holy matrimony. I am imparting this knowledge to you thus early in your vacation so you can

have plenty of time to consider the matter before returning to your post of duty here in my office, when I shall expect an answer to my proposal. Trusting that answer will be in accord with my supreme desire, I remain,

Devotedly yours,

JOHN NEANDER GOFF."

Miss Amy, having stopped off two days on the way home, found this letter awaiting her when she arrived. But it aroused in her emotions quite the opposite of those the writer had hoped to arouse. Before she answered it she wrote the Civil Service Commission in Washington requesting a transfer to some other Department, giving as a reason that she so hated war that working in a military atmosphere was very uncongenial to her—which was the truth, indeed, but not the whole truth. She had found Major Goff personally agreeable to work for, but now that he had disclosed his intentions to make love to her, she desired, if possible, to avoid the necessity of further daily contact with him.

As soon as she had completed this letter to the Commission, she took up the matter of

answering the major's letter. Although he had expressed the wish that she withhold immediate reply unless it could be favorable, she promptly penned and mailed to him the following:

"DEAR MAJOR GOFF:

Your letter of recent date was awaiting me on my arrival here today. I very much regret to have to disappoint you, but I cannot even take under advisement your proposal of marriage. This for reasons I do not wish to disclose, but they are sufficient and satisfactory to myself. I will add, however, that none of these reasons pertain to you personally, and I wish to acknowledge the high honor you have paid me in considering me worthy to be your wife. But it would be doing you an injustice to keep you waiting for even the brief month I am to be absent from Washington.

With sincere regards and sincere regrets,

AMY MORTIMER."

Having thus satisfied her sense of courtesy, she turned her attention to matters of more

immediate interest to her than matrimony. The next letter she wrote was to Senator Borah, whose address in Baltimore the previous Sunday had interested her so much. She told him how much she appreciated his exaltation and defense of constitutional government, and asked him to send her copies of that and any other speeches of his along the same lines. Then before retiring she made this note in her diary: "I received by mail today my first offer of marriage. And from whom? None other than the man for whom I have been working the past year. A very fine gentleman, as men in general grade up. But as for me—a plague on the entire tribe of male men! For ages upon ages they have had full control of world affairs, and what a pretty mess they have made of it all. Forever flying at each other's throats! I have a strong conviction that the time has come for women to organize all over the world and take over from men the control of world affairs. I do not see how we could possibly do any worse than the men have done. And I believe we could do vastly better. Nothing like trying anyhow.

And I have a further conviction that I may yet have a special mission by way of helping to effect such organization. Who knows?"

She must have within a few days received a full supply of Senator Borah's speeches, for I find liberal extracts from several of them pasted in her scrap book, along with other contemporary matter. From one of these speeches I quote the following excerpt:

"Outlawry of War

Excerpt from speech of Senator William E. Borah in the Senate of the United States, December 29, 1922. Page 1049, *Congressional Record*.

Mr. President, this situation is far more serious than it seems to be conceded in this debate. Each day the trouble seems to deepen and the menace seems to come nearer and nearer. What may it all mean? It is not many weeks since we celebrated the fourth anniversary of the signing of the armistice—in some respects the most important event since the beginning of the Christian era. I thought I saw in the last celebration a lack of

fervor. There was an atmosphere of jaded formality, if not of doubt and anxiety. There seemed to be an unexpressed feeling that the whole thing was untrue, in that there was nothing to celebrate. At the very time of the celebration the war clouds lowered upon the Near East. The formal phrases of the celebration were lost in the accustomed patois of premiers and diplomats speaking in almost indifferent terms of another great conflict. A tremor of dread shot with searching swiftness from corner to corner of a wounded, broken, and almost bankrupt world. The situation is only a little more hopeful now. Indeed, at no time during the last four years have the people of the world been free from the tormenting apprehension of another frightful sacrifice. The whole human family, scarred and tortured, prays for peace; and yet there is no peace. When shall we cease to live in this atmosphere of war? When shall we escape from the spell of war? When shall we loosen the grip of the monster? This is the most stupendous problem in the world today. Beside this question all other questions are subsidiary and incidental. Without a solution, and a

favorable solution, of this riddle, human progress becomes a misfortune, the inventions of the human mind a curse, and civilization, so-called, an alluring trap into which men and women are ensnared to a death of unspeakable torture.”

I quote this particular excerpt because she refers to it in a later note in her diary as having definitely influenced her future career.

As the time approached for her return to the Capital, and no assurance had been received from the Civil Service Commission that she could be transferred to another Department, she saw that she would have to reconcile herself to further association with Major Goff. But she was resolved to look less attractive to him if possible, so the day before she started back to Washington she went to a barber and sacrificed the fine head of hair the major had so highly commended her for keeping, and then to an oculist and had fitted to her eyes the most horrid looking goggles that

again to Major Goff. If it be true that "All's well that ends well," I wonder if it is equally true that all's ill that begins ill? The major certainly had to feel that he had made a very unpromising beginning in this his first attempt of love-making. He may have heard the old backwoods proverb that a "bad beginning means a good ending," but if he had it did not apparently give him any consolation. Miss Amy's blunt reply to his passionate love note made it clearer than ever to him that it would take a bridge of "*size*" to cross the chasm between him and the woman he loved, while he had the material for only a "bridge of *sighs*." Of this material he found, indeed, that he had more than a plenty. Sighs, and sighs, and sighs—and then more sighs, after he had read Miss Mortimer's letter. He was genuinely disappointed and completely cast down. "So blunt and cold blooded." He was glad he had seen to it that he was in his room alone when he read that brief and disappointing epistle. He sat for a time as if almost dazed. Then he got up and paced the floor, back and forth, in his spacious room, running his fingers through his thick black hair till it stood up like bristles.

Then he bolted the door to his room, flung himself across his bed, face down, and literally blubbered and moaned.

. . . By and by something within him seemed to tell him that he was not conducting himself in a very soldierly manner, and that he had better get up and begin to deport himself more like the hero of many World-War battles should. He had been shell-shocked, gassed and severely wounded at Belleau Woods, but these experiences all seemed tame to him in memory as compared to this recent shock and heart-wound.

He did not sleep much that night, and went to his office next morning looking so downcast that his office associates could observe that something had gone wrong with him. Some of them began to extend to him all kinds of feigned and mock sympathy over the absence of his stenographer. Little could any of them know just how serious a matter it was to him, and when at the close of the day he asked his superior officer for a few days sick leave, they all wondered if they had gone too far with their jokes and jibes.

After another night of broken rest, and a

bit of unrelished breakfast, he took a long walk into the country. Returning about noon with a better appetite than he started with, he took a rather liberal lunch, went to his room and threw himself on a lounge in hopes of a nap. But he could not sleep for endeavoring to frame another letter to send to Miss Mortimer. In a little while he arose and began to write. He spent most of the afternoon in writing and tearing up letters. By bedtime he found himself drifting towards the conclusion not to send any letter at all to her at this time. He went to bed, and from sheer exhaustion slept till nine o'clock next morning. He arose with much less of the "morning after" feeling than on the two mornings previous, and by noon began to have a somewhat "back-to-normalcy" feeling. He was by no means in a mood to give up the siege to capture the affections of his lady-love. He recalled the dictum that "Faint heart ne'er won Fair Lady," and resolved that whatever else he might be or seem to be, he would not be any "Faintheart."

But he fully realized that in this kind of a siege he would have to employ a different kind

of tactics and strategy from that he had learned at West Point. "She is quite young," he reflected, "and very likely will change her mind in the course of time. Perhaps my surer way to win her is not to seem to be trying to win her. Like many other young girls in these times, she has the career bug a-buzzing in her bonnet. She knows about the new house I am building out on Potomac Prospect, and more than likely within a year her woman's domestic instinct will assert itself, and drive out of her mind once and for all that temporarily cherished career bug."

He staid away from his office the rest of that week, but on Sunday went back to his usual place in his church and choir, much as if nothing had happened. On Monday morning he went back to his office work and carried on through the next three weeks till his stenographer returned to her post. . . . "Upon my word," he exclaimed on her entrance into his office the morning after her return to the city, "if I don't believe after all you look better with bobbed hair. And how becoming those tortoise-shell spectacles. And all the more so because of the thought of protection

to those pretty eyes." He did not know that she had asked to be transferred to some other Department, and she knew that he didn't know it, for she had been to see the Civil Service Commission that morning and got the assurance they would not let him know of her request until an opening could be found for her elsewhere. As to the likelihood of such an opening in the near future the Commission could give her no encouragement. So all she could do was to go back to Major Goff's office and resume her work there. The major received her in the cordial manner above related, and for the next few months made it appear to her that he was passively accepting the situation as she had decreed it in her letter to him.

At the close of the first day after her return from her vacation Miss Mortimer made this entry in her diary:

"I am a bit non-plussed. I had the hope that my bobbed hair and homely goggles would help me to repel the man I have been unwittingly and unwillingly attracting. But judging from the way he expressed himself on my appearance in his office this morning, I fear I have made my sacrifice in vain. But I

believe it is a generally accepted theory that most all men are fickle, so very likely it will so turn out with my would-be charmer. If not, if he becomes unbearably persistent, I can get myself out of his sight. If I cannot get transferred to another post, and worst comes to worst, of course I can resign my position and take chances on getting another one. If I just had a little more money saved up I would resign right now, and go out and see what I could do by way of arousing the women of the world to the necessity of organizing to take over the governments of the world from masculine rule and transferring them wholly into feminine hands. This I feel I must undertake sooner or later, but I do not feel that I am quite ready just yet. I do sincerely hope and pray, however, that I shall not much longer have to stay and work in this military atmosphere and environment. But the present outlook seems to indicate only more Wilsonian *'Watchful Waiting.'*"

CHAPTER IV

“WATCHFUL WAITING”

SUCH it was for both parties for nearly another full year, Major Goff waiting for Miss Mortimer's “career bug” to take its flight, and she waiting for a transfer out of his office, and for a sufficient accumulation of savings to enable her to tackle plans tentatively formed for organizing the womanhood of the world to take over from men its governments, mainly for the outlawing of war and the destruction of armaments and munitions.

The major adhered strictly to his plan to act as if nothing had happened, going along with the daily office routine, treating his stenographer with the same courtesy and feigned indifference as during the previous year. After four-thirty nearly every day he would drive out to Potomac Prospect to inspect the work on his new house, now approaching completion.

Neither of the two made any reference to the brief correspondence which took place while Miss Amy was on leave, and she as well as he went on acting “as if nothing had hap-

pened." That she went on devouring and absorbing everything that had any bearing on her proposed career is proved by her diaries, journals and scrap-books. From the latter I make a few more quotations. I have already noted several conventions of women in that eventful year of 1926, and now call attention to another one, the second women's conference of "The National League of Women Voters." This was held in Washington near the close of the year, and delegates from thirty states were present. Miss Amy's copious notes and clippings from newspapers indicate that she attended several sessions of this conference. The main theme of the conference discussions was right on Miss Mortimer's chosen specialty, "The Cause and Cure of War." Nine national women's organizations participated, and the convention was addressed by many of the most notable women of the country, as well as high government officials and army officers.

Then I note another clipping touching on her specialty, "Feminism." A Miss Butler, the daughter of a prominent university president, had asserted the day of the "feministic crusader was over." A Mrs. Rogers, a mem-

ber of the national council of the National Woman's Party, replied that the party would remain "proudly feministic." "Feminism, instead of being out of date, has just begun its battle with the initial victory of a woman's suffrage in this country."

Then there is a clipping from an editorial in a Washington paper of March 13, 1927, entitled "British Women and the Vote" . . . "The question of conferring the ballot on women at the age of 21 instead of at the present statutory age of 30, and thus placing them on an absolute equality with men in that respect, is somewhat complicated by the political consideration that the repeal of the existing law would give the women a majority in practically every parliamentary division of Great Britain." To which there is penned on the margin this comment: ("Good; that is ultimately what will happen in every nation of the world." A. M.)

And now another editorial paragraph and her comment: "All sensible persons believe in an adequate national defense. We dare not lay down our arms with all other nations holding on to theirs."

(“And this is precisely why women must get universal control, so as to destroy simultaneously all the armaments of all the nations.” A. M.)

Then next is a report of a delegation of women from the Women’s Peace Union to Congress to ask legislation outlawing war. One woman asserted in a committee hearing: “The War Department is a War propaganda machine.” (“Exactly so, and that is why I must get out of it. A. M.”) Further from the same report: “When one of the women argued that women have a peculiar inherent hatred of war, Senator Neely, West Virginia, told her that he thought if woman was given supreme responsibility in the conduct of government, she would approach practical problems just about as men do.” (“The goal I have in view is here splendidly stated—‘woman given supreme responsibility in the conduct of government.’ But if ending war and the destruction of armaments are ‘practical problems,’ we women will show you, Senator Neely, that we’ll ‘approach’ them in a decidedly different way from any you men have thus far employed.” A. M.)

I also find in her journal copious notes from two books by a Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, who was the daughter of a famous feminist of a former day, Elizabeth Cady Stanton. One of the books was entitled, "A Woman's Point of View; Some Roads to Peace," and that of the other, "Mobilizing Woman's Power." A few sentences from her extracts from these books will show the bent of the eccentric young stenographer's mind at this time: "Peace will come when the influence of women becomes fully effective" . . . "I went abroad (after the close of the World War) to seek out constructive outcomes of the war. I found none." . . . "During the great war political enfranchisement has been given to women over a large part of the globe. That at such a time this new power should have been secured to them is full of significance." . . . "Women can save civilization only by the broadest co-operative action, by daring to be themselves."

I note also numerous paragraphs she has copied from Mrs. J. Borden Harriman's "From Pinafores to Politics," and quote this one sentence with Miss Amy's comment: "I

have faith that women may yet find some way to lead the race away from self-destruction." ("I share your faith, Mrs. H., and hope yet to prove my faith by my works. A. M.")

When the time came to go on her second annual leave she made the following entry in her diary: "Tomorrow I go back to the dear old New England home, after another absence of nearly a year. This year, as last year, has slipped away rapidly, though quite a good deal has happened. And some things have not happened that I wanted to happen. For instance, I very much wanted to be transferred to some other Department, on the pretext of getting out of a war atmosphere, but mainly to get away from a man who wanted to make love to me. And now—must I confess it?—I somehow feel glad that this particular thing didn't happen. And if I should be told that on my return five weeks hence I would be transferred elsewhere—would I welcome the news? I'm afraid not. While I know I hate war and all its paraphernalia as much as ever, I must confess an unforeseen attachment to Major Goff personally. A year ago he proposed marriage to me outright. I turned him down.

I sometimes wonder, after all, if I acted wisely. I understand that his beautiful mansion out on Potomac Prospect is nearly completed. Had I not spurned his offer last year, I might have very soon stepped into that mansion as its mistress. I wonder how many poor working girls like myself would have passed up such an opportunity? But the material features of the situation are not what most concern me. It is not for what Major Goff has but for what he is, that I like him. So noble and pure in character. So gentle, so kind and considerate in all his business relations with me, and with others in the office. And shall I go further and be absolutely honest with myself? If so, perhaps I ought to have said not only that I like him, but that I love him. He has gone through this year precisely as if he accepted my refusal as a finality, as I intended it to be. But for the past few months I have found myself almost wishing he would repeat his proposal. But what if he should? What would likely happen to my convictions and my contemplated career?"

And on the next night Major Goff did some writing in his diary. "Again my lady-love

has gone on her annual leave. Almost a full year of this 'watchful waiting' business, and I do not know tonight just what the real situation is. I am sure of only one thing, and that is that the longer I have her with me, the more I am in love with her. She doubtless thinks it is all off, as I have given her no reason during the year to think otherwise. But if she has changed in the slightest in her feelings towards me, she has given no outward indication of it. She has been unfailing in her devotion to her work, and daily carries a countenance which indicates that she is taking life very seriously. I know almost nothing as to how she spends her off-duty hours. I have been told that she is a regular church attendant at the Friends' church. I go often to theaters and movies, but have never seen her at any except one, when 'What Price Glory?' was staged. I sometimes think possibly the girl may think more of me than her stoical attitude would indicate. If she does, and has in any degree the ordinary traits of woman-kind, it will register in the shape of jealousy if I show some attention to some other woman and let her know it. I am much inclined to

put her to a mild test along that line. If I gain nothing thereby, I am unable to see, as matters now stand, just how I could lose anything."

Major Goff was not long in employing the tactics threatened in the last sentence of the above extract from his diary. The substitute stenographer assigned him during the absence of Miss Mortimer was a Miss Eleanor Guinn, transferred temporarily from an adjoining room in the same Bureau. The major knew that if he chose to show a little special attention to her, it would not be long in reaching the ears of Miss Mortimer after her return—if indeed it waited that long. Accordingly, when the next Saturday noon hour arrived (it was in the late summer, when the Saturday half holiday period was still on) he said to her: "Miss Guinn, you have had to work hard this week, and you are showing some effects of it. I think an auto ride in the fresh air would do you good. How would you like to drive out with me to Potomac Prospect and see my new house, now nearly finished?"

"Why, thank you, Major Goff, I would indeed be delighted to go."

“All right, we’ll first go across the street to the Y. W. C. A. cafeteria and get lunch, then I’ll get my car, which is parked near by, and we’ll drive out.”

After they had lunch he got his Buick, assisted her into the front seat, then suggested driving by her home in Georgetown and see if her father and mother would not also like to take a ride. She was not so enthusiastic over this suggestion, but of course could not object to his asking them to go along. The invitation proved very acceptable to both the old folks, so the four went together. The major purposely drove on a long circuitous route for the benefit of his three passengers, especially the one riding in the front seat with him. Arriving finally at the spacious grounds of Potomac Prospect, he first showed them over the large wooded lawn, well covered with stately giant oaks, to each one of which he had given the name of one of our American Presidents, or some noted military hero. Then he took them inside and showed them over the big house from basement to observatory. He pointed with pride to the paintings on the walls and statues in the halls, practically all the paintings

being of famous battles, and the statues of world-renowned military heroes. Late in the afternoon he drove back to the Guinn home.

After the major had driven away from the Guinn front gate, Mr. and Mrs. Guinn and their daughter each stood staring at one another, as if each was wondering how it all came about, and what it was all about. "I just half way believe it is because he intends to ask me to be the mistress of that mansion," ventured Miss Eleanor. "Nonsense, daughter," said her father. "Don't you know it's the talk o' the town that he and Miss Mortimer are to be married soon after her return? He is a kind-hearted gentleman, wanted to do you a kindness and considered it would add to the kind act to take along your old father and mother."

"I don't know about that, father," said Mrs. Guinn. "Some say there has been quite a coldness between the major and his stenographer for most of the past year, and that it is somewhat doubtful whether she is to come back or not. If that is true, the major will naturally want to move into his new mansion after it is completed, and of course will want a

mistress—that is to say a wife—to occupy it with him. Stranger things have happened than that he should want our daughter for a wife.”

So the family was somewhat divided as to the purpose of the joy ride the major had given them. That there was a kind of double purpose in it we shall learn a little later.

. . . Amy Mortimer was packing up to start back the next morning to Washington. She had been so variously occupied all the time she was home that she had allowed her diary notes to go by default. So she decided before retiring to make a brief note or two of the most interesting happenings during the month she had been at home.

“Lo and behold!” she exclaimed to herself, “If I haven’t left my private note book in Washington on Major Goff’s desk, and brought home with me the one that belongs there in his office. How glad I am that the one I left had only a very few of my private notes in it, and that they were in shorthand.”

Since she had first learned stenography she had kept her diary and journals in shorthand,

and in the same kind of note book that she and most all other stenographers used in taking letters by dictation. The day before she had left the major's office for her vacation she had gone to the supply room and got two new stenographer's note books, one for the major's dictations, the other for her own private notes. When four-thirty came she found several more letters had been dictated than she had been able to copy, so she took both note books home with her, so she could copy the rest of these letters on her own typewriter in her room. After she had finished this copying, she hastily packed her hand baggage for her trip home, and the next morning went by the office and left the copied letters and the note book. She did not find out that she left the wrong note book and took the wrong one with her till she was packing for her return to Washington, as above stated. This happened on a Sunday night, and on Tuesday morning she was back in Major Goff's office. Knowing that she was due to arrive that morning, he purposely went in a few minutes late in order to give his temporary substitute stenographer a better chance to tell the regular one

all about the trip to Potomac Prospect, and the inspection of the major's new mansion and premises. He entered his office just as Miss Guinn went out. From the semi-scowl on Miss Mortimer's face, he knew that what he had planned had been faithfully executed by Miss Guinn. That semi-scowl was of course quickly banished as the returned aid arose to take the major's extended hand. It was with considerable satisfaction that Miss Guinn glanced back and saw that this greeting was confined strictly to the ordinary conventional formalities.

During the first day or two, of course, Miss Guinn had to be called to the major's office to explain certain items to Miss Amy. This was easily put up with—if only Miss Guinn had stayed out when not called. But she kept darting in every day, at more and more frequent intervals, to inquire if everything was going all right. Could she help out in any way? Work was very slack over in her office just at that time. She would even bring in her note book and take down the letters the major was dictating to Miss Mortimer, and then ask if she might copy some of them.

So the major soon saw that he had got a situation on his hands beyond what he had contracted for. It was so much easier to "start something" than to stop it. It bothered him exceedingly as he could note how it was getting on the nerves of his faithful, standby stenographer. He had planned this test to see if she would show any signs of jealousy. There were "signs" enough, to be sure, but he could not tell whether they indicated jealousy, or just ordinary disgust. Even if the former, he was getting a fear that it was not going to help him any in the further pressing of his suit.

When one o'clock Saturday came, as they were getting ready to leave the office, Miss Mortimer told the major she would like very much to have a brief private interview with him, and would it be convenient for him to call at her hotel about 2 P. M. the next day, Sunday? He replied that it would, and that he would be pleased to do so. They separated, and he spent the next twenty-five hours in a state of mind sometimes described by the element H_2O at 212 degrees Fahrenheit.

But he was on hand promptly at the ap-

pointed hour, at Hotel R-S. He went into the sitting room, sent up his card, and she was soon sitting near him on one of the long settees. Judging from the mood she had been in since her return, which was abnormally aggravated by the conduct of his sometime substitute stenographer, he had acquired a fear during the past twenty-five hours that this interview was to mean some kind of an ultimatum, so he had prepared himself to take the aggressive, and not wait for her to tell him just why she had requested him to come for a private interview. "I came in my car, Miss Mortimer, thinking, as the day is so fair and fine, you might like to ride out with me to see my new house, as I believe you have never seen it, anyhow since it has been completed and furnished."

"No, Mr. Goff (She somehow had not called him Major Goff since her return to the office the previous Tuesday)—it is very kind of you, indeed—I have never seen your new house. And I regret to say it—I hope you will not be offended—I really do not desire to see it. That Guinn woman to whom you have been showing it off tells me its main decora-

tions are all of wars and military heroes, and you ought to know by this time how distasteful all that sort of thing is to me. Haven't I enough of the war atmosphere where I have to do my daily work? Surely I am entitled to one day's freedom from that atmosphere. I don't know that I have much to say to you, but I do wish we might get to a more quiet place, where we could be entirely alone (she was now speaking in very low tones)—out to some quiet corner of one of the city parks, perhaps."

"Well, why not go out to the grounds about my house? That will be a much quieter place than in a public park. There will be nobody out there but the caretaker, and he will be in or near the house, and we can sit out under one of the fine, shady oaks. I will not ask you to go inside the house. I am sure you will enjoy the ride out there and back in this delicious autumn atmosphere."

The young lady finally consented to this, went back to her room and got her hat and a light cape to throw over her shoulders, then they sped away westward in the major's fine Buick. He was eager to keep her from telling

him why she wanted an interview until they would get out to his quiet grounds, so engaged her on the way out in telling him something of how she had spent her recent vacation. When a lull came, he would call attention to some beautiful cluster of goldenrods alongside Lee Highway, and the newly-named "Bachelor's Byway" leading off northward to his wooded estate. In due time they reached the heavy front iron gate, which he unlocked, opened, then drove in. He assisted the young lady to the ground, asked her to go to one of the rustic seats under a big tree near the gate, while he closed and locked the gate. He then brought the cushion from the rear seat of the car, threw it into the settee, and bade her be seated. Before he sat down beside her, he pointed up to the observatory of the mansion, where the old caretaker, Jack Dunivan, was sweeping the small telescope up and down the river. "From that observatory with that instrument," said the major, "one can see the Great Falls to the west and the Capitol dome and the Washington monument to the east." She glanced up for a moment, then turned half around in the settee and looked down

towards the river, apparently determined not to look at the fine mansion.

The major had locked the gate with a key that was one of several other keys on a ring. Jingling the bunch before her as he sat down, he said to her, with dramatic earnestness: "Miss Mortimer, on this ring is a key to this gate and one to every door in yonder house. On this larger key ring is also a smaller ring, with a diamond in it. This ring of keys and diamond ring are yours right now on the sole condition that you agree to take my name along with them." Then with the other hand he took from his pocket a document, and added: "And here is a Warranty Deed to this property—house and premises—made to Amy Mortimer Goff, all complete except the date, which will be written into the proper space for it on the day that this name becomes your legal name."

CHAPTER V

A CRISIS ARRIVES—AND PASSES

THIS young working woman's situation was now, in some of its phases and features, not wholly unlike that which confronted the Man of Nazareth on the mountain top. In each case there was a dilemma of two horns. There was the opportunity to accept that which would for a time have satisfied a surface stratum of consciousness, or reject that and receive something more permanent, which would satisfy a deeper stratum.

Anyhow, it can readily be seen that this young woman was confronted by a real crisis. And it was one harder to meet because it confronted her with such dramatic suddenness. The jingling of that bunch of keys, and the glitter of that diamond ring, with her name spliced out on that document with the major's surname, was an onset she was not exactly prepared for.

That a young woman of Miss Mortimer's circumstances should even hesitate in accepting from a man she loved such an offer as this wealthy young army officer had made her, in-

dicates to us one of two things: either she is not quite sane—or down in the depths of her being there is a motive or mainspring of action not possessed by the average run of woman-kind. Future events force upon us the latter deduction.

Looking forward from that pleasant autumn afternoon it could not be foreseen that here under this stately tree on the banks of the Potomac, a hoary old human order was to meet its Waterloo. But looking backward it clearly so appears, and justifies the tablet fastened upon that tree with the legend, "*Tryst Tree of Terrania.*"

True, most of this achievement was still in the invisible, like the main body of the hand of the man that wrote the "*Mene, Mene, . . .*" upon the wall of the banquet room at Belshazzar's feast. The male sex of the human species had for ages upon ages sat at the feast of political power all over the whole world. But on this historic October afternoon the hand of a woman wrote, on the invisible walls of the hoary old hostelry, in which these male satraps had so long feasted, "*Weighed in the balance and found wanting.*" The beginning she made

as compared with the revolution which followed was just about as the diversion of the Euphrates into a new channel, which made possible the entrance of the armies of Cyrus through the former river bed into the city of Babylon to break up the bacchanalian debauch of Belshazzar and his thousand lords, and take over his kingdom.

But, as above stated, none of these grand achievements which later historians have recorded, appeared on the surface as this contest between sentiment and conviction went on, the first personified in a young man, the second in a young woman. But what had started as a commonplace courtship was at last beginning to take on a heroic aspect. The young woman had asked an interview of the young man for this afternoon for some secondary interests pertaining to herself, and he had outmaneuvered her, and got her on the defensive. His ring of keys and Warranty Deed were indeed powerful weapons, as proved by visible effects. She sat mute and motionless for two or three minutes. To Major Goff these minutes seemed more like so many millennia. Finally she exclaimed, al-

most with a shriek: "Oh, Mr. Goff, how wonderfully kind—and yet how woefully cruel! Why does such torturing tantalization have to be the lot of a poor girl who has always had a craving for a beautiful home but always deprived of it, and now that it is so graciously offered cannot be accepted without doing violence to deep-rooted convictions, and being derelict to the solemn call of duty? No, no, Mr. Goff, I did not come out here with you to be tempted and tantalized in this way. I merely wanted a good chance to tell you privately that the situation in your office has become unbearable. That Guinn girl you've been flirting with recently has become a first-class nuisance, and she must be kept out of your office or I'll have to go out. I guess the proper thing for me to do would be to resign in her favor. She'll be only too glad to accept your new home, military adornments and all. But I did want to work as a stenographer at least another year, and save a few hundred dollars more before taking up the work I have definitely decided upon."

"Oh, come now, my dear young lady—pardon me, but don't you think you are a bit

severe—yes, and a bit unfair, when you charge me with flirting?”

“Possibly so, and if so I sincerely beg your pardon, Mr. Goff. But I must confess I hardly know what else to call it. You have acted towards her in such a way as to give her the impression you are courting her, or taking preliminary steps preparatory to courtship.”

“Please pause a moment, Miss Mortimer, and let me explain. Miss Guinn is a girl who has evidently never had much attention from men, and one who too readily takes a little kindness and a little courtesy for more serious regard for her.”

“Yes, but you have had her and her parents out here to see this house, and it has turned her head terribly. She has told everybody about it who would listen to her, then they taunt and tease me about it, as though it were a serious concern of mine.”

“Well, I was just going to explain how I came to do that. I was looking ahead a little. I had fully decided to renew my offer to you after your return from your vacation, and foresaw that whatever your decision might be, I was going to have to get another care-

taker for my new house for a time, for the present one had notified me he would leave the place the first of next month. I happened to think of Miss Guinn's father as an excellent man for the place, and knowing he would have to consult his wife and daughter about the matter if I should offer him the place, I arranged to take the three of them out here. Besides providing for my own needs, I thought it would also be a help to this good family. Mr. Guinn has recently retired from government service, and his small annuity and Miss Eleanor's salary is all they have to live on. Rents have been raised in their locality, and I hear they are going to be forced to move to cheaper quarters. With me it was all a matter of business (the truth, but not the whole truth), and I am more than sorry it has resulted in annoyance to you."

"That seems a plausible enough explanation, Mr. Goff, but somebody has been taking too much for granted as regards relations between you and me. At every turn, since I came back to your office last week, I have had to be receiving 'congratulations.' I don't know who could be responsible for this unwar-

ranted impression that has gone abroad, other than you. And you know I have never given you any encouragement by way of reciprocating your attentions."

"Don't be too severe on me, please, Miss Amy, for this cheap gossip that is floating about so freely. I have told nobody anything by words. I have tried not to tell by actions. In this I probably have not wholly succeeded. People think they have seen evidence of my high regard for you, then coupled this with my building enterprise, and as this neared completion naturally thought matters were coming to a head. As I have said, I am sorry all this is so annoying to you, but I will confess that I am more sorry that these guesses of these gossips are not entirely correct. I want once more to confess that I love you up to the measure of positive adoration. I know it will not sound very soldierly to say what I am now going to say to you, but if you do not accept and reciprocate my love, and all I am offering with it, I shall be literally and hopelessly broken-hearted."

"I wish you would not appeal to my pity and my sympathy, Mr. Goff."

"No, I will not appeal to your pity, but I do most earnestly appeal to your love for me—for you do love me most intensely, even as I love you—and you know you do."

"Oh, I respect you very highly, and feel accordingly very highly honored by your solemn protestations of love to me. But you know very well that I have never given you any reason to believe I had more than this high regard for you."

"I regret very much to seem to dispute a lady's word, but I cannot accept this last statement of yours."

"I would surely like to know why you cannot accept it, Mr. Goff. I have never told you or anybody else that I cared for you more than as an exceptionally good friend—and you know I haven't."

"But I do know that you have told yourself."

"Told myself what?"

"That you are really and truly and deeply in love with me."

"How can you presume or pretend to know what I have told myself?"

"You wrote a little soliloquy in your private

note book, laid it on my desk, then went away and gave me a whole month to read it.”

. . . The breaking point was now reached. With the sudden discovery that she had unwittingly trapped and betrayed herself, Miss Amy turned deathly pale, and her whole frame shook as if seized with ague. Fearing she was going to faint and fall from the settee, her gallant companion seized her and supported her till she could recover her breath. As she did so she stammered out the question, “D-do you m-m-e-an to s-s-ay that y-u could r-r-read my shorthand notes?”

“Yes, I do mean to say just that. And I somehow thought you knew all along that I had for years understood and used the same system of shorthand that you use. I learned it when taking my military course in West Point, just for greater ease and facility in taking down the class lectures by the professors. Possibly I had not told you. There never has been any particular reason for letting you know this fact, or for keeping it from you. But it has been a very common practice of mine often to refer to your notes, when you were out of the office, to see what we had written to

some one, as quicker than going to the files to see a copy. And it so happened, about four days after you had left the office for this recent trip home, I wanted to look up something of that kind, when I discovered that you had left your own private note book on my desk. When I made this discovery I at once felt the impropriety of prying further into a young woman's private records. But honestly, Miss Amy, I could not tell whether you had left the book by accident or by design. Thinking you really knew I could read your shorthand notes, I thought you might have purposely left the book with a personal message in it for me. This made me feel justified in reading the entire entry, and as there was only that one, written the night before you started away, and in it a half expressed desire that I would renew my offer of a year ago, I had further reason to think you might have purposely left it for me to read. And even since your return the matter has remained a puzzle."

"Oh, no, Mr. Goff, I have simply blundered and betrayed myself. I admit the truth of what I wrote, and it is even more true now

than when I wrote it, nearly two months ago. But I regret my blunder very sorely. I did not mean to let you find out my love for you, for that makes it so much harder to resist your pleadings and reject your offer of marriage."

"And why, pray, must you reject my offer?"

"Only because to accept it means the abandonment of a career already mapped out and decided upon. After I wrote that confession you read in my private diary, I went home and gave myself much to meditation, prayer and fasting. My month at home was almost a continuous Gethsemane. Between my passionate love for you and an irrepressible conviction that I have an important mission to fulfill in life, I had a prolonged and bitter struggle. But I finally yielded to the call to venture upon a career extraordinary, and got a vision and a plan. Therefore, my dear Mr. Goff, it is utterly useless for you to press your suit any further. If I could marry at all, I could marry you, and be glad to do so before yonder sun goes down—and you notice it is getting low—and even if you did not have a dollar in the world. But, with this controlling convic-

tion, and the call of this career, I could not marry you though yonder palace were all of pure gold, and these walls about these grounds were of jasper, and these gates to these premises were gates of pearl! It grieves me exceedingly to have to reject your offer, but I see no need of prolonging the agony."

As she spoke this last paragraph she became very dramatic, walking back and forth, wringing her hands, and almost shouting her words. No wonder Goff glanced up at the observatory and saw Dunivan with window open taking it all in. Seeing the futility of further pleading, the major concluded he might as well hoist the white flag.

It was a complete surrender on the part of Major Goff, though not quite an unconditional surrender, as we shall see later. But it was more than a mere personal surrender on his part. It was very much a vicarious act, though he did not know it as such at the time. He could not know at that time that the fierce battle which had just ended was a Waterloo for an old order of things human, and meant banishment to a permanent Elba of certain masculine perquisites and prerogatives that

had prevailed from the dawn of that first Edenic day down to that supreme hour, here under this sacred *Tryst Tree of Terrania*.

The battle had also been a fierce one for the young woman in the case, but nothing like the thirty-day battle she has just referred to as "almost a continuous Gethsemane." This second battle was between a man and a woman. The other one was between two women in one human personality. One was the woman of the old order, the natural, sex woman, of the natural domestic instincts, ready to reciprocate the wooings and blandishments of the opposite sex. The other was the woman of the dawning new race consciousness, which was not to eliminate any of the natural instincts and propensities of the old feminine race consciousness, but to add thereto certain larger and higher functions.

This thirty-day struggle in that humble Massachusetts home between the woman of the old and of the new order might further be likened to that between the angel and the patriarch Jacob at Peniel, with this marked difference, that while Jacob emerged from his struggle with a new name, Miss Mortimer

came out of hers firmly refusing to take a new name.

As in nearly all other cases of enforced surrender some conditions are sought by the defeated, Major Goff, when he saw that he must surrender, began sparring for some possible conditions.

"Well, I suppose you will at least continue to regard me as a friend?"

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Goff, but nothing beyond that."

"Then as a true friend I am bound to have a sympathetic interest in all that concerns you. Therefore will you not, as a friend, tell me something about the career you say you have so definitely settled upon?"

"The time has not arrived for revealing it to any one. As I told you, I want to work another year and save some more money before cutting loose from a salaried position, and launching upon my new career in real earnest."

"But if you regard me as a true friend, you can trust me with any secret. I can assure you I will tell nobody anything you may see

your way clear to tell me, until you are yourself ready to tell the world."

"But you would only ridicule my plans, and why should I open the way for any more torture or tantalizing? It surely ought to be enough for you to know at this time that I cannot marry you—or any other man for that matter. So you may as well stifle your affection for me, as I am resolved to do mine for you, and go on preparing to enter upon my new career as soon as practicable."

"But surely, my dear young woman, if you have hardened your heart to that extent, a little common ridicule could not hurt you. And it might be well, too, for you to remember this: Any young woman launching out on a career will need friends. As a friend I might possibly prevail upon you to let me help you in some way."

"But my scheme is so ambitious—you'll say it's impossible, absurd, and no one can foretell how many more deprecating and depressing adjectives you may draft into service."

The sparring went on along this line for some considerable time. Goff kept on pressing the matter in a gentle and kindly manner,

until she finally consented to tell him her sacred secret—on his sacred honor that he keep it strictly to himself until she was ready to give it to the public.

“Well, if you must know, Mr. Goff, my scheme involves the complete transfer of human government in every nation on earth from male to female hands, with the primary object of putting an end to war by destroying the armaments and munitions by means of which war is prosecuted.”

“Oh yes, I see you would paraphrase Tennyson’s lines to read—

‘ . . . ’till the war-drum throbbed no longer,
And the battle flags were furled,
In the Parliament of WO-MAN,
The fem’nization of the World.’ ”

“Oh, thank you, Mr. Goff, that is perfectly splendid. You meant it in ridicule, but it does most perfectly express the goal I have in view. I’ll have these poetical lines, just as you have paraphrased them, on my letter heads, when I commence business in earnest, and have them engraved in large letters, framed and hung over my office desk.”

“And so, after all your dread of it, you have gained something from my ridicule, due, I suppose to Emerson’s law of compensation.”

“Perhaps so; anyhow it is because of the settled conviction that the world’s battle flags are never going to be furled in any parliament of mere male men, that I am setting forth for the literal feminization of the world. I know that the women of the world united can and will stop war, and conduct the world’s governments in such a way as to make war forever impossible and unnecessary. And surely my move is abundantly justified by the signs of the times. My four dear, precious brothers were drafted to their untimely deaths in a ‘War to end War,’ and you know, Mr. Goff—you will pardon me, I know, for no longer calling you Major Goff, so much do I hate everything military, even to its nomenclature—you know that the daily discussions in your office between you and your fellow officers is about ‘the next war, the next war.’ Then look at that flat failure at Geneva the past summer, when the three greatest naval powers of the world failed to agree on any limitation plan. And right now Congressional committees are

working almost day and night drafting bills for the building of several new cruisers. And that eminent authority on international relations, Frank H. Simonds, in every number of the *Review of Reviews*, and every week in the *Washington Sunday Star* is telling us that 'all Europe is headed for another war.' "

Heaving a deep sigh, the major ventured again: "Ambitious scheme, truly. You literally take my breath away. But even taking you seriously, would married life necessarily interfere with such a venture on your part—assuming, of course, that you had a husband whose love for you would guarantee his co-operation?"

"Marriage would thwart the whole scheme, for its basic plan is a world-wide strike by women against matrimony—that strike to be maintained with unbroken ranks until the men of the world agree to let us disarm them and forever and forevermore keep them disarmed. We women of marriageable age will unite and say to you men of marriageable age, 'You must quit your inherited jungle methods of settling your differences. We

women utterly refuse to perpetuate the human race any longer on any such bloody basis.’”

“Well, well,” gasped the major. “Your basic plan ultimated would make the feminization of the world mean the extermination of its human inhabitants.”

“Not necessarily,” said the fair contender. “By far the greatest specimen of the human race—and he, by the way, was called ‘The Prince of Peace’—was born of a virgin. That fact is evidence of a psycho-biological law that women may resort to in some possible future emergency for maintaining the human population of the earth. If you men in your proposed ‘next war’ would only go apart to yourselves and make it a finish for your whole masculine tribe—then we women might resort to that law and populate the earth with princes and princesses of peace. But you propose in that next war to make no distinction between combatants and non-combatants, but to rain down upon our cities bombs charged with poison gases, and thus exterminate all life without discrimination. Therefore our only salvation is to band together and say there shall not be any next war. Only by the com-

plete abolition of physical warfare can we build up on this planet a race fit to dwell upon the footstool of The Eternal! . . . But do you observe, Mr. Goff, that the sun has gone down? Better be getting back to my hotel, at once."

. . . Springing to his feet as if awakened suddenly from an entrancing dream, the major hastened to unlock and open the big gate, backed out his Buick, helped Miss Amy into the car, then went speeding back over Bachelor's Byway and Lee Highway to the city. Not a word was said by either on the way back except one word by her after they had crossed Key Bridge, which was "City." This meant he was to slow down his speed, which he promptly did. He stopped back a half block before reaching the front of Hotel R-S, to say this final word before parting from his fair seat mate: "I have always heard that 'Love always finds a way.' We have the love. I feel that it may yet find the way. I'm going to seem persistent in making this further request, but won't you please consent to go out with me again next Sunday afternoon to those same grounds?"

“Oh, I don’t know about that, Mr. Goff. I doubt the wisdom of it. Suppose you wait, and let me give you a definite answer some time later in the week. . . . But, say, Mr. Goff, do you realize that the occasion for my asking this interview remains just as it was when we drove away from this hotel? I cannot go back to work in your office tomorrow if that Guinn girl is to be there acting up as she did all last week. Perhaps after all that has occurred this afternoon you would prefer to have my resignation.”

“No, no, Miss Amy; please do not talk that way. I will see that you have no further annoyance of that kind.”

“After such agitation as I have been through this afternoon, I do not feel like going to work anyhow. I believe if you will just wait till I can go in and tell my matron, and get my hand bag, you may drive me to the Station and I will go over to Baltimore and rest up a few days with my friends there. I have used up all my annual leave, but I am near enough to illness to justify me in asking sick leave for a few days.”

“Very well, Miss Mortimer, you do that and

I will arrange with the chief clerk for your sick leave for a week, and make all necessary explanations. Let me meet you here at the Station at two o'clock Sunday, and drive out with you again to my grounds. I will agree not to be further persistent or insistent, except that you let me help you in entering upon your work, whenever you think you are ready to enter upon it."

"I will agree to this, Mr. Goff, unless you hear from me to the contrary by Saturday."

CHAPTER VI

LOVE FINDS A WAY

AND what a wonderful way it proved to be. . . . Not hearing a word from Miss Mortimer during the week, Major Goff went to Union Station in his Buick early Sunday afternoon to meet her, as previously agreed upon. He found her in the waiting room, as her train had arrived from Baltimore a few minutes before, so they were soon speeding out to Potomac Prospect again. The speeding was not so rapid as on their return a week ago, and the major had plenty of time on the way out to tell her some of the important things he had done in her absence the past week. He had engaged Mr. Guinn as caretaker for his new house and grounds, and had induced Miss Eleanor to take a week's leave to help her mother pack up and move their household effects out to the new house, as it was now the last week in October, and Jack Dunivan would be leaving on the first of the next week. He had also got Miss Eleanor transferred to the Department of Commerce, on the plausible

pretext of having her nearer the bus line running out to Potomac Prospect.

These arrangements eased the situation, and made it possible for Miss Amy to continue as the major's stenographer until she could see her way clear to venture upon her great career.

"I am much relieved to learn all of this, Mr. Goff. I don't know just why we are going out here again, but I am going to enjoy the ride in the fresh air and bright sunlight."

"I think there will be nothing occur today to cause you to regret the drive out here. I suppose you have spent the past week of leisure in further planning and calculating in regard to the work you are resolved to undertake."

"Yes, the matter was much on my mind, though not all the week was leisure. The first three days I spent mostly in bed, not that I was really sick, but just because I felt the rest was so beneficial. Then the last half of the week my friends insisted on taking me to several concerts and matinees, so I could not do much definite planning after all."

By this time they had reached the big front gate to the major's wooded lawn again, and in a very few minutes they were seated again

under the same tree, in the same rustic seat as on the Sunday before.

“Well, as for myself,” said the major, “I have not had much leisure—it has been rather a strenuous week at the office—but I have done a good bit of thinking in regard to your proposed work. Your method is decidedly unique. The desirability of ending war is bound to be admitted by everybody who would like to see this world made fit to live in. Since nearly everything else has been tried and failed, I suppose it ought to be considered in order to try your plan. I have come to the conclusion I would like to help you put your plan to a test—if you will let me.”

“In what way do you think you could help me?”

“Oh, I could furnish you the money to fit up an office, provide you with stationery and office help, and in a special manner, through my acquaintance with newspaper editors and correspondents, I could help in giving the plan some necessary publicity.”

“This offer of help is very fine of you, Mr. Goff, and I don’t know why I should refuse such help if you really want to give it.”

"I certainly do want to give it, and that without any strings or conditions attached. This I hope, however, does not make it out of order to ask you one more question: In case I join forces with you and help you in organizing the women of the world to take full control of all its governments, destroy all armaments and munitions—when you are satisfied that there can be no more war, *then will you be my wife?*"

"With all my heart and soul, Mr. Goff."

She was surprised at his sudden question, and he just as much surprised at her sudden answer. In reaching the climax of his question his voice went up on a rising inflection, and her answer came on the same key and scale, neither seeming to care what old Duni-van saw or heard from the observatory. Both were so overcome with emotion that neither could speak. Presently the silence was broken:

"I had not thought of entering into any conditional engagement to marry you. If I had thought of such a thing, I would not have considered it at all fair to you to suggest it. I meant to leave you perfectly free to seek an-

other woman for a wife, and knew how easy it would be for a man of your character, accomplishments and possessions to find one. It almost broke my heart to refuse your offer, but I did so without any mental reservation, fully expecting and joyfully accepting permanent spinsterhood in order to fulfill my special mission in the world. But if I still seem to you worth waiting for, and worthy of the sacrifices you will have to make—why, it rejoices me beyond expression, Mr. Goff. There is of course no knowing how long you will have to wait. We shall hope it will not be many years. But when the world is once made safe for domesticity, what woman would not wish to have a husband, a home and family?”

“I am unspeakably gratified with your acceptance of me on these conditions, Miss Mortimer—or may I not now just call you Amy, and you call me John?” She agreed to this, with a sweet smile, and then he went on: “Yes, and furthermore, I know you will not object to my calling you ‘Dear Amy.’ I would not have you think I viewed the future with indifference. I have had a few Gethsemanes of my own the past week. It has meant some-

thing to reach a willingness to throw overboard all my life plans, disappoint and grieve my father and my many military associates and friends. The one relief in this connection was the knowledge that my mother would not be grieved. She has never been enthusiastic over my military career. Her abhorrence of war is but little short of yours. I must confess I am by no means sanguine as to the success of your venture, but as for seeking another woman for a wife, I easily reached the conclusion that if I could not marry Amy Mortimer I could never marry at all, so I lose nothing by proposing this conditional arrangement. How then about accepting the diamond ring and the Warranty Deed?"

"With this understanding we now have I am willing to wear your ring and to accept the deed. It will be further understood, of course, that when the time comes for us to occupy this house as a home, it will first have to be dismantled of all things military."

Goff then took the ring from his pocket, put it on her finger, and handed her the deed. And then—if only old Jack had not been looking down from the observatory! . . .

She looked the deed over carefully, and then said: "I will have this deed framed and hang it right above my office desk—when I have an office and have a desk. It will be proof for all who may need such proof that this cause is not headed by a jilted and soured old maid; that I and the young women who will join me in this world strike against matrimony do not oppose marriage *per se*, but only temporarily as a means to an end—the ending of war."

And so it turned out that Eleanor Guinn did get to be the mistress of the new Goff mansion—but not in the role she had predicted, and more than half way hoped she would occupy. By the middle of the first week in November the Guinn family was well established in the comfortable caretaker quarters in the basement of the big house up the Potomac at the terminus of Bachelor's Byway. And the important question was as to how long that name would be a proper one for the by-road leading off from Lee Highway to the major's mansion.

That John Goff was ready to scrap his military career to aid the woman he loved in building up her career while he remained a

bachelor, is evidence that a dawning new consciousness had begun to assert itself in him also, though as yet not as completely as in his fair fiancée. This new consciousness was at this time emerging as the possession of the entire human race, though, for reasons we need not here discuss, was unfolding more rapidly in the souls of women than of men. This is why the women had to take the lead in establishing the new world order of universal justice and peace, and to inaugurate and maintain a world-wide strike against matrimony until their male companions caught up with them in the unfoldment of the new race consciousness.

. . . Monday morning found the major and his stenographer back in his office, taking up the routine affairs of the day "as if nothing had happened." And nothing had really happened as yet, except in the invisible. Within that there had been formed a spiritual prototype of a new world order, and that prototype was inevitably to work out into manifestation. Just how soon, nobody could tell. But it began to work out sooner than either our hero or heroine at that time suspected. They had

come to an understanding and a tentative agreement between themselves, but just what the next step should be, and just when it should be taken, neither knew. There was no need for Miss Amy to keep on working as a stenographer, as she had planned to do for at least another year, for the major had the money and was eager to furnish it to start her off in her proposed career as soon as she felt ready to venture.

It so happened that the appearance of nothing having happened was what caused something to happen. The society gossips began to get busy. They had been for some weeks passively waiting and watching the mails for an invitation to a "swell wedding," which they were sure was to take place very soon after the return of the major's stenographer from her annual leave, for was not that new mansion out at Potomac Prospect just about ready for occupancy? And when she returned and worked in his office just one week, then was known to have gone out with him to see the mansion—then went off to Baltimore for a week—why, of course that was to get her trousseau ready.

But when it became noised about that a new caretaker had moved into the new house, and it was observed that "business as usual" was going on in the major's office—why what in the world could have happened? And of course when the society gossips get a-going, the society reporters for the local newspapers get in evidence. Surely there is a good "story" lurking somewhere in this puzzling situation.

Horace Greeley, one of the great editors of the nineteenth century, is quoted as saying the human race is divided into three main classes—saints, sinners and newspaper reporters. However that may be, we find that in the case now under consideration the newspaper reporters played a part quite peculiar to their tribe.

The reporter specially assigned to this case first sought an interview with the major's retiring caretaker, old Jack Dunivan, as it was deemed desirable to get all the information possible from other sources before going to the two principals involved direct. Old Jack admitted that he had had the opportunity to see and hear something that might be of interest to a reporter, but his position with Major Goff

was one of trust, and he felt that it would be a breach of honor to tell anything.

"But as you are going to leave the city right soon, Mr. Dunivan, I thought possibly you would feel safe in telling what you know," said the reporter.

"No, you must excuse me, Mr. Reporter, but as I view the matter it would be as bad as for a soldier to give away the military secrets of his country. Major Goff has treated me like a man all these months I have been guarding his premises, and I prefer that he shall do the telling of anything about his affairs that he wants the papers to print."

The discovery that old Jack did know something and would not tell it only whetted the reporter's appetite, so his next venture was to see the new caretaker, Mr. Guinn. But he claimed he knew nothing whatever of the major's affairs. He had only been asked by the major to take charge of the mansion, and move into it with his wife and daughter for an indefinite time. "You might see my daughter, Miss Eleanor. She might possibly be able to tell you something."

"Oh yes," she said, "I know quite a lot I

could tell, but mustn't. I have done a good bit of the major's writing at times, and have been in and out of the office a good bit when I was not doing his work. I have seen a few interesting goings-on—but mum's the word." But she went forthwith and told everybody she met that she had been approached by a reporter, and wouldn't tell him a thing about Major Goff and Miss Mortimer.

Then the reporter sought out other workers in the O. C. C. A., who came more or less in contact with the major's office, but all he could get from them was that they had observed a fine diamond ring on Miss Mortimer's finger for the past few days. This meant something. Yes, it really meant much—but why was there seemingly no prospect of a wedding?

There was now nothing left to do but to call on the major himself. And Miss Guinn had told so many people of the reporter's call on her, that of course the major had heard it, and it did not put him in the best of moods to be approached by a reporter.

"Why didn't you come straight to me if you wanted to know anything about my affairs?" he said as the reporter approached him in his

office in the evening after everybody else had left for the day. "Well now, Major, that of course would seem to have been the fair and proper course to pursue, ordinarily. But I first wanted to find out if the matter was important enough to bring to you, as I know you are a busy man, and therefore ought not to be pestered by any little matter of cheap gossip. But I have come now to tell you that my city editor has heard so much that he says I must make up a story for him. I have picked enough here and there to weave into something of a story, but a man of your social and civic standing is entitled to know beforehand what is going to be said about him in the newspapers."

"Of course I appreciate such a considerate attitude on your part, Mr. Reporter, but I do not see that there is anything for you more than a mere announcement of an engagement, and that is just a brief item for your society columns. I do not object to that much of an announcement, if you think it of sufficient interest to the reading public, and I do not think my fiancée would object either, though I

would first rather consult her about even that."

"Oh, of course, Major Goff, we all know you are modest in your own estimate of the importance of your affairs to the reading public. But there is abroad an impression that there are unusual features of interest in connection with your engagement to Miss Mortimer, and your deferred marriage. If my paper doesn't soon run a story about it some other paper is going to do so, and I submit that it ought to suit you much better to have a story printed that you can know about beforehand than to have an irresponsible write-up by the representative of some yellow journal."

"I am sure I don't know why any such impression should get abroad," added the major, showing some difficulty in maintaining a steady voice. But he was nevertheless a bit suspicious of old Jack. What if he had told what he had seen and heard on those two recent Sunday afternoons? The major remembered that he did not caution him not to tell. And as a matter of fact he had told. After refusing to tell the reporter, the clever, gossipy

Miss Guinn had pumped it all out of him. She had learned from some of the girl workers at the Department of Commerce to which she had been transferred, who lived at the hotel "R-S," that Major Goff had gone driving somewhere with Miss Mortimer on two Sunday afternoons, and they just wondered if it was not out to the new house? So on the day that old Jack left the house and the city, Miss Eleanor probed him and got him to tell everything he had seen and heard. It was told to her in strict confidence, of course. It was such a very important secret that Miss Guinn became sorely afraid she would be unable all by herself to keep it—so went forthwith, woman-like, to engage several other women to help her keep it. The "R-S" girls she worked with in the Commerce Building had told her of the diamond ring Miss Amy was wearing, and now she could tell them all about the dramatic refusal of that ring on the first Sunday, and of its conditional acceptance on the second Sunday. And she did tell them. The reporter had been over to "R-S" and got all this before coming to see the major, and was alluding to that visit when he said there were "unusual

features" in connection with the case. When he told the major the material he had for a story, and how and where it had been obtained, there was another surrender by Major Goff, though again not an unconditional surrender, for he begged and got the consent of the reporter to withhold the story till he could confer with his fiancée.

The next day was Saturday, and at the close of office hours the major told his stenographer fiancée that he would like to see her again on Sunday afternoon—about "a very important matter." She agreed, and told him to call about two o'clock.

As the Guinn family now occupied the house and grounds at Potomac Prospect, it was not advisable to drive out there, so the major suggested that they just take a long, slow drive out on the Lee Highway, and talk as they traveled. He was not long in telling the special object of the meeting for that day, and suggested in view of unexpected developments, the feasibility of giving their full story to the reporter and let him give it to the world.

"The matter has now got beyond our control, and it's all going to get into the papers

in spite of anything we can do or say, so I think it would be better to give out the real facts for publication—don't you think so, too, dear?"

"I suppose you are right, dear John, but I somehow dread it. I do not feel just quite ready for such publicity. If that Guinn girl gossip could only have held her tongue. She is responsible for it all. The girls at 'R-S' say nothing to me, of course, as I have never mixed with them, but I can overhear enough of their table talk to know where and how they got their material for their gossip."

"I do not see why you cannot speedily get ready, if you find any measure of favorable response from the young women of the world after they learn of your plan through the press. You cannot do anything with your proposed scheme, or get anywhere with it, without a great deal of publicity. And it strikes me that you will never have a better time than right now to get this publicity. The fact that this reporter believes that there is a news story somehow involved in our new relationship to each other, makes it a most opportune time to get the service of the press. If you wait till

the freshness of the case has evaporated, there will no longer be a news feature, and then the only way to get any publicity will be by means of very expensive advertising, and very laborious personal correspondence. I do not like to urge my views unduly upon you, my dear Amy, but you will take into consideration my commitments in the matter. Naturally, if I must wait till your cause triumphs in the world before I can have you all my own, then it is to my interest in a very vital sense to have that cause set in motion as soon as possible."

"I see wherein you are entirely right, my dear John. I will leave the matter to your good judgment."

"Well, then, suppose we stop at this next village and I 'phone the reporter to meet us at some point as we return—say at Lee Heights, where we can park by the wayside, and give him the story just as we want it to go out to the world. He will be especially glad to get this matter for his Monday edition, and the associated press and all other papers will have plenty of space for our story on Monday."

This was agreed to, and the arrangement

was brought about as above planned. Next let us have the story in full that went out to all the world on that momentous Monday, as I find it in the files of the great dailies of that day and time.

CHAPTER VII

TELLING IT TO THE WORLD

PRECEDING the story, in different papers were different headlines, a few samples of which are here quoted: "Cupid Challenges Mars," "New Way To End War," "A Young Woman in War Department, U. S. A., Proposes a Universal Strike Against Matrimony Until Men Consent to Disarm and Cease Firing; Practices What She Preaches."

"What appears to be the most unique case on record of a courtship and tentative engagement between two lovers has recently been discovered here in the War Department in Washington, D. C., U. S. A. Major John N. Goff, a popular and wealthy young officer in the O. C. C. A., fell in love with his stenographer, a pretty brunette by the name of Miss Amy Mortimer, who came into his office from somewhere up in New England some two years ago. He proposed marriage to her, which she unceremoniously declined, her only reason being that she had in view a career which she could not pursue as a married woman. A year later he renewed his proposal,

with something akin to persistence. As all Washington knows, the major has built a fine mansion up the Potomac on the Virginia side, on a prominent point which he has named 'Potomac Prospect.' The building has but recently been completed, and very elaborately and expensively furnished. This fine home he offered to deed over to this young woman if she would only consent to take his name. Again she declined his offer, though admitting her love for him, and her lifetime longing and craving for a beautiful home—and all because of a deep conviction that she had a special work to do in the world which she could not do as a married woman. It was only after the most earnest and artful persuasion by the major that she consented to tell him the nature of this special work that she intended to undertake—at some future time, she did not know herself just when. Here, in brief outline, is her plan: Organize the women of the world and take over from men the complete control of all the governments of the earth, with the one major object of putting an end to war. As a means to this end she will call a strike against marriage, pledging all the young

women of marriageable age in all the world to refuse to marry until the men of the world destroy their armaments and make war impossible. This part of her plan makes clear the logic and consistency of her own stand in refusing to marry the major at this time. She begins by setting the example she would have every young woman in the world follow. She has freely consented to marry her fiancé as soon as her hoped-for world Utopia is established. And he has just as freely pledged himself to wait for her, and as a friend and philanthropist to underwrite the proposition, putting at her disposal whatever portion of his vast wealth she may be able to utilize in carrying to success her unique venture.

“It is doubtful if there ever was a better illustration of the dominance of Dan Cupid over human destiny. Major Goff is the scion of a very wealthy family in New York City, and had chosen a military career so early in life that he could not remember just when he made the choice, and from the first had his father’s consent, and also his father’s cash without stint in his preparation for his career. He came out of the World War with much dis-

tion, and was looking eagerly and expectantly for 'the next war,' in which he hoped to attain yet greater distinction. Now he surrenders all these ambitions in devotion to his ladylove, who hates war and all the 'clap trap' that goes with it, and has joined with her in a supreme effort to banish it forever from the world.

"It is expected, of course, that both these young war workers will soon resign from the War Department, though neither, at the time of this interview, had decided upon any definite date to resign. . . ."

I believe it was Lord Byron who said he awoke one morning to find himself famous. And that is precisely just what John Goff and Amy Mortimer did on that Monday morning when the above news story appeared in the morning papers over a great part of the world—if indeed either of them had found enough sleep the previous night to awaken from. Each must necessarily have indulged in a great deal of anticipation and wonder as to what the reaction of the reading public to that story would be. But both appeared at the office for "business as usual," little realizing

that there was to be no business as usual that day, though indeed plenty of business. If they had had the slightest suspicion of what awaited them that morning they would doubtless have both absented themselves from the office. They had supposed that possibly within two or three days there would be a few letters to answer.

The major's fellow officers in the O. C. C. A. were a bit slow in coming into the office that morning, and none of them apparently had yet read their morning paper. If they had read the Goff-Mortimer story, and nothing else had happened, one guess is as good as another as to how they would have met the major and his stenographer that morning. But when they saw his desk already covered with telegrams, radiograms and cablegrams from everywhere, and hosts of messenger boys still bringing so many that it was taking a half dozen clerks to receipt for them, they could only gasp for breath, and ask what it was all about.

Whatever it was all about and however it came about, all agreed that it was necessary at once to notify the telegraph and other com-

panies to stop delivering messages until some other place could be found for an office for the now famous young couple, for the O. C. C. A. was being swamped with messages not pertaining to its own business—in fact, matter distinctly tending towards ultimately putting it out of business.

Fortunately, a new building for women and by women had just been erected in Washington, not far from the Munitions Building, in which the O. C. C. A. was housed, and quarters were engaged on the first floor of that new building. Day after day the messages kept coming. Most of them were addressed to Miss Mortimer, and came from women, though a few were for the major, mostly from his personal friends and military comrades. Some of these congratulated him, but as all knew he had done much boasting in his day as to his immunity against Cupid's darts, not a few of the messages taunted him on that score. One was from his father—"Never expected you to turn sissy on me." Those to Miss Amy were all of the same general tenor, and read in substance as follows: "Brave girl, I am with you," or "We are with you." "After all, why

not? Nearly everything else has been tried to stop war and failed. We'll join with you and try your radical plan." The messages came from organized women's clubs of every known kind and character, and also from debutantes and even younger girls, in high schools and colleges.

It is especially interesting also to note the editorial comments in the press after the publication of the story. Most of the editorials were written by men, so we are not surprised to find many of them attempting to ridicule the young stenographer's proposed scheme. But others took the matter more seriously. Take the following as a sample: "*Once More the New Woman—and the Very Newest.* At first blush—and there is real occasion for a blush on the part of the male sex of the *genus homo*—the reported stand of the young stenographer in our National Capital in refusing to marry a man she admits being in love with, until war is abolished, and the world thereby made safe for domesticity, and as a means to this end intends to organize the unmarried and marriageable young women of all the world in a strike against matrimony—

at first blush, we say, such a scheme may seem utterly preposterous and ridiculous. But at second blush—yes, we really believe the situation calls for a second blush—very far from preposterous. It is a bit audacious, to be sure, and indicates a purpose keyed to concert pitch on the part of the young woman who stands off so flattering a matrimonial offer. But when we consider the growth of feminine self-expression in all lands, how woman has emerged from political serfdom to equality with man in voting and office-holding, who shall say that the next step may not be past equality to supremacy over him? And furthermore, who shall say the time is not ripe and ready for this next step? Time will tell. And, if we may judge from the commotion caused by this stenographer girl, time has already told. Nothing like it since Lindbergh's non-stop flight from New York to Paris earlier in the present year.

“Apropos of what we have said above is this paragraph we have just clipped from a contemporary: ‘Men make laws, break them, then call on the women to help enforce them. . . . Whenever somebody finds that we

are getting into a bad fix, and that something should be done at once to mend matters, it is always the women who are called upon to mass themselves for action and save the sinking ship of state.' No wonder, then, that the women have at last decided to take charge of that ship and henceforth pilot it themselves. Here is hoping they will succeed better than we men have in keeping her off the rocks.

"Another fact to be noted to prove the rapid ascendancy of woman in world affairs is the recent disclosure by expert statisticians that women in the United States now own and control forty per cent of the money of this nation. Money means power, and forty per cent of a nation's money is getting awfully close to half the power to be wielded in a particular nation—and that the greatest nation on this planet.

"In this connection we shall do well to note what Miss Nina M. Bruere, national president of the Association of Bank Women, said at a recent meeting of that organization. Her subject was 'What Is Ahead for the Woman in the Field of Banking?' 'It is no Utopian dream,' she said, 'that the day is not remote

when women will be admitted to and articulate in the higher councils of great financial institutions. . . . The increasing number of banking departments organized to serve women clients point to recognition of their importance, and promise an increasing opportunity for women in the banking field. . . . There are now more than 2,500 women in executive positions in this country's banks, and those employed in bank departments are thousands. In Massachusetts and New Jersey there are women vice presidents of trust companies, and there are women bank presidents in Michigan, Illinois and Oklahoma.'

"And the following paragraph from this woman financier's address has a particular bearing on this anti-war revolt of which we write, sponsored by this War Department stenographer, Miss Mortimer: 'The control of the great instrumentality for world amity, financial credit, is still the monopoly of men. But the women of today are deeply concerned with what this implies.'

"In this connection I must quote from still another contemporary, this time from one of the leading dailies of the Capital City of the

United States. It is headed, 'Women and Wealth,' and proceeds as follows: 'In less than a hundred years women will own all the money in America if they keep up their present speed in acquiring wealth. Such a prediction seems impossible of fulfillment, yet the forecast is called conservative by the financial statistician who advances it, and he offers some startling figures. For instance: Forty-one per cent of the nation's money now is owned by women. Four out of every five dollars in the eighty-five billions of life insurance will go to women.

" 'What a revolution woman has wrought! Within the present generation learned men were pondering what could be done with the so-called superfluous women of the world. Sociologists were arguing woman's place was in the home. Now, by cold mathematics, it is demonstrable that in a few years man may be fighting for equal rights. Close your eyes for a minute and try to think of a nation directly dominated by women! It may come to pass.' "

Not all the editorial comments, of course, were as friendly as those above quoted. We find in abundance such editorial headings as these: "Potentates in Petticoats," "Petticoat

Supremacy," "The Proposed Petticoat World Republic," "No More Henpecked Husbands—Because No More Husbands." It is quite amusing how much editorial service was exacted from these two words "petticoat" and "henpecked."

But all these editorial comments, serious or in lighter vein, helped in giving the new movement its needed publicity. Newspaper correspondents from everywhere came to Washington to see and interview the young stenographer who between two Sundays had become the most widely known woman in the world. She was so bewildered by the way her unique proposal had taken that she had to postpone all interviews until she could pull herself together, so to speak. All the correspondents were wanting further details of her plans—and as yet there were no details. She had expected to have plenty of time to work out the details after the general plan was given to the public. She finally told all the correspondents that if they cared to call at her office the next Monday she would have some more "copy" for them.

On the previous Monday Miss Mortimer

had resigned her position as stenographer in Major Goff's office, and taken charge of her offices in the New Women's Building. The major himself did not resign at that time, though he was willing to do so if Miss Amy had so requested or the War Department had so demanded. His superior officers were about as much dumbfounded over what had happened as the rest of the human race in general, so could not decide immediately on what policy to pursue. The major himself thought it wise to wait and see if there was anything for him to do in the new movement. He had pledged his help to Miss Mortimer, but so far the world had taken but little note of him, or his part in the wonderful drama. It was so completely a feminine monopoly that all he could do was to stand on the side lines and look on.

As for Miss Amy, we would have supposed that she would at once demand that the major resign when she did, and get completely out of the military atmosphere and environment which she had so detested. But she didn't. She was looking ahead. She saw how it would accord with the eternal fitness of things for the

major to stay on with the War Department and officially wind up its estate when she and her women associates had made its continued existence no longer necessary.

“We shall still need the War Department for awhile,” she said. “And we shall need the soldiers with their superior muscular strength when we are ready to scrap the heavy enginery and cannon and other military equipment. So you just stay in your place, dear John, unless they force you out. We will need your services a little later.”

So Major Goff staid with his job, but he did so as a radically changed man. He would go on and attend to the usual peace-time monotonous details of his office, but would no longer cultivate ambitions and cherish hope and plans for the next war. The somewhat blunt and curt telegram from his father above quoted was soon followed by a letter asking a full explanation of his strange break. As it was now Friday, he utilized the week-end for a brief visit with his father and mother in New York City. He gave them a full and complete account of himself, of how his previous outlook on life had been completely revolutionized by

the wonderful girl with whom he had fallen in love. He took away with him a new parental blessing, and the assurance from others of his close kin of real pride in the prospective kinswoman who had so suddenly flashed into world fame.

. . . Monday morning came, and with it some two-score newspaper correspondents to Miss Mortimer's office. It was just one week since the Goff-Mortimer news story had gone forth. In some important respects it had been the most wonderful week up to that time in world history. No news item, not even the famous Lindbergh hop across the Atlantic, had ever within the space of one short week been so universally disseminated as this proposed world strike against the age-old institution of matrimony as the only effective means of ending that other institution just as old, called war.

The correspondents could not all get into the suite of offices occupied by Miss Mortimer and her assistants, so she received them on the long veranda in front of the building. Having always been an exceptionally timid girl, it was a trying task for her to come be-

fore such a bunch of men. Luckily for her, her chief secretary had herself long been a newspaper correspondent, and personally knew most of the group here gathered, and was able to make it much easier for the timid girl to meet them all. Before consenting to do any writing, each insisted on shaking hands with this new Joan of Arc, as some had called her, and her secretary introduced each man as he gave his name and the paper or press association he represented. After this somewhat ceremonious part of the program was over, she read to them the following communique:

“Dear Mothers and Sisters of all lands, races and creeds, Greeting: I hereby avail myself of the kindness of the news associations of the world to thank you all for the wonderful messages of approbation and assurances of co-operation you have sent me during the past week. You all understand, of course, the physical impossibility of giving this acknowledgment in any other way.

“We women of the world must band ourselves together at once, as rapidly as possible, and see that that much-talked-of next war does not occur. I take your messages to mean

that you agree with me that there is no other way to prevent war except for the women of the world to take over from the men the civil governmental machinery, from low to high, in all lands, as far as present constitutions make possible. Nations that still have hereditary sovereigns will of course have to be made exceptions until such time as these constitutions can be changed. Since our purpose is not to overthrow constitutional government, we must proceed only by constitutional methods, but by such methods every elective office in all the world must be filled by a capable woman as soon as possible. This does not mean that we hold any malice against the male sex as such, but it does mean that we women have decreed that said male sex has had its day in human government, and do now demand that men everywhere abdicate and turn over to us women the machinery of civil government from the lowest to the highest positions. We women have stood by long enough and suffered from the universal messing-up of things made by men in their conduct of the world's affairs.

“We will proceed at once to federate the

nations of the world into one world Republic, called 'The United States of Terrania.' This name, as all students will perceive, is derived from the Latin word 'Terra,' which means the earth. Just as 'Pennsylvania' means 'Penn's Woods,' so Terrania will mean the earth's lands or nations all under one government, and that one government completely controlled by women. The name Terrania is further appropriate in this regard by bearing the Latin feminine form.

"The time is ripe for bringing all nations of the earth under one world government. The radio and the airship have made further isolation impossible. There is no longer any excuse for national boundaries, with their inevitable national jealousies and antagonisms.

"But we women are so sure that there cannot be a federation of the world except there first be a feminization of the world, that we are going to proceed to enroll ourselves as citizens of Terrania within our several countries, without at first disturbing our present relations as citizens of present governments.

"What I am proposing is therefore a kind of 'boring from within' proposition. We will

first get the women in each nation banded together to make that nation a State of Terrania. We will do this as if there were not a man on the earth. Then we will admit such men to citizenship in Terrania as will sign a pledge to vote only for women to fill every elective office in each particular country. Then, when we have thus obtained complete control of every nation, we will merge those nations into one world Republic, the United States of Terrania, and establish a world capital and elect a world President.

“We women are taking this radical action because we are convinced that in no other way can we ever abolish war. The male sex is the militant sex, and permanent world peace is positively impossible under masculine government. This is definitely proved by the League of Nations, World Court and Hague Court fiascoes. These are male institutions. Women must not, and will not, waste any more precious time on these lamentable masculine failures. Under feminine rule alone can we hope to have a world of peace and harmony.

“To this end I especially and most earnestly appeal to the unmarried young women of

marriageable age in all the world. Many of you have wired or written me that you were with me in this stand I have taken against marrying any man until this world has been made safe for domesticity. The young men of marriageable age are the men of military age throughout the world, and if we young women give these young men to understand that we will not marry them until they join with us to make war impossible by destroying the weapons of war, and securing world legislation forbidding the further manufacture of such weapons, we can bring every one of them to time. I urge therefore that every unmarried woman in all the world, whatever your age, sign a pledge not to marry for at least four years—pledge subject to renewal at that time if world conditions still are unfavorable. This time limit on your pledge will put no woman past marriageable age who has not already passed it.

“Such a pledge supplemented by the further pledge to vote only for women for every elective office will be the only qualification necessary for citizenship in the World State of Terrania. Married women can qual-

ify by signing the second part of this pledge. You do not need to wait for a marriage proposal before you sign this pledge. If after signing it you should receive a proposal that you feel a desire to accept, just make a conditional engagement like I have entered into with Major Goff. After we get the women of all the world signed up as citizens of Terrania, then we will admit the men to citizenship on the second part of the pledge—to vote only for women for all elective offices from low to high. The young men who want to marry us, and do not want to wait indefinitely, will all readily sign. And all the fathers who do not want their sons to be targets will gladly sign when they are made to see the possibilities of this new world State. With all the women of the world signed up as citizens of Terrania, plus all the men of military age and their fathers, we will have a voting strength in each nation state that will make it impossible for the war lords to conscript enough men to inaugurate and carry on a war.

“When we get every nation state thus feminized, then we can destroy the armaments of every nation simultaneously. Only a

World State including every existing nation can do this. While the world is made up of independent national entities, disarmament is utterly impossible. Each nation will distrust every other nation, and no one will risk leading the way in disarmament.

“Furthermore, only a feminized World State will ever destroy existing armaments. The men in authority in the several nations who have built up these armaments are as fond of them as small boys of their toys, and could in no way ever be induced to destroy them. And until they are destroyed, men will keep on finding excuses for using them.

“I direct therefore that the voting place in every voting precinct in all the world be at once made a center for registering citizens of Terrania. In nations where they do not have universal suffrage, any convenient center can be engaged and used for this purpose. A little later we will call a delegated convention here in Washington to draw up a brief constitution and locate the Capital of Terrania. We will consider Washington as the temporary Capital, which will in no way interfere with its functioning as the Capital of U. S. A. I will

recommend in advance some island in the Atlantic, as most accessible to the great mass of people under democratic government, and between the two greatest English-speaking nations. Many gracious offers of money have been made for organization work. Voluntary offerings will therefore be received, pending the completion of our organization, and can be made payable to our temporary treasurer, Miss Alexandra Hamilton."

CHAPTER VIII

BUILDING THE FEMINIZED WORLD STATE—

TERRANIA

IN ADDITION to Miss Mortimer's "Communique," there was of course much additional matter written by each correspondent, mostly of the nature of a personal description of the new world heroine. Just about everything that could be said about her personal appearance was written—the shape of her nose and chin, the color of her eyes and make-up of her hair, and the kind of clothes she wore. Her hair now had more than a year's growth from its first and last "boyish bob." I have omitted to say that she let it grow out again after the major told her he believed after all that she looked better with bobbed hair. And of course her picture and that of the major were in all the important newspapers and periodicals of the world.

The correspondents all left the Terranian offices by eleven o'clock, and all the afternoon papers carried the communique and whatever supplementary comments each different cor-

respondent had made. Before the day closed the reports began to come in from far and near of the first signers of the pledge, which made them "Charter Members of the new World State of Terrania." The first list of pledge signatures actually received at the Washington headquarters came from Mrs. Aaron Goff, the major's mother. In her palatial home in New York City she had given a public "Coming Out Party" to all the debutantes in her section of the city, describing it in her public advertisement of the party, and got every one who came to sign the double pledge, the first part of which, we'll remember, bound them not to marry for at least four years, and the second part to vote only for women when they reached voting age.

Reporters called every day at Miss Mortimer's office for the latest news of the movement, and through the press and the radio stations she sent out frequent communiques. One was sent out right away after Mrs. Goff's Coming Out Party, recommending that plan as a good one to use everywhere in enrolling citizens of Terrania. More definite instructions also were given for reporting pledge

signers. Throughout the United States the same plan was to be followed as in reporting election returns. Each precinct was instructed to report to the county seat, each county to the State Capital, and that to the National Capital. In other countries the plan was to be varied according to varying conditions and situations. All signed pledges were to be kept in the national capitals, and only reports as to numbers sent to the International Capital.

All over the world pledge signing by the girls and women went like a whirlwind. It became both a passion and a fashion. It meant next to social ostracism for any woman past twenty or any girl past sixteen to refuse to sign the pledge.

The promptest and most nearly unanimous acceptance of the new plan came from the new Republic of Germany. Here the response was positively pathetic. Still bleeding from the deep wounds inflicted by the World War, being already practically disarmed by the Versailles Treaty, and desperately striving to get their neighbor nations to disarm, it was but natural for the German nation as a whole to accept the plan put forth by the young stenographer

girl in the United States of America. Germany was the one country in which no attempt was made to ridicule the plan. The nearest approach to ridicule was the grim joke implied in asking German women to sign a pledge not to marry for four years when there were no men to marry them. Their last hope of matrimony had departed with the lovers they had kissed good-by a decade or more ago, when the flower of German youth went forth to swell the ranks of the kaiser's legions. But those women signed the double pledge just the same, and by virtue of their great preponderance in numbers over the men, it was easy for them early to take over from men the machinery of government, and thus make Germany the first member State in the World Republic of Terrania. Because the men citizens of Germany knew they were completely outnumbered by the women, they voluntarily surrendered control to them.

This early feminization of the powerful German nation had a marvelous psychological effect on other nations. Austria soon followed Germany, and then to the surprise of the world came Russia. The men in control in the Soviet

government, in hope of regaining lost fellowship with the other nations, surrendered that control to the women of Russia, and made that mighty domain a member State in Terrania. Then hoary old China, torn and distracted by factions, found in the plan a face-saving retreat. All the men of all factions found they could unite by putting their women in control, so Chinese unity so long despaired of was attained through the election of a woman president and membership in the World State of Terrania.

In the United States of North America, whose name later, as a Terranian state was shortened to USONA, as each election year came around, the women made sweeping gains in Congress and the several state legislatures until they finally displaced every male member of these bodies, and elected a woman President. The first woman chosen to fill this high office was the wife of the last male President. He had served but one term, had made an excellent Executive in general, and had made an honest and strenuous effort to reduce world armaments. By virtue of a long standing precedent, he was well worthy of a second

term in the White House. But the feminine revolt against masculine rule had become so powerful that the only reward allowed this good President was in putting his wife in his place, and allowing him to be her social secretary.

Staid and conservative old England was the slowest of all the big nations to fall in with the Terranian procession. But when dominion after dominion came in, and the London Parliament enacted what was called the flapper vote bill, which put the women of Great Britain in an actual majority, then of course the Mother Country also had to become a Terranian State. Her king, unwilling to take advantage of his hereditary prerogatives, gallantly abdicated the throne, each of his sons followed suit, and the female first in the hereditary line was allowed to ascend the throne and be crowned queen.

I have run a bit ahead of my story, but it will be understood that these big nations were brought into Terranian affiliation by the gradual processes and methods outlined in Miss Amy's first communique.

First, all the women of all lands signed

up for citizenship in Terrania. This, we will remember, did not require renunciation of allegiance to the government they were already subjects or citizens of, but it did bind them to work diligently to get feminine control of every government.

After all the women were thus signed up, the single women being bound by a four-year pledge, subject to renewal, not to marry—then the men friendly to the scheme were also signed up. And after these, the men who were not at first friendly to it. It is interesting, and in some phases amusing, to note the varying motives and reasons given by different classes of men for signing over all human rule to the women. One class readily fell in with the scheme because they believed it would work; that it would actually result in disarming the nations and ending war. Another class was sure it would not work, but since the women had become so bumptious and self-important, this class argued that the most effective way to humiliate them would be to give them complete control and let them fail. Still another class did not know whether the scheme would succeed or not, but thought at

the worst the women could not fail worse than the men had failed, so fell in for giving them full control.

And so, much sooner than the most sanguine had anticipated, all the nations became member states in the world Republic of Terrania. It was accomplished in such a short time because it became a world passion and world fashion from its very first announcement. All the world had become war weary and peace craving. Every agency of publicity and propaganda in existence, especially the pulpit, the press and the stage, promoted the cause, either by direct advocacy or ridicule.

As an example of the latter, there was in the earlier stages of the movement a very popular moving picture play called "The Strikers and the Would-Be Strike-breakers." After it had become a very popular fad for the young women of marriageable age to sign the anti-marriage pledge, and before the men were enlisted in the Terranian cause, the young men of marriageable age everywhere organized themselves into social clubs, which they called "Miseroloco Clubs," which was a condensation of "Misery Loves Company Clubs."

In these clubs the young men met regularly to discuss among themselves whatever topics interested them, but mostly the one question, "What are we going to do about it?" It was an event not on the pre-arranged program at one of these young men's clubs one night that formed the basis for the popular movie above referred to.

It was in a town of about five thousand population, up in New England, in the north-eastern portion of USONA. From this town, as from that entire region, a great many men had gone into the far west, and left a surplus of women in its population. Before this Ter-ranian movement started, some of the single women of this town had organized themselves into a society called "The Ancient Order of Unappropriated Blessings." They ranged in age from thirty to forty. When the pledge-signing rage struck this town, and all the younger women had signed it, these old maids took a stand against signing. They said it was a huge joke for them. If they signed the pledge against marrying, everybody would point the finger of scorn at them, and ask, "Well, what man is asking you to marry him,

anyhow?" But the word went round among them quietly, that here might be their chance. With all the younger women on a strike against marrying, perhaps they could enter the role of strikebreakers and win for themselves husbands.

It so happened that the number of women in this spinsters' club was just about the same as that of the young men's Miseroloco Club of that town. So at one of their regular meetings these women resolved upon a strike-breaking venture. They would meet at their own club rooms on the night of the next meeting of the men at their club rooms, march over in a body and attempt taking the men by storm.

The strictest secrecy was enjoined upon all, but somehow the word got out. Each old maid desired to appear at her best possible, so there was such an unusual rush to the barber and beauty shops for two or three days, that some inferences began to be drawn. The word got whispered about among the young women of the town who had signed the Terranian pledge. Quite a number of these were conditionally and tentatively engaged to some young man

in the Miseroloco Club, a-la-Goff-Mortimer. Therefore these young women resolved on picketing the Miseroloco Club at its next meeting to prevent any possible breaking of their strike.

The plan was for these pickets to take a position near the entrance to the young men's club rooms, and if the old maids did actually come in a body, to let them enter first, then follow them inside and try to be a counter attraction. But this last part of the plan was spontaneously changed when the occasion actually came. At an early hour, but not too early, the picketing girls were lined up on both sides of the entrance to the men's club rooms. They had waited for the young men to get absorbed in their evening program. They had enlisted the town police to the extent of getting the street lights turned out in front of the club rooms, and each of the picketers was armed with a hand flashlight. They had not long to wait. The old maids came trooping along, two by two, to the entrance. The picketers turned the flashlights on the marchers as they entered, and after the last pair had entered, one of the leaders of the picket gang

said to the others: "Let's all go home. If these old pogs think they can charm our boys away from us, let 'em go to it." "Oh no—let's follow right up behind them," said another. Still another suggested that they hurry over to the opposite side of the street to discuss the matter, as the hilarity up in the club rooms had suddenly stopped with the entrance of the first pair of strikebreakers, and the picketers were in danger of being heard. This suggestion was accepted by all, and the picketers were soon all across the street for a parley in the darkness. As the club rooms were on the second floor, and all the windows open (it was a warm night in early springtime) they were gratified to observe that they could see well and hear readily what was going on. Of course all parleying then suddenly ceased, and all saw at once that it was better to remain there and look and listen than to go up into the club rooms and add to the commotion and confusion. The young men seemed to be stunned as the spinster procession filed in and grouped themselves in the center of the lodge room, the

young men being seated in long rows on either side, in regular lodge hall fashion.

Finally, when all the would-be strikebreakers were in, their spokeswoman addressed the chairman, and proceeded to state the object of their call:

“Mr. President, I know you will pardon this interruption of your orderly proceedings, for we have come on an errand of serious concern to ourselves, and we trust it may be also so regarded by each of you. We regard this world strike against matrimony as a grave injustice to all you men of the world. We believe further that it is wholly unwise and uncalled for. We know the situation of many of you here. Your ladyloves have refused to marry you for an indefinite time in the future—all at the behest of that Mortimer woman in Washington who is just making a cheap bid for a little temporary fame. Some of us came to this town from the village where she grew up, so we know her. She claims to be a war hater, but she grew up a mere man hater. She has made that army officer believe she loves him, because he is a rich man and can help her to get a little cheap fame. But we know it

can't last long. It is all a temporary fad and craze. We believe we are doing a patriotic and domestic duty by coming here tonight before this body of fine young men and offering ourselves to take the place of those girls and women who have treated you so unworthily by going on a strike against matrimony and leaving you all in this desolate situation. Since this is a leap year, we feel that we are but asserting our natural right—a right accorded to women from time immemorial. We are not as young and handsome as we once were. But I want to warn all of you men that each woman here carries a concealed brickbat ready to mete out dire punishment to the man who dares to call us old. Our present plight is not due to any fault of ours. We all once had our lovers, but they were all drafted into the World War and never came back. We therefore have cause also to be war haters. But we are also home lovers. We do not object to taking as husbands men younger than ourselves, and believe that even for such as you we can make better wives than these flappers who have stood you off and entered this silly world strike. And now, having laid

before you our case and our cause, we eagerly await your favorable action."

The president of the club then arose and apologized for not offering the ladies seats when they came in. "This was all so sudden like, as the Missouri maiden of long ago is reported to have said when proposed to." By that time the men had vacated the chairs in the room, and the ladies were seated.

Then one of the club members addressed the chair: "Mr. President, this is manifestly a matter that this club cannot act upon as a body, but in return for the honor these ladies have conferred on us, I think each should have an escort home. I therefore move that our meeting do now adjourn, and that each lady be invited to pick her escort, choosing in the order of seniority. Each will naturally choose as escort one she would like to have for a husband, so each can therefore press her leap year suit in a more personal manner—on the way home and across the front yard gate."

"Mr. President—if you please—," said the spokeswoman, "before you put that motion, may I arise to a question of personal privilege. The gentleman who made that motion did not

mean to humiliate us, I am quite sure, but his suggestion as to seniority would be very embarrassing to some of us. May I request instead that we women group ourselves up at this end of the hall, by the president's stand, and you men group yourselves at the other end by the door. Then let lights be turned out and we will march out one by one and pick our escort in the dark. That method will be as fair for one woman as another, and will avoid all embarrassments."

The young man who had made the objectionable motion arose and disavowed any intention to create embarrassment for anybody, changed his motion to comply with the spokeswoman's suggestion, and then the motion was put and carried, and the grouping promptly arranged as directed by the motion. The arrangement, however, was such as to cause the woman who proposed it later to regret that she did not put the two groups in reverse order, for as soon as the lights were turned off the men near the door became suddenly panic-stricken, stampeded down the stairway into the dark street, disappeared and left the poor old sisters to go home without any

escort—and worse still, without any opportunity to press a leap-year matrimonial suit. The picketers saw and heard it all, and were glad they did not go upstairs to interfere with the, to them, edifying program.

CHAPTER IX

“DOES WORLD PEACE INVOLVE OVER-POPULATION?” MAJOR GOFF’S THEME BEFORE
THE “MIZZER” CLUBS

AS PREVIOUSLY stated, “The Misery-Loves-Company Clubs” that were formed and carried on by the young men who were barred from matrimony by the marriageable young women who were on a world strike against matrimony, shortened the name into “Misero-loco Clubs.” And this only as an official designation, for in practice it was soon further shortened into “Mizzer” Clubs, and the members came to be universally dubbed as “Mizzers.”

These clubs sprang up quite spontaneously, and at first there was no other known object of their existence except that indicated by their full, unabbreviated name, and this largely in burlesque, for none would admit at the start that the so-called strike by the young women was anything more than a huge joke, and would not last long. This belief was strengthened when some smart editor investi-

gated and discovered that the greater part of the telegrams sent to Miss Mortimer on that first Monday when the unique news story about the conditional engagement entered into by her and Major Goff was published, were sent by married women, and by most of them in a spirit of jest.

But by the time this fact had been figured out, the movement had become unmistakably serious, had in fact developed into both a world passion and a world fashion.

When the seriousness of the situation was finally realized by these young male "Mizzers," the first topic for club discussion was, as previously stated, "What are we going to do about it?" But after a very few weekly meetings, they found themselves involved in a serious discussion of all the social, political and economical phases of a possible era of world disarmament and world peace. Just what would happen should these headstrong women actually succeed in what appeared now a chimerical venture? In such discussions it was of course inevitable that every possible brand of theorist, faddist, pacifist, optimist and pessimist should appear and insist on be-

ing heard. Much was made by some of the "dire consequences that must inevitably follow when the saturation point of population on this planet is reached." This point, it was contended, would be reached in less than a century if war were actually abolished.

It was in these Men's Clubs that Major Goff found opportunity to aid the cause so ably championed by his fair fiancée. He had at the first supposed he could help only with his money. But the wealthy women of the world had from the first so liberally provided the necessary funds to carry on the movement, that for some time he could only stand on the side lines and observe what was going on. He joined one of these Mizzer Clubs in Washington without any definite idea as to why he did so. He had long been a club man anyhow, being a prominent member of the Army and Navy Club, so his gregarious qualities were sufficiently developed, he thought, to stand membership in one more club.

Because of his prominence as the thus far silent partner of the young woman leading the world revolt against matrimony, the members of the club he joined wanted to make him its

chief sachem. But he firmly declined all honors, and at first refused to take any part in the club discussions. Although a thorough scholar, and a man of exceptional erudition and versatility, he had never been a public speaker, and had no thought of becoming one when he joined that club.

But after listening to the various vagaries and vaporings of several kinds of theorists for several meetings, he became aroused, and found himself involved in the verbal combats before he was hardly aware of it. He soon developed into such an able debater that he was either put on the formal program for every meeting, or called out for a speech after the regular program was finished. He devoted all the spare time he could command to a thorough study of the matters discussed in the meetings, and before he was hardly aware of it, and without intending it, he came to be regarded by his fellow members as a master and specialist regarding the problems of world readjustment disclosed by the current feminine revolution. He made a special study of that bugaboo raised by certain college professors in their writings about the inevita-

ble over-population of the earth in a short time which, they assert, will result if all human warfare should cease.

His treatment of this subject became so well received and so widely reported, that when he went on his next annual leave he made himself an unofficial visitor to other Mizzer Clubs, and his addresses were widely published by newspapers and magazines, and broadcast by extensive radio hook-ups. I insert here an extract from his most-repeated address on the above-named subject:

“The proposal to abolish war always brings to the front that alarmist school of writers and speakers who see the world getting over-populated. Of all the bugaboos put forward for serious consideration, this one deserves the premium. In the first place, there are so many other causes at work to check the increase of population, in spite of all that modern civilization has been able to do in the way of conserving human life, that it seems worse than silly to worry over what might happen if war were abolished.

“In the second place, the resources of our planet for the sustenance of human life have

scarcely been tapped. Capable calculators have told us that USONA alone has resources capable of sustaining three times the world's present population. Of these capable calculators, Mr. Arthur Brisbane, in the Hearst newspapers, says on this point: 'The League of Nations Statistical Department shows that earth's population is only fifty millions short of two billions!' Then a little later he adds: 'Earth's population could stand at the same time on Staten Island in New York harbor. Texas, intensely cultivated, could feed them all and provide them with room to live comfortably.' And this he says of North Dakota: 'With lignite, inexhaustible fuel, not used, tens of millions of acres not yet cultivated, plenty of room for a thousand million more people, and able under intense cultivation to feed the present population of the earth, it is difficult to predict what this Northwestern country will be some day.'

"It is true that in certain sections there is an overcrowding of population. But such a world co-operative commonwealth as these feminine strikers are organizing under the name of Terrania, which will treat the entire

human race as one family, will make an early specialty of getting the earth's population properly distributed. They intend to see that there are no more city slums and no more rural slums, and by and by, when there are enough people to settle the waste places, there will be no more vast wildernesses nor deserts.

“If we could at once abolish war and every other cause of death in the human family, would there even then be any danger of the earth becoming over-populated? May we not safely leave that problem to life itself? Is there not ground for a reasonable assumption that with no breaches to be repaired following death's ravages, population would automatically check in a natural way? From what we can observe, it appears that nature is striving after an equilibrium, or balance, between life in the subjective and life in the objective; that human beings are projected out from the subjective as so many antennæ for drawing from the objective universe that which will satisfy the yearning and burning desires of life in the subjective. It seems reasonable to infer, therefore, that subjective life will not project more of these antennæ than may be needed for such a purpose. To be yet more plain and

practical, we may readily and reasonably believe that the sex passion in human bodies will automatically disappear as soon as there are enough of those bodies on the earth to serve as antennæ to the subjective life power that projected them. And from what we can observe in general of life's marvelous skill in the adaptation of means to ends, it is reasonable to infer again that the number of these antennæ needed will correspond closely to the earth's equipment for keeping those antennæ functioning. And that equipment is vastly beyond what has yet been utilized, as I have just shown. In this connection I will here quote another statement from Mr. Brisbane:

“‘Nine actors and actresses, playing with a sailor's pet parrot, were taken ill; two died, and the parrot died.

“‘The human race will be healthier when all wild life shall have been eliminated, and all other life, perhaps, except that of human beings.

“‘Horses carry typhoid, crocodiles carry sleeping sickness, the tsetse fly implanting it in human beings after biting the crocodile's gums.

“ ‘Mosquitoes transplant malaria and yellow fever. Rats spread the dreadful bubonic and pneumonic plagues. Dogs have a monopoly of rabies. Children play with cats and get the diphtheria from their furs.’

“Perhaps, if life in the subjective could once get a sufficient number of human beings on the earth to serve as the antennæ necessary to maintain a perfect equilibrium between subjective and objective, all lower animal life would automatically disappear within a reasonably brief time.

“This is a speculative view, I will admit, but a working hypothesis is always admissible in the study of any subject. ‘That this method of exploration is good,’ says the late Professor Shaler, ‘is shown by its exceeding success; by it we have drawn from the darkness all we have of light.’¹ And Professor Thompson J. Hudson says of this method of investigation, ‘The most that can be said of any scientific hypothesis is, that whether true in the abstract or not, everything happens just as though it were true.’²

¹ *The Individual*, page 309.

² *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, page 19.

“Keeping in mind these statements from these two eminent authorities, let us try to note at least a few facts supporting our hypothesis—namely, that living human beings on this earth planet are the antennæ that the Creative Intelligence of the universe has projected out of the subjective into the objective with a view to maintaining between these two realms, subjective and objective, an agreeable correspondence. If we can assume for the moment that something like this is the purpose of human corporeal life on this earth planet, then the inference is forced upon us that this Creative Intelligence, if allowed to work out its own designs without interference, will project just a sufficient number of these human antennæ to maintain a balance between life in the subjective and life in the objective, neither more nor less.

“A further inference is forced upon us, therefore, and that is that human well-being can be just as much endangered by a possible under-population as by a possible over-population. According to our hypothesis, then, if life’s course were allowed to run normally,

births and deaths would in the world as a whole be exactly equal, and the fact that in the most nearly normal conditions obtainable in human society in its present state of evolution, births greatly outnumber deaths, the inference is forced upon us that the earth as a whole is still under-populated, and probably always has been.

“This phase of the population problem has apparently never worried our humanitarian professors and philosophers who so quickly get panicky over a prospective over-population whenever there is serious effort to abolish war. But it is time that somebody forced upon their attention this possibility of an under-population of our planet. With two few living people to maintain a balance, or equilibrium, between life in the subjective and life in the objective, no living human being can be perfectly well, perfectly happy, or in any respect perfectly normal.

“Let me illustrate. My illustration is rather crude and may seem to you far-fetched, but it is at least suggestive. A few years ago, when on a vacation trip in the middle west, I had occasion to stop over night in a small fac-

tory town. In the morning, while reading a newspaper in the hotel lobby, a man came and asked the clerk if he knew where he could find the town marshal. 'What do you want with the town marshal?' asked the clerk.

"'I want to surrender to him, and let him do with me whatever he sees fit,' was the man's reply. 'I had a fire in my house last night,' he continued. 'Not a very serious one—I whipped it out unaided—but it could easily have been more serious. I was the sole cause of it, though I must confess I am puzzled to know how I was so fooled after taking the precaution I took. We just moved into the house a few days ago, and yesterday evening the last two loads of our household furniture arrived so late that everything had to be dumped into the main sitting room and left in much disorder. As the sleeping rooms all open into this sitting room, it seemed necessary to keep a light through the night. An electric light bulb hung from the ceiling in this sitting room that I wanted to keep a light in, and as the bulb had no shade, in order to avoid a glare that would interfere with sleep I muffled it by tying about it one of baby's dresses—first

holding the lighted bulb a considerable time in my bare hand to satisfy myself that it would not set fire to the cloth tied over it.

“ ‘All then retired and went to sleep. Some time near midnight I was awakened by a snapping and popping sound, and by a semi-stifling smoke. The lighted bulb, despite my precaution, had ignited the little dress tied about it, which had dropped down among books, bedclothes, and what not and started a lively blaze. I grabbed a coat from a chair near my bed and whipped out the blaze before any one else in the house awoke.

“ ‘Now I wish somebody would tell me why that lighted bulb would not burn my bare hand, but did set fire to that piece of cloth tied about it.’

“ ‘It probably came about in this way,’ said the hotel clerk. ‘At the time you held the lighted bulb in your hand, just before retiring, about all the lights were on in all the town. By midnight nearly everybody in town had turned off their lights and retired. The big dynamo down at the central power plant kept going, and the electric current from the turned-off lights was naturally diverted to the

live wires, increasing both the brilliancy and the heat in each of the remaining lighted bulbs, one of which was yours—hence your fire.’

“This explanation seemed to me plausible enough, as I took it for granted that in a small town like that the lighting system would not be equipped with automatic regulators to prevent the current from shifting from darkened bulbs to those remaining lighted.

“I forgot all about this western incident until very recently. Contemplating the awful carnage of war, I reasoned that, just as the homes of a city are lighted from a central electric dynamo, so must there be, somewhere in the invisible universe, a great central Life Dynamo sending out the subtle life current which animates our bodies and generates that combination of thought and feeling which we call consciousness.

“And for aught we know, what seem to be two currents, as named above, may in reality be only one, merely varying as to voltage. If so, then the operation of the same cause in each case will be followed by the same effect in each case. Turn off a large number of elec-

tric lights while the central dynamo still runs unchecked, with no automatic regulators in the lighting system, and you increase the voltage into the bulbs remaining lighted. Snap out suddenly the glowing light of reason and consciousness in several million human body bulbs, will not the life current thus baffled and beaten back most naturally shift and increase the voltage in the surviving members of the human race?

“If in such cataclysms as our recent World War that subtle life current which animated those millions who were cut off within a brief period of time does automatically shift to the surviving members of the human species, what an excess voltage had to pass into each one of us who survived that awful war, and what a mercy the armistice was not delayed another single day! And how we should every one shudder at the mere mention of that ‘Next War’!

“How, then, about the Hudson test as applied to my hypothesis? Does everything happen as though it were true? If within the space of four years, when over a large section of the earth a great many more people died

than were born within the same period, and if the animating life current did automatically shift from those dead bodies to living ones, the theory requires us to expect all kinds of abnormalities among the living people who had to absorb this excess voltage. Well, did we not see such abnormalities in abundance, even beyond the equipment of human language to name and label? As a most glaring and flaring abnormality, there was the world scourge called the Spanish Influenza. That was supposed to come from a certain kind of 'bacillus.' Even so. But what brought that bacillus into being all at once over so large a portion of this planet? Since the physicians of the world have not yet reached an agreement as to the actual cause of that influenza scourge that let itself loose upon the world just before the armistice of 1918, the field ought to be considered open to the speculations of the metaphysicians. From the viewpoint of the latter, there is something very suggestive in the findings of the former in their study of that epidemic. From an article on the subject in the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, we learn that the physicians tes-

tify that while in the case of the Lagrippe of 1889 and 1890 old people were especially affected, in this influenza of 1918 young people in the late teens and early twenties were its chief victims. This fact is very suggestive in its bearing on my working hypothesis. Naturally enough, if the subtle life fluid which was animating the bodies of the World War soldiers who fell in battle up to the time they fell did automatically shift to surviving human bodies all over the world, it seems reasonable enough that it should go strongest in bodies of about the same age as those from which it was diverted by death. As a result, this increased voltage into the bodies of living young people was more than many of them could stand; hence the mounting mortality lists, especially in the big cities.

“Perhaps some of my hearers would like to remind me at this point of what I have said about the wisdom of nature in the adaptation of means to ends. If nature be thus wise and skillful, would we not suppose that she would provide some kind of an automatic regulator to prevent this supposed excess voltage into

the bodies of the survivors from a very destructive war?

“Nature is indeed endowed with certain wonderful aptitudes for meeting emergencies. In case of an incision through the skin of a living body, she proceeds promptly to coagulate the blood, and thereby very soon stops its outflow, provided the cut does not go too deeply into the vitals of the body. If it severs a vein or artery, she is not equipped to meet such an emergency unaided.

“And if a Johnstown dam breaks from the pressure of a big body of impounded waters, nature has no resources for effecting a sudden leashing of the rampant flood that overflows the valley below.

“So, in the ordinary run of life’s functions and processes, nature undoubtedly does regulate and restrain the flow of the invisible life current into every living organism in the animal kingdom. But we have no more reason to look for a sudden regulation of that life current after millions of human beings are killed within a very short space of time, than in the cases above cited of the blood and the flood.

“Now, Gentlemen of the Mizzer Club, if there were time available, I could proceed along this line indefinitely in showing that my working hypothesis meets the Hudson test—that ‘everything happens just as though it were true.’ And if it is true, there is positively no possible danger of an over population of our planet, even when, after the abolition of war, we abolish every other cause of death. But there is grave danger that that predicted ‘Next War,’ if we permit it to take place, may result in our earth’s complete depopulation. Once the big nations get into another war, it will be in one respect just like all wars of the past, and that is that each combatant will draw on and employ its utmost resources to win the war. But in some other respects it will be unlike any war of the past, the main one being the equipment for wholesale destruction of human life. All this mighty enginery of destruction will be let loose on the human race without any pretense of effort to distinguish between combatants and non-combatants. Gentle and refined women, decrepit old men, invalids in hospitals along with their physi-

cians and nurses, innocent infants in their cribs—that next war will be absolutely no respecter of persons.

“If our hypothesis is even half way true, the destruction of a half dozen big city populations over night might suddenly shift such a heavy voltage from Life’s Central Dynamo to the surviving members of the human race as to suddenly consume or completely incapacitate every last one of said survivors!

“We do know if we prune away too many branches from a tree all at once, we destroy the balance between its life under ground and its life above ground, and the whole tree dies. If therefore it could be definitely understood beforehand that the victors in that next war might suddenly perish along with their vanquished foe, would there be any motive for engaging in such ‘Next War’?

“Let me admit in conclusion, gentlemen, that I am fully aware of the implications of my hypothesis as applied to the present strike engaged in by the women of the world against matrimony. I know that I have taken the ground that the world is, and probably always

has been, under populated; that the danger to human well-being is even greater from an under population than from a possible over population; that no human being on this planet can be perfectly well, perfectly happy, or perfectly normal in any particular as long as there are not enough human beings on the planet to take up the life current which must have a sufficient number of living antennæ to accommodate it, or overcharge the ones it does have. Therefore I recognize the patent fact that this world strike against matrimony is holding back the natural increase of population, and that if continued too long, as a cure for war it might in a measure promote the very evils attendant upon war itself. This danger I consider great enough to justify every proper effort to get the strike ended as soon as possible. And say, men, we ought all to know by this time that the only way to get this strike ended by the women of the world is to yield unconditionally to their demands, that is, surrender to them all human government in every nation, and let them unite all the nations under one feminized World State, with a woman for world President. Let us all

from this very hour do our utmost to get our fellow male citizens to fall in line. With such inevitable calamities of direst results bound to come from another world war, who can blame these women strikers for their demands? Women through the ages have always been the greatest sufferers from the horrors of war. They have the mother instinct which has prompted them to suffer passively and patiently. But now we see that mother instinct in active rebellion against the masculine rule that has piled up such a mass of menacing armaments the world over, and cannot be induced to destroy said armaments.

“Organizing a world strike against matrimony to attain their ends looks to us, of course, like extremely radical action. But wise or otherwise, we know they are firmly set in this course of action, and that it is utterly useless to try to break the strike.

“This effort has been made by some of both sexes. It was reported not long ago that a few young women whose pledges had expired by time limit decided they would not renew their pledges, and informed their fiancées they were ready to defy the rest of the strikers and get

married. Accordingly, they went to the license offices and made application in regular form for marriage licenses. But women clerks and recorders were in charge of all the license offices everywhere, and positively refused to issue any marriage licenses until the full purpose of the strike should be attained, and the strike duly called off by those who organized it and had successfully carried it on.

“Let us therefore hasten to surrender all government everywhere to these women strikers. They cannot at the worst possibly do any worse than we men have done. Vive la Terrania.”

CHAPTER X

TERRANIA TRIUMPHANT

“Where is the man with the power and skill,
To stem the torrent of a woman’s will?”
(From a mediæval monument.)

IT WAS the massed will of womankind the world over that wrested civil government from the hands of the male sex of the human species in such a comparatively short time. Slowly through the ages, despite the handicaps due to men’s rule and misrule, the feminine of the species had evolved towards this psychological moment.

Now that woman had at last won complete world control, what would she do with it? When the last of the nations of the earth had signed over its sovereignty to Terrania, the young woman who had headed the feminization movement sent out a communique calling a council of two women representatives from each one of the United States of Terrania, to decide on the next step, and also to provide

the constitutional machinery for a permanent world government under feminine control.

When these representatives arrived in Washington, D. C., they were assembled in the House of the National Capitol building. The use of the House for this purpose had been voted by both Houses of the Female Congress just before its adjournment, a few days previous, and the Resolution had been duly signed by the last male President of that country.

Contemporary reports of this council of women set it forth as the most significant assemblage of women that had thus far taken place in all the world's history. They represented all races and languages, but the English language was unanimously adopted as the official language of Terrania, and most of the delegates from non-English speaking nations were accompanied by interpreters.

Miss Mortimer was unanimously elected as presiding officer of the assembly, and when the other officers necessary to the transaction of business had been elected, she arose and addressed the delegates as follows:

“Fellow citizens of the United States of Terrania: This is a supreme hour. We are assembled to transact the most important business that ever fell to the lot of human beings. A great responsibility has been thrust upon us by our own inviting, yea by our own demand. We are not to raise even a question as to our ability to meet that responsibility. So important is the task to be performed in the immediate future that I feel it to be almost a crime to delay the supreme consummation of our task by speech making. But since our coming together here is the culmination of forces and principles working through all the past, and what we are to do soon is to affect all the future, we must act with becoming deliberation. Our first piece of work here today is to adopt a form of constitution for our World Republic to be sent back to your home states for ratification. We do not need a lengthy constitution—just enough to evidence our supreme reliance upon constitutional government to rule the world henceforth in place of brute force. Although we women of the world have wrested civil government from men, if

they had not so largely become accustomed to constitutional government through several past generations, we could not count on their voluntary submission to a government based on reason and conciliation, with absolutely no more resort to physical force.

“The men of the world have now made this task easier for us by their recent signing at Paris of the so-called Kellogg Peace Pact. Alarmed by the progress of our Terranian movement, they almost fell over one another in an effort to do something in one last hope of maintaining masculine rule in the world. But while this was, we know, their main motive, rather than world peace, they have nevertheless definitely committed themselves to peaceful settlement of all differences and disputes, so cannot consistently object to our demand for the speedy destruction of all armaments.

“We are clearly justified in not trusting these men to carry out their own solemnly signed compact by the fact that since signing that they have gone right on increasing armaments instead of decreasing them. The ink

was hardly dry on that Paris Peace Pact when some of the larger nations, just before surrendering their sovereignty to our Terrania, voted and ordered constructed a large number of new cruisers.

“No, we simply cannot and will not any longer trust the male sex of our human species to govern this world. Having now finally united the nations under a new and permanent feminine régime, forever free from brute force, we are going to destroy all the instruments of brute force the whole world over. By getting ready and doing this simultaneously in every nation, there will be no question of our good faith. With the nations now at last united under one government, there can be no possible excuse for the further retention of armaments anywhere on the planet. There is absolutely no vital interest of any human being or group of human beings that cannot be guaranteed and protected by the rule of reason.

“Therefore I am going to recommend the adoption of a very brief and simple constitution for Terrania, one that shall provide for a President and but three cabinet officers,

namely, a Secretary of the Treasury, a Secretary of a Department of Iconoclastics, and a Secretary of a Department of Irenics. The first named is necessary because no kind of government can carry on without money, though the financial requirements of our central government need not be great. A Department of Iconoclastics will be needed for the destruction of armaments. In the nature of the case we shall expect that Department in time to work itself out of a job and automatically cease to exist. But the Department of Irenics will be needed through a great stretch of the future for ironing out differences, and adjusting relations between individuals and groups of individuals. This Department will take on all the functions of existing international courts. The arbitrating and adjusting of claims and counter claims will be simple and comparatively easy after the existing heavy armaments have been destroyed, when all states, formerly nations, will be on an equal footing in so far as physical force goes. Absolute arbitration is impossible under a régime of brute force, for it is utterly impossible for a heavily armed

nation to see why it shouldn't have what it wants so long as it is able to get it.

"Except in taking away the power to declare and wage war, we shall not interfere with the present functioning of the various nation states of Terrania. We shall not undertake to force upon them anything like uniformity as to government, other than that each must be a complete democracy, and officered entirely by women. This, of course, after the armies are disbanded. No woman will be an army officer. But the need for army officers is now not to exist much longer.

"I recommend that in your brief constitution you make your President Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of all the States of Terrania, just as, for instance, the President of USONA now is of that nation State. And just as that President has always had extra powers in time of war for waging war, you give your President these extra powers for making peace. And just as a War President heretofore in time of war has had power to commandeer whatever property was needful in the prosecution of war, you give the President of Terrania the power to commandeer what-

ever may be necessary for the prosecution of world peace. This will give her the power outright to commandeer all the armaments, armories, munition factories and war vessels, without waiting for an Act of the Terranian Congress.

“Speaking of ‘Terranian Congress,’ I have omitted to say that of course your constitution will provide for a congress, though I suggest that you call it a Parliament, and have but one house, a Senate composed of two members from each State, just as this body before me today. It will be not the Parliament of Man, the federation of the world, but the Parliament of Woman, the feminization of the world.”

Loud and prolonged applause followed the conclusion of this address. A motion was then made and carried for the appointment of a committee of nine to draw up a constitution embodying the recommendations made by the presiding officer, said committee to report at the afternoon session.

The council was called to order again at two-thirty in the afternoon, and the committee on constitution reported as it had been

directed to do. The report was adopted with but little debate, and there was no debate on anything else that came before the council until it came to selecting a permanent location for the Capital of Terrania. Some of the European delegates thought it ought to be located at The Hague, mainly because the Carnegie Peace Palace there could be commandeered and appropriated to that use. Still others thought it should be located at Geneva, taking over from the League of Nations whatever might seem worth while. This matter was a part of the council's agenda which had not been touched upon by Miss Mortimer in her opening address, and when her opinion and wishes were asked, she called the vice-chairwoman to the chair, took the floor and urged the selection of the little island of San Salvador in the Atlantic Ocean. That place was noted as the landing place of the discoverer of one new world, and hence a suitable site for the Capital of another new world. "Are not we women literally making a new world?" she shouted. She opposed Geneva and The Hague because there was about both

places the dense and depressing atmosphere of men's failure and blunders.

When the matter came to a vote there was a big majority in favor of San Salvador. After ratification by the several nation States, the constitution just adopted would confer upon the President of Terrania the power to commandeer that whole island for the uses of its central government. It would then be called the District of Terrania.

The council adjourned early enough to get copies of the constitution and lists of the nominees for first officers and members of the Parliament into the foreign air mails that afternoon to the several nation States for ratification. Since the council members had all nominated themselves for Parliament members, and felt sure of their election and the constitution's ratification, they all remained in the United States, ready for the first session of the Terranian Parliament and the inauguration of its first President, which, as my readers have already guessed, was to be Miss Amy Mortimer, no other nominee having been placed on the ballot by the nominating council, care having been taken in writing the constitu-

tion to make the minimum age for President low enough to accommodate her case. But for her lack of a few years she would have been the first woman President of the United States of North America, now, as a state of Terrania, called USONA.

All of the nation States whose legislative bodies were not in session were called to assemble at once to act on the new constitution of Terrania. Ratification by all was very prompt, carrying therewith the election of all the nominees for the first Parliament and President. The constitution had a provision putting it into immediate effect and arming with authority the new officials elected to assume the duties and responsibilities of office at once, on the mere signing of a formal oath of office. Anything like formal inauguration ceremonies was not required, nor was it forbidden. It was therefore optional with the incumbent.

And Miss Mortimer chose to have a public inauguration a little later, with some special features and accompaniments. I have omitted to report one important provision in the new constitution of Terrania, and that was the

adoption of a new calendar, which divided the year into thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, and one extra day for an annual holiday, and in leap years an additional holiday to be called "Year Day." I mention this only because many of those for whom I write in this year of 1950 do not know just when or how our present calendar came into vogue. It had been proposed and favorably discussed for some time before the woman's revolution, and would have been adopted in time even if this revolution had not come. Before the Terranian constitution was adopted, as the older of my readers well know, the year consisted of twelve months, quite irregular as to length.

When Miss Mortimer received official notice of her election as the first President of Terrania, signed the oath and actively assumed the duties of her office, there remained a little less than three months of the last year of operation of the old calendar. To be exact, it was the 16th day of October, exactly five years after that epochal day when she so dramatically declined Major Goff's equally dramatic marriage proposal.

. . . Speaking of Major Goff, I must

now give some accounting of him. The women have so completely occupied the world stage for five years, that I have not been able to give attention to men except in the most incidental way. It will be remembered that I noted the fact that the major did not resign his place in the War Department at the time Miss Mortimer did, and that she preferred that he remain in his place if permitted by his superiors to do so. He was allowed to remain, but not to remain stationary. As soon as the women acquired control of the United States Congress, they promoted him to the head and gave him supreme command of the United States Army, next to the President. The major and Miss Mortimer had both been so busy they had not had very much of each other's company. But when the sixteenth of October came, and Amy Mortimer had just become the official head of the united nations of the world, she resolved on giving over most of that day to the man to whom she had been conditionally engaged for five years, General John Neander Goff. She called him up and asked him to call at the Women's Building at two o'clock P. M., and if agreeable to him she

would like to have him take her out to his Potomac Prospect grounds, as she had something important she wanted to tell him under the old Tryst Tree out there. Of course this was more than agreeable to him, and at half past two they were again seated in the same rustic seat, under the same tree, now an object of much historic interest. The day was fair and warm, a perfect duplicate of the one five years previous.

Inasmuch as Miss Amy had told General Goff that she had something to say to him, he naturally waited for her to lead off in the conversation. After being seated, both sat in silence for several minutes, each conscious, doubtless, of the surcharged atmosphere that still obtained under that tree. By and by, with a slight quaver in her voice, she said: "Well, my dear John, quite a bit has happened since we last sat here together." "Yes indeed," he replied, with a voice about as lacking in firmness as that with which she had just spoken, "in the past five years the universe has changed front."

"There is now just one more important task to be performed," said the President of Ter-

rania, "which I will have to depend on you to get performed, and if you can get it performed in the next two and a half months, I am ready, in accordance with our solemn agreement here five years ago, to take you as my husband on the day I have chosen for my public inauguration as President of Terrania—assuming, of course, that you still feel the same in this regard that you did then."

"Just the same, dear Amy, and if I had to wait five years more I would not change. I am still supremely desirous of having you for my wife, and will do anything in my power towards performing any task you may assign me, no matter how hard. I am at your service, dear Amy."

"Well, it is nothing less than the destruction of the world's armaments. It is a big task, but you are big enough to perform it."

"I'm afraid you are overestimating my power, dear Amy."

"No, I am not, dear John. It is not your power personally or individually I am considering, but the power I can put back of you—the power of the organized womanhood of the world committed to me through

the constitution of Terrania. You are already in supreme command of the armies of USONA, the most powerful of the United States of Terrania. I as President of Terrania am Commander-in-Chief of all the armies of all the States of the world, united under the name of Terrania. I am going to bestow upon you the united command of all these armies. Just as the Allied Nations in the World War united under the supreme command of Marshal Foch and thereby won the war, so you are going to have all these armies united under your command to win world peace by directing those armies to destroy their own weapons. I will convoke the Parliament of Terrania tomorrow, as nearly all the members are right here in Washington, and ask it to confirm your appointment to this high command. Then under the peace powers conferred upon me by the Terranian constitution, I will straightway commandeer every piece of armament, from the smallest pistol to Germany's Big Bertha, every factory that makes armaments and munitions, every war vessel that sails the

Seven Seas, and every piece of aircraft that sails in the heavens, and commit to you and your united armies the task of collecting up these armaments and munitions and delivering them to the new Terranian Government at its Capital site on the Island of San Salvador. You may not be able to get it all delivered there in two and a half months, but you can get it all so completely scrapped that it cannot be used for fighting by any faction that might be disposed to rebel against Terranian rule. In no place are you to leave in condition to be used any more arms and ammunition factories than may be thought necessary for local police and constabulary purposes.

“On the thirty-first day of December I plan to deliver my Inaugural Address right here from this spot—by radio and television to all the States of Terrania. Then if your task is sufficiently near completion to make it certain there can be no more war between any sections of humanity anywhere, we will be married here on this spot also, and have the ceremony by radio and television heard and seen in all the world. I will at once, by executive procla-

mation, dissolve the world strike against matrimony that has obtained for more than a quadrennium, so all other conditionally engaged couples can be married immediately after our wedding. Just think of it! There has never been on this planet so long a period without a wedding. We induced all the young women as fast as they became of marriageable age to take a pledge for four years, subject to renewal, not to marry within that pledge period. It is doubtful if there ever was in all human history another instance of such devotion to principle for the sake of a high and far-reaching purpose!

“Some expired pledges were renewed for two years more, with the understanding that if the supreme objects of the strike should be attained sooner than that, all would be released by executive decree.

“December thirty-first will be a holiday because January first will be a Sunday. I want my Inauguration on this last day of the year as a precedent to be observed every leap year by all future Presidents of Terrania.

“But before you tackle this world task, I would have you attend to one at home. You

will remember I told you that before I would occupy this mansion as a home it must be divested of all things military. I wish you would attend to this right away, tomorrow. Take down those numerous swords with which you have decorated its walls, take them to the forge and have them beaten into plowshares. That will be a good psychological preparation for your world task. Hang the plowshares where the swords have been hanging. They will be just as ornamental as the swords ever were, and more in accord with our present world ideals. Remove also the paintings of battle scenes, and the statues of military heroes. These heroes had their unavoidable place in their day, and many of them served their day well. But we want something in our house more suggestive of the new day that is now dawning."

By the time General Goff had got the house set in order, his Commission was ready, giving him United Command of all the armed forces of the world, navies as well as armies.

What remained now to be done was but a detail, though, indeed, a very important and interesting detail.

CHAPTER XI

“LAPT IN UNIVERSAL LAW”

NEVER in all the world's history had there been such a demonstration of sex solidarity as in this world strike by unmarried women against matrimony as a means to an end—the ending of war. Practically all the young women of marriageable or near marriageable age at this time, like their leader in this strike, had been girls in their most tender and impressible years when the World War took place, and consequently were ready material for this revolt against war, and for the drastic means for making their revolt count. It is not likely that any other such effective means could ever have been devised. The young men who wanted to marry these girls who were pledged not to marry till the purposes of the revolution were achieved, made a united demand upon their elders to surrender completely into the hands of the female sex all conduct of civil government the world over.

And now we see the unique venture crowned with success. The women of the world at last have absolute control of the world, and all

through the most absolutely perfect constitutional machinery. Not a man in office in any civil post in the whole world. Even hereditary male sovereigns have abdicated, and women are in their places.

And let it be noted, too, that it is not a chimerical but a perfectly practical situation. There was no claim of any "millennium" being at hand. But it was clear to all that a new race consciousness was asserting itself, which simply could not and would not tolerate war any longer anywhere in the world.

There still remained many important problems to be solved. But organized womanhood was determined that henceforth all human problems should be solved without resort to wholesale blood-letting. It was a new world régime that was established—of law and reason to take the place of brute force.

The great majority of the people for whom I am writing this history in this year of grace 1950 are the children, well up in their teens, of parents whose marriage was deferred a few years or a few months by that world strike of women against matrimony. This strike was of course, at the time, regarded by many as a

very abnormal condition. And it was, in a way, but today there are many resultant advantages apparent. The temporary check of population was in itself wholesome, and of far-reaching anthropological consequences, just as the American nation at one time put a check upon immigration from other nations, and found that check beneficial to its national standards and institutions. These delayed marriages meant in most cases better developed and more matured bodies and minds on the part of both men and women, the results of which now show in the fine physiques and brilliant minds of the new generation.

But while, as I have just said, what remains of this most unique World Revolution is but a detail, I know this new generation will want to know something of the details of this detail, if I may so speak. General Goff was given supreme command of all the world's armies and navies, and directed by the President of Terrania to effect the collection for destruction of all possible instruments and means of making war as speedily as possible. We must understand that the world had now reached its supreme height in constitutional govern-

ment, and that the orders for the destruction of these armaments and munitions were just as legal as the orders for their production in the first place.

Because I have not gone fully into details in every particular in recording this revolution's victories, I fear it may be inferred that these stupendous achievements were easily won. But they were not. Every inch of advance made by the women in acquiring the constitutional authority to destroy armaments was contested fiercely by special interests. And it was amazing how completely these special interests ramified through the economic and commercial systems of the whole world. Destroying armaments and munitions and the factories that made them meant a considerable upsetting in the world of finance, and of course all the cohorts of Mammon resisted the proposal.

To cite a concrete case, some two years after the failure of a conference at Geneva which was held in the hope of reducing naval armaments, it was discovered that certain big ship building firms in USONA had had a highly paid "observer" at the conference, who was given credit by some of having quite a bit to

do in causing the deadlock which resulted in the failure.

Such disclosures spurred the women leaders of the Terranian revolution to more determined efforts. Many of them had had to combat the same kind of financial interests in bringing about the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment a few years earlier, so now were able to point out how the labor and capital formerly employed in manufacturing and dispensing beverage liquor had been successfully diverted to more productive industries, and to contend that the same thing would take place when armaments, munitions and the factories that made them were destroyed.

And these women crusaders also found a strong resistance in most of the nations to the surrender of their national sovereignties to Terrania. Mainly on this ground had USONA refused to join the League of Nations. And it certainly would never have become a Terranian State if women had not captured its government. They took the ground that USONA's national identity and individuality had become so well established that it could not possibly lose anything, and

would certainly gain much, by becoming one of the fine family of nation States. Furthermore, being the wealthiest and otherwise most powerful of these States, any fear of loss in becoming a Terranian State was the sheerest folly. For the smaller and weaker nations to have a fear of being swallowed up or swayed by the big ones would have been somewhat natural and reasonable. Yet all these merged into Terrania with but little or no hesitation.

The women contended that the world had run its course with separate national sovereignties, and therefore had reached the limit of world progress on that basis. To continue further in this separate and competitive capacity would have the same effect upon nations as an over-developed individuality has upon individual human units, when a proud conceit, strutting arrogance and excessive egotism are the result.

The women of the world made a success of Terrania mainly because in the female sex the family instinct is so much stronger than in the male. No woman could think of any family being so large that it could not get on better by co-operation than by fussing and fighting.

It was inevitable, therefore, that the massed female minds of the world should view and treat the nations of the earth as one family.

Women succeeded in making the world's armies destroy their arms because, under the strict military discipline then in force, an order from the Commander-in-Chief to move all armaments and munitions to an island of the sea was as sure to be obeyed as one to move out into the field in battle array.

In order to facilitate and hasten this assembling of all armaments and munitions to the island of San Salvador for delivery to the President and Parliament of Terrania, General Goff called for several hundred volunteers from each nation State. The response was spontaneous from the many "Miseroloco" Clubs of young men everywhere, and every quota was soon filled to overflowing.

The first orders were for every war vessel to go to San Salvador and unload its fighting equipment, then go back to their several home bases and load up with more guns and munitions for the same destination. The next move was to temporarily commandeer every merchant ship and ocean freighter to help

move this brand of condemned freight, taking along with each load material for building sheds to shelter the arms and munitions dumped on the Terranian Capital Island. General Goff had himself gone to the island with a small detail of troops and workmen to receive and take care of the condemned cargo.

It seems almost incredible, but this herculean task of collecting and moving to one small island of the sea all the world's armaments and munitions was completed by Christmas, and General Goff had a week in which to go home and get ready for the supreme event of his life—his marriage to Amy Mortimer, President of the United States of Terrania.

Leaving a small detail of troops on guard, he left the island and arrived in Washington on Christmas Eve. After two days of holiday festivities, he and his now famous fiancée set about the preparations for the inaugural and wedding ceremonies scheduled to take place the following Saturday—the last day of the week, of the month, of the year, of the old calendar, and of the old order of things.

Inauguration on this date would set the precedent for future inaugurations of Terranian

Presidents every four years, though under the new calendar there would never again be a 31st of December, but at the end of every leap year there would be a 29th of December, just as under the old calendar there was a 29th of February.

These ceremonies, as previously stated, were to be out at Potomac Prospect, under the old Tryst Tree, and the preparations consisted mostly in installing the apparatus for broadcasting and televisioning the ceremonies to all the world. And all the world was notified to make preparation for receiving what would be sent from Potomac Prospect, and also for the marriage of all young couples everywhere who wished to be married, for the President had sent forth a proclamation to all the Terranian States lifting the ban against matrimony and ending the world strike at sunrise on December 31st. It was requested, though not commanded, by the President in her proclamation that all marriage ceremonies everywhere be performed by female ministers of the gospel, or by female magistrates. It was understood that in those States where only a religious

ceremony was legal, this request would not apply.

The great and eventful day finally arrived. It was the world's greatest wedding day, before or since. There had not been in any civilized State, where records were kept, a wedding for nearly four years. Just how many there were that day, performed simultaneously, I have not taken the time or trouble to count up. It will doubtless be done by some other historian or statistician, at some other time.

It was not a very large throng that assembled at Potomac Prospect. All the members of Parliament were present, of course, for the marriage of these two persons was to mean also, in an important symbolical sense, the marriage of all the earth's nations. Then, there were present as distinguished guests of honor certain high officials connected with the government of USONA, including the new President-elect, the first woman elected to that high position. A few outside guests included the mother of the bride and both parents and some brothers of the bridegroom.

The day was fair—a little chilly in the

morning, but at high noon, the hour set for the ceremony, it was very comfortable for the nuptials out under the big Tryst Tree, which had been appropriately decorated for the occasion with the flags of all the former nations, now States of Terrania.

Fastened to a large limb of the tree, a few feet above the heads of the bride and groom was a long piece of something rolled up, which set the guests a-guessing, especially the spectators everywhere who caught sight of it by television.

A half dozen of the bride's secretarial force from her office stood at her left as bridesmaids, and on the groom's right a half dozen young men members of his staff as best men.

Miss Mortimer never had been a "dressy" woman, but for this occasion she was adorned by the finest goods that could be furnished by the modistes of Paris and New York City. Her hair, now having grown back to its original and normal proportions, was braided and jeweled in a manner suited to a queen, and would in itself have served as a crown had she been present for a coronation instead of an inauguration. As the millions of other brides-

to-be at this hour beheld by television this chief of them all, I wonder how many of them were admiring her and how many were envying her?

The ceremony was pronounced by the chaplain of the Parliament, an elderly woman minister who had been a pioneer in the feminist movement in USONA. It ended, not with the usual "I pronounce you husband and wife together," but in recognition of the new day, "I pronounce you wife and husband together, and what God hath joined . . ." Then the chaplain pressed an electric button, and suddenly all the flags of all the former nations dropped from the tree, and were picked up and carefully furled by the members of Parliament who had brought them from their several home States. Then she pressed another button, and the mysterious roll above the heads of the bride and groom gradually unrolled and swung behind the bridal line of fourteen persons, signifying to the onlookers that the curtain of time had now dropped on the old world order of war and strife, and a new generation was facing the new age of permanent peace and good will. And that curtain was the new

flag of Terrania, a beautiful composite of all the other flags.

In accordance with a previous understanding, all now stood in silence for seven minutes to await the performance of the other wedding ceremonies all over the planet. Since this universal wedding party girded the entire globe, while it was high noon here at Potomac Prospect, it was all other hours of the day and night for a part of the world wedding party, so wherever it was night some specially high-powered lights had been installed to get the scene televised from the temporary World Capital, Potomac Prospect.

At the end of the seven minutes the famous Marine Band of Washington played the "Terranian Grand March," while congratulations were showered upon all the newly-weds of the world, and while members of Parliament with the furled flags of the former nations marched into a room in the basement of the Goff Mansion which the General had set apart as a "museum of antique objects," and there deposited those flags in a strong box to stay forever, while a composite of all of them, as the

flag of Terrania, floated from the Tryst Tree outside.

When these members of the Parliament had returned to the Tryst Tree, Mrs. Amy Mortimer Goff, President of the United States of Terrania, stepped up into the rustic settee, which had about it certain historic and sentimental associations, and delivered her Inaugural Address, which was broadcast and televisioned to a beholding and listening world:

“First of all, my fellow citizens of Terrania, while congratulations are still in order, I want to congratulate you all upon the dawn of this New Day, the fairest and brightest that has smiled upon this Earth Planet since that ancient morn when shepherds on the hills of Judea heard the angelic strain, *‘On Earth Peace, Good Will Towards Men.’*

“I desire especially to congratulate you, my sister brides, who have bowed with me at the hymeneal altar today. Because the world has at last been made safe for domesticity, you will not have to rear your sons to be conscripts, nor your daughters to wear widows’ weeds at the bloody behest of Mars and Mammon.

“I also sincerely congratulate our husbands

on having obtained wives who have demonstrated their worth by such a stand for principle as we have made. Because of this stand, practically all the armaments and munitions of the world are a junk heap down yonder on a small isle of the sea. We would have dumped it all to the bottom of the sea but for the many useful purposes we can put it all to by forging it into other forms.

“Just as the late Secretary Seward once said in regard to specie payments—‘the way to resume is to resume’—we have now shown that the way to disarm is to disarm. And we have also found the only real solution for the once vexing problem of ‘parity.’ With all the nations now stripped of all their war vessels, and of all other forms of fighting machinery—I call that parity to perfection. At the time we took the big nations of the world into the Terranian family, the male officials of those nations had completely exhausted themselves chasing back and forth across continents and oceans to hold conferences and pow-wows trying to effect international agreements about parity. Each was afraid one of the others would have one more fighting cruiser than the

others, or vessels representing more tonnage than the vessels of the others. If these male officials had reached the agreement they struggled after for so many precious years, the nations they represented would still have been heavily armed, needing at any time only some very slight provocation to precipitate those heavy armaments into action—and that *'Next War'* would have been on in earnest.

“After the world’s patience had become thoroughly exhausted by these parity parleys, we women stepped in and showed the men how we could turn the parity trick, so to speak. We did it with zeroes. Parity means equality, and if you put ciphers on both sides of the equation sign you will always have a perfect equation. We have destroyed, dismantled or demilitarized in some other way all the war vessels of all the nations, then united all those nations into one world government, so at last we have a perfect parity—and have it in the only way it ever could have been had.

“Very soon now, our Terranian Department of Iconoclastics will make a careful survey to determine how much of a supply of arms and munitions it may be prudent to keep

on hand for police and constabulary, then all the rest we will speedily destroy by converting it into materials that can be used or exchanged for building materials for our Terranian Capital City.

“And while our Department of Iconoclastics is attending to the destructive part of our Administration, our Department of Irenics will be attending to the constructive. Relieved forever of the drain and strain required to maintain the armaments required under the old order, we shall be able to enter at once upon a great era of constructiveness in all worthy lines. One of our great Washington dailies recently said editorially that USONA alone spent Forty Thousand Million Dollars in the World War in purely destructive ways. Then the editor proceeded to state what could now be done with those billions of money, if we had them back, in ways constructive. We could build two million miles of hard-surfaced roads at twenty thousand dollars per mile, or send ten million boys and girls through a four-year college course at four thousand dollars a year each, or construct forty thousand high school buildings each costing a million dollars.

“All of this and vastly more we shall soon be able now to do out of what we shall save by having prevented that ‘*Next War.*’ We will build roads, and reservoirs, and levees—prevent both floods and droughts. We will go into China and correct speedily the cause of the present famine, where four million people are said to be starving. We will build hospitals and other institutions for the healing of body and mind.

“We have not yet a perfect world. But we have in the past five years made the longest stride towards perfection ever made in any past five centuries. There are many world problems to solve, and many inharmonious conditions to harmonize. Our Department of Irenics will gradually iron out the wrinkles in the Versailles Treaty, and in time we will solve every human problem in every part of the world. The awakened womanhood of the world has taken over world control for this very purpose, and we will never relax our efforts while there is anywhere on earth anything crooked to be made straight, or any rough places to be made smooth.”

She proceeded along this line at some length, then closed with an eloquent peroration ending with the familiar lines of Lord Tennyson—

“Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky,

.

“Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true—

.

“Ring in the thousand years of peace!”

Then she stepped down from the rustic seat which she had commandeered for a speaking platform, and asked all the Parliament members and all the rest of the wedding party to join hands in a big circle around the big Tryst Tree of Terrania. When this was done the aged chaplain pushed another button and there unfolded from another limb a long and large streamer showing the words of the new Terranian Ode, which they joined in singing, led by the Marine Band, to the tune known to all Americans as “America,” and to all Britons as “God Save the King”:

“Terrania, ’tis of thee,
Hope of humanity,
Of thee we sing;
Ter-ran-ia tri-umph-ant,
Thy face be ad-a-mant,
’Gainst war and waste and want—
Ev’ry vile thing.

* * * *

“Gone war with all its woe,
Thy streams shall bloodless flow
From source to sea.
No more shall martial strain
Be heard on hill or plain,
Through all thy vast domain—
This we decree.

* * * *

“Forth to the forges take,
War’s tools of ev’ry make,
In all this world.
Change swords and bloody spears,
To plowshares, pruning shears,
While flag of battle disappears,
Forever furled.

* * * *

“Hail Prince of Peace! to Thee,
These States in unity,
We ded-i-cate.
Accept our of-fer-ing,
Thy praises while we sing,
Ter-ran-ia’s only King,
O’er One World State.”

Then bands and bells, and chimes and choruses, geared to broadcasting apparati, over all the inhabited portions of the earth, pealed forth one grand universal symphony—acclaiming the world’s glad *New Day*.

And so at last the long talked-of “Federation of the World” had come about through the complete Feminization of the World.

. . . And my contemporaries today can all testify that all the promises made in that Inaugural Address by Terrania’s first president, Mrs. Amy Mortimer Goff, have been more than fulfilled, so henceforth, to quote again from that wonderful Peace Pæan, Lord Tennyson’s “Locksley Hall”—

“THE KINDLY EARTH SHALL SLUMBER,
LAPT IN UNIVERSAL LAW.”

* * * *

THE END

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

CIRCUMSTANCES MADE TO ORDER

PROSPERITY WHILE YOU WAIT

A Serious Philosophical-Psychological Treatise in Popular Vein

A serious treatment of a most important subject, which perhaps might equally well have been called "Psychology in Everyday Life."

The author's main contention is that nothing ever "just happens," but that there is a specific cause back of each experience of each particular individual, and that such cause always resides in the individual himself, though he is generally not conscious of it; that circumstances, literally the things that "stand around" us, are first "intrastances," things that stand within us, created by our own thoughts, before they externalize and environ us. "Chance," "fate," "luck," "providence" are the direct products of the individual's own mental attitude, a cultivated and disciplined mental attitude producing "good luck," health, and prosperity, while the uncultivated and undisciplined mental attitude produces "bad luck," "accidents," misfortunes and calamities of various kinds and names. In line with this theory a plausible explanation of the famous "Titanic" disaster is found in the prevailing negative mental attitude of mankind in general, and the positive, massed mental action of a certain portion of mankind in particular.

The presentation is forcible, logical, interesting. It compels attention and will induce acceptance by ~~many~~ of the author's clear and cogent reasoning.

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