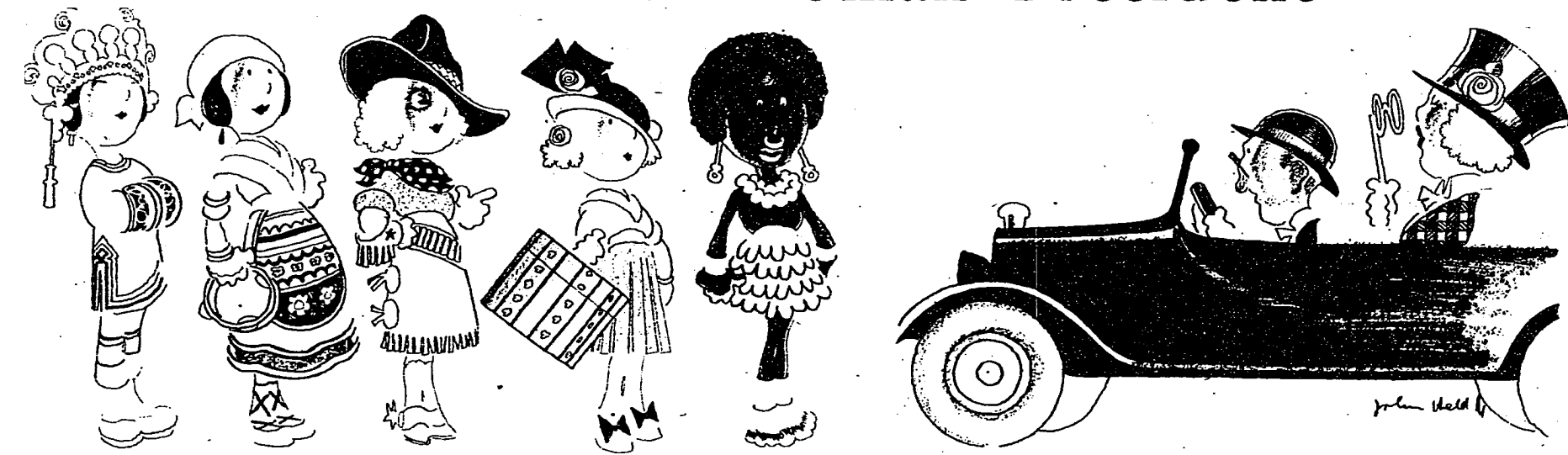


# The First Woman President



"Soubrettes from the kraals of South Africa and midinettes from Paris will march."

By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

**S**HADES of Belva Lockwood!—we may wake up on the morning after the Presidential election in 1924 or 1928 to find that a woman has been elected President of These States!

More thrilling still, we may all be lined up on Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, at noon on the fourth day of March, 1925 or 1929, to see a woman in a touring car on her way to take the oath of office not only as the First Lady of this land, but of any land!

There will be an inaugural parade which will record something new in political styles under the sun.

It will record the triumph of the bonbon over the cheroot.

It will mark the triumph of Intuition over the Derby.

It will commemorate the triumph of the soprano over the baritone.

On that day the high heel and the V-neck shall have conquered the low-brow and the roughneck.

It will be the Millinery Millennium and the Annus Magnus of Duds.

Let Mere Man—who has been everything in his time from the First Lord of Creation to the Last of the Mohicans—visualize that unique inaugural procession between the Capitol and the White House.

It will be a woman's parade, of course. At this Waterloo of Pants place aux femmes! We men may be permitted to look on from behind the show-windows of candy shops and ice cream bars.

At most, we may hope for reservations on the stands and at the windows for male relatives and husbands of the freaker sex.

When this highly probable pageant takes place we can wager it will be a world event. And why not? Will it not be the visible triumph of Eve over Adam's pay envelope?

Fanfare down the avenue from the Woman's Mounted Police Division of the Metropolitan Lady Police of the District of Columbia. Note the regulation call of "We can't get 'em up! We can't get 'em up!" but "Hail! Hail! the bang's all here! What the rouge do we care! What the chapeau do we care!"

Then the grand Battalion of Debt—known officially as the Charge-Account Division.

The heroines of a thousand and one soap-boxes will follow, flanked by the Old Guard of Hunger Strikers, carrying banners, "We starve, but never surrender!"

Then the Lady of the Hour, the first woman ever sentenced by popular vote to say "I veto."

By her side is seated the last male President of the Great Republic, a poor repealed law, shrunken to a query, cowed, canned and corked, for "home consumption only."

From his seat he waves a wan farewell to his own sex stalled behind the avenue's soda fountains.

The rest of the parade is fairly easy to imagine. Every country will be represented, including Hollywood, California.

Soubrettes from the kraals of South Africa and midinettes from Paris will march side by side with Amazons from Monte Carlo and female Penroses from Tunis.

Fat cannibal ingénues from Darkest Africa will walk hand in hand with wispy movie queens from the Shetland Islands.

The vast line will be closed up with the United and Invincible Order

surely see the election of a woman President in our lifetime, barring automobile and burglar accidents.

With a woman in the White House, with a female Cabinet and, later, a female Congress assured, vast changes may be looked for in the very foulard and charmeuse of our political, social and economic life.

There isn't a woman in the country who hasn't at least five hundred laws, constitutional amendments and revised statute frills up her sleeves or in her powder box.

Remember that man has had his political fling since the beginning of time. Woman has been saving up against us for this day. She will not only lay down the law, but walk over it when the mood takes her; and what are we going to do about it?

With the ratification by Tennessee of the Nineteenth Amendment man in America has become a mere remnant. He will soon be on the political bargain counter.

Every woman now carries at least three male votes in her vanity case, rammed between the powder puff and the lip stick.

We men used to vote in the open; now we will vote from a muff, and our little mental life will be rounded by an ice cream.

But to return to our corsets. After the oath has been administered to Matriarch I., the oath in which she will promise on her sacred impulses to love, honor and obey the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution and the rest of the document if the plot suits her, she will deliver her inaugural address.

This, you may wager, will be the Speech of the Ages. Tariff, labor, immigration, the Pork Barrel, international relations and all the other verbal fluff of past inaugural addresses will be left out—thank heaven!

The stars in their courses have been fighting for that day on the steps of the Capitol, and we'll get ours!

It will be a castigation of every one of us from Adam to Ponz. Eva will be whitewashed to look like Mary Pickford. Adam will be charged with egging on Cain to upset the family lamb-stew that Abel was making.

It will be solemnly proved that Helen of Troy was driven into making a war by the secret machinations of the Trojan profiteers in wooden heroes.

And so on down the line past Jezebel, Catherine of Russia and Queen Liz until she comes right down to date, with the calm statement that the Emancipation Proclamation was really signed by Mrs. Lincoln.

Nothing is too fantastic or improbable for the mind of woman. This constitutes her grandeur. She is a poet. She waves facts aside with the same disdain that a male Congressman waves aside intellectual honesty.

What she feels constitutes the truth. Historical facts are of no

more importance to her than last year's hat bill. Justice is getting what she wants. Logic is a mere instrument to prove the invulnerability of her prejudices.

The platform of the coming Matriarchy in America will be: "We want it; therefore it is right. Be it enacted that we take it."

And (subrosa) there is a reason. We men have been in control of the planet since we started with Adam, the lawn lizard of Eden. What have we ended it? The Kaiser, Ponz and Lenin—three Grade A Lunatics. It's time we put in a new infield.

But back again to our high heels. After her inaugural address our first woman President will announce her Cabinet. It will be a Cabinet composed of women who know nothing about their portfolios, which will be no velty. In this one respect, at least, she will follow the lead of man.

Her Secretary of the Treasury will recommend a bank reserve in every city for extravagant shoppers.

Her Secretary of the Interior will control the home brew of the people. A free milk bottle division will take the place of the free seed division.

The Secretaryship of the Navy will be eventually abolished, and all our big battleships will be turned into floating department stores for the convenience of Atlantic and Pacific travelers.

Strange and unusual bills will rain on the country like booze down the gullets of a country house party. This will add to the scenery of civilization.

Congress will pass from an era of detage into an era of petticoatage.

There may be objections by a few of the masculine poor fish still sitting in Congress at that time to the lady members bringing in with them squalling babies. But if you read the Congressional Record you must admit that these great speeches are to squalling near allied and only printer's spaces do their states divide.

I see no deterioration in oratory in the Congressional squalling baby.



"The high heel and the V neck shall have conquered the low brow and the rough neck."

of Flapjack Skimmers from the Cafés des Enfants.

Lady Astor will circle above the city in a giant Caproni, out of which, at precisely 12 noon, Horatio Bottomley, tied hand and foot, will be compelled to do a parachute.

Barring a few fantastic details, the above is the likeliest event in this country in the near future. With the voting power in the hands of anywhere from ten to fifteen million women of voting age, what is more probable than the formation of a woman's national party with a candidate for President of their own in the field?

Conceding that all but a few million voters will vote for their own candidate and that millions of us men will be compelled to vote for her with the threat of losing our home-brewed meals and other things if we don't, we shall

change her mind. The lady Attorney General will see to it that it continually changes for better and for worse at the same time.

Talking of changing one's mind, which has been woman's birthright since women were tadpoles and we men were poor fish in the pre-Devonian slime, there's the Supreme Court under 'the Matriarchy.

Our gentle Matriarch may be expected to bounce all the males off the bench all at once, Constitution or no Constitution, for what is the Constitution under high heels? This will be necessary anyhow, as our learned court may be getting ready, after the elective deed is accomplished, to declare a female President unconstitutional.

With an all-talk female soviet on our dear old bench at Washington, reversals of everything will be in order. They will reverse themselves hour by hour, knocking all precedents into a cocked Tam o' Shanter.

A Congress dominated wholly by women may slip in with the first woman President. The soul of woman being an arsenal of suppressed grievances, we may expect, in such an event, the Committee on Foreign Relations to be superseded by a Committee on Getting Even.

And why not? The very essence of society consists in the art of getting even. If woman is going to "dig in" down in Washington she may as well close up all our Polish corridors of escape.

The business of the Secretary of War will be to keep a sharp eye on Reno, on the profound theory of Elinor Glyn that all wars begin at home. Besides, under the coming Matriarchy there will be no wars with foreign countries, for the women will not fight and when they are in power they will prevent the men from doing so under threat of having the tobacco reduced in their cigarettes and cigars to one-half of one per cent. It is now 2.75.

Well, there's the Attorney Generalship, too. Our Matriarch will pass on the validity of universal contradictions. A woman's supreme prerogative is her right to

Adam, the lawn lizard of Eden."



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