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“Life that vibrates in every breathing form,
“Truth that looks out over the window sill,
“And Love that is calling us home out of the storm.”

—Gore-Booth, *The Shepherd of Eternity*.

WOMEN AND VOTES

(Isabella A. R. Wylie in the London Sunday Times)

EVERYBODY should collect something. At various times in my career I have tried to vary its monotony by stimulating a desire for birds' eggs, stamps, and, in moments of financial up-lift, Chinese antiques. But these passions, artificially stimulated, have always burnt themselves out, leaving an awkward residue to be dusted or hidden away in remote cupboards. Now, however, there is something I really want. I want the cartoons in *Punch* dealing with the Women's Question, say, from about 1880 on. I want a gallery of them, beginning, perhaps, with a stout, indignant John Bull, his back set against a door that is being besieged by a bevy of bonneted and be-bustled females, thence through a series of jokes (becoming increasingly acid), to the noble figure in armour saluting her own emancipation, and ending with the same stout old gentleman of the first picture, but this time in a motor car and gallantly, if slightly patronisingly, handing the wheel to his fair, youthful companion.

On wet, misanthropic days I feel that a survey of my collection would do me a world of good. It might conjure up a chuckle out of the worst gloom. It would, at least, remind me that humanity is beginning to travel fast—not only physically—and that if I live another twenty years, I may see men governing themselves by their intelligences instead of by their stupidest prejudices. It took Joan of Arc several centuries to become even a respectable woman. Mrs. Pankhurst's monument is to be unveiled under the shadow of the Houses of Parlia-

ment by the present Prime Minister. And her fight ended less than fifteen years ago.

Not that the Women's Question is settled, or that people have ceased to be silly about it. Indeed, I am almost as tired of the Flapper as I used to be of the Suffragette. The Suffragette was no more a certain-kind-of-woman than the male-voter was a certain-kind-of-man. She was a citizen who insisted on being treated as a citizen. And the Flapper-voter, of course, doesn't exist at all. A woman of twenty-one is already a third of her way along the road of active life, and has left so-called flapperdom well behind her. She is merely a person, fair or dark, tall or short, with brains, some brains, or no brains at all, exactly like the rest of us, except that she has better wind, a better digestion, and a few more years to live. To talk of her as a sort of hydra-headed monster of skittish and incalculable (and certainly reprehensible) propensities is as idiotic as the picture of the Suffragette with horns, hoofs and a forked tail.

But prejudice dies hard. It shows itself in sub-acid editorials and firstpage articles written by elderly ladies and gentlemen who are painfully trying to make the best of a business. These are daily wails over the numerical preponderance of this newly discovered creature, its lack of political or any other sort of intelligence, and its indifference to its glorious privileges. (Meantime, the tiresome thing has to be cajoled and flattered somehow into wandering into the right corral.) Old-time Suffragists are even commiserated with on the lack of gratitude of those for whom they fought. And whatever happens, the wretched, non-existent flapper-voter is going to get the blame for it.

Personally, I have all the sympathy in the world for these fellow-citizens and creatures who are thus serving as an excitement in an otherwise listless struggle. I did break a window, or two on their behalf—as well as on my own—but I don't in the least expect them to be grateful to me for it, or even very thrilled with the results. The fight was over when they were infants. If they continued to whoop with excitement over a bus we caught ten years ago, I should consider them slightly hysterical. The vote isn't exciting. I'm not excited about it myself.

But as it is I take it for granted. I pay for it and so I intend to have it. But I don't regard it as a reward or a blessing. And to be quite honest, I don't lay the store on it that I did. Nobody does. It would take a peculiarly simple soul to hail the voice of the People as the Voice of God. In the ears of this generation it sounds much more like the braying of a donkey. Not that Democracy is invalidated on that account. A country mainly inhabited by donkeys should and must be governed by donkeys and for donkeys.

In England, where we donkeys are noble creatures who never will be slaves, it is inevitable that we should go our own way in our own time. But the results are not spectacular. It's slow business at best. With our peculiar liking for second-rate men and second-hand thinking, our political achievements can hardly rise above our own level. So that, with her eye on Westminster, it can be hardly wondered at if the new woman-voter shrugs a contemptuous shoulder and goes after practical matters—such as her own private affairs.

This attitude, however, is not peculiar to her. She has come into her political inheritance in a bankrupt generation, and if she brought her mother's girlish hopes and enthusiasms to the ballot-box it would be a miracle. Let us admit that few of us believe much in anything—not even in ourselves. The war and the conduct of the war by the people to whom we entrusted our destiny shattered most of our illusions. Still, we old-timers do trail a few clouds of glory after us. Whereas the poor young things, men and women alike, were born without so much as a wisp. Clear-sighted, cool-headed, and cynical, they are incapable of being fooled, and, therefore, incapable of en-

thusiasm. All of which is very sad for them, and we are the last people who should throw stones. If the modern young woman doesn't take her vote very seriously the blame is on her predecessors, who have so consistently made it ridiculous.

However, the vote is there. But we need not expect wonders and revelations as a consequence. The vote was never, obviously, the reward of intelligence. It is the badge and privilege of the taxpayer, and no suffragette, except in the heat of battle, pretended that it was anything else or expected miracles of it. I prophesy, in fact, that the present election will prove nothing at all about young women except that they are women and that women are mere people.

GIRLS GO DULL MARRIED.

WHAT is it that happens to the brains of many quite intelligent girls when they marry?

No doubt it is the eighth wonder of the world to many single people, as they review our serried ranks in society, that men could be found who were willing—apparently even anxious, in some cases—to marry us.

Other people are generally too polite to express this surprise. I share the surprise, but not the restraint—I think it is extraordinary how unattractive the majority of married women are. Many of us go about with an air of having done something so clever, in persuading some man to sign a legal contract to support us for life, that we can be excused any further effort to appear charming or interesting.

Jane, unmarried, usually has strong views on literature; not very well informed, perhaps, but anyway her own. Jane, once married, looks at George to find out what she thinks about a new book if you ask for her opinion. I have done so, and have seen this happen with different Janes and Georges over and over again, and it always gives me a feeling of mild shame for all of us wives.

This sort of thing may be rather lovable, up to a certain limit, from George's point of view, but how boring for the rest of the world! And I don't think that George appreciates it highly for long. At dances it is noticeably the jolly unmarried girls round whom the married men, as well as the others, all cluster for choice.

Generally it is only in books that the Other Man's Wife is a figure of sinister attraction; in real life her conversation consists too much of, "You'd never guess what Jackie said in his bath to-day," and "how difficult it is to keep servants in the suburbs"—just the gently soporific household chat that the man gets from his own wife.

—E. Arnot Robertson.

WOMAN'S SIDE OF LIFE.

WHEN I started journalism I was often surprised, and sometimes secretly dismayed, at being commissioned to "get the woman's side" of something which seemed to have no such side at all. However, I maintained a discreet silence as to my bewilderment, and apparently the authority never noticed that I had written my report, for anything I could see, just as a man might have written it for men.

But perhaps there really is a "woman's side" in the vast area of this subject of getting the best out of life. And at the moment the subject perhaps requires more attention from women than it does from men, who have already applied themselves to it more directly than women have.

Women, so far, have been the unhappy-sex, for all their easier laughter, their readiness to decorate themselves, and the protection and homage they receive in many states of life.

Two generations ago, a young woman considering how she could get (and give) the most of her life, might say rapturously, "I shall make myself into a perfect wife and mother." But wifehood and motherhood are not the full-time jobs they were, and the young woman of today had better say, "must make myself into the best possible Mary Smith or Betty Jones" (or whoever she happens to be), and take her husband and children as they come along.

If she goes on in the primitive way, not only expecting that somebody not herself must make her happiness, but believing that she is somehow being virtuous and spiritual in so doing, I do not see how our young woman is going to get the best out of life.

Extro-centricity is not the same thing as selfishness. It is not morally the exact opposite of egotism. Perhaps most men are egotistical, but

—though it is rash to generalise on such matters from one's own experiences—they are not, as a rule, complaining, and it is surely more gallant, and less tiresome to the listener, to boast of abilities or assets, even if one hasn't really got them, than to bleat of disabilities even when they really exist. If she can control, or "sublimate," as the new slang has it, this surplus instinct, a woman should find it possible to get at least as much out of life as a man does.

Physically she is in a better position than tradition allows. It is absurd to pretend that a woman is a sort of invalid man. Her physical state is different, but not worse. She has not the masculine strength but she has the advantage over a man which becomes more and more valuable as civilization advances, of not requiring violent exercise to prevent her physical degeneration.

Women have a capacity for sitting still and keeping perfectly well and good-looking which seems to be unknown to men. And though men so far have done the best painting, and made the best music, the average woman has, I believe, more acute senses than the average man and so is receptive to a multitude of minor impersonal enjoyments which he misses.

Another thing which should help women to get the best out of life is that they are, as a rule, less afraid of death and illness than men.

"As soon as a man can think at all," Tolstoy said in his old age, "he thinks of nothing but his own death," and I believe he meant man and not mankind, for women die and suffer less indignantly than men. It may be, however, that this trait is also part of the maternal instinct and may be lost as women shed their extro-centricity.

A former defect in the education of women which is responsible for the many aimless, unsatisfied, complaining matrons and spinsters now cumbering the ground was that it failed to give girls an adequate appreciation of the length of life.

In my own early youth I went through disabling agonies of regret and resentment because it wasn't going to be possible for me to go to Oxford or Cambridge or "finish" in Paris or have any other educational luxuries.

Nobody told me firmly that it didn't matter quite so much as I supposed: that I would not, in fact,

be old and done for, with mouldering wits and a decrepit body at twenty-two, but that I should go on being an active, mentally acquisitive human being, long, long after I had ceased to be a girl.

A realisation that a woman's life is a more enduring thing than was formerly supposed need not be feared as an inducement to laziness during school years. Properly comprehended, it should work the other way.

Obviously, it is more important to stock and discipline one's mind with a long individual life before one than when life is disguised as a brief flash of youthful glory followed by an inactive decline.

It doesn't matter so much about being someone who knows Greek when games and dancing are still enthralling, and one is running about with lots of other young people; but if you can visualise yourself as a potential solitary woman of fifty or sixty, with leisure on your hands, it seems to matter a good deal.

It is good for young people to be hurled out of their family circles if only for short periods, in order that they may find out what they are really like and what they really want. Many a man has spent his life in earning things that were dust and ashes to him simply because he had never shaken off family prejudice as to what "one" had to have, many a woman has married, immorally and miserably, for the reason.

Women are not naturally more snobbish than men, but hitherto they have suffered more directly from the workings of snobbery. Vast numbers of them still describe themselves and think of other women as "wife of" or "daughter of" somebody rather than as independent individuals. Some of the leading women's clubs in London (even those that pride themselves on their distinguished professional members) admit "wives and daughters of" certain sorts of men. Women will get more out of life when they have emerged from these snobberies, as they are now beginning to do.

EDITH SHACKLETON, in the *Evening Standard*, August 24, 1928.

UNETHICALLY MORAL.

Despite their short hair, short sleeves, cigarettes and canes, women are becoming more womanly, every day, according to Dr. Charles Gray Shaw,

Professor of Philosophy at New York University. Lecturing before a class of summer students at the University, Dr. Shaw said that women are more moral than men; but that they are moral without being ethical.

"One hears a great deal about the superman," he said, "but not much about the superwoman. In like manner, we observe cartoons of the cave man swinging his club over the head of the cave woman. But there may be something wrong with the picture. As a matter of fact, women are more highly individuated than men. Their delicate race may not show a long list to towering personalities to compare with the line of warriors, artists and statesmen produced by their brothers. But the average woman has more personality than the average man. This fact was never truer than it is today in this age of flappers and bobbed hair.

"Nature gives individuality to all organism. There is no repetition in the exact pattern of two leaves on the same tree. Woman has taken advantage of this and has kept her natural individuality. Man has elaborated a civilization which has ever tended to obliterate individuality. But such a man-made-civilization has never made any great appeal to women who have done little else than tolerate and be amused by it. The result has been to allow woman to preserve and develop her natural individuality.

"The individuality of woman is found in the privacy of her life in cave or tent, harem or boudoir. The male mate who roamed abroad had little idea of the thoughts fermenting in the female brain. Man may have thought more and done more but woman has lived more and felt more deeply. Privacy has begotten personality in the woman whose thoughts were just as much a part of her own nature as the spider's web is a part of its body.

"Woman is no social creature in the sense that she, as is the case with men, loves to be organized in armies, factories, lodges, clubs and unions. It is man who is the 'joiner' who dreads being different from his fellows.

Woman hates to be the same as her sisters. She is enraged at discovering that some other woman has a dress of cut and pattern like her own. As a member of any organization woman is a fish out of water. She may have her women's clubs modeled

on masculine lines, but in her heart she knows that they are ridiculous organizations. Her desire is to be free and original. This appears in the way she dresses.

"In the important matter of morals woman has always been her own guide. Women are actually more moral than men. But they arrive at moral results instinctively, without appeal to any ethical code. Women are moral without being ethical; that is, they are individual in their habits.

"Where morals take a matrimonial form, woman will be found more faithful than man. Nevertheless, woman is so individualistic that she reserves the right to follow the man she loves, whether it is the husband or some other man. She may not actually break forth and violate her vows, but she feels that she has the private right to do so if she chooses. That which decides the matter for her is her feeling of love, which is her own, and which is the best expression of her personality.

"Woman's individuality appears again in her way of reasoning. Man cites the authority of great names and makes a fine show of logic. Woman says 'because,' and that settles the matter for her. The feminine 'because' is woman's reason; it arises in her sense of mental independence, her sense of individuality.

"Women may lack in the great impersonal views which are the foundation of science, law and philosophy, but they excel when it comes to questions requiring originality of idea and feeling. This may be inconsistency, but it is none the less individuality.

"Will woman change? Will the new woman with her masculine habits, become more and more like a man? It is true that women are doing all sorts of mannish things in business and in the professions, just as it is obvious that they are supplanting their brothers of yesterday. Woman has long been a problem, and now she is more of a problem than ever; that is, she is a problem for man."

Japan Times, August 19, 1929.

AVIATORS.

AMY JOHNSON is in London town again, fresh from her conquest of the air between England and

Australia, and London turned out in hundreds of thousands to pay her a tribute that outrivalled that given to Colonel Lindbergh after his famous flight to Paris. This tribute is symbolic of something more than Miss Johnson's success, for it turns our minds to the great achievements of women in the air.

Amelia Earhart sets a new world speed record for women by flying at the enormously high rate of 181 miles an hour. Winifred Brown rises out of obscurity to win the classic King's Cup in England, defeating even the winners of last year's Schneider Cup race. The Duchess of Bedford flies over whole continents with a *sans souci* astonishing in a lady of 65. Dorothy Hester astounds Portland by making three outside loops, a feat that only a handful of men have performed and a feat that ranks as the most hazardous stunt in flying. And Rita Schoemaker emerges from a Wall-Street skyscraper to jump in a parachute from an altitude of 16,000 feet, thereby creating a new record for women.

These achievements are the concrete evidence of the great part women are taking today in almost every phase of aviation. If many feats are inspired by a not always unblemished craving for publicity, most of them call for high qualities of endurance and courage and constitute lasting contributions to the history of aerial pioneering by women for women. For many of women's achievements on the air have as their avowed objectives the salutary example of showing what can be done by doing it. It is a method, moreover, which succeeds, if the increasing number of women fliers is to be taken as a criterion. Weddings in the air and aerial honey-moons lose their romantic appeal in a cheap brand of sensationalism when an Amy Johnson flies alone over 10,000 miles of land and water from England to Australia and a Mrs. Lindbergh helps her husband to establish the record for a transcontinental flight from California to New York. These are the feats which put women into aviation.

Earlier this year a robust, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl, with an engaging smile and a disarming candor, laid siege to fame. Alone, her own pilot, her own mechanic, and her own navigator, Amy "Johnny" Johnson flew 10,000 miles from Croydon to Australia, to win the acclaim of millions the

world over and to inspire in that far-off land of kangaroos and rabbits the song, "Johnny's in Town." And now, to cap that magnificent exploit, she has flown all the way back to London and "Johnny" is back in her own home town.

If one wished to characterize Miss Johnson and her flights one need only use a single adjective—"determined." Two years ago she forsook a career of teaching to enter a law firm as a stenographer. That occupation was but a means to an end. Vague ideas of a career in aviation began to dawn in her mind, so she visited Stag Lane airdrome in London and took her first lesson. By saving up her pennies she found that she could afford a lesson every two weeks and eventually she became a qualified pilot. But this was not enough. She not only wished to know how to fly, but why she flew. So she inveigled the authorities at Stag Lane to let her take a man's course in what is conveniently called ground engineering. She learned how engines worked, how they were overhauled and repaired; she learned to rig a plane and how to navigate one; she pried into the secret workings of the instruments that she might know how to repair them. From 6 a. m. to 9 a. m. she worked in overalls in the Stag Lane work shops; from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. she became merely one of London's numerous stenographers; from 6 p. m. to midnight she was back again in her overalls. At the end of two years she had qualified as the first woman ground engineer to be licensed by the British Air Ministry. And then, with her longest flight, one of 150 miles from London to Hull, she roared out to Australia and fame, having surmounted a host of difficulties that might well have daunted any ordinary man.

Of the many women who fly today Amelia Earhart is one of the best known, and in thousands of miles of air travel throughout this country she has probably done more than any other woman to advance flying among women. The tall, lithe, curly blonde-haired girl who has become familiar to an airminded public for her striking resemblance to Colonel Lindbergh, began to fly in 1918. In those days there seemed something incredibly daring in a woman flying, for almost all flying was associated with the grim business of fighting. But Miss Earhart will be the first to tell you that there is nothing daring in ordinary flying for either man

or woman and that any normal, healthy person can learn to fly without difficulty, either physical or emotional. Her own air record is an excellent example of what women can do as pilots, but her practical grasp of woman's problems in aviation has demonstrated by empirical exemplification the careers upon which women may embark.

The air-speed record for women which Miss Earhart established the other day is not her first record. She is the first woman to receive a Federation Aeronautique Internationale certificate, which was granted to her nearly ten years ago, and she had the distinction in 1920 of creating the women's altitude record by climbing to a height of 14,000 feet. It is true that that record has since been surpassed, but another record which she made will forever stand in the annals of courage, for she is the first woman to fly across the Atlantic. When she made that flight two years ago she humorously described herself as "baggage," for the pilot of the plane "Friend-hip" was Wilmer Stutz and the mechanic was Lou Gordon.

Two days before Miss Earhart careered through the sky at 181 miles an hour, the King's Cup race around England was flown. In that flight were Squadron Leader A. E. Orlebar, holder of the world's speed record for men, and Flight Lieutenant H. R. D. Waghorn, who won the Schneider Trophy for Great Britain last Summer, not to mention eighty-six other fliers, including several women. Twenty thousand people waited at Harworth airdrome outside London to greet the winner. Probably not one person in that great crowd had the slightest doubt that one of the Royal Air Force experts would win the race. But it is a handicap event and in handicaps the unexpected frequently happens. The crowd, however, was quite unprepared for the unexpected, according to dispatches from London, and evidently no one was more surprised than the winner when Sir Philip Sassoon handed the cup to Miss Winifred Brown, a 26-year-old girl from Manchester, "I never expected to win it," she said. "As a matter of fact, I never expected to get back."

Miss Brown's feat of flying from Harworth to Bristol, thence to Manchester, across to Newcastle and back again to Harworth—a course of 750 miles flown at an average speed of 102 miles an

hour—is less impressive in itself than the fact of her outdistancing some of the greatest pilots in Great Britain; for in a race of this nature skilful piloting may mean the difference of victory. To have won Miss Brown must have used the advantage of her handicap to the full, and that would constitute a fine piece of piloting. The distinction, thus won, is the more significant since it emphasizes the fine capabilities of a number of women who are flying every day beyond the purple mists of publicity. Miss Brown has been flying for four years, and so great is her enthusiasm that her father gave her a plane for her twenty-third birthday. "I have long left off being nervous when my daughter is flying," remarked Mr. Brown.

It is little more than a year ago since Anne Morrow became Mrs. Charles Augustus Lindbergh, and within that year she has qualified as an airplane pilot and a glider pilot, has flown some 30,000 miles without the slightest mishap, either with her husband or on her own account, and has helped the Colonel to gain a record by acting as his co-pilot and navigator. It is not to be denied that Mrs. Lindbergh has had some advantages that are denied to the ordinary air-aspiring women, for not everybody—perhaps nobody—can have her famous husband as an instructor. Yet, to a major extent, Mrs. Lindbergh's achievement is a realizable one for any healthy girl with a little money and a lot of time to spare. It took Mrs. Lindbergh about ten hours to learn how to fly. Many women have learned to fly as rapidly. Mrs. Lindbergh and many other women fliers have put women's air-mindedness to the test, and that is, perhaps, the high value of their contribution to aviation. Not every one, of course, would have Mrs. Lindbergh's opportunities for flying; but enthusiasm, as Miss Amy Johnson has exemplified, can create opportunities.

—N. Y. Times.

LA PRINCESSE A DEUX AMES.

Il y avait une fois un prince qui aimait une princesse...J'ai commencé par la fin? Mais non, ce n'est pas la fin...Je recommence. Il en avait entendu parler, il ne l'avait jamais vue. Les marchands qui viennent de l'Orient avec leurs sacs de

turquoises et de perles vous donnent gratis leurs contes étranges; ils lui avaient dit que bien loin, dans un oasis de l'Arabie, il habitait une princesse; qu'elle n'était pas seulement plus belle que les autres (cela s'entend), pas seulement plus sage (jusqu'à, preuve contraire), mais qu'elle avait deux âmes (ce qui est rare). Or le prince avait perdu son âme (ce qui n'est pas peut-être, commun); il le savait (chose rare); et puisqu'il le savait, il voulait la chercher. Il pensait, pas sans raison, que la princesse pourrait lui avoir volé son âme; il jugeait, très raisonnablement, qu'il n'y avait pas d'aventure plus héroïque, plus étrange, plus tout-à-fait romantique, que d'aller à la recherche de son âme perdue.

Voilà expliqué pourquoi le prince aimait la princesse...Ah! j'oubliais de vous dire son nom. Elle s'appelait la Princesse Mélanie d'Outremer. Il ira à la recherche, ce prince, il trouvera son âme sans doute. Mais avant de partir, il se prépare. Il jeûne il prie, il prie souvent et beaucoup—ce qui est difficile, n'ayant pas d'âme. A la fin, il prend une quantité de pierres précieuses, de jolis petits cadeaux pour la princesse, et il part.

Ils passerent la mer, ils commencèrent à traverser le désert. Le prince était accompagné par une centaine de serviteurs fidèles. Assise sur un chameau, drapée dans ses blanches soieries, couverte de sa voile, au dessous de laquelle on voyait ses longues chaînes de perles, une très, vieille femme de sa famille l'accompagnait. Ayant beaucoup étudié et beaucoup souffert, elle était devenue muette; Dieu lui avait mis son doigt sur les lèvres, disait le peuple. Des des années elle ne parlait plus; mais elle donnait par gestes de très bons conseils. Le prince espérait qu'un moment opportun elle lui aurait concédé des avis précieux. Dans son pays on croyait que c'était un privilège des aveugles et des muets de flairer les âmes.

Ils voyageaient à travers les déserts ardents, et vous pouvez penser combien le prince languissait sa princesse, combien il lui tardait d'arriver chez elle. Qu'il la rêvât, c'était naturel; et les rêves lui travaillant dans le cerveau toute la journée, il ne trouvait ni paix ni joie, il avait la fièvre. A la fin ils voyaient l'oasis; et là au dessous des palmiers, surgissait les palais de la princesse. On voyait les terrasses, les orangers; à la fin, on vit la princesse Mélanie.

Elle était belle. Ses cheveux comme des algues rougeâtres, étaient riches de nuances, cuivrées, bruniées, ses boucles ondoyaient sur un cou d'ivoire, au reflets de nacre. Ses yeux étaient doux comme les étoiles dans un ciel embrumé, ils vous perçaient le cœur sans blesser. Tous les poètes de l'Arabie avaient essayé en vain de les décrire—deux ou trois en était morts! On la disait fille de la terre et de l'Océan, sa mère une sirène, son père un roi du nord, que sais-je? un Dieu. Mais les poètes voient très souvent les faits en mirage irréels à la fois et renversés; ici nous avons à faire avec la prose. Elle était belle; on voyait qu'elle était sage.

La vieille princesse voilée descendit de son char, et la vieille et la jeune se saluèrent.

Le prince, qui avait déjà écrit une quantité de lettres à la princesse, n'osa pas s'approcher d'elle; mais elle lui tendit la main en lui disant avec un triste sourire :

« Eh bien, mon prince, je vous ai volé votre âme ? »

Le prince la regarda suppléant; il n'osa pas parler, car il savait que sans âme il aurait pu dire quelque bêtise.

« Parle ! » lui dit-elle pourtant. « Parle. Dites ce que vous voulez de moi ! »

« Sans-cela nous ne nous entendrons jamais. »

Alors il lui dit. Ses angoisses sans âme, car il se sentait séparé de Dieu. Son espoir qu'elle aurait voulu le sauver; car il savait qu'elle possédait une âme de plus. Sa prière de lui aider! tout en ne voulant pas lui dire qu'elle lui eût volé l'âme, il le pensait, il le disait presque. « Mon prince » dit la princesse Mélanie, « Votre mal c'est un mal commun. C'est déjà quelque chose de savoir qu'on n'a pas d'âme. C'est beaucoup. Mais de penser que si je vous aime (c'est cela que vous me cachez, vous n'avez pas osé le dire)—penser que je puisse, en vous aimant, vous donner une âme, ce n'est pas vrai, c'est même absurde.

« C'est Dieu qui donne les âmes. »

« Et que dois-je faire ? » dit le pauvre prince.

« Vous êtes dans une solitude affreuse, je le sais bien. Acceptez votre solitude. Allez dans le désert cette nuit, priez ! »

« La vieille princesse restera chez moi. Nous prions pour vous. Et le matin, à l'aube, nous nous reverrons. »

La nuit passée, le prince revint chez la princesse.

« C'était longue, la nuit ? » Lui dit-elle.

« C'était mille ans, j'ai pleuré; j'ai prié, j'ai pensé à vous. »

« A Moi ? Alors, ce n'est pas assez. Cette nuit, cherchez à m'oublier, pour trouver vous-même. »

La deuxième nuit passée, il revint à l'aube.

« C'était terrible, la nuit » lui dit-elle.

« C'était affreux. J'avais la tête légère, je n'avais rien mangé pour mieux prier. A la fin, je vous voyais venir chez moi dans le désert, aux pieds flottants sur le sable. Vous m'avez dit "Tue-moi". J'ai répondu "Je ne puis pas." "Tue-moi" "Pour votre bien? Etes vous enchantée?" Non, c'est toi qui es enchanté! Tue-moi, pour ton bien à toi..... A la fin j'ai tué le fantôme. Le sang coulait sur le sable jaspré. »

« Et après cela ? »

« Après cela, j'étais seul, tu n'y étais plus. Le fantôme disparu, le sang se perdit dans le sable. J'étais dans le vide. Je n'avais pas d'âme, mon cœur était aussi mort. Je n'avais pitié de personne, je n'avais pas pitié de moi-même. Je n'avais plus de larmes. Alors je dis: Je vais me tuer. "Comme une grande ombre aveugle et tâtonnante, je vis la Mort qui s'approchait. Elle me dit: "Tu m'appelles, me voici." Je lui ai dit: "Prends-moi, ma mère, je veux mourir." "Elle s'assit, me prit sur ses genoux, me berçait comme un enfant. Elle me chanta, moi je pleurais, j'avais retrouvé les larmes; je jetai mes bras à son cou, je l'embrassai j'étais plein de tendresse. Et en la regardant, je la trouvais si belle, que je lui demandai "ES-tu vraiment la Mort?" »

« On m'appelle la Mort. »

« Je suis mort alors ? »

« Tu sais, on meurt plusieurs fois dans sa vie—ceux qui ont vraiment vécu savent que c'est vrai. On meurt, on renaît, sans funérailles, sans sépulture. C'est ainsi que l'on m'appelle la Mort, tandis que je suis peut-être la vie. »

La vie! Oui, j'étais rené. La vie! Le rêve disparut, autour de moi le désert chantait au soleil du matin; les oiseaux dans les orangers me parlaient de la Vie, pas de la Mort. J'avais trouvé mon âme! Princesse, je ne vous demande plus rien. Je suis à vous, vous m'avez sauvé. »

Soyons amis, dit la princesse avec un franc sourire. « Mais je suis curieuse de savoir, où était votre âme. Je ne l'avais pas, je vous assure. J'en

ai toujours en deux, grâce à dieu; je n'en ai aucun mérite; c'était arrangé avant ma naissance. Mais qui vous avait pris la vôtre ? »

Alors la grande tante voilée se leva et parla d'une voix tremblante, poussiéreuse, dans les accents étranges du siècle passé.

« C'est moi qui ai pris votre âme, pour la conserver pure. On doit perdre son âme pour la retrouver; dans mon sein, elle attendait sa délivrance. A présent, c'est achevée; le prince était mort; il vit, mon silence est terminé; en disant ces mots, elle déchira ses voiles, en ouvrant ses bras à la Mort.

Sa vie terminée, l'étrange aventure terminée aussi, il ne nous reste plus rien à dire; c'est la fin du conte de la princesse aux deux âmes.

MAMA-NO-TEKONA

MAMA is a small village near Ichikawa, about half an hour's ride from Ryogoku, Tokyo. It is well-known for a temple called the Guho-ji Temple which is one of the six largest temples of the Nichiren sect, its founder being Priest Nitcho, a disciple of Priest Nichiren.

At the foot of the hill on which the Guho-ji Temple stands, there is a small shrine dedicated to Tekona, about whom the Manyoshu writes:

« Tekona was a girl of Mama in Katsuhika. She had matchless beauty. She wore an ao-sash made of hem-cloth and a mo-dress of hitasa-hemp. With her flowing hair and without shoes, she was far prettier than those in figured silk (aya-nishiki). When she stood smiling, she looked like a full moon or a blooming flower. Young people vied with one another in courting her and they were attracted to her like insects attracted to a light in summer or like ships drawn into a harbour. »

Tekona was a little girl who drew water from wells. She lived during the reign of the Emperor Kimmei (540—571). When she saw that her beauty attracted the young people of the village she was grieved and said to herself: « Life is but brief after all. It is no more lasting than flowers which scatter before the wind. I will save them the pangs caused on my account. »

Tekona plunged into the well and was drowned.

Her noble spirit was admired by many a poet and we have several noted poems written on her.

On the 9th day of the 9th month in the year 1501, Priest Nikko of the Guho-ji Temple had a revelation in a dream and he built a shrine at the place where his remains were buried. The shrine called the Tekona Myojin still attracts many admirers and devotees. Near the shrine there is a small well, from which, so the tradition goes, Tekona drew water.

—Japan Times.

FRANCE AND SUFFRAGE.

THE FEMININE vote may steal into France in widows' weeds.

War widows are making the most serious efforts to obtain the vote. They sacrificed their men for their country in war time, they claim. And they demand the vote in return. « We have been left the heads of our families, » they say, « with all the responsibility and work that entails. And yet have not the right to protect or even represent ourselves by the smallest voice in our government. »

Among the workers in their behalf is General Malletterre, president of the National Association for the Widows of Military Men, who declares it the basest ingratitude for the country to refuse them a voice in the government to which they have given their men and Madame Marguerite Frederic Masson, president of the Society for the Mutual Assistance of War Widows, declares in the same vein that all women who carry alone the responsibility of civil life must be given the right to vote.

The Countess de Galard, president of the A. D. F. Red Cross, is another who is vigorously working for the vote. Among active leaders in the woman's suffrage movement from other fields are the Countess de La Rochefoucauld, who has delivered a number of striking speeches on the subject; Madame G. Leygues, president of the National League against tenements, Mademoiselle Lozachmeur, administrative secretary of the Paper Syndicate and Allied Interests; Madame Henriette Couloy, secretary of the Confederated Clothing Syndicate, Madame Marguerite Prevost, secretary of the Syndicate of Secretaries and Stenographers at the Bourse, the Wall Street of Paris; Marshal-Lyautey, a well-known public figure, Madame Kemp-Berthelot, president of a workers' society; and Madame

G. Duchene, vice-president of the International Women's League for Peace and Liberty.

Madame Duchene demands the vote as a question of justice. Peace is impossible without justice, she declares, and until women gets her due part in government, there will be no more peace. During the last war, Madame Duchene says, it was only the women who showed themselves free of national prejudices and capable view embracing all humanity.

—*Japan Times*, 24 September 1929.

THE DUTY TO DISOBEY.

THE DANGERS OF DISOBEDIENCE is the title of an article in the June number of *Harper's Magazine* by Harold J. Laski, Professor of Political Science in the University of London, who declares in no uncertain terms that it is not only the right but the duty of every citizen to protest against and to refuse obedience to such laws as appear to him to be unjust. To the objection that this is anarchy he replies by pointing to Washington and to others who have led the way in revolts against unjust laws and who have by so doing furthered the cause of liberty. That blind obedience is incompatible with true freedom is emphasized by Professor Laski in the following paragraph:

"For freedom means self-expression, and the secret of freedom is courage. No man ever remains free who acquiesces in what he knows to be wrong. His business as a citizen is to act upon the instructed judgment of his conscience. He may be mistaken; but he ought ceaselessly to be aware that the act he opposes is after all, no more than the opinion of men who, like himself, are also fallible. The business of government is to satisfy the rational desires of citizens or at the least, to make possible such satisfaction; and nothing is more likely to prevent the fulfillment of its purpose than silent acquiescence in the prohibition of such desires. Whenever men are silent in the face of a refusal to hear the burden of their experience, it is always assumed by powerful interests that they are, in fact, silent because they have nothing to say. Not only does the habit of acquiescence transform the citizen into an inert recipient of orders whom it is difficult to rouse from lethargy:

it also persuades a government that it has only to show a bold front to secure acceptance of any commands it chooses to impose. Before attitudes such as these, liberty has no chance of survival; for the eternal vigilance which is its necessary price is then wanting.

WOMEN'S PART.

We have from time to time referred in these columns with pride to the women of India who are now aiding their brothers in the great work of regeneration which is to produce *Swaraj*. In one such reference we ventured upon the remark that Indian women were the most beautiful in the world. At the same time we pointed out that the women of India's many races differed from each other in beauty as do different flowers in a garden, so that no man could declare the slenderly tall dark-robed and trousered Pathan maiden the peer in beauty and charm of some small Hindu bride in Madras. But what we have not ventured upon asserting on former occasions is that in the matter of costume the garb and style of the maiden from Kanara with flowers in her hair is perhaps the most attractive and graceful in the East. There are many such maidens in Bombay and hitherto they have affected *saris* of silk which, if not Nationalist, were vastly becoming. But to-day the national movement bids fair to banish the silken *sari* from our streets and a performance by the Kanara ladies of the Kanara Saraswat Mahila Samaj told us the other day how the process of banishment is being conducted. The performance also showed a large audience that the maidens of Kanara lose not a whit of the youthful, proud and almost boyish grace their fashion of drapery gives them when for the shot silks of yesterday they substitute the Khaddar *sari* of to-day. The performance in question was entirely by ladies, and consisted of a dramatic little sketch whose plot revealed the conversion of a pretty little social butterfly, draped in expensive silks, into a lovelier and no less graceful Nationalist attired in Khaddar. The performance was an example of propaganda at its best—truthful yet presented so attractively as to convert even the reluctant. If the enthusiasm for the Charka evinced by these ladies of Kanara is shared by their

sisters of other communities, then indeed the women of India are awake.

—*Bombay Chronicle* 20, 4, 1922.

EROTIC ART

(Chao Yung-Hsiang in *The Japan Times*)

THE GREAT World War and subsequent aftermath has been responsible for restlessness throughout the world. Humanity, full of wounds and the sight of the debacle turned, and wallowed in sensational sensualities and exotic pleasures. Over-indulgence and continuity of excitement naturally affected every element of our being. Men in all walks of life sought something new, something sensational, in a wild effort to regain their lost youth, that precious age of virility seemingly wasted in the great conflict.

The arts, Painting, Literature and Music, became the centers of attention. There arose the vulgarities and contortions of Cubists and Post-Impressionists in painting; the immoral biographist in literature, the jazz extremists in music. Everything beautiful in life was trodden underfoot; it was a bestial, sensuous and insane period. The peoples of all nations followed in the upheaval; the mob instinct grew, and for a time seemed to transform civilisation into a herd of transparent and careless pleasure-seekers.

Erotic ideas of art and religion spread like wild fire; fanatic groups of ultra-modernists sprang up in the Old World centers. These scattered theorists began to organize; formed societies for the propagation of the new movements, which have spread to all nations and continents. It was not until then, that level-headed people realised the world must get back to sobriety and naturalness and beauty.

And today we are still trying to clear the distorted vision and cure the diseased mind. For it must be disease indeed that produces sex literature and distorted paintings.

It is always dangerous to display to the uninitiated pictures which distort the human body, because while the imagination of the artist may still mould them into some idea of his brain, the eye of the public sees in them only pictures of deformed bodies, which as such are repulsive, and to any cultured person will always be. Mankind is God's

creation, and theorists, dissatisfied, plagiarised it, but most still prefer the work of God.

Frequent displays of art in Tokyo abound in glaring examples of these freakish systems. And it is deplorable to note that young Japanese students, anxious to absorb Western ideas, have been influenced by such exotic tendencies. They should remember in all things, despite theory or argument, that true art is representative of life, nature, and truth, and the imagination, though its head be in heaven, must still stand upon the earth.

This is not to say the old is always right, and the new always wrong, and is always entertaining and enthralling, but progress is not attained by rushing in the wake of every theorist with mathematical proof as to his honesty. Anyone who is at all interested in things other than those of a mere work-a-day existence, using his eyes all the time, has attained to some standard of art however lowly, however wrong.

In the world of art fame is not achieved by mere experiments, nor recognition deserved because of its newness. Nothing in itself is devoid of beauty, and it is this positive quality which kindles the admiration and appreciation of the true artist. When art departs from life as its standard, wherein lies the worthiness or the progress, and what is the goal?

The spirit of Beauty permeates the whole of our existence, in the symmetry and grace of the human form; the flowers that bloom in such exquisite colors; the slender trees and swaying palms; the soft radiance of blue skies; the lofty snow-capped mountains lost in the clouds; and by night, the great deep heaven with its stars. And here in Japan, where nature has clothed herself in such charm and beauty, the student of nature—reared in such surroundings—cannot reasonably find any enjoyment in ugliness and imperfection.

Loyalty to the national art should be no less than allegiance to the Throne and patriotism for the country. So should Easterners base their efforts on the groundwork of Oriental art. Disregarding this, many young artists set out to emulate Western methods without first studying the art of their own country. This consequently results in the hideous daubs and atrocious delineations of life "as it ought to be," offending one's sense of all that is best in both Oriental and Occi-

dental art. Only what is best in western ideas should be grafted on the corresponding elements of Eastern expression. Then only will talent have its opportunities for correct development.

Even if an association to effect the proper study of Western and Eastern art were formed, it is improbable that Westerners could, with any proficiency, imitate the work of Orientals, and vice-versa. Art is, after all, an expression of the instinctive characteristics of a people or a race. It can never be copied satisfactorily. The duty of the rising generation is rather to develop national characteristics in painting to a full extent, rather than to effect a union between the art of various nations.

The student should ponder well the words of the greatest of art critics, John Ruskin. "Now I have no doubt that, gradually as we grow wiser—and we are doing so every day—we shall discover at last that the eye is a nobler organ than the ear, and that through the eye we must in reality obtain, or put into form, nearly all the useful information we are to have about the world. At the close of the first volume of "Modern Painters," I ventured to give the following advice to the young artists of England: "They should go to nature in all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thought but how best to penetrate her meaning, rejecting nothing, selecting nothing and scorning nothing. Advice, which whether bad or good, involved infinite labor and humiliation in following it, and was, therefore, for the most part, rejected."

SAGE OF DAIREN.

The "Sage of Dairen" is no more. Mr. Heikichi Kaneko, president and proprietor of the Taitung Jihpo, the oldest daily edited in Chinese at Dairen breathed his last at his residence on the hillside at Tankatoon, at the west of Fushimidai, Dairen. He had taken to bed on the 8th inst., and, knowing that his days were numbered, sought no medical advice and ceased to take nutriment.

The deceased was never married, and, in addition to presiding over the Chinese daily, which he founded, took a profound interest in building up the character of young men and boys, so as to

make them true, noble men. Being naturally gifted spiritually and intellectually, his snow-white purity and virginity purged him from all the stains of life and raised him to sainthood in the full sense of the term. His life, lasting 61 years, was devoted to doing good for others. It is an almost total want of selfishness that made him, so to speak, wear a halo, that brought every one at his feet. He was a steadfast champion of truth and righteousness, and revered nature like a pious priest. He was a warm friend to the poor and the oppressed, and his greatness became known not only in Manchuria, but also in Japan, particularly in the capital. His admirers in Tokyo were looking forward to him to go up to the capital again to inaugurate an extensive Movement in the interest of the masses, and his death peacefully as it came and well prepared as he was himself, cannot be deplored too deeply.

The loss of him can not be retrieved. It is a national loss and, in a sense, one to mankind.

CHINA'S FEMINIST.

MISS SOUME TCHENG, who has just arrived here, declares she comes as a Nanking delegate of "democratic and Liberal China" and a friend of that "liberty land, France," to tighten the bonds of friendship and sympathy.

Miss Cheng Yu-hsiu, who prefers the French rendering of her name, Soume Tcheng, was born at Canton of a wealthy and aristocratic family. At the age of 10, she tore off the bindings of her feet and four years later broke her engagement to the son of the Government of Canton.

She studied in Tientsin and joined the Tung Meng Hui, a revolutionary party. During the 1911 Revolution, she carried bombs to Peking reportedly for the assassination of Manchu leaders.

She studied in Paris and became "Docteur en Droit" in 1923. In 1920 she persuaded the Chinese Government to provide funds for educating 20 Chinese girls abroad, took them to Paris and supervised their studies.

She was the first Chinese woman to become a lawyer, and first of her sex to be admitted to practise in the Shanghai French Courts. From January to October, 1927, she was Chief Judge

of the Shanghai District Court and has been President of the Shanghai Provisional Court since October 1927.

Miss Soume Tcheng is the author of "The Model Chinese Family" in English, "Le Mouvement Constitutionnelle en Chine" (doctoral dissertation) and "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Revolution" in French.

MATHEMATICS AND WOMEN.

TO THE EDITOR, THE JAPAN ADVERTISER,

As long as Dr. George Jay Smith of the New York Education Authority, whose article headed "Can Women Run the World" appears in The Advertiser, confines himself to statements of his opinions, he is on safe ground, but when he comes to facts it is different. In assuming that no important contribution to mathematics has been made by a woman he forgets Mary Somerville, Caroline Herschel and Mary Everest Boole, not to speak of Philippe Garrett Fawcett who was placed at Cambridge "above Senior Wrangler." (But perhaps that only qualified Miss Fawcett to "teach algebra and geometry to the young"!

Very few people embark, as a life's work, on the study of the higher mathematics. The calculation which are needed for the daily practice of engineering and architecture have all been made and reduced to tables and formulae, and the modern advanced mathematician is rather apt to lose himself in useless abstractions. The numerous women who are engaged in the practice of architecture show that there is something amiss with Doctor Smith's thesis, though I notice he carefully veils it by stating it in the form of doubts, questioning and inuendo.

If the misfortune were to occur of the simultaneous breakdown of all complex mechanical appliances throughout the globe, it may be doubted if it would be want of accuracy and laborious application and mental grasp that would be the principal obstacle to women, in putting them straight. In the war women demonstrated that they could do hard physical work; driven from that shelter the masculine monopolist has no resource left but feebly to mutter "They can't evaluate π !"

It is good and gracious of the learned doctor not to question "the beauty of superior women." Many people have done otherwise.

AMAZON.

Tokyo, October 2, 1928.

ATHLETES.

(Leonard Hill, F. R. S., in *Evening News*.)

A GREAT deal has been made of the exhaustion and collapse of certain women athletes who took part in the Olympic Games, as if such exhaustion were peculiar to women. To be utterly played out and fall down gasping for breath, to run in a race till the world turns black—this is through want of oxygen and failure of vision—are common results of athletic contests among-boys no less than girls. The supreme athlete, perfectly trained, escapes this collapsed state, for his heart and breathing organs keep up an adequate oxygen supply, just as is the case with a racehorse or a greyhound.

To make the collapse of the women runners a reason for attacking their participation in athletic contests, does not appear just. It is argued that girls and boys differ; one destined for one purpose, one for another. This does not lead to the conclusion that girls must not run races.

Consider the history of mankind, of the primitive man and woman of some 300,000 years past: they have had to escape from animals and from human enemies by running. If women had not been able to run, it would have gone hard with the race [*sic*]. Among many wild races women do all the manual labor of agriculture, and carry all the burdens on the march, while men merely carry their arms. The women of the Himalayan mountain tribes carry with ease astonishing burdens—as much as 200lb.—up slopes at great altitudes where the air is thin and oxygen-want affects the white man.

In our own country women still carry out agricultural work and heavy labor. In Eastern Germany women leave their work in the fields to have a baby born and return again to work in a few hours' time.

What is wanted to prevent collapse in athletic contests is training and fitness such as the race-horse is given. Assuming such training, I see no reason why women should not compete against women as much as men against men.

There are certain sports which, it is generally agreed, are not suitable for women, such as boxing, wrestling, and Rugby football. Not that women could not carry out such sports if they tried; but there is in women grace and beauty which they naturally wish to retain in their games.

There is this to be said: that extreme fatigue may allow the entry of microbic enemies, such as the tubercle bacillus, which are always lying in wait to attack us. The more general question may be raised as to whether athletic contests should be encouraged which not only lead to extreme exhaustion but promote an extreme individualism. It would be better for the State to encourage contests by teams, by which unselfishness would be stimulated and a high level of general fitness obtained. The attainment of physical fitness by all the young people of the nation should be aimed at, not the spectacular exhibition of record-breaking by the few. But it is a far cry from this ideal to the present practice.

The ancient world of Greece and Rome was used to its athletic contests and gladiatorial shows; and the modern world no less likes to see and read about the breaking of records, and witness the exciting football matches and boxing fights of professionals. Women, set free from the absurd conventions of the Victorian age, are developing in many cases a splendid physical health, such as may now be noted at any seaside place. Seen in bathing costume, many of the girls seem to be stronger than the boys.

JAPANESE WOMEN.

The General Meeting of Kwansai women, since its organization 10 years ago, has attained marvellous development, and the advancement of the feminine world during the same period is amazing. Progress in daily life since the World War has been especially conspicuous, and this progress has given a marked stimulus to the feminine world

of Japan. During this interval, the association has made a steady advance and is now moving toward its object. Its members now number 2,800,000, thanks to this sound growth.

The memory of the proceedings in the 56th session of the Imperial Diet is still vivid in every mind. Woman suffrage, in which the meeting takes an interest, was rejected by the House of Representatives chiefly owing to the opposition of the Home Minister and party leaders because they thought it was premature. They contended that women in general did not insist upon that right on their own behalf. They were evidently mistaken, and failed to recognize the actual life of women. If the veteran statesmen and politicians forming the nucleus of arbitrary government by men had been present at the meeting and had listened to the arguments and sentiments expressed, their view of feminine life would have changed for the better, and they would not have been so silly as to reject women suffrage.

Men have a mistaken view of femininity, yet they believe it to be right, and hold that women must be obedient to it. The refusal of political rights to women is a mental habit with men, and it is with this idea in mind that they conclude that women are not capable of conducting legislative business. Women are endowed with political ability and talent, but their mental force has been restrained and limited by the arbitrary decision of men, so as to make women docile, meek and obedient. Thus the sphere of women's mental activities has been restricted by men. In an age in which the mode of life has become complex, individual personality and moral character are apt to be formed through the influence of others.

The emancipation of women, the development of their mental faculties and the formation of their personality, are questions that affect the mental attitude of men. Even if women be granted legal and political rights, they can not make good use of those rights so long as men hold to their traditional ideas. In order to get men to mend their mental attitude, women must organize themselves to carry on a systematic and united movement and must pursue culture by unsparing efforts. The emancipation of women, and the enhancement of their position, dignity and influence, are dependent on

their own exertion, but this is a difficult task that can not be accomplished within a short time. Women must be all exertion.

—*Osaka Sun*, 4 September, 1929.

WOMAN ASCENDANT!

It is becoming less and less possible to say with justification, as has been said over the years, that this is a man's world.

Woman is in the ascendant.

I do not refer to the assumption by women of the right of suffrage long pre-empted by the male. I refer to the steady advance of women into a place of power in the world's work.

From a recent study made by the banking firm of Lawrence Stern and Company I cull the following facts:

Women today control approximately 41 per cent of the individual wealth of the United States.

In 1926 women paid individual income tax to the extent of \$3,297,527,100 as against \$4,741,137,000 paid by men.

Although the income of many women is not earned income, but income assigned to the wife by the husband for income tax calculation purposes, the literal statistics show that 54 per cent of the incomes over \$100,000 are credited to women.

Of the 15,000,000 stockholders in the United States, the proportion of women has increased in ten years from 2 per cent to 35 per cent.

In the years after 1910, the number of women bankers and bank officials increased more than 150 per cent, and the number of women bank employees increased 47 per cent. One of every five wage-earners is a woman. One of every five women is a wage-earner.

There are 8,500,000 women gainfully employed in the United States, and these appear in all save 35 of the 572 occupations.

In the ten years following 1880 the female population of the United States grew 28.5 per cent, but the number of gainfully employed women increased 64.4 per cent in this period.

In the ten years following 1910 women factory operatives in the automobile industry increased

1,408 per cent, while men operatives increased only 435 per cent.

In this ten-year period, domestic and personal service lost some 50,000 women workers, while trade, the professions and factory work gained some 50,000 women workers.

This growing participation of women in the world's work is more significant socially than the advent of women suffrage.

—*Glenn Frank*.

WHY NOT, INDEED?

I was inspecting once in a seaport town when I saw in her cell a woman of 40 with clear and steady blue eyes, and a rich sun-tanned complexion. I learnt that this was her fourth offence during one year—she had no previous convictions. She had been sent to prison for being drunk.

I said to her—"Surely, you are not a drunkard!"

She replied—"I'm here."

She told me that for some years she had been going to sea in her husband's boat. She had worked as a sailor with several other hands. Her husband died and she was not allowed to sail her boat and had to sell it. "Since I have been ashore," she said, "I have done no good. I simply can't live ashore."

I came across another young woman who was continually in prison for stealing men's clothes. She had several long sentences. I asked her what would keep her out of prison, and she replied:—"If I could go to sea!" On investigation, I found that she felt it impossible to live as a woman, but could live as a man, and enjoyed men's work.

I told her that there was no law against her wearing men's clothing decently, if she did not steal it.

After she had had two more convictions, I fitted her out with the clothes she wanted and paid her fare to South Wales. She got work in a night shift and lay on her back in a coal-pit heaving coal.

All the year she did well and wrote that she was living respectably. She suffered many severe

vicissitudes, including a mental attack, but came to prison very little in after years.

(From "Penal Discipline" by Dr. Mary Gordon, Late Inspector of Prisons.)

STAR-DUST.

I MILITARY.

PEKING, March, 31, 1929.—A Chinese Amazon, third wife of a warlord, has been named a Brigade Commander in the rebel army of Gen. Chang Tsung-chang in Shantung, according to the Chinese press. The female warlord is Mrs. Chang Ching-yao, and is described in the Chinese press as "the most notorious shrew in the province." She is declared to be an able commander of soldiers and has sat in the inner counsels of the rebel movement.

III ATHLETICS.

Burglar-Capture (Australia)

Jewell Ferguson, the 18-year-old daughter of Sergeant Ferguson, is to be rewarded by the government for making one of the most sensational civilian arrests for many years. Single-handed, she marched a desperate criminal, for whom police had been searching over the whole State, to the lockup.

Miss Ferguson arrived home from a dance, and hearing a noise in her father's study crept down the hall and saw the criminal perusing her father's papers and confidential police records. Without alarming the stooping man, she reached upward to where some of her father's hunting trophies were hanging and took down a long-handled wild pig dagger.

Pricking her captive in the back from time to time to prevent him turning round, she marched him to the watch house with his hands stretched above his head.

2. MOTOR CYCLING.

(ENGLAND)

ONCE again English motor cycles and riders have proved their superiority over the rest of the world.

England this year decided to forego her right to stage the International Six Days Trial and it was run on the Continent, where the committee chose a course which started in Germany and ended in the Alps. It was the stiffest ever chosen and some of the gradients were appalling, yet England triumphed and in such a manner as to leave no doubt about it. England won both the International Trophy and the International Vase, in the former being the only team to finish. Pluck and grit of the highest degree was demonstrated, especially by the English ladies, whose team was ruled out through an unfortunate accident to one of its members, Miss Foley and her *Triumph* being run into by a cyclist emerging from a side lane and crashing when going at speed, the lady having two teeth knocked out and a rib broken. Yet she brought her machine in to the finish. The winning team's effort in only losing one mark was magnificent and their opponents were the first to pay them tribute.

—*Indian Illustrated Weekly, September 29, 1929.*

MUSIC.

Orchestra (NEW YORK)—Parity with men musicians has just been offered women by the Conductorless Symphony Orchestra, hitherto known as the American Symphonic Ensemble, in an announcement that its appointments would be governed by musical ability alone.

The action of the orchestra, which is now in its second year, is an innovation in orchestra organizations, and 10 women have already made applications for position in the strings.

"We want to make our organization democratic in fact as well as in name," Michel Bernstein, chairman of the executive committee of the orchestra, said. "We shall begin by taking women for the strings only."

The standard of equality will be meticulously observed, he said, and no special favors will be shown women members, such as precedence in going to their seats.

NOTICE

OWING to the continued high level of prices, it has been decided to go to press three times in 1931 as in recent years, instead of six times. For convenience of reference, each issue will be treated as a double number, comprising the two issues which would otherwise have appeared separately. It is hoped that normal conditions will be resumed in due course.

Please Write!

We would again venture very warmly and cordially to urge those who respond to the ideal of freedom advocated by this little paper, to do us the favour of intimating their concurrence with us. Votes are to be had for the asking—seats in legislatures are open—but there is a vista before us of a spiritual progress which far transcends all political matters. It is the abolition of the "manly" and the "womanly."

Will you not help to sweep them into the museum of antiques?

Don't you care for the union of all fine qualities in one splendid ideal? If you think it magnificent but impracticable, please write to tell us so, and say why!

TO OUR FRIENDS.

URANIA denotes the company of those who are firmly determined to ignore the dual organization of humanity in all its manifestations.

They are convinced that this duality has resulted in the formation of two warped and imperfect types. They are further convinced that in order to get rid of this state of things no measures of "emancipation" or "equality" will suffice, which do not begin by a complete refusal to recognize or tolerate the duality itself.

If the world is to see sweetness and independence combined in the same individual, all recognition of that duality must be given up. For it inevitably brings in its train the suggestion of the conventional distortions of character which are based on it.

There are no "men" or "women" in Urania.

"All Eisin hôs angeloi."

A register is kept of those who hold these principles, and all who are entered in it will receive this leaflet while funds admit. Names should be sent to J. Wade, York House, Portugal Street, London, W. C.; E. Roper, 14

URANIA

Frogmal Gardens, London, N. W.; D. H. Cornish, 33, Kildare Terrace, Bayswater
London, W.; T. Baty, Temple, London, E. C.

Will those who are already readers and who would like us to continue sending them copies, kindly do us the favour of sending a post-card to one of the above addresses? We should much appreciate suggestions and criticisms.

DISTRIBUTOR'S NOTE.

URANIA is not published, nor offered to the public, whether gratuitously or for sale or otherwise.

Copies of Nos. 18 to 82 inclusive (except 22 and 57-8) can be had by friends. If copies are wanting to complete sets or for distribution, application should be made to T. Baty, 3 Paper Buildings, Temple, London, E. C., when they will gladly be supplied as far as possible.

☞ The statement below that the periodical is "*published for private circulation*" seems to the Editor to be self-contradictory, as when a thing is made public it evidently ceases to be private. It would be interesting to have counsel's opinion on the point: but it is cheaper and easier to admit that the privacy is public.