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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.*”

SWEETNESS OR DOMINATION—WHICH?

Is it really the best thing for any of us to make of our life, to have a heart of Love and Sweetness? Or is Self-Assertiveness and grim Boldness a desirable alternative? It is scarcely necessary to answer the question: it answers itself. But the answer knocks the bottom out of the Power-Man's scheme of things. Of what use is it to have hills of gold, mountains of victual and seas of champagne—of what use is it to have power and universal domination—if one has grimness and acrid hardness at the heart? No use whatever! Mrs. Barbauld was right in her quaint way when she wrote that it was foolish to be annoyed because So-and-so, who is a mean, knavish fellow, has made a fortune of hundreds of thousands of pounds. Foolish to be annoyed, she said,—it was for the sake of those hundreds of thousands that he became a mean, knavish fellow—“and do you grudge him his poor satisfaction?”

Nor can it benefit a nation that its people, or any of them, should for the sake of its greatness, become grim and fierce of soul. The only greatness of a nation lies in the splendour of its people—in their Sovereign Love and Sweetness. The surrender of their wills to a loud demagogue—whatever he may promise in the way of national power and national dominion, or in the way of domestic betterment and social justice—is fatal to Love and Sweetness in the heart.

This world, moreover, is so constructed that not only is it eternally best to be Sweet and Kind whatever the consequences,—but actually so that Love is the most powerful force in its experience. It is really pitiable to see men devoting themselves to elaborating vast power-machines—whether electrical, aerial or moral—in complete forgetfulness of the fact that they will dissolve utterly at the touch of affection. It is a simple lesson—but one which men are extremely slow in learning. Plato learnt it—Nazareth and Simnath knew it—even favourites and mistresses have

known it and turned it to their private advantage—Spenser knew it, Pope and many another poet—but the mass of men go on tinkering at the problems of life in complete ignorance of its first axiom: that to be sweet and kind at heart is heaven. All the Havanas, all the marzipan, all the emeralds, all the brocade and porphyry: all the splendour of Empire and all the incense of Victory, have just this one precise object—to bring a breath more of Love and Sweetness into the soul. Mactaggart of Trinity, that deep and dry philosopher, grasped the truth when he said—“We are driven to the conclusion that Love is the Absolute.”

There used to be a thing called Honour, to retain which men willingly and cheerfully let go Power, Dominion, Strength and Victory. And Love is far greater than Honour—transcends and includes Honour; and earthly domination is its toy.

Can there be a doubt, then, that the feminine ideal of invincible Love and Sweetness is superior to any other? It is not a “meek and mild,” nor a “gentle,” submissive thing. It is no more mild than the lightning: no more meek than the diamond: no more gentle than the sea-spray. But it is never coarse, never fierce, never rough, never ruthless or callous. The grim ideals of Marinetti and Nietzsche and Theodore Roosevelt are far beneath our horror or our hatred. For them the only feeling to be entertained is one of sovereign and eternal contempt.

INA KINLOCH.

LOVE IS ENOUGH

THE comment is frequently to be met with that “Science has outrun Humanity.” It is a little difficult to see what is precisely meant by this. Why Humaneness should need to be more humane, in order to keep pace with modern inventions, is not apparent. The more frightful war becomes, the less humaneness

is necessary to condemn it. One need not be very humane to revolt from the butchery of the trenches: not nearly so humane as one must be to revolt from the mailed sword-play of mediæval Italy, which claimed few victims even after a hard day's fighting! It is really not fair to blame Science for the fact that we of to-day turn her revelations to bloody ends. What is actually the cause of the phenomenon that modern men, unlike the men of a hundred years ago, do not stick at using the resources of Science in horrible and ghastly ways, is not man's greater knowledge, but his attitude to that knowledge. The cause of modern methods of war is the disappearance from the world of the philosophy of Love which for 1,500 years dominated its thought, and the replacement of that philosophy by the philosophy of Physical Violence. This is all the work of the last fifty years, Marx, Nietzsche and Marinetti are the apostles of the same destructive gospel—the creed of crude physical oppression. The politicians of the day and their episcopal apologists are their disciples.

The creed of Love has, at any rate in principle, been accepted since Constantine. In our own lifetime, it has plainly been displaced. The Christian religion, perhaps necessarily, has been complicated with a mythology and a Jehovah-worship which have collapsed before our eyes. Many thought that its ethics could be preserved. But those observers are now seen to have been right who maintained that Christian ethics would share the eclipse of Christian doctrine.

For a time, the attempt was made to preserve the theoretical supremacy of Love, in face of the facts of politics, by proclaiming that it was in pure Love that the private knocked the brains out of a German. This disingenuous subterfuge has gone. We are faced by a clean philosophy of violence which has no place for Love—unless a dishonoured lowest. It is a philosophy which is rapidly coming to be accepted by England. It was the philosophy of Sparta: it was the philosophy of the Red Indian,—and, make no mistake about it, the acceptance of modern warfare will inevitably make it the philosophy of Britain. It is impossible to organize a nation for war and to leave it free to love.

And we cannot permanently leave Love to one sex, though indeed the old fallacy is hard to kill! Poor old Lord Tennyson's preposterous idea—"Not like in like, but like in difference"—confronts the reader again in no less remarkable a place than the sacred pages of the *American Mercury*, in an article by an expert whom we are bound to regard with reverence

and affection. Formerly, the author observes, "men" were supposed to be superior: in the nineteenth century the superiority of "women" began to be advanced—while really, our author tells us, neither is superior to the other; they are equal but different. This seems to us a startling proposition.

We are quite prepared to admit that violins and trombones may be "equal but different"—though a musician may have a lingering preference for the violin—but we repudiate with all our force that a similar thing can be predicated of the human mind. The mind takes in both the trombone and the violin and synthesizes them. To tie it down to be a violin or a trombone is ridiculous. We are reminded of a children's story we read in the 'Eighties. Emmy, aged eight, had a passion for dancing-masters: also for fairies: she also appreciated turkey and ice-cream: but dancing-masters were the ruling passion. The big girl, Louie, to tease her, replied to her raptures—"Well, Emmy, I prefer fairies and ice-cream to turkey and dancing-masters!" And Emmy honestly knew that she herself preferred ice-cream to turkey. Therefore—"Can't it be dancing-masters and ice-cream, Louie?"—"Certainly not, Emmy!"

The human mind, apprehending delicacy and independence, desires to synthesize them. And the Devil says—"Delicacy and weakness,—or roughness and independence: choose!" And the aspiring mind pleads, "Can't it be delicacy and independence?"—"Certainly not, Emmy!"

Such varied moralists as Carlyle, G. K. Chesterton and Mr. W. Churchill, prate about valour, courage, etc., as being the prime and essential virtue: for, they say, it is the condition and guarantee of all virtue. This is nonsense. It may be a useful guarantee for the *display* of virtue: but a moment's reflection will show that a deficiency of courage cannot lead to the alteration of one's character. A man of generous impulses does not cease to be a man of generous impulses merely because something happens that shows him to be deficient in courage. It may very well be that it may check the display of his generosity, but it leaves him exactly the same man. The notion that it leaves him different is simply the inveterate materialistic notion that circumstances can alter character—when what they really do is to show how character displays itself in act. Instead of courage being "the guarantee" of affection, it is affection that is the mother of courage. Saint Thomas Aquinas thought Prudence (*i.e.*, far-sighted choice) was the noblest and first of virtues. Others might say that Endurance was—for what is the impetus of

Courage without it? Or it might be said that Charm was the greatest: one can get by charm what no amount of courage and endurance can give. But in fact, as Carlyle somewhere else says, it is idle to split up the human will into compartments. The only virtue is Love; and it comprehends all the value of Charm, Constancy and Valour.

It is very difficult to suppose that the conventional masculine and feminine qualities should be so evenly balanced as to be "equal" in glory. That is by no means nature's way. And in fact there can be no question as to the superiority of the feminine. To balance the admitted sternness and roughness of the masculine, the feminine creature must be an inanely weak and foolish specimen—which is by no means the case. Who, knowing "men," will not admit the truth of the libel in *Princess Ida*:—"Man" will swear and man will storm: "Man's" not at all good form. "Man's" coarse and "Man's" plain "Man's" a ribald, man's a rake" even if one does not go on to admit that "Man" is Nature's sole mistake"! To match such a creature in "equality" "woman" must be utterly devoid alike of brain and will. Even Henry James, that meticulous analyst of human nature, found great difficulty in discovering one single item of male superiority. His Basil Ransome, faced with the necessity of finding something, could only maunder vaguely about "a certain steadiness of outlook."

The truth is, that if we believe in the supremacy of love and sweetness, we must accept the supremacy of the feminine. And, as Henry Drummond shewed long ago, Love is the strongest thing in the world. The modern proponents of "force" cannot see beyond their noses. It is obvious that muscular force is not the strongest thing. A girl with a revolver is stronger than a boxer or a gorilla. Nor is armament the strongest: if a person has such charm that fifteen armed men will do anything for her, she is stronger than another dozen. And love is a more compelling force than habit, fear, greed or convention. The so-called conflicts between Love and Duty are not conflicts between Love and Duty at all: Love will never command dishonour. There doubtless are people for whom greed and fear and habit are still the strongest forces: but let them be awakened to Love—and these will fade away.

Accordingly, the feminine ideal, compact of love and sweetness, must evidently be recognized as infinitely superior to the masculine: and destined in the end to overcome it. Why, then, should he go on prattling of the "equality" of the masculine ideal,

and continue to force it on half the race? I have spent twenty happy years in a country where for centuries there has been a definite endeavour to specialize in virtue, and consciously and forcibly to set aside one sex for submissive delicacy and the other for stern dignity, all in the interests of worldly prosperity. And the one thing necessary in order to make Japan absolutely perfect is that she should throw material prosperity to the winds, and encourage girls to be spirited and independent. What one misses in Japan—beside green fields and hedgerows—is the countenance accorded in the West to the fearless and self-poised unmarried maiden. Every Japanese regards marriage, and the acceptance of the characteristic defects of sex, as an inevitable necessity. The destruction of these limitations may reduce the population, may shake established customs, but it will fashion a most glorious Japan, more worthy than ever of her divine Ancestor the Sun Goddess.

At any rate, let us who believe in the supremacy of Love, cease talking about the "equality" of the masculine and feminine ideals, and from continuing to force the former upon half the race.

IRENE CLYDE.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

"THERE is no difference that I can feel between a woman and a man. They look different, granted; but if you work with them, there doesn't seem any difference at all. I can't understand all the fuss about sex. It's as obvious as red hair; and as little fundamental, I fancy." There Lawrence expresses a point of view not only as remote as possible from "the crowd's," but also a point of view that is so rare that most of us could count on the fingers of one hand the men and women who genuinely hold it.

(Lawrence of Arabia.)

INDIVIDUALISM

THE FINAL JUSTIFICATION of Individualism is that we are individuals.

Individuals living together, certainly; but for all that, Individuals. One can perfectly well imagine an individual existing alone like a goddess: it is impossible to imagine a society without individuals! For the individual has a kinship far transcending humanity. It is a kinship with the trees and the mountains; with the stars and the moths; with all colour and sights and sounds.

The fallacy of all collectivist schemes is that they remain individualistic. The only difference is that instead of each individual managing her own affairs, a few individuals manage the rest. It does not matter how they are chosen or what their doctrines are—it remains the fact that it is a few individuals at the top who have their own way. The most socialistic polity leads straight to individual domination of one kind or another. And were it possible to have all individuals so standardized as to make this domination the expression of a common will, progress would be at an end. Variety is the essential condition of progress. Progress consists in the general imitation of a variation—but if variation is extirpated, the possibility of progress is indefinitely diminished.

It is the greatest mistake to identify Individualism with selfishness. It has nothing to do with selfishness. The Individualist does not want everything for herself, nor everything her own way, as a selfish person does. She does not want to be dominated by elected officers, but she no more wants to see other people dominated by them. Individualism is not Selfishness but a philosophy of Freedom.

Nor is it Anarchy. Anarchy is an illogical worship of Freedom, which amounts to the tyranny of the casual aggressor. Individualism demands an artistic measure of freedom: a freedom not to be defined, but felt: a freedom which secures to each person a sphere of self-determination, within which she cannot be interfered with, except under an intolerable sense of urgency on the part of everybody.

For, after all, it is individuals who count. It is because individuals are willing to accept it or endure it, that any system exists. When the pious believer surrenders his conscience to his confessor or his trade-union, it is because his individual mind is in favour of that surrender.

It all comes in the end to Individuals. For what is "the Country," "the State," "the Community"? Absolutely an abstraction: an ideal imagination which takes widely different forms with different individuals. A's idea of England is a spirit of easy good-nature, placid satisfaction and generosity: B's is a spirit of adventurous domination and dictation: C's is one of calculating commercialism. . . . Indeed, it is very difficult for a British subject to know what "the State" is, at all: is it the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland,—which may loosely be called "Britain"? is it England? or is it, as some older people may be tempted to think, that forgotten Empire in which an Australian was no more an alien than a Yorkshireman? Evidently it is

all a matter of personal idiosyncrasy, what idol a state-worshipper sets up. A will think England disgraced by a Jingo policy: B will think it admirable: C will be inclined to agree with A. We are not attempting to say what is the true England. All we insist on is that every individual has her own idea of what that elusive abstraction is and what it demands. Mr. Henley saw England as a young lady "with her glorious eyes aflame": a German may possibly envisage Deutschland as a super-glorified Bismark or Brynhildr. Or possibly as a pinacotheca. Further, in respect of policy, and the acts that are done in a country's name, it is again entirely a matter of individuals. The dumb masses may be content, or may be delighted, to leave the control of things to the few who everywhere rule: but it is the individual soul of each which makes that decision. What is more, it is to those few ruling Individuals that the conduct of affairs is left. It is *their* individual views of what is best that will decide. Some will spurn, with the Athenians, a policy of which it can be said that "Nothing could be more advantageous,—and nothing could be more unjust!" Others, with Euphues, will maintain that for a sovereign state nothing can be unjust which is profitable. It will be the individual conscience of the few who exercise rule, that will decide. So, here again, it is the individual who is paramount. That she consults the interests of the community is a function of her individuality.

One may indulge in picturesque dreams like Mr. Henley's about a national soul: but make no mistake; the wires of that soul are pulled by the very definite group of individuals who have laid their hands on the levers of power. Let it be assumed for the moment that it is the welfare of the State which is the supreme object and desire of all its members—and not the welfare of the world, or the advancement of civilization or religion or Ideal Beauty;—still, the right method of securing its welfare and glory must remain a matter to be settled by each individual for herself: and the humblest may be the most nearly right. The future of the Roman Empire lay, not with the Caesars of Rome,—but with a few shabby fishermen in Jerusalem. They, too, were Individuals, and had an Individual vision.

I. C.

SCHUMANN'S HANDICAP

SCHUMANN wrote a song-cycle, called *Woman's Life and Love*, the words of which we have read with a feeling of ineffable disgust. There is little life in them

and not much love—only a degraded wallowing in abasement. "Lass' mich in Andacht, lass' mich in Demut, lass' mich verneigen dem Herren mein!" A nice kind of a bride for a heroic soul! So far Song 5: suddenly all the wretched creature's "love" turns to her child—"Nur die da sängt, nur die da liebt, das Kind dem sie die Nahrung gibt." (Song 7.) In the final song (8) we are left uncertain whether it is the husband or the child who is deceased and mourned as "meine Welt," without whom, "ich bin nicht lebend mehr"!

But what contemptible folly it all is! No wonder Schumann went mad, if he had to set such stuff!

MODERN CONDITIONS

THERE are two recent discoveries which have a profound and startling bearing on our whole propaganda. These are Conception Prevention ("Birth Control") and Change of Sex. As our readers well know, our sole objection to sex is the stamp it sets on character. As a matter of mere fact, "men" are brought up to be aggressive, and "women" are not complained of if they are unenterprising and submissive. It is this distortion of character that horrifies us; and *any* sign of sex is repulsive as denoting that distortion whether it be distinctive dress or distinctive occupation. But of course coition is the most intense exhibition and enforcement of the horrid distinction:—the more so, as its very essence is one of aggressive superiority and yielding inferiority. It is useless to deny or to attempt to ignore the fact, on the plea of "equality." The relation is not one of equality, and it is no use pretending that it is. Particularly is this so in view of the normal consequences. Prolonged incapacity, fierce pain and peril, fall to the share of one party.

Does the possibility of safe and legal avoidance of these consequences make much difference? Certainly not. The thing has still the burning stamp of sexual difference, branding the character "male" or "female." Only when the conventional divergence of character has become eliminated, and "men" and "women" are equally bright and delicate in nature, may the remote possibility be admitted of physical union without danger. And even so, the act is so inextricably interwoven with the severance of character between "male" and "female," that the possibility must remain a very remote possibility indeed.

But Change of Sex is a different matter. We used to be told, as a stock illustration of the temporal omnipotence of the English Parliament, that it could

do everything "except make a man a woman or a woman a man." But it seems that that is being done nearly every day! An esteemed correspondent informs us that in England alone many such transformations are effected every year.

Now, if change of sex becomes, not a rare and marvellous miracle, but a common and everyday occurrence, it will be difficult for anyone to regard herself as essentially and necessarily "male" or "female," and the divergence of character will tend to disappear of itself. The mere fact of one or two such cases of change has profoundly shaken the general conviction of the existence of an essential difference. The fact that a girl has changed her sex without any particular change of heart, cannot but have induced people to begin to agree with Eva Gore-Booth that "Sex is an accident." And, once there is a general conviction of the unimportance of sex, it may not be beyond the bounds of possibility that coition, coupled with Conception Prevention, may cease to have any objectionable feature as exhibiting distorted natures. But certainly that is a matter of the far future: for old ideas are difficult to eradicate!

A JAPANESE SUFFRAGE PAPER

WE mentioned some time ago the new organ, printed in English, of the Japanese Suffrage League—"Japanese Women." It has entered upon its second year of publication, and the leading feature of the latest number is an article on Homes established for indigent mothers and children. More interesting, perhaps, is a short account of an official proposal for the establishment of Domestic Arbitration Courts, which appears to be on the point of becoming a *fait accompli*.

A Rummage Sale on a glorified scale held in Tokio last September was a startling success. Police had to be invoked to regulate the crowds, and the proceeds came to 50,000 yen (nearly £3,000)! Ten thousand buyers purchased 30,000 articles.

The Suffrage Movement in Japan, however, is merely a movement for the better organizing and enlisting the services of "women" in improving the material conditions of life in Japan. It has no thought of improving the quality of individuals by removing the conventional restrictions based upon their physical mould: and, indeed, such a view would make no headway against the inveterate tradition of Chinese culture, which assigns to every individual a groove, whether she likes it or not, and whether she is fitted for it or not. The little paper is very interesting to the student of Feminism and of the Orient: it can be had

from the W.S.L. at 5 Owari Tiyo, Yotajya, Tokio, at 5*d.* a copy. We should mention particularly a succinct account of the legal position of Japanese "women" contained in the number for last January (by T. Katayama, M.P.) and one on Journalism in the November number (S. Takanaka).

THE ONLY WAY

"EMILY BRONTE! . . . the bravest and the sweetest soul that ever saw the truth and wrote it down. She is neither man nor woman; a woman could never have conceived the book, a man could never have wrought such subtle lines of tenderness, and truth, and pity, as she has done—she is above and beyond us—a foster-daughter, as it were, of Nature . . ."

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE (Address to the Brontë Society—*The Spirit of the Moors*, January 18th, 1902.)

* * * * *

"INSTEAD of saying with Newman that 'the feminine type is undoubtedly the higher' and that 'if the Soul is to go into higher spiritual blessedness, it must become a Woman,' I should be inclined to say that both the exclusively womanly soul and the exclusively manly soul are seriously defective, and that perfection can only be approached as each type appropriates the special excellences of the other."

CHARLES B. UPTON (in the Introduction to Francis Newman's book *The Soul*.)

* * * * *

OF Dr. Conolly, who applied the principle of No-Restraint in the treatment of the insane (1839-40) it was said that his mind, "more womanly than the mind of a woman . . . seemed to begin and end with love and sympathy."

Yes: one may well say that the perfect ideal transcends both the "manly" and the "womanly":—but that leaves untouched the fact that "women" are very much nicer than "men," as a class that is. There are many delightful "men"; there are many most unpleasant "women." And, Heaven be thanked, most "women" are not "womanly," and do not try to be. There is a confusion, into which one readily falls, between the actual characteristics of "women" and "the womanly ideal," which latter is the contemptible invention of novelists and sentimentalists.

In actual fact, as Francis Newman held, and as Sir C. Higham at a recent Civil Service dinner

proclaimed—"Women" have always been the superiors of "men." Dorothy Evans, in her presidential address to the annual conference of the Association of Women Clerks and Secretaries in London, criticised the "utter inability of the rulers of the world to understand each other's point of view."

"We cannot but feel," she said, "that it is high time they handed over their authority to the women of the various lands. Women would quickly see," she continued, "that the world was organized to the best advantage, and that science was utilised in the interests of mankind rather than for the complete annihilation of the human race. It was surely not without significance," she added, "that the women of France were still voteless and the women of Germany were now voiceless."

And Sydney Carroll, criticising Capek's *The Mother* in the *Daily Telegraph* (16th February last), calls it—"Universal in its arraignment of male idiocy, its condemnation of male selfishness and disregard of the mothers of the world. Children," he says, "are born . . . What for? To be cannon-fodder? To be victims of pride, power, passion?"

Perhaps the crashing reversal of judgments may come sooner than we imagine. According to the *New York Times*, Gertrude Atherton, the still vigorous California novelist, "thinks a silent revolution is going on in America which makes the struggle over communism, fascism and other 'isms' look like child's play. She predicts complete sex equality (? including military equality?) in the United States by 1988, but evidently expects a great deal more. This expectation," adds the paper, "seems to be nothing less than that 'women' will take over the country stock, lock and barrel." She points to the fact that in early Egypt and Sparta, "women" were the dominant sex, but when "men" insisted on equality, they did not stop there, but became in turn dominant.

The American economist Babson also believes in the imminence of such a change. *Quod felix faustumque sit!*

STAR-DUST

I. MILITARY

1. CHINA.—When she was 14, Yang Hui-Ming, China's Joan of Arc, dressed as a boy and fought for a year with guerillas in Manchuria. Then she went back to school and the University to "learn how to serve China best."

In November, 1937, she crossed the Japanese lines outside Shanghai three times by night under a rain of shells and burning house timbers to reach the 800 men of the doomed battalion who had determined to die in the warehouse where they were cut off beyond the Soo Chow Creek.

A tall, very slender, calm young woman, she is now visiting London. She related her adventures to the *News Chronicle* with less drama than the average English girl would use to describe a hockey match.

She was chosen by Chiang Kai-shek to take his order of retreat to the 800. She said: "I went always by night by a roundabout way, crawling on my stomach. It took me from two to four hours each time. Firing was incessant, but the only hit went through my hat, merely grazing the nape of my neck. I was lucky and always have been."

On her last and most dangerous trip she took the Chinese flag wrapped round her body under her clothes. The men wanted to run it up before they retreated. She then stayed with them until the end, doing what she could for the 400 wounded and dead, and crossing the machine-gunned road with the last batch.—*News Chronicle* (London), 2nd February, 1939.

2. SPAIN.—I visited the front lines this morning. Torrential rain was falling, and the mountain-tops were covered with clouds.

I talked with a militia girl, who was poorly protected from the rain and cold wind by a cotton overall. She did not seem at all depressed as she leaned on her rifle and chatted with me. She waved towards a pine-covered hill-top and said, "The Moors are on the other side of that hill. Yesterday, eight girl companions of mine, who were fighting up on the hill, were caught by Moors."

I left her leaning on her rifle, a lonely figure in this rugged, deserted landscape, where one can drive 10 or 15 miles without a sign of human life.—*Daily Telegraph*, 12th October, 1938.

II. BUSINESS

1. JAPAN.—A survey taken by factory officers of the Metropolitan Police Board in machine shops employing over fifty persons disclosed that the number of women they employed at the end of last year was 96 per cent. greater, or nearly double, than in June, 1937.

The study shows that many of the women are graduates of high schools and that in simple bench lathe operations they are more efficient than men as

a result of their sensitivity, faithfulness and perseverance, states the *Hochi*. Their monthly wage ranges from Y30 to Y50 (35s. to £3).

The report discloses that men were absent from work from 11 to 18.2 days over a half-year period, while women were out from 13 to 19.9 days.

As a result of the report, police are expected to urge machine shop operators to give "women" better working conditions in view of the fact that their duties are often as strenuous as those performed by "men."—*Japan Advertiser*, 27th February, 1939.

VI. PSYCHOLOGY

Speaking at the Royal Free Hospital recently Lord Horder declared that "women" were more thorough, more industrious and more studious than "men." He added also "more curious," a valuable factor in research. An officer of the London School of Medicine remarked—"The truth is, that although they won't admit it, the 'men' don't want 'women' in the medical profession." Forty years ago, they admitted it very emphatically! Times change.

VII. DRESS

1. FRANCE.—One day has betrayed the secret of a "waitress." She is actually a man of thirty-five, who has been living and working for years as a waitress in French hotels. Police, raiding a small hotel in the St. Paul's district of Paris at dawn yesterday, surprised "Mlle. Clementine Dubois" in bed. "She" had woman's clothes and wavy hair. But when the inspector saw her beard he asked for identity cards. "Marie Jeanne Clementine Dubois, female, born April 8th, 1903," the birth certificate read. References from past employers all said that the waitress was a perfect servant. Still the police thought they had discovered a criminal hiding under a woman's identity. A doctor finally confirmed the fact that Dubois had been registered as a girl at birth. But he was really a man.

"I spend my evenings in peace, sewing, knitting, ironing and preparing meals," Dubois told officials. "If I have to get married one day my wife won't have much to do. I can manage all the housekeeping."—*Daily Mirror*.

2. BRADFORD.—A girl appeared at Bradford City Court wearing flannel trousers, a light overcoat, and collar and tie. She was Mary Senior, of Tennyson-place, and she was summoned for driving a motor vehicle in Broadway without having a third-party risk insurance policy. The magistrate's clerk told

her that she was not properly dressed to appear in a court of justice. Following a short consultation between the clerk and the magistrates the chairman of the Bench, Mr. George Wilkinson, asked Senior: "Do you ever wear a dress?"

"No," was the answer. "I ride a motor-cycle and always wear trousers."

VIII. LAW

1. JAPAN.—In connection with the success of three ladies in the Law Examinations it may be noted that according to *Japanese Women*, only 242 candidates out of 2,500 were allowed to pass; and the brilliancy of the three ladies "was unanimously praised by professors and examiners." Yosi Muto San was fourth in the whole list.

XI. RELIGION

1. SCOTLAND.—Helen MacRobert made history when she preached in a Paisley church recently.

She was the first woman to preach in a Church of Scotland pulpit since the Reformation. She was appointed assistant a few weeks ago and wants to become a minister. She wore purple and black robes and a mortar-board (probably the M.A. costume of Glasgow). After the service she said that she hoped to be ordained in two or three years. "My main purpose is to assist women into getting their rightful place in the Church."—*Daily Herald*, 5th October, 1936.

2. ENGLAND (DRESS).—The Bishop of Derby urges that it is important that those away from home on holiday should be at pains to maintain their religious practices, and that, in no circumstances, should a girl be deterred from going to Church because she does not possess a hat.

EVE'S SOUR APPLES

BY

IRENE CLYDE

(Author of *Beatrice the Sixteenth*, etc.)

No reader of URANIA can fail to be interested in this book, in which the Author develops her ideas on the hindrance which sex constitutes to the attainment of ideal character. Why should some be condemned to be rather coarse and others to be rather trivial?

There is no answer. Except for hidebound convention, there is no reason why they should. So the Author passionately calls for an abandonment of all recognition of sex—and for liberty to all to combine Sweetness and Independence.

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URANIA

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 hós angelai."

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, 120, Abbey Road Mansions, London; D. H. Cornish, 3, Coburg Terrace, Sidmouth, Devonshire; T. Baty, 3, Paper Buildings, 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.

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