



DIE LIEBE TRAEGT DEN SIEG DAVON.

# URANIA

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TWO-MONTHLY.

"Let us break their bonds in sunder, and cast away their cords from us!"—Psalms.

TO THE READER.

**U**RANIA 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' ousin hōs angelæ."*

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. Gore-Booth and E. Roper, 33, Fitzroy Square, London, N. W.; D. H. Cornish, 32, Via dell' Erta Canina, Florence, Italy; 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.**

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

**WE** would again venture very warmly to urge those who respond to the ideal of freedom advocated by this little paper, to intimate 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!**

## PEACE AND AETHNICISM.

THERE are many panaceas for the world's distress. We can only contemplate with a pitiful astonishment those who think to secure peace and quietness by bonds and promises, confederacies and law-courts. What has been gained by the suppression of the petty warfare of the Middle Ages, and the institution of great centralized kingdoms, but the precipitation of the titanic horrors of world-wide wars? If barons quarrelled, their retainers fought it out on a small scale, and their hearts and hopes were in the contest. If empires quarrel, the world is filled with blackness and uncomprehending anguish.

So that if the world is reduced to formal submission to any Hague or Geneva conference its writhings will convulse humanity everywhere.

At the opposite pole from those who pin their faith to paper and parchment, those pacifists of the sword and truncheon, are others who are content to preach vaguely Love. Theirs is the common preacher's fate. One listens, admires, and forgets.

More practical are the few who insist on the importance of education. But how few, when they name education, think supremely of education in affection! Most think of fitting the child to fight its fellows in the struggle for economic power. Some think of fitting it to fill a niche in a scheme of providing the nation or the world with gross material comfort. Next to none think supremely of making it love.

Enthusiasts for education dream of developing the child's alertness, its wage-value, its deductive power, its sleight of brain and body: incidentally squirting into it moral maxims and improving anecdotes after the manner of Mr. F. J. Gould. Nobody cares to think that they are sowing Dead Sea fruit. Nobody cares to remember that the first aim of education is the development of character, and that the character of children can only be developed by living one's life with them. Dictating to Mammoth classes will not go a step towards it—except in the direction of deformation. But nobody cares. We must have results—"Topsy cute and clever": able to compete in dollar-chasing with the best of them. So we instal a smart dictator—and we

give up any notion of teaching Love—except *à la* F. J. Gould.

Art might have taught the nations Peace. But art has become a thing of jargon—an esoteric shibboleth of weirdness and undress. Bohemia is too remote a kingdom to sway the world. And the fierce brutality of Cubism is as hearty a stimulant of War as any journalist in Fleet Street. So avows Marinetti—not that the avowal was needed.

So the propaganda of URANIA, which lays no special stress on Peace, is really the most practical peace propaganda that can be thought of.

For the only cause of War always has been, and always will be, Human Ferocity,—which means Masculine Ferocity.

We have, patently to the meanest observation, two cultivated types of character—one in which ferocity is not kept down as it is in the other. URANIA points to the simple fact that we can and ought to drop the distinction, and cultivate the same beauty in all. Never mind whether it is possible to secure the same results in all. The point is that at present we do not try.

If every "boy" were brought up with the sweetness and delicacy of the average "girl", without failing of the courage and constancy which are (ridiculously enough) supposed to be the natural portion of the average "boy", who can doubt that war would cease for want of soldiers? Is there really some antipathy between love and valiance? Is the Python really stronger than Apollo? Is the Celestial divided against itself?

At present, we seem momentarily to be progressing backwards. We are doing our little best to introduce into the feminine the defects of the masculine. The writer took up a girls'-school story at random the other day. For the opulent slang she was prepared: but not for the roughness and arrogance depicted as the hall-mark of the perfect lady. Surely, we should be tired by this time of dabbling humbly in the wake of brothers! We have something better to do than to think ourselves fine creatures because we keep wicket in pads, wear uniform hats and all but swear!

Such eccentricities will pass away. The eternal

Feminine persists. Until it has eradicated masculine ferocity, the raw material of War will be ready in heaps to hand, and the world will neither be "safe" for democracy, aristocracy or anything else;—not even for soldiers, for Beëlzebub is an ass.

J. C.

## SUFFRAGE HISTORY.

P. ORMAN RAY, Professor of Political Science in the North Western University, Illinois, was surprised, as many others have been, to find that "no chronological summary of the suffrage movement, at once accurate, complete and upto-date, is readily available to students of comparative legislation." In an article in the (London) *Journal of Comparative Legislation*\* (Oct. 1919) the Professor supplies the deficiency in the short compass of under twenty pages. The volume costs six shillings, but to those interested in the subject, it is well worth it.

"One who thus studies the world-wide suffrage movement chronologically, cannot help being impressed by the sturdy persistence of the movement and its record of almost continuous achievement." The work of summary has been well done. Mr. Ray starts with 1834, when the English Poor Law gave ratepayers votes varying from one to six. As prosperity was ostensibly the basis of this franchise, it would have been too illogical to exclude persons on grounds of sex. In Ireland the same principle was introduced in 1837: can Miss Macmillan tell us when it came in in Scotland? Also what case decided the question of eligibility? The Statutes in themselves were not explicit. Kentucky gave a school franchise to widowed mothers in 1838—and nothing more was done until 1850 or 1852. The first really political vote was conceded in Berne in 1852; strangely, the statute remained a dead letter, and was actually repealed in or soon after 1885 (as soon as it began to be taken advantage of).

Brunswick (Germany!!) appears to have the honour of first conceding an effective franchise (1850) †: that unenlightened and backward com-

\* Elm Court, Temple, London, E. 3. 4.

† Doubtful.

munity, the Transvaal, followed (1854); and Prussia and Westphalia (!!!) in 1856.

Bohemia gave the suffrage and eligibility for Parliament in 1862.

The United States followed at a respectful distance. Wyoming territory led the way for full suffrage in 1869, and has an honourable pre-eminence accordingly. 1869 also saw the municipal suffrage accorded in England: New South Wales had preceded her by two years and Sweden by seven. When the Isle of Man conceded full suffrage to property-owners in 1881, a great stimulus was given to the movement: more than was given in 1888 by the concession of the municipal franchise in the new county councils. New Zealand made its experiment of 1893. South Australia went one better in 1894 by adding eligibility for Parliament. Some of the United States took the curious line of admitting tax-payers to vote without distinction on questions of taxation. "No taxation without representation"—their old war-cry against Britain, was doubtless the reason why this was found the line of least resistance (Montana, 1889; Louisiana 1898). But in 1893 1895 and 1896 respectively, Colorado, Utah and Idaho adopted full suffrage. Finland in 1906 by a grant of full suffrage and eligibility in Europe (though not in an independent legislature) marked a new stage of progress: it is less well known that in 1907 the property vote was conceded to women in Russia. Norway imitated Finland in 1907; and at last we see a fully independent legislature adopting the new principle.

Baroda people have the Municipal vote and Santa Fe' (Argentina) full suffrage. The latest flood of accessions to the suffrage principle comprise Holland, Denmark, Sweden and Great Britain, New York and Michigan: and we may now turn our attention to eligibility for State and Judicial office, and to making the eligibility, when secured, effectual. Full eligibility to office appears to have been secured already in Denmark (including Iceland) (1917), though Holland admitted it for Parliament and the Council of State in the same year, four years before conferring the franchise.

No Southern European state has hitherto done

much in the suffrage direction—though Spain is moving. Santa Fe' is an isolated exception in S. America and Italian widows appear to have had a franchise for many years.

## AETHNICISM IN JAPAN.

THE only thing missing when the time came for the marriage ceremony that was to make Mr. Soji Matsuda and Miss Chidzu Okada, the 17-year old daughter of Mr. Sakae Okada, member of the Diet, man and wife was, according to the Japanese papers, the bride. She had disappeared while the wedding guests were assembling. The disappearance took place at Kamakura on Thursday evening. The bride-to-be, who asserted her sex privilege of changing her mind, in real modern fashion, is reported to have been opposed to the idea of marriage with anybody, not excepting the man her father had selected for her.

—Japan Advertiser.

## JAPANESE GIRLS.

[From *My Japanese Year*, by T. H. Sanders\*]

ALTHOUGH it is the custom to indulge in rapturous eulogies about Japanese girls—and, indeed, their charms and graces are a fitting theme for any poet—and especially although everybody knows that they are coy and demure, yet very few people get beyond that. Japanese etiquette includes such rigid and absolute laws for the conduct of young ladies, and they keep so strictly within those rules when in public, that it is only occasionally that one gets a glimpse of what is really inside their pretty little heads. But when that glimpse comes, instead of the prim, restrained, straight-laced, and extremely proper maidens that one ordinarily sees, behold a merry, mischievous, kittenish lot of creatures, bent first and foremost on getting as much fun out of life as possible.

It is really amusing to watch the young ladies of a certain school not far away from here,† as they pass down the street two by two. When anybody looks at them they hang their heads, drop their eyelids, and look as if they couldn't

\* Mills and Boon, London, 1915.

† [Yamaguchi, at the western end of the Inland Sea.]

say "boh!" to a turtle-dove, let alone to a goose. But if they think you are not looking, and you can meanwhile contrive to observe them, you will see quick sidelong glances being exchanged little whispers, the corners of their lips curling round in merry smiles, and even an occasional nudge from one to another as much as to say, "Are you taking it all in?" But the moment they perceive themselves to be observed, down go their heads again, and nothing can be seen except black hair and black eyelashes, looking down at their little white socks. Such guileless lambs were never seen.

When they meet a foreigner it is more ludicrous than ever. Between their curiosity to look at a strange face and their Japanese modesty they don't know where to look for two seconds together.

This shyness has been bred in them for two thousand years, and it is only on the rarest occasions ‡ that they overcome it sufficiently to be natural in the presence of men, even if those men are their own relatives. Practically the only time when they do so is at the New Year celebrations, when many parties and social gatherings are held. At these, the male order of beings so far descend from their habitual aloofness and dignity as to join in games with the ladies, and then very often they all become thoroughly warmed up, and—enjoy themselves naturally. Indeed, they all so obviously do enjoy themselves that the wonder is that they do not profit by the experience, and behave with more freedom and less cast-iron formality during the rest of the year. But no! After about a month of such pleasures they all relapse into the gravity and severity of ordinary Japanese life, and the girls again become the Puritanical little misses that all the world knows (or thinks it knows) them to be.

It is very interesting to observe one of these New Year parties, and to remark the progress from the prodigiously formal behaviour with which it opens, to the boisterous merriment which it arouses before the finish. The favourite game for these occasions is one in which many cards are used, each card containing half a poem. All the cards containing the first halves are kept by a reader, the second halves being distributed among the players, so many to each. The players

‡ This is stating it much too broadly—URANIA.]

all sit round on the floor, divided into two opposing parties, each player with his cards spread out in front of him; and as the cards are written in tolerably large Japanese characters, all the players can read all the cards. The reader then picks out one of his cards, and reads the half poem it contains; the game is to find the card containing the other half of the same poem, the player who first discovers it winning it.

At the beginning of the game the girls sit very circumspectly, and writhe with embarrassment in the orthodox Japanese way; they speak quietly and demurely, and even when they find the required card they say in timid, and whispering voice, "I've found it." But gradually the fun gets faster, as the players become more interested, until at last they are all shouting aloud, and shrieking with laughter; their eyes sparkle and their faces flush; the scene is as animated as it could well be. Such spontaneous flow of good feeling is in Japan a really rare and refreshing sight.....

They show exactly the same reluctance to go home from the party before morning, as our own fair ladies at a dance, "Oh mother, mother!" I heard one damsel of fifteen saying, as her mother tried to get her away, "Just half an hour longer, please. There's no school to-morrow, you know."

On one occasion I passed a garden enclosed by a high fence, from behind which loud shouts of laughter were coming, and glancing in, I beheld a number of girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty having a game of football! It was a queer performance, with their wooden clogs, but they went about it with great goodwill and enjoyed it immensely.

These things are enough to make poor old Confucius turn in his grave, if he hasn't turned already. For over two thousand years his gloomy teachings about the insignificance of women, and his preaching of decorous behaviour for them, have been inculcated into the daughters of Japan; and here they are playing football in backyards, getting up to all manner of merry pranks, and enjoying themselves as human beings should.

I have been told of escapades of Japanese school-girls, which are almost incredible to anybody who has seen the lady on her best behavi-

our, as she always is in public. Climbing up trees, and over the school-house roof in search of birds' nests, robbing the school larder and holding surreptitious midnight feasts in the dormitory, buying roast chestnuts and macaroni from street sellers by means of basket let down from the third-storey window, are commonly supposed to be the peculiar province of the English school-boy. Yet I have been told well-authenticated stories to this effect about some of the demurest looking of all the demure Japanese school-girls.

Once I was privileged to appear at a private girls' party, my hostess remarking as she herself sat down beside me, that it was all right for me to be there if I were properly guarded. The young ladies had prepared one or two little dramatic sketches, made up specially for the occasion, and presented them with great animation. The best piece was one in which a school-girl pretended to be ill, so that she might play truant from school. Her anxious mother sent for the doctor, who speedily certified that she was shamming—not a very deep plot—but the details of the acting were splendid. The naughty girl secretly daubed herself with white paint, and, in the presence of other people, gave a most distressing display of weakness and pain, through all of which, however, one might detect a merry eye shining. The fond mother acted with immense dignity and tenderness; she was just exactly the sweet little Japanese mother. But the masterpiece of all was the doctor, who was dressed up to resemble a well-known local medical man, and the little minx imitated his peculiarities to such perfection that the audience screamed with laughter. He had a moustache, which was represented on the young lady's pretty face by dabs from a writing brush. His way of screwing his mouth round to one side, of nervously twitching his face, of pulling his moustache and all his other little mannerisms were reproduced exactly, showing how well the Japanese misses observe everything, while hanging their heads and pretending to see nothing!.....

KONO YASUI.

BY EDITH WILDS.

THE idea prevails that while the women of other nations have been breaking their fettering

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chains, the women of Japan have been content to revolve in the same narrow domestic circle in which they moved in the pre-Meiji period.

It is true that the Japanese woman has, in a modern sense developed less rapidly than the woman of Western countries. Ages of effort have gone into the moulding of her as a docile, dainty, obedient creature of charm and sweetness, and she cannot lightly break the mould—nor does she wish to. And today she survives as aesthetic product of a tenacious evolution.

She has little place in the future world of Japan—she belongs to feudal Japan, which gave to its women the protection of the cloister. Under this protection she was encouraged to develop into a creature essentially feminine with every opposite quality repressed. Her individuality was pruned and any evidence of self-assertion clipped. To be a success in life she must be gentle, kindly, self-effacing, and, above all, obedient; she must so conduct herself as to win the affection—not of her husband—but of her husband's family. Otherwise she was returned to her parents. Ten centuries of constant pruning and clipping have gone on till the flower is complete and perfect.

But it happened that when Japan opened her doors to Westernism a foreign seed or two was wafted into this wonderful garden of buds and blossoms. Here and there it found fertile soil, and there sprung up strange flowers which towered above the demure, shrinking blossoms and which swayed gaily in the breezes on their own self-reliant stems. These are the New Women of Japan.

They are recognized by the freedom of their movements in a society in which all women conduct themselves in a modest, retiring manner. They are also recognized by the arrangement of their hair, parted and worn low in the neck. A few advocate socialism and free love and are shunned by their fellow women, and their mothers weep and burn incense to the gods. They are exotic beings, the product of a radicalism natural to feminism in its experimental stage.

But there is another type of new woman—this time with small letters. And she is the woman who combines the sweetness and gentleness of

the old-fashioned Japanese woman with the mental cultivation common the world over. Such a woman is Miss Kono Yasui, the foremost woman scientist in Japan.

I knew Miss Yasui only by her reputation as a scientist and as I sat in her laboratory in the Higher Normal School, surrounded by branches and trunks of trees, cabinets of pressed leaves, specimens of dried currants, beans, persimmons and fruit unknown to me, of fibers, cones and fossils, and thousands of bottles containing queer distorted plants and flowers, my imagination pictured Miss Yasui. Surely, thought I, a woman who is the most advanced woman scientist in Japan, who speaks French and German, reads Latin and writes profound papers in English will be aggressive, will, at least, be sure of her-self and perhaps a little conceited. You are, I told myself, about to meet a New Woman of Japan.

At this moment there entered a small sweet-faced Japanese lady in graceful native costume. She glanced inquiringly at me.

"I would like to see Miss Yasui," I said.

"Yes, I am she," she replied.

"Miss Yasui, the professor of botany?"

"Yes."

This little lady was the last person in the world I should have selected as Miss Yasui.

Thus it is that a curious double impression remains with me of my interview with Miss Yasui. Her personality is strangely fascinating. The gentleness and grace that rests upon her face have a quality of charm that shames our clumsy Western ways and manners. She talks in a soft shy way in excellent English.

From my conversation with Miss Yasui I gathered that she was born in the north of Japan about thirty-eight years ago, and the strong spiritual force which has made her a great woman scientist in spite of a phenomenal shyness induced her in the days when the woman did not do such things, to travel the long distance to Tokyo for a higher education. The science course appealed to her, especially botany. She became a teacher in the school in which she had been a pupil, but she did not cease her studies and investigation. She learned all that Japan could teach her, then, the

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THE BELLIGERENTS.

(With acknowledgments to the author)

I.

Not one in the slaughter seeks his own;  
There is none who hopes to pay  
For a port or a province with flesh and bone!  
Ye are not such! Nay! Nay!  
In the name of justice alone each sword  
Is raised against Mammon's envious horde;  
The Devil's spear lies at the breast of our Lord:  
'We must strike the blow for His sake,' ye say  
'There is at the last no other way,  
So we must slay: so we must slay.'

II.

Justice is more than peace, ye hold;  
So out on the reeking lands,  
Where the dead tell the tales that ye leave untold,  
There Death and Hell shake hands.  
The carrion crow is royally fed;  
The Iser Canal with blood runs red;  
And the North Sea gnaws at the bones of the  
dead,  
'For God and Humanity's sake,' ye say;  
'There is at the last no other way,  
So we must slay: so we must slay.'

III.

But whom think ye yourselves to be,  
Or what make ye of God,  
That ye think He must fail of His victory  
Save for your deeds of blood?  
And that for the sake of the Lord of the meek,  
Who gave you the word of the other cheek,  
The venomous tongues of your guns must speak,  
And to the dying for comfort say:  
'There is at the last no other way,  
So we must slay: so we must slay?'

IV.

How long since ye met with God in prayer,  
How near Him do ye move,  
That ye think ye hear Him now declare,  
Justice is more than love?  
From which of His angels have ye heard  
The wisdom that bids you put this word  
Into the mouth of your crucified Lord,  
That the lips which prayed for His foes should say:  
'There is at the last no other way,  
So ye must slay: so ye must slay?'

government became interested in this remarkable daughter and sent her to America to the University of Chicago and later to Harvard. She was to proceed to Europe for more advanced study when the war put a period to European study.

She returned to Japan to become a professor in the Nobles School and later to take the chair of Botany in the Normal College.

"My life? My interests? I am afraid I have no life apart from my work. I live in laboratories, and my life, I think, must be wrapped around plants. I like music and when in America used to attend concerts, and in Japan I occasionally go to the theatre, but not often—I am too busy with my studies."

"The women of Japan? Ah, Madam, the women of Japan should be given higher education—that only will be their salvation. There should be just as much interest given to the education of the girls as to the boys. In my teaching I find many girls mentally equipped for advanced work in science, but there is no school open for them."

Thus goes up the cry from the thinking women of Japan: Give the women education—higher education. The same cry that the West heard and grudgingly answered only half a century ago.

The scientific men in Japan are quite sympathetic with Miss Yasui's work and she speaks warmly in praise of their interest.

"I wrote an article which attracted the attention of a professor in the Imperial University as it happened to be a subject in which he was interested. He invited me to help him and so I have access to the best laboratory in Tokyo. This is very fortunate for me."

She has written, I learned, many papers which have been published in the botanical magazines of America and England, and I am told that they show a sincerity of knowledge and a deductive reasoning that is equal to the work of many men scientists. And withal she is a woman—an essentially feminine woman with that exquisite quality of charm which is, after all, the most wonderful product of Japan.

—Japan Advertiser.

## V.

When—ah! when—shall God stoop down,  
And pluck the heavens bare  
Of their stars, to set them all in the crown  
Of the nation that first shall dare  
To meet the foe with no guns in place,  
But with steady purpose and dauntless grace,  
Like the look that shone on Stephen's face,  
Uttering a faith that is bold to say:  
"In God we trust, let come what may,  
Though He may slay: though He may slay."

Germantown, EDWARD W. EVANS.  
Phila, U. S. A.

## EMANCIPATION IN INDIA.

STANDING among the native women preaching the gospel of female emancipation in India is a young English-woman, wife of Mr. Jinarajadasa, an Indian scholar and Cambridge graduate. Their home is at Madras, but at present they are touring Australia.

As Dorothy Grahame, Mrs. Jinarajadasa took a prominent part some years ago in the militant tactics adopted by the suffragettes in England as a protest against woman being denied the vote. Although she has never served time in Holloway, she has on several occasions experienced the excitement of being placed under arrest after militant raids. Now she is helping the women of India in their demand for a voice in settling the affairs of the nation.

The Indian campaign will lack the thrills and adventures of the British attacks, because there is no occasion to put on the fighting gloves. Strange to relate, the men of India see eye to eye with the women reformers on this question, and the native women are very keen on securing the political privilege.

Last week Mrs. Jinarajadasa spoke to members of the National Council of Women and the Australian Women's National League on the Women of India. According to her data, there is no opposition from the men of India in regard to woman suffrage. At the National Conference held at Delhi last December, attended by 10,000 delegates, a resolution in favour of woman suffrage was passed unanimously. A curtailed

space was reserved on the platform at the conference for hundreds of purdah women.

She stated that a great change had come over the women of India, who were keenly interested in the political life of the nation and in reforms.

"People who do not understand oppose the idea of the Indian woman having the vote, on the ground that she would not be capable of exercising the privilege intelligently. This idea is an absolute fallacy," said Mrs. Jinarajadasa. "The Indian woman may not be educated according to European standards, but she has the ideals, intelligence and spirituality that entitle her to take her right place as a factor in the Empire. The Indian woman is a greater power in the national and home life than most people imagine. At 40 or 45, the age when the average Indian woman has reached the grandmother stage, she is the supreme ruler of the home. Her will is law. She commands the reverence of the menfolk, and through this power to a very marked extent governs their actions in regard to outside affairs.

"In the ancient days of India women were regarded as the equals of men; rulers, warriors, councils seeking their co-operation when discussing the nation's wars and problems."

About two years ago Mrs. Jinarajadasa formed a Women's Indian Association, an educational movement. Its members are taught reading, writing, hygiene, sanitation, home-nursing, and encouraged to take a live interest in the social and economic development of the country. The association now has 2000 members and 46 branches. According to the visitor the Indian woman finds her chief amusement in studying religion. When she feels she needs a little frivolous relaxation after her daily work is done, she discusses a book of religion with a congenial neighbour.

## STAR-DUST.

## I.—MILITARY.

I. RUSSIA.—A Russian warrior arrived at Tsuruga the morning before last in the person of Miss Marina. She is a sergeant-major in rank, and while at the front near Kazan, Ural Province, in a Cossack troop, she was wounded in the right arm. She is to enter the Russian Hospital at Chigasaki to undergo surgical treatment.

With her wounded arm bandaged and helped by a nurse, Miss Marina in a Cossack uniform smilingly gave her history to a representative of the *Kokumin* at Tsuruga. She is nineteen years old and in 1914 became a chauffeur; then was enrolled in the old Russian army as a volunteer. She was twice wounded on the German-Russian front. After the Revolution she joined the Czechoslovak force and it was this spring that she was wounded for the third time, at Kazan. She is going to convalesce in Japan for some time.

## V. GOVERNMENT.

1. PARLIAMENT—The latest concession to women of the British Empire is the extension to them of the privilege of holding seats in both the House of Commons and the House of Lords. The first woman who will take advantage of the last named privilege is Lady Rhondda, widow of the late food controller of England. She has declared her intention of assuming her late husband's duties in the upper house and as no opposition to her intentions has developed it is expected that she will soon take her place in that august body.

2. PARLIAMENT.—London, December 1—Lady Astor made her "debut" in the House of Commons to-day. She is the first woman to take her seat in the Commons, and it created the greatest stir. The Peers' Gallery was thronged, and Lord Astor had to find a seat in the distinguished strangers' gallery, alongside the American Ambassador.

Lady Astor was dressed.....(never mind what she was dressed in).

3. SUFFRAGE (*Colorado*) Denver Colorado, December 13—The Colorado legislature has ratified the woman suffrage amendment to the Federal Constitution.

## WISDOM FROM THE MOUTH OF FOLLY.

"I may go to the front: but it will be only to look on—and only to have something to talk about. As to killing anybody, I am not going to go against the rule in which I was born and brought up. It doesn't say "Thou shalt not kill Moors," or "Thou shalt not kill Chris-

tians," but just, "Thou shalt not kill," and I take it as I find it. It is not for me to put an interpretation on the Ten Commandments!"

—Calderon.

## SONNET.

A BIRD woke singing in my heart to-day  
(I know not why—I deemed all joy was dead).  
Woke singing wondrously till sorrow fled  
And sent my thoughts, like children, out to play;  
So winter vanished and the world was May,  
A fragrant wonderland for Love to thread,  
And skies were golden-misted overhead—  
I know not why, for all the world seemed gray.  
Unless—unless within her dream-stirred sleep,  
My slender love smiled very lovingly,  
And called me softly in the silence long,  
And even Distance could not hidden keep  
The magic of her voice that stole to me  
And flooded all my heart with golden song.

—Claude Houghton, in *The New Witness*.

## A PICTURE.

BY REGINA GUHA.

Her chin in interlac'ed fingers caught,  
Her eyes so sad and weary and pain-worn—  
Into the distant scene she gazed and thought  
She saw 'mid falling leaves, and all forlorn,  
The face she dearly loved and late had lost.  
A little face inset with eyes of brown,  
And dimpled mouth and cheeks, and hair  
wind-tossed  
And soft smooth brow that vainly tried to  
frown.  
And in the murmuring of the breeze she heard  
A bell-like voice which still had seemed so  
sweet;  
And in the stillness, broken not by bird  
Or man, she framed a fitting tomb and meet,  
And, even as she thought, she breathed a sigh  
And hoped to meet her in the by-and-by.

—East and West.

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