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TWO-MONTHLY.

NOTICE.

OWING to the continued high level of prices, it has been decided to go to press three times in 1922 as in 1921 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 may be resumed in due course.

WE would again venture very warmly 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!

Race Prejudice.

Yuki-ko, daughter of an hotel manager in Oakland, California, is a particularly clever girl, and recently graduated from the Oakland High School, first among her classmates. According to custom she was to give the address on behalf of her class, but the students held a meeting and passed a resolution that they did not wish a Japanese girl to deliver the congratulatory address. The principal insisted that the rules of the school should be enforced, but with true diplomacy Yuki-ko voluntarily gave up the position she had earned. Even those who were opposed to her greatly admired her ready relinquishment of the honour that was rightly hers.

—*The Far East.*

A RAILWAY IDYLL.

BY IRENE CLYDE.

WE had put up for the night at a Lancashire watering-place, in a little boarding-house, where a remarkably fine specimen of the genus “fool” had sung in strident tones of girls and curates to the accompaniment of a decrepit piano and the admiring giggles of his companions, until

Morpheus laid gentle fingers upon him. But it was morning now, soft and fresh, with a dimness of rain in the air, and we paid our bill and slipped out on to the lonely road to catch the Liverpool train.

Soft and fresh as only the north-west can be! It was not the tourist season, and the hour was early. We walked like spirits through an

enchanted land where no one was stirring but ourselves. Even the trees were silent in their spring tassels. Disenchantment came at the wayside station. There were tickets to take, and seats to secure. We entered a compartment with four other of the miscellaneous crowd on the platform.

A more than middle-aged man and his sister, independent and blunt, like all northerners, but not uncheerful, with cool, half-humorous, commonplace conversation—awakening a contrast with the blatant clerk and milliners of the night before, who without doubt would have despised them as far beneath them in social station. And, away in the far corners of the compartment, two ordinary girls.

One might be twenty or over. She was dark, tall and straight, with a more experienced air, and a more mechanical smile, than the other, who was hardly more than a big child—fair and candid. This latter sat facing the engine. Her chin and mouth were delicate and appealing—you would not have called her pretty: only she had startling soft eyes.

And it was those great, lovely eyes that were her trouble. I think both travellers must have been returning from some convalescent home at the warm edge of the sweet Atlantic. For their talk, gentle and smiling, was of oculists, and tinctures, and experiences under treatment. They could not have known each other very well or very long; the younger took a shy delight in recounting the history of her ailment, whilst the elder listened with gratifying interest. Each had a great bunch of white lilac and spring flowers on her lap. One fancied the friendly nurses pressing them into their hands as they set out,—as you, respected reader, press on your departing friend a cigarette.

Is it that pain refines one? Understand, these were two ordinary girls. Perhaps housemaids; perhaps dressmakers. No higher in rank, certainly, than the clerk and the milliners: probably much below. Yet, where one would have looked for empty chatter and frivolous jerks, there was all the grace and repose of queens. Sometimes evangelical religion has that result—but these two betrayed too little con-

sciousness of superiority and separateness to be accused of that.

As we sat there, in that little compartment, one could not help noticing, with a start, how precisely they behaved like an engaged couple. Their evident absorption in each other—the indulgent protective face of the elder—the anxiety of the younger to be entertaining and attractive and pleasing would have been amusing if they had not been transcendently beautiful. As the young girl leant forward over the lilacs, hanging upon her friend's stray words, following her glance wherever it rested, summoning up every delicate allurements of voice and smile, exerting every attractive art and all with such transparent sincerity of affection, one seemed to be watching a fairies' courtship. And yet there was nothing *outré*. It was simply two friends talking in a railway carriage.

Idylls are short. The little train ran into the junction. The two tall figures passed down the line, close together, and the last we saw of them was the plain straw hats, one with blue ribbon and the other with violet.

Why do not poets celebrate this beautiful thing? Why do not artists praise it? Transitory, it may be; what is not? It is a libel on Nature, and a treason to her to say that commonplace love is the highest love, and that this love of equals is a pale reflection of its bewildering ray. It is the commonplace love between distorted types that is the pale thing—the muddy flicker in a dark place of the light that shines and flashes in the dazzling affection of those whom no acknowledged and accepted weakness bars from the quest of the Supreme.

Does the world not know it, this love? Or are men too jealous to notice it? Ovid could not be content without metamorphosing Iphis into a conventional shape; Wilkie Collins' heroine entreats her friend not to marry, "unless you meet somebody you like better than me"; plaintively recognizing the possibility. Henry James' Olive loses her lover to Basil Ransome. Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby are treated as eccentrics. Edna Lyall's little Swan-hild is disappointed in Blanche.

For all that, it is a real thing; love of like by like. There is a picture—a miniature picture—of it, almost terrible, in Ethel Turner's "For the Sake of a Friend." And I have seen it too; and picture it here.

—East & West, Bombay.

SOUL EXCURSION.

CAN a human soul separate from the body and roam at will through infinite space over the earth? It seems possible and also seems impossible. What a military help it would be in this world war for soldiers to possess the power of slipping out of their bodies and travel through space in the form of airy invisible souls! There is more than one person in Japan who claims to possess this power who have and allowed their wonderful experiments to appear in print. Their stories are of course incredible, but at the same time there is a certain indefinable note of realism about them. Pending the authoritative pronouncement of scientific verdict, I simply retell the remarkable experience just as I have heard it.

Those claiming the gift are a Mr. Saito Seiki, a lawyer, and his two sisters, who lived at one time in Kyobashi. He says:

"I have made no laborious study or training such as clairvoyants are said to have made for their Psychical discoveries; I simply discovered one day that I could do it. There are days and occasions on which I cannot do it. The only requisite to this art is an absolute concentration of the mind and the exercise of the strongest will power. You just determine to get out of your body, and then by the sheer concentration of all your spiritual power do it. My sisters seem to be better soul-travellers than I.

"This is the incident that once happened between my sister Seki and my sister-in-law Uta. Seki was laid up with a long and painful illness, and as Uta lived at the time near our home, she used to come and see the patient every day. Occasionally she would excuse herself by pleading the exigencies of business. They were on such intimate terms that my sister was not a little sore at Uta's frequent neglect. One day

Uta said to the patient that she was so busy that she could not come the next day. 'All right,' the incredulous patient said but was laughing in her heart, thinking that it was only an excuse. The next evening the patient determined to slip out of her body and visit in soul her sister-in-law's home to see what she might be doing. So she concentrated her mental powers and left her body and sick-bed, and travelling through the air she went into Uta's house. There was nobody in it. My sister's soul looked for everywhere, but wandered here and there in search of her sister.

"Anon the woman was found in the street hastening homeward in company of a few friends. They had evidently been to a theatre, for they were vociferously talking about the plays and actors as they walked. The soul of my sister was exultant at the discovery, and wishing to play them a trick, bent low and blew out the lantern that they were carrying. The next day Uta visited the patient and said she was sorry not to be able to come yesterday as she was so busy at home.

"'Don't talk nonsense,' laughed my sister maliciously, 'Don't you know that I saw you coming home from the theatre last night, you fool? It was I who put out your light, but you were so absorbed in talk that you did not know it.'

"There was a great expression of surprise. Since then both women have frequently gone on soul-trips. At one time my sister paid a visit in soul to my sister-in-law from a distance of 200 miles, but there was no mutual recognition, or conversation. My sister-in-law was astonished to see a dim red ball-like thing hovering about her and in terror brushed it aside and ran into the house. A few days later she got a letter from my sister-in-law, complaining of the brusque reception given to her soul.

"How do I feel up in the air when my soul was travelling? I feel exactly as a bird might feel. There is a very pleasant sensation of boundless freedom and lightness. It requires some effort to fly through space. In making a long-distance flight I go high up in the air, and

this is extremely pleasant. But in going a short distance I fly low.

"Nothing is more fearful while flying than the fear of being recognized by some other spirit or person. I have often been barked at by dogs and this is no agreeable experience. My sisters say that they have a trembling fear of the river and ocean lest they should fall into the water.

"As for me, I have no such fear. In crossing the wide river I generally perch on top of a tall tree and fly sideways, so to speak, and I feel no danger. Does this seem extraordinary and incredible to you? To us it is a common experience, only there is a certain element of risk, and a haunting fear that the soul leaving the body may not find the body to enter. Of course the act of flying entails much effort, and a long distance flight makes the soul very thirsty, and it seeks a well, or other place where there is water. All this is our actual experience, and I can't explain."

—Ito Taro
in the Japan Advertiser.

FOUR ESSAYS IN ENGLISH BY JAPANESE STUDENTS.

THE NATION some time ago printed the following four essays which were written by different students of an ordinary high school in Japan, exactly in this language. Readers will agree that the school is one where pupils are taught to use their eyes and their minds as well as to write good English.

I.—SPRING.

ONE morning I took a walk in the outskirts of the city of Kyoto. It was the end of February. The top of Mount Hiei was still capped with snow, and many trees had no leaves. The scenery was very desolate, but as no breeze blew the morning sunlight which shone upon my back, felt very warm.

As I walked amidst the calm scenery, breathing the pure air, I met a young woman who carried a flower-basket on her head. Looking at the basket I saw a short branch of a plum-

tree which bore few blossoms. From where had it been brought? In what place had it been growing? I thought that it was probably in a calm place of a lonely mountain, and that it was often visited by the bush-warbler. Now it was in a small basket with some nameless plants. How sorrowful it must be! The bush-warbler who must be sad to have lost her friend, the dearest friend she had.

But the young woman bore it on her head without any feeling of sympathy, and was hawking it about. Was there anyone else except me who passed by her and sympathized with the poor plum-tree?

II.—SUMMER.

WHEN I lived in Yokohama I went one day on business in the direction of the crematory which lies to the south of the city.

It was a fine summer day.

On either side of the way to the crematory blind men, cripples, and lame persons who were begging food and money in a sad voice of the people who passed, stood all in a row. I felt very sorry when I saw them.

After I had finished my business I was caught in a shower on my way home. At the same time the blind man opened his eyes, the cripples walked, and the lame man stretched his legs, shouldered his cane and went away.

I could not help laughing at that sight.

III.—AUTUMN.

WHEN I was thirteen years old I used to sit on my bed in a sick-room of the Hospital speaking with my mother.

The leaves of a maple-tree in front of my room became redder and redder every day. A wonderful bird came on to the maple-tree and called to me: "Come! Come! Come out! Let us play! Autumn fields are beautiful. The air is clear!" But I could not walk for I was suffering from fever.

The night came. How lonely was my room! The light of the lamp became dim and the sound of insects was heard faintly. I was thinking of various things quietly on my bed. Suddenly I heard a sound. What was it? From where

does the sound come? At that moment the paper door was opened very quietly and I saw the thin face of my mother who was grasping an ice-bag in her hand. The faint moonlight was falling on my mother's face through the window.

Seven years have passed, and when the faint moonlight in every autumn is seen I recall the pale thin face of my mother at that time.

Ah! I shall not forget this for ever as long as I live.

IV.—WINTER.

It was winter day, but the sun shone as in Spring.

The warm soft light was thrown into the room, and a sparrow chirped on a bare tree near the window. My friend was seated beside me.

"Your sister is beautiful, I suppose?" he said.

"Why do you ask such a question?" I answered, wondering.

"I saw your sister once in Tokyo," he smiled.

"I cannot understand why you say so." I replied.

"How? Why? Have you no sister?"

"Ah, no! No sister! only brothers."

"Oh! So! But when I see you meditating with your face bent down, I think that if you have a sister she must be beautiful. So you have no sister?"

From the first he smiled, but when he heard me he smiled as if he was feeling sorrow for me. I also smiled and laughed, but in my mind I wept and wept. Why did sorrow thus reign in my mind? I could not say the reason, but often in former days I used to think "If I were a girl! If I were a girl!" For my mother had no daughter, and I always felt sorrow for her when she was asked "Have you no daughters?"

If we had only one sister—how much more softly would the Spring breezes blow!

CONSTANTINOPLE AFTER THE WAR.

WHILST they still possess that lordly, courteous, cultivated manner for which they are famous, the Turks of every class are downcast, disconsolate and almost confused by all that has taken place

and is taking place around them. Ministers go to their offices, and they have secretaries and attendants at those offices, and yet one feels that the whole thing is like looking at a mirage—a mirage which is not real, a place where marionettes rather than people are endeavouring to occupy themselves with work which is not there. By night and by day there are the constant hoot and roar of the motor, the ever-passing international and diversely attired troops, and the often noisy and unseemly behaviour of the foreigners (not the English), which things were unknown in the days gone by. Thus to those who really know the place and who previously have mixed with the Turks, there is something depressing, something gloomy, and something melancholy in the change and in the downfall of a people who once were great.

Coming to more serious things, one found, even if the war has not terminated in the military occupation of Constantinople by Russia, and even before the coming of thousands of refugees who arrived after the *débauché* of General Wrangel, that the city (particularly Pera) has in fact been captured, and this to its detriment, by the Russian people. They frequent the best hotels, fill the streets and everything, even the signs and prices in the shopwindows, is put up in their language. With a number which is constantly changing, these men and women are degrading, prostituting and destroying everything which is good. Usually possessed of money as a result of sales of jewelry or from other mysterious sources, they are largely responsible for the establishment of gambling dens and places of amusement the like of which have never existed before, for the propagation of general iniquity such as was unknown, and for the augmentation of prices to a level which exists nowhere else in Europe.

It is impossible to be in the city for more than a few hours without noticing the entirely new position now occupied by the Moslem woman, who is commencing to assume her position in work, in politics and in society. This change, which began at the time of the Constitution of 1908, owes its growth to the necessity for women to take the place of men and to do things during the war. They now act as hospital nurses, they

serve in shops (even the famous Turkish Delight establishment has a woman cashier), and they work in the telephone exchange. In addition, I went to several men's houses and offices where women brought in the coffee, tea or cigarettes and made up the fires which would have been impossible a few years ago. Such development means that, over and above its effect upon the lighter side of life, at present and still more in the future a man is and will be possessed of a friend, a companion and an assistant instead of a mere plaything. Even now one meets the Turk walking or driving with his lady relations, and already women of the upper class are beginning to do their own housekeeping and to help their husbands to entertain. But perhaps most important of all, this innovation will have vital results for the future of the race in that the child of to-day and to-morrow will be brought up, not in the retrograde atmosphere of a closed harem, but under the influence of women who know at least something of the outer world.

This emancipation of women makes itself apparent to the visitor by the fact that men are now quite widely received in female society and by the modern costumes which are disported in the streets. For instance, I myself went to a fashionable tea-party where my hostess welcomed her friends of both sexes. Turkish ladies, some alone and some accompanied by their husbands, came and went. Their conversation (all those with whom I spoke talked English and French perfectly) was such as to prove that they had been educated, not as described in the modern novel, but rather in accordance with the better and truer principles of the twentieth century. Again, whereas the above-mentioned party took place in a Pera house, where the hostess and her companion were all go-ahead women, the movement although more popular and more advanced among that class, does not apply solely to this single element of the population. For example, I lunched at the house of a rich middle-aged widow, who spoke nothing but Turkish, and who received her party, consisting of an English lady, a Turkish Pasha and myself, in her bedroom. Here one was completely in the East, and there was nothing modern in the establishment except

the mind and soul of the woman—a mind and soul the like of which may yet be responsible for the regeneration of the Turkish nation.

The changes which I have described above at present apply principally to married women, who are on the whole more free than girls. This arises from the fact that in the former case the guardian is a juvenile and would-be modern husband and not the older and more severe father. Equally the young are more go-ahead than the middle-aged or old, who here as elsewhere naturally do not approve of modern innovations. On the other hand, in order that there be no misunderstanding as to the nature of the movement, it must be said that the Turkish lady is still an entirely modest person, and that among the better elements of society there is no desire or intention to push things too far or too rapidly. Whereas, therefore, I have met Moslem women as guests in a public place, all those with whom I have discussed the question tell me that a well-brought-up lady would not yet stay at an hotel in Turkey unless she were compelled to do so, and that she would not at present dine in a restaurant or go to the theatre unless a performance were given for women only. Moreover, in the tramcars, in the Tunnel (the local Underground) and on the Bosphorus steamers there are still harem compartments, and these, and only these, are frequented by women. Such distinctions help to remove opposition; they safeguard the feelings of the old-fashioned; and they tend to put on the brake, a too rapid disappearance of which might lead to disaster.

—H. C. Woods in the *Fortnightly Review*, March, 1921.

A TOLSTOYAN COMMUNITY OF THE HIGHER LIFE.

DURING and after the Russo-Japanese war, some of us Japanese acknowledged that, though Japan was defeating and defeated Russia on the battlefield, there was no Leo Tolstoy in this country to think and act as a true brother of mankind.

There was at any rate one conscientious student of Tolstoyism in the Peers' School at Tokyo, Saneatsu Mushakoji, the younger brother of a nobleman and diplomatist, Both studied German

in school. Mr. Mushakoji first read some of Tolstoy's writing in Japanese translations, later he read practically all of them in German. His literary career began in his student days. Several of his stories and essays breathed the wish that a man of great personal influence might appear who would re-organize our society on the basis of humanitarian (instead of merely "economic") co-operation. Mr. Mushakoji, therefore, began to think that an ideal for mankind in general must be practicable even to an ordinary mortal like himself, and that a group of New Villages that might grow round him would convert the entire population of Japan, if his ideal was a practicable one and therefore the best for the present type of humanity.

With this idea Mr. Mushakoji began to look for a piece of land for creating a new model or experimental village, if possible, within a day's return journey to Tokyo. In November, Rodin's birth-day, two years ago, however, two plots about a ri apart were registered as his (to be incorporated as the New Villagers' property within this third year of its existence) in Koyu Gun, Hyuga Province, Miyazaki Prefecture. At present there are thirty villagers between the two places, of whom 20 are unmarried young men. Practically all of them being literally or artistically inclined, they are just beginning to learn how to produce enough to live on with their own toil. Mr. Mushakoji makes up the monthly deficit of some 300 yen at present, it seems, from the royalties and fees for his writing; but he hopes that by the end of five years the Village will become self-supporting and be able to accommodate more villagers. The place was chosen with a view to having no wrong influence near, which would be a temptation to young idealists, though there should be neighbors of the ordinary type whom they could love as they loved one another. The present writer was quite touched by the way Mr. and Mrs. Mushakoji and other villagers welcomed a stranger like himself as their brother man. On the occasion of celebrating the second anniversary of their land registration, men and women of the neighboring village and boys and girls of the orphanage at Chausibara (formerly at Okayama)

were invited to participate in or witness the games and other entertainments of the New Villagers.

One of them in his address said, it was a great mistake for Christian workers not to take any interest in the New Village, not to come there to see the only way of founding a kingdom of heaven on earth. Yet most of the villagers looked like mere seekers of the truth for literary or art inspiration. Supposing every one of them became an earnest believer in Christianity or Buddhism, will that mean the conversion of the entire population of Japan into New Villagism? But on the other hand, if they remained literary or art idealists, could we hope that their moral or humanitarian influence would give a conscious life ideal to every Japanese man or woman? It is a mistake for some people to brand them as communists, for they simply propose to work and live up to their ideal, untrammelled by social conventions and outside interference—they will have no property to own in common, except the land, to begin with. Mr. Mushakoji, certainly, is thinking, writing and acting as near to Christ's way as possible. But few of the Villagers, much fewer of the average Japanese, can be impressed by Tolstoy's example as strongly as Mr. Mushakoji was. After all, therefore, it may be safe and correct to conclude that the best success of the New Village will not go much further than giving a higher ideal to a number of literary or artistic young men and women.

As a distinctive religious sect, the Trappists in the Hokkaido are living up to their ideal more faithfully than any group of humanitarians has ever done. A body of social reformers will employ other means than those employed by the New Villagers. Mr. Mushakoji and his followers have what they call "supporters" outside the Village who organize branches in different parts of Japan. There is one branch in Peking, organized by a Chinese admirer of the Japanese Tolstoy. These supporters include persons who cannot come and live in the New Village, persons who subscribe to pay off its debts, and persons who help in spreading the gospel of the New Village wherever they live. But by far the most

influential of all methods of propaganda is Mr. Mushakoji's personality, either directly felt or indirectly inspiring the readers of his many writings. A monthly magazine, "Atarashiki Mura" is being published in Tokyo, in which he writes a good deal. Widely different as are the New Village and Omotokyo, as one starts from humanitarianism while the other starts from a gross superstition, they both have come into more or less prominence through the world-wide hungering and thirsting after moral or social stability of mankind after the great war. The New Villagers' hearts are beating to the sorrows of all races and nationalities alike.

—Dr. M Horda in the *Japan Advertiser*, Dec. 28, 1920.

"ERA OF LIBERATION."

INDIAN women are waking to the need of the time and are taking their stand with the men in the prolonged struggle for national independence.

In this declaration, made in the course of an interview with the New York "Call" Miss N. D. Contractor, a graduate of the Bombay University, bore testimony to the new "epoch" that has, she said, been inaugurated in India within the past year.

Miss Contractor is superintendent of the Chanda Ramjee Girls' High School of Bombay and arrived in New York from Boston in the course of circum-navigating the globe to study the educational methods of the Western and Eastern hemispheres.

One of the significant facts that mark the new era, which may be called the era of liberation, in India, she said, was the demand from increasing numbers of Indian women for education. Another significant manifestation of the new spirit, which is really new only in its present vigor, is the increasing interest of women in the political and economic life of their nation.

As an example of the demand of Indian womanhood for functional part in the body politic, Miss Contractor instanced the widespread agitation conducted by the women of Bombay just before her departure. Many meetings were held and the pressure of public opinion brought

to bear to gain representation on the municipal governing body for women. The government, unable to ignore the demand, at last announced that it would take the matter under consideration. Miss Contractor said that she believed the government would do more than take it under consideration eventually.

In speaking of the non-cooperation movement for freedom, led by Mahatma M. K. Gandhi, who recently was in conference with Lord Reading, Viceroy of India, Miss Contractor said that the influence of Gandhi is now felt throughout India. Recent reports declare that Gandhi will accept no terms that fall short of independence, and Miss Contractor said that this desire was part of the great desire now felt by the Indians for enlightenment and liberty.

The need for education is great, she pointed out. "India needs educated, cultivated womanhood," she said. "It is in the hope that I may assist them that I have begun the study of other educational systems.

"At present there are no free compulsory schools in India. Only 6 per cent. of the people can read or write, and only 1 per cent. of our women can read or write."

Miss Contractor has visited so far, China, Japan and the United States. She will visit Scotland, England, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Austria and France, and study the educational methods in use in those countries. She said that she had learned much from the school system in America and hoped to adopt some of the direct educational methods to her work in India. She especially admired the vocational training method. "In India," she remarked, "it is mostly book education that we get. That is something but it leads to a narrow outlook."

Miss Contractor will during her travel in Europe attend the Women's Educational Conference in Vienna this summer.

"Money that American people are spending on religious missionary work might better be used to educate Indian womanhood in home economics, medicine and kindred subjects," Miss Contractor remarked with a smile, in conclusion.

—*Bombay Chronicle*, 26th July 1921.

THE STIR IN ASIA.

I

NOTWITHSTANDING the immense extent of the continent of Asia and the great number and variety of the races inhabiting it, yet it is very remarkable how it from time to time responds as one entity to a single well-defined current of thought. History shows us how a wave of religious revival has swept over it from end to end at one time, a wave of artistic expression at another time, of political weakness at still another, and at the present time there is a mighty wave of desire for freedom rising in the hearts of Asian womanhood.

From Palestine to Japan it displays itself. It whispers its presence amongst the Moslem women; it shouts of itself along the streets of Hong-Kong; it wins its victory in South India. Everywhere there is a shaking off of shackles, and everywhere it is from within that the effort comes to get rid of them. It is not Westerners who are coming along and from outside striking off fetters. No, the women of Asia are of their own initiative and through their own growing surge of desire for a self-expression pressing against their barriers and breaking them down. People hardly realise how much activity is going on in these directions. The feeling shows itself in different ways in different countries. In one place women rebel against veils, in another country or part of a country, they begin to make use of umbrellas and sandals, in another they rebel against the binding of the feet, in others they ask for educational facilities or for political recognition.

Intercommunication between the various countries of Asia is comparatively small. The Indian woman as a rule knows much more about the women of Britain or America, thousands miles away from her, than of the Chinese women who are her next-door neighbours. Yet a fair amount of information has been gleaned from various sources by the Indian Women's Association about the details of the growing feminist movement in Asia, and progressive men and women everywhere will no doubt be glad to have it brought to their notice in a collected form.

II

Reviewing the broad constituent races which comprise Asian womanhood, the chief are the Mohammedan, the Jewish, the Indian, the Burmese, the Chinese, the Korean and the Japanese. Amongst the Mohammedan women whether of Asia Minor, Arabia, Persia, Turkestan, or India, stirrings of a new life are least discernible, but the movement for removing veils is so strong in Teheran among the Persian women that a Deputation of well-known women waited some time ago on their Prime Minister to request him to help them in their attempts at emancipation. The Armenian women have volunteered to fill administrative posts so as to release their men for active military service in an army the Armenians have mobilised to oppose the Turks. The Republic of Armenia has been the first to appoint a woman as a Consul, having constituted an Armenian widow as its Consul to the Empire of Japan. The Turkish women have been forced out of their very strict purdah by the rigours and hardships of war, and the poor things are now in a very deplorable state, preliminary doubtless to a freer life in the future.

The women in Palestine have started a Jewish Women's Equal Rights Association to combat the possibility of women being subjected to the authority of the Rabbinical Courts—courts which apparently scarcely recognise that a woman has a separate existence at all. According to the orthodox Jewish teaching a woman cannot be a witness, nor the guardian of her children, nor can she inherit or possess her own earnings. She remains all her life under the tutelage of her father, husband or brother. The Jewish women have sent forward a memorandum to the Government praying that they may not have to come under jurisdiction of these courts as they cannot submit to such degradation.

III

Travelling then to India, one finds that though the percentage of education is appallingly low, the tradition of Indian law leaves women very free to take any position for which they show themselves capable. No Indian political organisations were at any time closed to women. Women have at every stage of Indian history

taken high positions in their country's public service. Springing from their religious philosophy there is fundamentally a belief in sex equality and this shows itself when critical periods demand it. This has been clearly shown during the movement of the past ten years for self-government. Women have had their share in all the local Conferences and in the National Congress. No one who was present can easily forget the sight of the platform at the Calcutta Congress when the three women leaders Mrs. Annie Besant, President of the Congress, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, representative of the Hindu women, and Ahalya Begum, mother of the Ali brothers and representative of the Moslem women, sat side by side, peeresses of such men leaders as Tilak, Gandhi and Tagore, and receiving equal honour with them.

During all this time the men of the Indian nation demanded that whatever rights of self-government were granted to them, should be applicable to women also, and this big human principle has been turned into effect by them in the local Councils over which they have gained control. In the Bombay and Madras Presidencies women have the Municipal and Local Boards vote and they exercise it with interest and intelligence. In the Indian State of Indore a woman has been nominated a Municipal Commissioner by the Government. It has therefore been only the climax of an already existent public opinion and not a bolt from the blue that the Madras Legislative Council at the first opportunity passed a Resolution enfranchising the women of its Presidency, and that these equal suffrage rights have been accorded to women also by the Indian States of Travancore, Cochin and Jetalwad. Indeed, the progressive little State of Cochin leads the way, for it allows its women the right to become Councillors as well as to vote and it has totally removed all forms of sex disqualification from the Rules connected with its newly established Legislative Council, thus bringing a part of India right abreast of America in sex equality in political rights!

The grant of the suffrage to Indian women will undoubtedly be a driving force in establish-

ing them to secure greater educational facilities for themselves; and when education becomes compulsory and extended in its period of years, the future of India will be rosy indeed. An incident will illustrate the spirit of the new life in women. When a group of Mohammedan women went recently to vote at a South Indian Municipal election, though a special polling booth had been arranged for women with a woman register of vote, these women would not be content until the male superintendent of the polling station came and personally guaranteed that their votes were legitimate and would be effective for their candidate!

It is quite probable that one day the women of India will pilot the women of the East in all public movements as they are the first to get their hands on the helm of Government.

IV

The Burmese women are possibly the freest women in the East, taken all round. They have the commerce of the country almost entirely in their own hands, and the standard of female education is also very high amongst them. They are fettered by neither caste-system, purdah, or early marriage. The Burmese Legislative Council has unanimously requested the British Parliament to include woman franchise in its Bill for Reformed Burmese Government.

In China women are decidedly awake. The Japanese Press reports that on March 30 over a thousand militant suffragettes held a meeting in Canton to discuss plans for securing equality of the sexes. "The meeting was of the most enthusiastic character. The hall was decorated with scrolls inscribed 'Equality of the sexes! Give us the vote! Woman suffrage for China!' From this meeting a monster parade of over 700 women marched through the streets to the accompaniment of songs and invading the Canton Provincial Assembly which was discussing a bill for the election of district magistrates and demanded the addition of a clause granting women the right to vote. The Assembly was at once thrown into disorder and the women underwent some rough treatment. After the uproar had subsided the women had an audience with the Prime Minister and later with the chief of the military Govern-

ment, both of whom promised to help them to attain their object." Later news informs us that the motion failed to gain a majority when it was introduced later into the Assembly, so we may expect to hear more of the agitation of these eager hard-working and practical little women. Another notable feature of Chinese progress is the fact that there are hundreds of Chinese women doctors, Christian converts who have taken out their diplomas in America, a country to which a large proportion of the intelligent girls go for their education.

Here are the words of a Korean woman, believed to be the first ever to have entered public affairs: "For the past four thousand years", she said, "the women of Korea have been forced to stay at home and look after the children. Now the broad current of progressive ideas sweeping the world has reached into the most secluded corner of our land and the time has come for the women of Korea to awaken and to play their part in the general social welfare."

Events have marched so quickly in Japan, the Land of the Rising Sun, that one is not so surprised to read of the large number of women who are tram-conductors, typists, detectives, clerks, teachers and public entertainers there. But while 90 per cent. of girls get a good education, women have had so far no political rights. They are not allowed to attend political meetings, though strangely enough they are allowed to listen to the proceedings in the Diet and quite a large number do so. They are not allowed to form any kind of a political association nor to become members of any men's political society. A strong agitation has recently arisen, led by the University women, against these unjust and arbitrary limitations. A petition was largely signed and much lobbying of the members of the Diet brought about the introduction of a Bill into the Lower House of Representatives for the removal of these prohibitions and to the delight of the women it passed with a large majority. Hopes ran high only, alas, to be dashed to the ground when the Bill went for ratification to the Upper House of Peers. An influential member Baron Fujimura took a very reactionary view of the matter and he carried the Peers with him in his contention that such a Bill

would jeopardise the possibility of Japanese being "good wives and mothers." The Bill failed to get a majority and the Japanese women suffered a great disappointment. The reverse has only made them more determined to win their freedom and they are organising a vigorous campaign of protest and of education of the Peers.

Japan is the only Asian country where the women are showing a strong international spirit. They have started a Branch of the International Women's League for Peace and Freedom. They are also showing special interest in all efforts towards disarmament. Another important side of their emancipation is the organising of the million odd women factory workers in Japan into Women's Trades Unions. In this they are far ahead of any Eastern country. Finally, the chief Buddhist Sect has just agreed to remove all sex disabilities from women Buddhist priests, and to allow them the right to participate in all details of temple administration.

V

All over Asia there is a natural shrinking in women from publicity; there is intense shyness, there is a great deal of self-consciousness and sex-consciousness out of which education alone will lift the women. Although the purdah has been drawn in many cases, or but a thin one exists, still its memory and its shadow hang over the actions of all Eastern women and the amount of courage it requires for an Indian young woman, for instance, to walk through a street carrying her baby and her book to an afternoon class for continuing the lessons—cut off for her at twelve years old—is as great as that needed by English women to go and serve behind the battlefield. Likewise the Eastern woman is unaccustomed to any form of individual initiative. All her life she is accustomed to a number of women around her. No action is private. The joint family system sees to that. It takes a remarkably strong willed individual to hew out her own way when every detail of it has to pass in review before a score of interested relatives, all having little to talk about except family gossip.

These factors and many others of a similar nature have to be borne in mind as the background to every effort for progress that is being

made by women right across Asia. It is a proof that Asia is one by links of religion, fundamental custom, temperament, and attitude to life, and above all by its ideal of women, that the same movement for emancipation is displaying itself from end to end of the Continent and that without much impact from the West.

—Margaret E. Cousins in the *Times of India*,
24 June, 1921.

FRANCHISE IN INDIA.

IN July of last year, an important resolution was introduced into the Bombay Legislative Council, conferring the franchise upon women. It was in due course carried, and we have received an interesting account of the debate, the most outstanding feature of which was the serious spirit and the half-hearted fashion in which the opposition orators spoke. Most of their arguments took the form of dubious questioning: "Was it wise to do this? Was it safe to do that?" The old tone of blustering humour with which we used to be familiar in England was entirely absent. Officialism preserved a neutral attitude. The Finance Member (Hon. H. S. Lawrence) let it be plainly seen that his sympathies were in its favour. "Some members had spoken with bated breath of the prospect of ladies taking their seats in that chamber; but that prospect had no terrors for him.....Why should not a lady of the type of Mrs. Ramabai Ranade sit on the Council."

Rao Saheb Harilal Desai of Ahmedabad, the mover of the Resolution, had in due course the satisfaction of seeing it carried, and the Legislative Council of Bombay thus maintains for the city the proud title of *Urbs Prima in Indis*.

THE OLD MAID.

WHAT has become of the once typical "old maid?"

There are in Great Britain 1 million women of marriageable age for whom there are no husbands; there are over 2 million more women than men. Yet the "old maid" has vanished; there are no more disappointed, faded women who crochet, are fond of cats as companions, go to sewing

circles and "positively detest" men. To be sure, there remain very many spinsters, "women of a certain age." But their conversation is brilliant, their bearing youthful, they do not mope, but lead active, helpful lives.

Sportswomen attribute the old maid's disappearance to the influence of athletics. Professional women declare it to be due to their widened scope of work. Artistic women say that modern freedom and lack of restriction keep the spinster of uncertain age "off the shelf."

Women keep their youth far longer, whether they be married or single, for they have multitudinous interests to keep them young.

We may well ask where the old maids have gone when we see thousands of well-groomed women in the forties and fifties full of life and energy, sparkling with humor, athletically fit, professionally efficient or artistically brilliant.

—*New York World*.

TIBURON.

THE world looks somewhat gloomy already to many old-fashioned masculine anti-suffragists, and we hesitate to add to the burden of their woe by suggesting even more depressing possibilities. But a stern regard for the journalistic code of publicity makes it necessary to call their attention to a sociological fact illustrated in the history of the Sun Indians who inhabit Tiburon, or Shark, Island, in the Gulf of California, on the coast of the Mexican state of Sonora. We had forgotten all about this strange tribe until recently reminded of it by the *Mexican Review*, which once more recalls its history to our perturbed minds.

The disquieting feature about Tiburon Island is that it seems to be the place where the suffragette idea originated. But in the feminine Utopia of Tiburon the female of the species does not stop with equality of the sexes. She has never conceded such a monstrous thought, in fact. She has always been supreme, and man has always been her slave. He exists only to serve her, to obey her orders.

We had hoped this island had been blotted out, or that man had asserted his old Adamic rights. 'Twas a dream too good to be true. Other thrones have fallen in the last few years, but not this. In Tiburon Eve is still queen of all she surveys.

Who knows how long it will be before the Tiburon idea is adopted among us? People may laugh at the suggestion, but if these savage women have been able to reduce cave men to complete subjection, what may not the clever women of civilization accomplish?

The Shark Island suffragettes got the upper hand by organizing a feminine union pledged never to marry unless the suitor agreed to become a perpetual slave and humbly do the bidding of his mistress. Suppose all the marriageable girls in the United States should organize a similar union, where would the masculine population of the country be by the end of the next decade? On its knees begging for mercy, of course.

We hate to harrow up your feelings, brothers, but we fear "the worst is yet to come."

—*Baltimore Sun*.

PAINTING THE LILY.

THERE can be no doubt but that Virgil's ten pastorals, which occupied several years of the prime of the poet's life are most exquisitely calculated to expand the bud of genius in the youthful mind.

Virgil's Pastorals have been the admiration of all succeeding ages and even copied and imitated by our greatest poets. One principal objection, however, to their general introduction into all schools, is that the poet sometimes indulges in expressions of love, from one male shepherd towards another of the same sex. The sentiment in such instances becomes deteriorated, and in order to remove the objection, and to give greater beauty to Virgil, we find that Doctor T. has most judiciously changed the names of the shepherds alluded to into shepherdesses, which is an allowable and very proper change.

—*Review in European Magazine*,
March 1921.

Would it have been an equally proper change to modify the Biblical account, and to turn David (or Jonathan) into a young lady? The curious taste which allows a schoolboy to plunge into the miscellaneous stories of the amours recounted by the classical poets, however revolting, and yet is quick to see evil in isolated cases is a phenomenon not peculiar to 1821.

But the impertinence—(gravely sanctioned by a literary critic)—of "giving greater beauty to Virgil"! The motto at the head of the critique seems justified, (though not in the way the writer intended)—"QUID SIT PULCHRUM QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON."

THE NEW INQUISITION.

"THERE is already set up a sort of inquisition which may go vastly beyond the rights of any Government," said Cardinal Bourne, at Catholic Congress at Liverpool.

The congress was protesting against the attacks on the moral law and the infringements of individual liberty under the Ministry of Health Act.

"The attackers are 'after' Christians who no longer accept Christian law," added the cardinal, "but it must be shown by infringing it they outrage the consciences of their fellow-countrymen."

"The remedy for infringement of individual liberty rests with the great Labour organisations."

A SONG.

By May Doney.

What shall I send you, my dearest,
For a sweet Valentine?

A deep bowl of dew that are clearest,
A chalice of wine,

A garden of stars in the skies sown,
Transported in glows;

A flower in the Breath of your Sighs grown
A passion-cored rose!

What shall I send you as Token
Of Tryst and of Truth,

In pledge that the Bond links unbroken
Its Freedom round both?—

A mantle embroidered with Glory,
A Crown of Gold Song,
A Throne fashioned out of White Story,
Where Rainbow Tears throng.

How shall I pack them?—the bower
Rose, chalice and bowl,

Crown, Throne and Mantle of Power
I give to your Soul?

How shall I send so much treasure
Of passion and art?

Easy the way, Love;—their measure
Lies here in my heart!

—*Westminster Gazette*, 5 April 1908.

FRAGMENTS FROM "FREDERICK THE GREAT."

ONE thing I know: whatever rectitude and patience, whatever courage, perseverance, or other human virtue he has put into this or another matter, is not lost: not it nor any fraction of it, to Friedrich Wilhelm and his sons' sons, but will avail him and them, if not soon, then later, if not in Berg and Julich, then in some other quarter of the Universe and a long-lived!

—*Carlyle, Frederic II.* Vol II, p. 299.

TRULY, if each of the Royal Majesties and Serene Highnesses would attend to his own affairs—doing his utmost to better his own land and people, in earthly and in heavenly respects a little,—he would find it infinitely profitable for himself and others! And the Balance of Power would settle, in that case, as the laws of gravity ordered; which is its one method of settling, after all diplomacy!—*Ib*, p. 38.

THE moral to be derived, perhaps the chief moral visible at present, from all this section of melancholy History is: Modern Diplomacy is nothing; mind well your own affairs, leave those of your neighbours well alone.—*Ib*, p. 260.

(Chapman and Hall, Century Edition).

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

"SHE remembereth no more the anguish."

—*King David*.

"THE PLEASING punishment that women bear."
—*John Milton*.

"It is a dreadful operation, however often it may come."—*The Third Countess of Bessborough* (who had greater opportunities of judging than either David or Milton).*

* Lady Bessborough to Lord G. Leveson Gower, 27 August 1808, in his *Private Correspondence*, II, 322.

QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY.

SPEAKING of the Myokies and Muminati, Edward Meitland says—

"Their object was always quality, not quantity. It was not to multiply, but to improve the race."

—(*Addresses and Essays on Vegetarianism*, p. 177.)

STAR-DUST.

I. MILITARY.

1.—CHINA—Peking, December 15.—About 500 women of the Province of Shantung have entered the brigandage business, according to reports reaching Peking. These women bandits have organized themselves into nine divisions of 50 or 60 women each. They are said to be rather cruel. Heavy fighting between them and the official troops has been reported.

—*Japan Advertiser*, 23 December 1921.

V.—GOVERNMENTAL.

1. CABINET MINISTER (CANADA).—The Hon. Ellen Ralph Smith was appointed in March, 1921, a Cabinet Minister of British Columbia in Canada. British Columbia is a small but rising place of about the population of Monmouthshire: of course it is perfectly independent apart from the federal powers of the Government of Ottawa, which are not inconsiderable. The Colony is noted for a particularly high class of pioneer settlers, and for its home-like English atmosphere. It was at one time asserted that the lady's post was to be that of Speaker, but the Hon. J. Oliver, Prime Minister, decided on offering her a post in the Cabinet.

VII. PSYCHOLOGY.

1.—R. ALCOCK. (1863)—BUT if anyone argued (from the fact that ladies were present) that there

could be no real danger, I should say it implied some ignorance of the fair sex. Without being altogether fire-eaters, in whom

"Danger and death a dread delight inspire," the seemingly most timid often find nerve for expeditions which many a masculine companion would willingly avoid, if it could be escaped with any decent excuse.

—*The Capital of the Tycoon*, by Sir Rutherford Alcock (London, 1864), II, 174

2. R. RADCLYFFE (1921):—Woman is in almost every way the superior of man. She has shown that always by making the man do all the disagreeable and dangerous things, such as work and warfare, she has always given him an example of self-sacrifice, clean living, the higher forms of courage, steady nerves in time of trouble. Women all over the world do as much and more work than man, except in the United States and Great Britain, where they are "free."

—*Raymond Radclyffe, in the New Witness*.

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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' ousin hós 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. Gore-Booth and E. Roper, C/o B. Kemp, Saint George's Wood, Haslemere, Surrey; D. H. Cornish, 33, Kildare Terrace, Bayswater, London W.; T. Baty, Temple, London, E. C.

URANIA

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Mr. Havelock Ellis speaks of the book in terms of cordial appreciation.

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