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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.”

## EMILY BRONTE

EXCEPT as the writer of *Wuthering Heights*, Emily Bronte is practically unknown to us. So she was to those she lived with. Reticence, with her, was temperamental; it was also thrust upon her by the narrow space in which she lived; people huddled in one house as the Brontës were must needs be reticent if they are to have any individual existence at all. Patrick, the least reticent of that fiery little group, had no real escape into literature, and the portal of art was closed to him. The sisters found relief by writing, and Emily especially achieved complete expression; perhaps not uninfluenced by Patrick, whom they thought to be the genius of them all. In Charlotte's eyes, Emily was the greatest; “I never knew her peer”; but this was a tribute to her character and courage. It seems doubtful whether Charlotte and she can have seen eye and eye as regards life.

Fatal, since they left us, has been that reticence which these Brontës so revered. For they heaped ashes over the embers in all they wrote; and ever since they went, mankind and the critics have been raking for the flame. They have not had to scoop far or blow hard; the fire was there; and it has dazzled many a critic into fatuity, scorched many a meddling moralist into silence. We cannot hope to convince where many have tried. But we have a mind to dig deep and tell what we think we saw.

For us, *Wuthering Heights* embodies the creed of a writer who had no wish to found a religion or lay down a single dogma; any more than she needed to build a church—her temple being the open moors and their roof the sky. She was far from any intention of preaching; and her book has by some been judged as a powerful picture of evil and that

alone. A nightmare! say certain critics; chaotic and terrible; and many lay it down before finishing it because they cannot bear the demand it makes upon them; while even its lovers—those who read and re-read it—are exhausted whenever they come to its ending. It makes you feel as if you had been beaten all over; I know no other book that deals with you like that unless it is *Lear*.

But it is emphatically *not* a picture of evil and that alone. It is the drama of good working out through evil—in a sense actually by means of evil. There is no attempt to answer the question why evil is there at all. The query is put and left unanswered; I refer to the words exchanged by Catty and her father the night he dies. The existence of evil is accepted; it is faced full and square, and we are shown, after all kinds of horror and suffering, the re-assertion of innocence, the coming back of love. This drama takes three generations to work out: had we been told the story of one generation only, it would have been a tragedy; taken as it is, we should give it some other name. Thus, the unity of time is far exceeded. Unity of place there certainly is; the scene shifts at most a few miles across the moors and back again. Unity of theme is achieved in spite of enormous difficulties: the crossing and recrossing of the generations, their marriages and re-marriages, with the fact that the tellers of the story are two, and that they continually alternate, so that we are leapt from present to past as suits the writer's purpose. In spite of this there is, if we find the clue, an essential unity dependent upon Emily's clear and consistent philosophy of life.

What was this philosophy?

Emily saw life as a process of becoming; a persistent emergence of spirit. Evil was felt by her to be a Caliban—the unwilling servant of good. This conflict of good and evil, she embodied in per-

sonages so real, that if I met Heathcliff in the Underground tomorrow I should know that is was he. Heathcliff is not Satanic, he is as human as Hamlet; he appeals to us in spite of ourselves, because we are actually in the same process of slow redemption; Heathcliff's suffering is our own. Emily had made it hers—it is humanity's; she was Heathcliff, as she was Catty; she was all of them, and out of that knowledge which is not of books, she wrote.

Compared with this story of the Yorkshire moors, Milton's epic is false. It is infinitely less significant, unspeakably less moral, it leaves us far more muddled about the issues of evil than before. Milton does not justify the ways of God to man. Emily does.

She starts off with no fall of the angels; just the abandoning of a gypsy child left on a doorstep. . . such is the evil thing, with which the story starts. This child attracts to itself first of all the love of another child; they cling together and talk of paradise amid their weeping, the night that Catty's father dies. But after that, the shadows fall and deepen; envy and cruelty, reproach and humiliation are the foundling's lot, now that his benefactor and protector has gone. Cruelty needs revenge, humiliation leads to revolt, injustice creates hatred, and it seems as if there could be no end of these horrors. But quite naturally at last, the horror itself makes into blossom. . . . we have young Catherine, nursed in sorrow and handed over into tyranny and oppression, becoming a bringer of joy; the child-note is struck again, we find her sticking primroses into Hareton's porridge, and we know that at last—at long last! the wall is down that parted their fathers.

The critics may make what they like of Emily—suggest with nasty perspicacity that she had thwarted tendencies and unfulfilled emotions. "Let them say." Her outlook upon life and death as expressed in her epic reveals no such petty failure as they try to find. Does she see men as powers in the hand of fate? Yes, if you will; but that "fate" is love. Love? the critics say. Yes! not just benevolent love such as picked up Heathcliff from the doorstep—nor Catty's kind feeling for Linton, whom she marries—nor Isabella's extraordinary wooing of Heathcliff—All these things are shown to be transient. Catty's love for Heathcliff lasts beyond death; it is prescient; from the first she knows they will find each other again; that he will be

redeemed out of torment; if she is eager for death, it is because the solution of their relationship lies there; thereby they will walk again in the paradise of their childish dreams.

This potent feeling is described by Catty when she says "I am Heathcliff." Real love denies that differences exist. The master of Vivekananda walked about in women's garb for three years to rid himself of any illusion as to the Maya of sex. Catty has never had any such illusion—nor, indeed, does Heathcliff seem to be troubled by it; it never dims his vision of her as a soul. It is one of the things that puzzle the critics, this unworldliness of Emily's characters. They feel there must be something wrong—perhaps with Emily herself. But in that respect both she and they were divinely right.

Catty is Emily, and Emily somehow knew what love was; that knowledge it was, which conferred on her the power to write a book in which love is the redeemer. She has been called a pagan—Ellis Bell! but we prefer not to try and label her. How she laid hold of such mighty secrets lies as she would say herself, between her soul and God.

—D. H. CORNISH.

#### RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME

A PERUSAL of various books published recently leaves one with the uncomfortable conviction that in one vital respect the distinguished authors do not know what they are talking about. In Ray Strachey's *The Cause*, in Winifred Holtby's *Women*, in Sylvia Pankhurst's autobiography, in Florence Nightingale's outpourings, now first published by Ray Strachey, there is a pervasive assumption that home is a "prison".

It is exactly the assumption on which boys have run away to sea, and no more respectable than that unhealthy craving for adventure and novelty.

"Prisoners of Home!"—But is the daily round of home any narrower than the daily round of an office or a shop? Have the hundreds of thousands of clerks and salesmen who flock into London every morning from the suburbs, a fuller life, a more glorious horizon, than the girl who goes about the house? It is no doubt a grand thing to be a great lawyer or doctor or statesman; and it is well that a "woman" may have the opportunity, as she has

the qualification. But how many "men" can be great, or even considerable?

We sympathize deeply with the consciousness of abilities running to waste. Our own, such as they are, have been utterly frustrated. But, as Marcus Aurelius says, it is of no use to be enraged about it—"I must be emerald, and keep my colour." One thing alone matters—the perfection of character: and home was never a prison for this. Frances Mary Buss of the North London Collegiate School, the pioneer of higher education, will not be called an obscurantist. And she said\*—"A girl's influence may not extend beyond her home: but in her home she has a work to do which may well tax her energies and kindle her ambition".

We may be glad and grateful of the wider stage. But we were never prisoners, in the narrower one.

The absurd things that are written about the nineteenth century days are incredible. Ray Strachey writes that "before 1876, only the most wild and adventurous people had heard of Callisthenics." My little "Girls' Play-Book" that was probably published about 1840, contained a full account of Callisthenics—and the "Family Friend" (the mid-century equivalent of *Home Notes*) had a long explanation of them about 1860! In fact hygiene for girls (and no stays!) was a live topic at that time. And if they were only "wild and adventurous" people who read the *Family Friend*, that staid periodical catered singularly inadequately for their tastes! She talks of "the convention which forbade games and sports". One can only gasp, when one recalls the magazines of the Sixties. "Frederick Maurice . . . was one of the few men who, in the Thirties and Forties really believed that women had an existence in this world and the next". Nonsense like this is altogether unworthy of serious history. What reason has she for saying that the "women" of the nineteenth century whose "intellectual interchange" with men "has a distinctly modern flavour" were "not the models whom public opinion accepted as typical and correct?" And that the life of women "rich and poor, young and old" was spent in a round of tedium? and that everybody believed that it would be "impossible for any female to do or say or think anything worthy of serious consideration". None whatever: at least she produces none except a lot of pious little books. We have to take her *ipsa dixit* for it—and she was born in 1887!

\* Vide her *Life* by Dr. Burstall, page 57.

No one would be so foolish as to deny that the position of "women" has greatly improved since 1800. But there is no sense in making things out to have been worse than they were. And we repeat, it is not "doing things" but forming character, that is supremely important: and character can be formed in the home as well as outside it. The writer's Mother and Aunt, when 42 and 52 (in 1882), were well accustomed to take long tramps in the country with us children—all over the Island of Bute, for hours at a stretch. Our curate's sister, at the same date, could do her thirty miles a day with the best. And Ray Strachey was still unborn.

We have criticized this book, because it seems to us that the author is right when she tells us her eyes are "perhaps blinded to the virtues of the past": but it is a pleasure to say that it is a most useful storehouse of facts. But she has done the memory of Florence Nightingale no service by printing,—as Mill and Jowett deprecated—the incoherent stormings of *Cassandra*. And the comic thing about *Cassandra* is that it is an indictment of society—not really of the treatment of women. Unconsciously she lets this appear. "We see girls and boys of 17 before whose [noble dreams] we bow our heads. But when they are thirty, they are withered, paralyzed, extinguished." She pictures the scornful laughter with which the world would see "a parcel of men sitting round a drawing-room table in the morning" doing worsted-work. But she might very well have pictured them, unscorned, walking round a billiard-table in the morning with a cue! She does not like marriage between related persons: very bad for the race—"witness the Quakers, the Spanish grandees . . . where madness, degeneration, defective organization and cretinism flourish and multiply!" Poor Quakers! Again—"In novels, it is generally cousins that marry"—a fact which had escaped one's observation: Also—"having no parents at all . . . is generally the case in novels." It seems evident that Miss Nightingale's imagination had not, like that of her victims, been "tainted by romance reading"! Another Strachey, Lytton, has demolished Florence Nightingale's character as a plaster saint. As strong a light on her character is thrown by a lenient critic, Lord Stanmore, in his biography of Sidney Herbert. "It cannot be denied that these great capacities were accompanied . . . by a jealous impatience of any rival authority, and an undue intolerance of all opposition or difference of opinion. She gave full

rein to the promptings of a somewhat censorious spirit. In the whole of her voluminous correspondence with Sidney Herbert, I look in vain for praise or approval of any individual, except herself, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, and two doctors. Everyone else, high and low, Lord Stratford, Lord Raglan, Lady Stratford, Miss Stanley, and all Miss Stanley's companions, Lord William Paulet, Dr. Smith, Dr. Holl, Dr. Cumming, Dr. Menzies, Mr. Filder, Mr. Wreford, and hosts of inferior officers and others, including all her own staff "except about 16", are denounced with the utmost vigour of expression, not merely as inefficient, but as utterly incompetent and incapable. She indeed went so far as to say—and that more than once—that she herself and five others . . . were the only people who cared at all for the sick, or had done anything for their relief." "Her determination" he adds "to regard Miss Stanley, not as a colleague or assistant, but as a rival, worked mischief, and caused Mr. Herbert much anxiety and pain". And he refers to—"her reiterated and unsparing censure of everyone, almost without exception" "To the end, she was as unsparing of censure and complaint of all around her as at the outset." Lord Stanmore calls one outburst of hers—"an uncharitable libel".

It is with no wish of depreciating Florence Nightingale's arduous and achievements that we quote these pronouncements. It is simply to show that in her boiling indictments of "home" which Ray Strachey prints, there is simply the expression of her own exaggerated and fierce ambition. She never could work with anybody: it is no wonder that she could not work with her family.

Ray Strachey, like Winifred Holtby, expatiates on the "economic dependence of women". If it really existed for spinsters (and I doubt it), it was not a tyranny. We are all legally the absolute slaves of parliament, but we do not feel it because we have a (misplaced) confidence that it will never deprive us of full liberties. Apart from the force of family affection and of public opinion, both of which were very strong in the neighbourly Victorian days, girls had to be treated with respect and honour, (I don't mean empty courtesy), because anything else might drive them into marriage—which often all, was a career and a popular one. And there were other careers. "Without money, or the possibility of earning for herself" says Ray Strachey, (forgetting that "money" was equally distributed on death to daughters). I have known intimately the

lives of "women" who have kept small shops, have had boarders and lodgers or have managed small schools—and I say fearlessly that they had happy and interesting lives.

And, after all, I had infinitely rather have been a Victorian "woman" than a Victorian "man". Limited, "dependent", corseted, I would at all events have had the priceless and inestimable privilege of being sweet and kind. I would have been free to be lovely, and, when loveliness had gone, to be delicately loving and tender all the days of my life: together with utter firmness against wrong doing—whether at the will of a father or a brother.

The man was assuredly the inferior animal—little as he thought it—in Victorian times. And we know it. There was not a scrap of deference to "men" as "men" in 1880; when I was ten and taking notice.

IRENE CLYDE

#### JANE AUSTEN'S CONTEMPORARIES

In this excellent series of essays\* on some notable women who, though some lived into the Victorian age, were unaffected by the Victorian tradition, Miss Wilson is concerned to show us how recent that tradition is. It is true that she quotes from John Keats that unfortunate description of woman as the "milk-white lamb, that bleats for man's protection"; and insists, rightly enough, that to such an idea Jane Austen and Mary Wollstonecraft were equally opposed, and desired "the evolution of the rational woman." It would be easy enough to show that, in England at least, the skimble-skamble, milk-and-water, vapours and vanity, flounces and feebleness idea of woman was of very recent growth in Keats' time. There is little enough of the "bleating lamb" about the women of whom Chaucer wrote; the education of women in Tudor times had boldness and wisdom: Mrs. Hutchinson, Dorothy Osborne, Stella (whom Swift loved), Hannah More, the mother of the Wesleys—they were no doubt exceptional women, but they do not suggest to us that their characters were regarded as eccentric. Probably the man most responsible for the popularity of

\* *Jane Austen and Some Contemporaries*. By Mona Wilson. (Cresset Press, 10s. 6d.)

the helpless, fluttering female was Charles Dickens, who, in *Dora*, gave us a portrait of a woman who is almost all that a woman and a wife should not be, and whom we may be sure those distinguished Victorians, Mrs. Gaskell, Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot disliked as much as Jane Austen would have disliked her.

Yet the creature did exist. She was not invented in the Victorian age, though she reached her perfection then; and Jane Austen was out to attack her. She was really the result in femininity of that excessive devotion to sensibility that was fashionable when Rousseau and Sterne governed European emotion. For if men were reduced to tears by the sight of a dead donkey, there was nothing left for an elegant female to do but to swoon; and there was a certain inconvenience in swooning against nothing, so naturally she swooned against the more muscular male, who dried his tears, admired her exquisite sensibility, and supported her to a place of security.

Against that Jane Austen made war; and Miss Wilson has here given us descriptive essays, vignettes of some women who were all against "the fair sex," and in favour of women being regarded as responsible, rational, competent human beings. (*The fact that very few were ever permitted, by brother, husband, children, to be anything else was hushed up carefully by the few fathers—such as Mr. Moulton Barrett—who enjoyed an atmosphere of servile and obsequious helplessness.*) . . .

—*Church Times*, 22 July, 1938.

#### KEMAL'S TURKEY

VERY cleverly Atatürk avoided forbidding the veil as he forbade the fez. Men might submit to the orders of their national hero, but the adoration of a woman is turned into revolt if a law tries to interfere with her customs. (Or am I mistaken, and would the men have revolted if the veil had been torn away?) There is, however, a provision which entitles provincial governors to declare the prohibition of the veil if enough women in their *vilayet* have already abandoned it. In some parts of the country I travelled for a week without seeing a single veil. Once I walked with a pretty girl of sixteen (who, by the way, was drum-major of the

Girl Guides) through the streets of Malatya, when she pointed laughingly at a young man on the other side of the road. She had been promised to him by her busybody of a mother, but flatly refused to become engaged. She was preparing for her matriculation, and wanted to study medicine at Istanbul.

At Kayseri the women refused to work in the same room or on the same premises with men. Yet a number of young girls had broken away from their families and offered their services. There were others from the surrounding villages, and the director thought that once the first hundred or two hundred were earning regular wages, others would want to follow them. Here, too, a carefully planned education was being carried out. The girls shared certain outdoor sports with the boys and had proper lessons—reading and writing, of course, but also technical lessons connected with their work, and those under industrial age, i.e., younger than fourteen, were kept in a kind of kindergarten. The director had written for two forewomen under whose special care these young girls would be; they would have a doctor to supervise their health, and the older ones could, if they wanted, get a room in a large boarding-house which was to be erected close to the factory grounds. A similar house was to be built for the boys. My fears as to the advisability of this neighbourhood were waved aside. "We will plant them straight into a healthy, active life, taking the whole stride at once. As to the result, we have to hope for the best."

I do not wish to deal extensively with the position of women. Hundreds of articles have been written, hundreds of lectures given about it, and from what I said you will be able to paint the picture for yourself. You know that all professions are open to women, that there are judges, lawyers, doctors, teachers, deputies, and that everywhere the principle of equal pay for equal work has been recognised. The women are among the most active and progressive members of the community, so much so that in certain quarters the men are already beginning to grumble, and, to my mind, jealousy of this kind is the sincerest compliment.

I have so far almost exclusively spoken of the workers at Kayseri. But there is another group of men of equal importance and with problems of their own—the engineers. The majority of them are young men between twenty-five and forty. They have studied abroad, chiefly in Central or Western

Europe during those years when the whole life of these countries underwent far-reaching changes. . . . Abroad, these young men have experienced a very free sexual life. Returning, they are suddenly again confronted with a very strict moral code. The women have legally, economically, and politically gained equal rights, but they are far from being what is occasionally called "free and easy." They still live with their families, and they have so much to do to keep pace with developments that they are not inclined to experiment at the same time with their most private lives. They are excited about the great possibilities of a career of their own, and they feel a little contempt for men. After all, what would they gain by marrying? Salaries are very low, especially, of course, for the young men; they would have to follow their husbands wherever the Government sent them; they would have themselves to take on all kinds of obligations; and through all this they would lose the new freedom of which they are as yet so proud.—

—LILLO LINKE IN *International Affairs*,  
July-Aug. 1937.

## RECENT POETRY

We have received two slender volumes of verse, each by a reader of *Urania*. The first is *The Oracle*,\* by Principal Cousins of Madanapalam College, Madras. When we say that the ice-fire instinct for the Absolute which is the real heart of Celtic "mysticism", pervades the little book, we say only the first word. The richness of imagery, the happy similes, the clear and lucid thought, will delight every reader. And the tributes to Dr. Margaret Cousins are perfect in their way. One is often reminded of the poetry of Eva Gore-Booth, whom indeed Dr. Cousins knows well. Dr. Cousins's irony sometimes outruns his Muse: but we would not wish it away. We quote a few lines of his initial Poem—

"Because I was not wise  
As other poets be,  
and had not sense to see  
Beauty in women's eyes

\* Ganesh and Co., Madras

As Beauty's end and sum;  
Nor gathered song to feed  
Imagination's fire  
With the incongruous weed  
of bodily desire. . . .  
I shall pass through a door,  
And perish in my youth—  
At seventy-six or more"!

Dr. Grinling's tiny brochure *In Search of Comrades†* is mainly written in "free verse". It sounds a confident note of aspiration and achievement. Like Nand Kevi, he employs with frequency the device of repetition, which gives his work a distinctive flavour. These short poems are full of courage, and instinct with the unity of life.

## CO-EDUCATION

BECAUSE "boys" and "girls" are separated from an early age in Japan, men are unable to judge the ability of women, and so are afraid to give them suffrage, asserted a Japanese student, a young man, in the college and society group of the fifth America-Japan Student Conference.

The only chance for contacts that men have are with the lower type of professional girls, and so they naturally form a low opinion of the ability of women, he continued, adding, "the thoughts of girls is one of the greatest mysteries, at least for me."

Girls in the group advocated equal rights for women with vigour, asserting the need now for co-education in order to raise the position of women and enable them to qualify for university training. The marriage laws are partial to men, they asserted. Men are condoned in vice after marriage. Men have most of the privileges in choosing wives.

"They say," said one girl, "that women will lose their girlish qualities and become boyish if trained in the same schools with young men. But what they call womanish character is the so-called "good wife and wise mother" character. I would rather lose it. The real characteristics of boys and girls will be emphasized when they are put together."

Boy delegates, theoretically in favor of co-education, feared its dangers and repeatedly questioned

† 71, Rectory Place, Woolwhich, G. B.

the American delegates if the stories about American college students are true. Not so the girls, who pointed out, "we are not so loose as people seem to think, and we need not be afraid of it."

When it came to marriage, much to the amazement of the American delegates, many of the Japanese preferred the go-between system, if somewhat modified.

"It's like this," said one of the Japanese boys. "I don't know any girls, and my parents know a lot. I don't know any thing about the wives of girls, and my parents do. Since we boys never know any girls, we are likely to fall in love with the first girl we meet."

"I went home recently to my native place. There my father said to me, 'You may choose your own lover.' I said to him, 'No, I do not want to. My chance of meeting a fine girl is so slight I shall have but a narrow range to choose from, while you know many and are experienced.'"

"But," broke in a girl, "none of us like to have our pictures sent around and wait until some man chooses us."

Some favored a go-between or parent selection with a long acquaintance before marriage, with an opportunity to refuse if they felt themselves to be incompatible. One delegate, however, pointed out that after meeting, some felt it shameful not to marry. Others thought it best to choose one's own lover and then call in the parents and go-betweens to arrange things.

Turning to women's suffrage, a male student, very much embarrassed, asserted that it would be nice for women to vote, but because Japanese women are so busy in the home, tending the children and keeping the household straight, they do not have time to think correctly on voting matters.

"Then let us change the household so that we do have time," countered a very meek-looking girl in the corner.

"The reason we have no time, said another, leaning forward determinedly, "is that we have to do so many little things. You American girls wouldn't realize" she went on. "Some Japanese men aren't even able to take off their coats. But we have to take them off and fold them and put them away."

A tall Japanese jumped up.

"Japanese men are busy too," he asserted. "I know friends who complain they don't have time even to read when they get out of college and begin

work. And I think men are as busy as women."

"American women are busy, too, but they vote," said an American delegate.

Finally, under pressure of Japanese girl delegates, looking very determined, most seemed agreed that if men could vote, so could women.

"Why is it," questioned an American, "that you point out that girls with a higher education often find it difficult to get husbands, that Japanese men prefer girls with less education?"

"Because," said one Japanese who thought very carefully as he spoke, "higher education for girls is to train them for earning a living, and as a result they are not trained in social consciousness or for marriage. Often business girls surpass them in general outlook."

"Yes," said another, "we shall be glad to marry highly educated girls when they have broadened the scope of their education."

"But that is not the main thing," said another student, who rose in his chair as he spoke. "Men like to feel themselves superior to women. But if a man marries a well-educated woman, he cannot feel her superior in the intellectual sphere at least. So he marries a girl he can feel superior to."

—*Japan Advertiser*, 21 July, '38.

## THE INFINITE GREATNESS OF MAN

(BY J. T. SUNDERLAND)

PROBABLY it is safe to say that modern science has brought to man no more appalling thought than that of his littleness, his seemingly absolute insignificance, in the presence of the amazing revelations of present-day astronomy. In all ancient times, indeed throughout all human history up to a very recent period, the heavens above man's head have been curious to him, interesting, mysterious, impressive, but they have not been appalling. What he saw as he looked up was a wide expanse which he called the firmament, stretching its dome like a blue tent over the earth. In it were set, in some mysterious way, the sun, moon and stars, movable, having it for their duty to serve as signs for men to mark off the seasons, and to give light to the earth by day and night. All revolved around the earth, were very small as compared with the earth, and

were created solely for the benefit of the earth and its inhabitants. The earth was the largest thing the ancient thinker knew anything about; and even that, as it lay in his conception, was very limited compared with our earth of today.

How startlingly has the rise of modern astronomy changed all this! The earth, though it has grown to be many times larger than the Hebrew thinker understood, is now known by us not to be the centre of the universe, or the largest object in nature, but relatively only a mere speck amidst the immensities of creation. The silent, mysterious, changeable moon from a pale sky-lamp, has become a world. The sun does not revolve about the earth, but the earth and all her sister planets revolve about him. The stars, from curious wandering torches of the night, have become gigantic worlds, and centres about which worlds revolve. Vast as we think our solar system, even it occupies but a small corner of space, while beyond it stretch world systems, and galaxies, innumerable and illimitable.

We are amazed, awed, almost struck dumb, by the vast, the incomprehensible, the well-nigh unbelievable magnitudes and distances that our astronomers are revealing to us. Professor Shapley of Harvard University tells us of a universe so vast that our sun is 57,000 "light years," that is, 250 quadrillions of miles, distant from its centre; and Professor Hubble of the Wilson Observatory tells us of a "universe of universes," each one of which contains "millions of suns."

I think we all have seen times when this thought of man's physical insignificance in the midst of the universe has come to us with painful and almost overwhelming force. We have asked ourselves: Can it be possible that the Creator of all these innumerable worlds which the telescope reveals, the Architect of this limitless temple of the stars and the galaxies, thinks about or cares for men? Is it reasonable to suppose that our little lives are any more important to Him, or of any more value in the universe, than a snowflake on the mountain top, or a bubble on the sea?

And now, what are we to answer to all this?

The matter is not something speculative merely, it is intensely practical. These questions which I have suggested are being asked in ten thousand places in the world today. And many very thoughtful and intelligent people do not see how to answer them. Thus they darken many lives. Indeed, who among us is there that has not as some time in life

passed through hours when their black shadow has fallen upon himself?

I think there are several considerations which throw light upon the subject before us. And first this:

Mere size is only a slight indication of value or importance. The earth is not necessarily less important than a world a million times larger than itself: and man is not necessarily physically unimportant because his body is small. An elephant is larger than a man, but it is not for that reason higher in value. Many of the small countries of the world far surpass in importance other lands that are a hundred times more extended. Little Greece outweighs a score of vast Saharas, and London, which is but a point upon the face of the earth, is more important than whole Arctic or Antarctic continents. A single Plato, or Shakespeare, counts for more in the life of the world than whole races of Kaffirs and Bushmen; just as a diamond which can be held between the thumb and finger may have more value than a huge mountain. In the same way, comparing worlds with worlds, it is not unusual to find the smaller much more highly developed than the larger. Our sun has a mass 316,000 times greater than that of the earth, and a volume 1,250,000 greater than that of the earth, yet the earth sustains very high forms of life, while the sun probably has upon its surface no life at all. It seems likely that the huge suns of space generally are much less mature than their planets.

Thus we see that the human race is not necessarily unimportant because it has its home in one of God's smaller worlds, any more than an individual is necessarily unimportant because he lives in little Athens instead of in vast Tartary. Mere bulk signifies nothing. Beings of highest nature and sublimest destinies may as fittingly dwell in bodies six feet high as six thousand, and on this fair earth of ours, small though it be, as on the surface of the hugest bulks of matter in the universe.

This brings me to the thought that the greatness of man is not physical but spiritual. It is by virtue of his mind, not his body, that he is exalted. What matters it, therefore, whether the physical universe which he dwells in be great or small? Can the heaping up of vast physical dimensions dwarf mind—mind that knows no dimensions, and spurns all physical limits? Is spirit overshadowed by standing in the presence of the greatest possible aggregation of matter? Can we say of a mountain that

it is greater than a thought, or of the vastest ocean that it makes insignificant the intellect that fathoms it, and turns it into a highway, and speaks across it as if its thousands of miles were inches, and makes servants of its fiercest waves? Do all the worlds the telescope reveals, that cannot think, belittle the human mind that can?

However completely modern astronomy may take away the old primacy of the earth among the heavenly bodies, it can never disturb the greatness of man so long as man remains the thinker. He is great with a greatness which is inherent in his own nature, and, therefore, which is independent of any possible discoveries that science can make in the material realm. He is great because he can *know*, and *reason*, and *distinguish right from wrong* and *hope*, and *love* and *worship*. These things he can do because he is a *spirit*, for these are the attributes of spirit. But the greatest world the telescope ever saw, considered as a mere physical mass, is as impotent to do one of these things as is the smallest molecule or atom that floats in our earthly air. Here it is that we see the infinite superiority of man to all possible physical magnitudes and greatnesses whatever, though they be worlds countless as the sands of the seashore, filling the immensities of space with their shining splendours.

It should be borne in mind that man feels awe in the presence of the starry heavens not because of his own insignificance, but really because of *his own greatness*. It is the divine in him that thrills at the great sight. A stone or a clod feels no sense of awe. A brute beast looks up with indifference to the same stars and constellations that bring man to his knees in adoration. The brute is indifferent because he lacks mind. The man admires and worships because he knows, understands, feels, has the corrolate of the great heavens in his own greater soul.

The truth is: To think the world is to be greater than the world. To know the stars is to be superior to the stars.

The sun is very large in size. His vast bulk makes the earth seem very small by comparison. But what of that? Need that abash man? Can the sun, big as he is, measure himself, or weigh himself, or calculate his path through the heavens, or understand even one of the laws which he blindly obeys? But man can do all these things. Therefore man, through his stature be but five or six feet, is greater than the sun.

The science of astronomy tells us much about the galaxies. But did we ever think it tells us quite as much about man? Man's mind not only keeps pace with every advance of astronomical knowledge, it is the *cause* of it. If the heavens declare the glory of God, still more they declare the greatness of the human soul, for it is only because man's soul is great that he can recognize the greatness and glory of God in the heavens.

Thought and love are the creative forces of the universe. Because man thinks and loves, he is a creator—a creator in the finite sphere, as God the Infinite Thinker and Lover is the creator in the Infinite sphere.

"All minds are of one family," said Channing. If this is so, then I am related to the Divine Mind. I am not merely a being created by God's power; I am kin to Him, because I am spirit as He is spirit; because I know, as He knows; because I love, as He loves. Therefore I have a right to look up in His face—even though that face shines with the light of infinite galaxies—and say: "Thou art in some large true sense my father; I am not a *thing* tossed from *Thy* hand. I am *Thy child*; *Thy* great nature is in me."

But perhaps the most overwhelming proof of the greatness of man, and of his superiority to all material things, comes to us from the great doctrine of evolution.

It used to be supposed to the contrary. Evolution was long feared. Because it linked man's creation with natural processes, and suggested his development from lower forms of life, it was thought to degrade him. But now all this is changing. Profound and philosophical students are more and more coming to see that evolution immeasurably elevates man. As he is unquestionably the culmination of all that has gone before him, so he furnishes the most reasonable and adequate explanation of it all. The evolutionary process has travelled along a road from its beginning in fire-mist to what we are on the earth today. But the progress has all been an ascent, and culmination is *man*. From the inanimate to the animate, from lower forms of life to higher, from brute to man—that has been the order. Thus man stands on the summit of creation—its crown and its goal. When the physical reached the limit of its possibilities, then mind came in. Henceforth mind was king, and man the thinker wore a dignity second only to that of God the Infinite Thinker.

It is not given to us to know in how many worlds the evolutionary process has reached the same height that it has reached here; but if anywhere it has, then it must have produced there in some sense the spiritual counterpart and brother of man—I mean, some being who can know and understand, as man can; some intelligence able to “think God’s thoughts after Him,” as man is able; some being, the crown and consummation of the evolutionary process in that other world, or those other worlds, as man is in this; and, therefore, some being who in some true sense is God’s image and child there, even as man is here.

Thus it seems to be no extravagance if we say that the whole evolutionary process, from the first movement of primordial matter until this hour, has been one long travailing in pain of the universe to produce (in this world and we know not in how many others) man or his equivalent—that is to produce intelligent spirits, children of the Eternal Mind, the Eternal Reason, the Eternal Love.

Have we not here, in the costly origin and high nature of man, and in the Fatherhood of God, a sure key to man’s destiny? If man has cost the universe so much, and if his nature is so lofty, must there not be awaiting him a destiny to correspond? Is he not intended for a career greater than can be bounded by this inch of earth and this moment of earthly time? Is the Creator of all things irrational, that He should destroy His highest creature as soon as made? Is the universe a failure that its most perfect product should be only an ephemeral? If man is God’s child, and thus a partaker of the highest attributes of the divine, can he die? Must he not be heir to an immortality parallel with that of God?

We may believe that the Creator can easily enough spare some of His worlds, for He has plenty of them. But can He spare a being without whom the worlds lose their significance? That is the question wrapped up with the problem of man’s nature and destiny.

Men talk about worlds and systems and constellations overshadowing and belittling humanity! Can the less overshadow and belittle the greater? Can fire-mist, or earth, or rock, or any material thing, no matter how studendous its volume or bulk, overshadow spirit, or eclipse the glory of mind?

The universe is God’s palace, and a marvellous palace it is. But is not a child more than any

building? What father of you is there who, if you had a palace, so vast that it stretched from the Great Bear to the Southern Cross, and so glorious that the Milky Way roofed it, and Sirius and a million other blazing suns were the lamps that gave it light, would not straightway say, My child is more than it all?

So, as I go out under the sky at night, with no one near, and look up into the glorious and illimitable heavens, I hear in the silence a voice speaking down from the Eternal Throne: O man, whom I have made only a little lower than myself, thou art more to Me than all else. I did not create thee for My palace; I built My palace—all this glorious palace of green earth and shining heavens—for thee and such as thee. Before suns and stars were, I loved thee. Even whilst thou wert yet cradled in far-away fire-mists, I watched over thee. Our destinies are one; nothing shall ever pluck thee out of My hand or My heart.

And then, as the voice from on high dies away I hear another voice, not less divine, rising out of the silences of my own soul, and responding as deep answereth to deep: “O God of my life, in Thee do I trust. From Thee I came when I entered into this earthly room, so beautiful, of Thy universe house. Here Thou givest me to live a few brief years, with Thee, led by Thy hand, studying Thy wonders in nature and my own soul, learning life’s lessons, helping my brothers as best I may, doing the work which Thou givest me to do. I thank Thee for this earthly sojourn.

“Soon shall I go forth again; I do not know where, but thou, my Father, knowest. It is enough that I shall be still with Thee. Death will but open the door to other rooms of thine infinite house. I am not afraid. All worlds are beautiful where Thou art. Even hell would be safe with Thee.”

I believe that essentially this is the attitude to be taken today by the intelligent believer in astronomy and all modern science—by one who accepts every word of their marvellous revelations in the earth and the starry heavens.

I believe that the scientist, with all modern knowledge shining full in his face, is justified in saying with St. Paul: “I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth,” nor blazing suns and stars, nor astronomic heavens, nor telescope, nor evolution, nor any

other created things, “shall ever be able to separate me from the love and care of the Eternal God.”  
—*The Indian Social Reformer*, 24 Aug., 1935.

## SCRAPS

THREE Lord Justices objected in the Court of Appeal when Mr. Gilbert Beyfus, K.C., remarked that logic was not a strong point with women.

Lord Justice Greer: I do not agree with that as a general rule.

Lord Justice Clauson: That will not do at all. It is a heresy.

Lord Justice Slesser: If you look at university examination results, you will find that women take very high degrees in logic.

Mr. Beyfus: I will withdraw the remark.

—*Daily Telegraph*, 2 April.

\* \* \* \*

In its palmy days, when it was a factor not only in the spiritual life of a religious body, but in the temporal life of the State, the convent, with all its defects, must have stood for the advancement of women . . .

—C. Hamilton, “*Marriage as a Trade*”, p. 151.

\* \* \* \*

That New Jersey clergyman may be right when he says no girl should marry if she doesn’t have a sense of humor, but the trouble is that if she has she probably won’t.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

\* \* \* \*

A Bishop came to examine some children.

“Tell me, Sean,” said he to one of the boys, “what is matrimony?”

“It is a period of punishment,” said Sean, “to which souls are sentenced for their sins.”

“Sean,” cried the parish priest, “think again, boy! What are you saying?”

“Ah, leave him alone,” said the Bishop. “What do you and I know of it? Maybe the lad’s right.”

\* \* \* \*

The makers of our Constitution undertook to secure conditions favorable to the pursuit of happiness. They recognized the significance of man’s spiritual nature, of his feelings, and of his intellect. They knew that only a part of the pain, pleasures,

and satisfactions of life are to be found in material things. They sought to protect Americans in their beliefs, their thoughts, their emotions, and their sensations. They conferred, as against the government, the right to be let alone—the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men.—Mr. Justice Brandeis in *Olmstead Vs. the United States*.

## CHANGES OF SEX

A remarkable case of double change of sex is reported by Dr. Petsalis, professor of gynecology in the University of Athens.

A 13-year-old girl named Georgette Nassouli, who was in a boarding school, developed symptoms which led to her examination by a doctor, who declared that “she” was really a boy, and Georgette became George and wore masculine attire.

A few years later George fell in love with one of his former girl friends at the school, and they were contemplating marriage when a further change became noticeable in George, and he was examined by Dr. Petsalis.

The professor, after an operation, declared that “George” was definitely a girl, so once again the victim of these changes became “Georgette.”—*Central News*.

\* \* \* \*

Sofia Smetkova, twenty-three-year-old woman javelin-throwing champion of Poland, will undergo an operation to change of sex to male.

Two cases of sex change in women athletes occurred last year—those of Zdenka Koubkova, Czechoslovakian, and Mary Edith Louis Weston, of Oreston, near Plymouth, winner of the British women’s championship for putting the shot.

\* \* \* \*

Twenty-four English men and women have had their sex changed in the past few years. The man who has brought new hope and happiness into those baffled lives is Dr. Lennox Ross Broster, surgeon at Charing Cross Hospital, London. Most of his operations are successful. A number of his patients have married and had children. The happiness of two girls depends on his next operation—an operation to make Doris Purcell, twenty-four, of Mon-

ton Green, Manchester, into a man, who will call himself Donald. Doris's friend, Charlotte Bannister, twenty, of Peel-green, Manchester, is anxiously awaiting her return. While the little dog which Doris gave her played round her feet, Charlotte said "Doris has always meant everything to me. Our friendship has been different from the usual companionship of girls. If she wants me as a sweetheart when she comes back as a young man I am willing. I am even willing to marry. I love Doris and that is all that matters. Not until she returns will I be really happy."

Doris's mother says that her daughter had always been a man "at heart."

"She hated housework, frilly frocks, paint and powder. She preferred to dress in overalls and work with machinery. She liked to do a man's job, too. For a time she worked as a chauffeuse. When she returns she hopes to become a chauffeur. She has six brothers and one sister—Joan."

Dr. Brostera, a Rugby-playing specialist with the hands of a woman, recently gave a lecture on his work to the Royal College of Surgeons. He wrote to a number of his patients, asked them to attend the lecture as living exhibits. He was afraid they would be too shy. He was wrong. They were grateful. Twenty of them turned up.

#### INDIVIDUAL EDUCATION

To the Editor of the Japan Advertiser:—

Surely the Vice-Minister for Education is mis-translated when he is represented as belittling the importance of individual improvement! How can one build a good house of rotten timber? The better a person is, the better he will fill any role that may be his.

THETA.

Tokio, April 9, 1938.

—Japan Advertiser.

#### STAR-DUST

#### III. ATHLETICS

##### 1. AVIATION (England):—

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Pauline Gower, in the home of her father, Sir Robert Gower, at Sandown Court, had from the Air Ministry the greatest news of her life. She had received the Air Ministry's first-class air-navigation certificate, a unique distinction, for she is the only "woman" to hold that diploma. She also has piloted her 20,000th passenger.

In 1930 Pauline Gower and Dorothy Spicer formed a company under the style of "Air Trips Ltd." Realising that there might be prejudice against the employment of women—particularly young girls—they employed themselves. They took out amateur pilot's certificates, bought a three-seater bi-plane, and began to take up passengers in air taxis. They lived in a caravan and flew from morning to night.

Now they have two 'planes and a flourishing air taxi business. They are getting more machines. She paid a great tribute to Capt. Gerald Ferguson, of Heston, who instructed her and helped her to acquire the knowledge which enabled her to obtain the Air Ministry's first-class certificate. "Capt. Ferguson was most patient with me," she said, "and I owe him a great debt of gratitude."

Dorothy Spicer, her partner, was the first "woman" in the world to secure the Air Ministry's certificate for aviation constructional engineering.—*Daily Telegraph*, 10 Dec., 1935.

##### 2. AVIATION (New Zealand):—

NATAL, Brazil, Nov. 14—Jean Batten, the noted aviatrix of New Zealand, arrived here yesterday from Dakar, Senegal, covering a distance of 1,282 miles in 13 hours 15 minutes. She is the first "woman" pilot to fly solo across the southern Atlantic.

#### VI. PSYCHOLOGY

##### 1. SCOTLAND (Injury):—

ANNAN was en fete on Saturday when the picturesque ceremonial of the riding of the marches took place. As the hour of eight approached mounted riders assembled in increasing numbers until they were 110 strong, this figure including a number of ladies.

... At Creca, refreshments were served, and at Landheads the quaint rite of passing round the Council snuff-box was observed, large crowds of men and women taking a "pinch."

... From there the riders travelled to Williamwood, where a lady rider scheduled to carry through

a broadcast interview at the end of the riding was flung from her horse and injured. She was Frances Watson, Violet Bank, Annan. She was rendered unconscious and had a nasty gash on her head. She was removed by car to the Town Hall, and having regained consciousness courageously carried through her broadcast. Immediately afterwards she was conveyed to a local surgery where two stiches were inserted in her head. . . —*Cumberland News*.

##### 2. ENGLAND (Capture):—

CECILIA Deas, a dancer, of Hertford-court, Mayfair, W., was congratulated yesterday by T. W. Fry, the Bow-street magistrate, on her courage in tackling a suspected housebreaker.

The man, Harry Mason, 53, a traveller, of Geneva-road, Brixton, was remanded in custody, charged with breaking into her flat and stealing a cigarette-case. She said that on returning home she saw a light in the flat and the shadow of a man inside. She went downstairs to call the porter, and presently Mason tried to leave by the main door.

"I stood with my back to the door," "and grabbed him, telling him to come upstairs to see what had been missed. He then offered to give me back my things if I would let him go."—*Daily Telegraph*, 5 April.

##### 2. ENGLAND (Aviation):—

"WOMEN" aviators are more fearless than men, according to aviation experts. After exhaustive study, these men have come to the conclusion that the feminine reaction to fear is less pronounced than the masculine.

For some reason, women are usually utterly without fear when performing the most hair-raising aerial stunts. Scientists declare that women who have submitted themselves to blood pressure and other tests before and after participating in unnerving stunts have been found practically unaffected by the ordeal. They add that all but the most hardened men pilots show very definite reactions under similar circumstances.

Far-seeing men in several European countries have not been slow to observe this unaccountable superiority of women in the face of aerial dangers. They have not waited for science to come forward and demonstrate the fact, but have made use of feminine indifference to danger in the air to or-

ganize flying schools for women, and, in Russia, flying units said to be available for national defense.

Only one pessimistic note has been heard in the comment of feminine indifference to the dangers of aviation. "The reason they aren't nervous and don't show strain," declared the chief instructor of one of London's largest flying schools, "is because they lack imagination. It's the same quality that often makes women such dangerous drivers on the roads. Only in the air it's an advantage, not a handicap."—*Japan Times*.

##### 3. IOWA (Rescue):—

MANCHESTER, Iowa, March 16—Ruth Danford, 13, carried her three younger sisters aged 7, 5 and 3, from her burning home while her grandfather turned in the fire alarm. Her parents were away from home at the time.

#### VIII. LAW

##### 1. JAPAN:

A landmark in the effort of Japanese "women" to win an equal status with "men" in social and professional fields has been established by the announcement of the Justice Ministry yesterday that three Japanese women have been admitted to the Bar.

The pioneering trio, who share the distinction of being the first to enter a profession hitherto closed, are Masako Tanaka, 28, Yoshiko Muto, 25, and Ai Kume, all residents of Tokyo, who have studied at Meidi University.

A clerk in a law office in Kozimati Ward, besides attending studies as a second-year student in the Meidi University law school and lecturing on family codes at the Women's Economic College, her alma mater, Tanaka San, when challenged on the suitability of women for the profession, warned the public not to regard lawyers of her sex as women who have become "biologically neutralized" as a result of their mental prowess. Citing an instance of how a girl's lack of legal knowledge frequently results in tragedy, she expressed a desire to become a civil rather than a criminal law practitioner. Commenting on the position of women in Japan, she said that a concrete instance of the plight of women in the country was brought close to her last year, she said, when many either wrote or visited her to seek advice and help in their prob-

URANIA

lems. Muto San is the oldest daughter of the managing director of an engineering company, Kume San's husband, who is also a lawyer, has been drafted for military service. Tanaka San and Muto San are unmarried.

Together with 250 "men" who passed both ex-

aminations, including the son of the Justice Minister and three court clerks who qualified without the aid of a college education, the three must serve an apprenticeship of 18 months before they will be allowed to plead at the Bar.

—*Japan Advertiser*, Nov., 1938.

IRENE CLYDE

"EVE'S SOUR APPLES"

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.

She does not shirk any of the problems raised by sex. The side-issues of clothes and the lash are duly examined. But there is nothing to offend the most fastidious Victorian.

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OR FROM THE AUTHOR, c/o MR. J. FRANKLIN,

AT 19 CROWHURST ROAD, W.9., LONDON

URANIA

NOTICE

OWING to the continued high level of prices, it has been decided to go to press three times in 1938 as in recent years, instead of six times. For convenience of reference each issue will be treated as a double number, comprising the two issues which would otherwise have appeared separately. It is hoped that normal conditions will be resumed in due course.

Please Write!

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

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

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

TO OUR FRIENDS

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

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

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

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

"*All eisin hōs 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, 129, Abbey Road Mansions, London; D. H. Cornish, B. A., University of London; T. Baty, 3, Paper Buildings, Temple, London, E.C.

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