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URANIA

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URANIA

Nos. 103 & 104.

JANUARY—APRIL, 1934.

TWO-MONTHLY.

"No longer will I speak of Choice,
"Or my faint hold on Thee:
"On this alone with awe rejoice—
"Thy mighty grasp of me."

"Love which is calling us home out of the storm."

NICHOLS ON WAR

IN the powerful Book which Beverley Nichols has written on war one must think him mistaken when he finds fault with modern war as mechanical bestiality, and exhibits the wars of the past in the light of a splendid tournament. War was never anything else than a disgusting horror. It may not have been such a holocaust as it is to-day. But scale is not everything: and one broken heart is as poignant an idea as a million. War was always a thing of blood and torture, of agonized cattle and devastated homes. It is a tactical error to lay all the blame on the present, and implicitly to throw away all the arguments of the past. The brute obedience of the soldier, the servile fury of the bayonet, the artificial anger of the assault—these are just as much to be found in the Peninsula, in the Carnatic, in the Palatinate, as in Picardy of yesterday; perhaps more so.

But this is a trifle. We are more concerned with the Author's vigorous attempt to get at the heart of the matter, by tracking to its lair "the Bacillus of War." He finds it in Patriotism. Not the love of country—but the exclusive love of country. It would not be difficult, we think, to show that he is fatally wrong. The bacillus of war is a much uglier thing; and much more closely connected than he realizes with the unsavoury medical parallel which he invites. It is simply male ferocity.

Nobody can believe that a world of "women," however stupidly patriotic in the worst sense, would batter each other to pulp and agony in the name of Country. That there exist not a few "women" who accept men's fighting as a necessity, and that there exist a few "women" who might delight in blood and cruelty, may be true enough; but the proposition is not that all women are placable, but that a world of

women would not fight. It is of no use to cite the Amazons of myth and of Dahomey. We are speaking of modern civilized "women." What the reformer has to do, therefore, is to educate "men" to be "women"—determined, valiant, sensible women. That will end war, and nothing else will.

Exclusive devotion to one country may be the superficial cause of wars at the moment—though the cause is much more likely to be fear of various sorts—but at any moment it might be replaced by class-devotion, by persecutive mania or by sheer greed. Wars of class, wars of religion, wars of plunder, have no necessary impulse in patriotism. But male fury is a *sine qua non* of war.

There is a residuum of spirits endowed with a character of truculence, and overbearing despite, whom it may be necessary forcibly to restrain as we restrain the cobra and the tiger. Their number may be put, at the outside, at five per cent. of "men," and an infinitesimal proportion of "women." For "men" are trained in truculence.

To restrain these malevolent elements will not give much trouble to the remaining hundred and ninety-five. "Women" in sufficient numbers can deal with these few brutes as well as the most truculent "man." There is no need to develop the extreme position that all force is immoral, even when exerted without struggle and in order to restrain the utmost brutality. Such a position affords infinite scope for casuistry. Would one lure a tiger over an abyss, to prevent it from devouring a charming friend? Would one attempt to warn it from off a dangerous path? And if the answer is against the tiger, why not press the trigger which will kill it? Even to bar its way is an exercise of violent force!

With the highest reverence for those great teachers

such as Tolstoi, who preach the total uselessness of Force in the ultimate issue, and with every recognition of the simplicity and certainty of such a pronouncement, we nevertheless do not think it necessary to take up such an extreme attitude. But we do beg of those who refrain from condemning Force with an absolute veto, to believe that no jugglings with patriotisms or councils can avail to root out the massive evil of War. Only a new Heart can do it. And it must be the loving and compassionate Heart. Fortunately, we have the exemplar in ten million copies ready to our hand, in the girls of our own homes.

For this anti-militarist education we do not need to scrap our toy soldiers, as Nichols earnestly contends we should. What we have to do is not to scrap the toys, but to scrap the spirit. Toys do not inculcate a taste for blood and torn bodies. But we shall have to get rid of the scholastic glorification of war. Painful as it is to say so, we shall have to refuse to Honour the Light Brigade. We shall have to decline to Honour the Charge they Made. We shall have to take the laurel away from George Washington and the Boston Tea Party. We shall have to condemn Cromwell and Frederic II. and the Covenanters: and when Nichols tells us that he might fight in an international force against some single nation we shall reluctantly have to say that, if he did, he would be as much a brute as if he fought for a single misjudged nation against an international syndicate. We shall have to cut the victories out of the history-books, from Agincourt to Arras and Alma. We shall have to eliminate all admiration for warlike leaders, from Bayard to Roberts. We shall have to put an end to prize-fighting: how can we cry, "No more war!" and simultaneously flock in our thousands to see two human beings batter each other's faces into pulp? We shall certainly have to close the slaughter-houses. We shall have to drop all the war poems from our curricula. "The Battle of the Baltic" must go the way of "Hohenlinden." Nor will it suffice to sweep away these old and decaying lyrics. The works of Kipling must be dropped; lock, stock and barrel. How, indeed, can any sane person talk or think about abolishing war when simultaneously he puts Kipling into the hands of his children? The thing is ridiculous.

But none are so blind as those who will not see.

RE-ENTER VICTORIA

It was recently remarked in these columns that the melancholy young people who throw mud at the Victorians have not the very first qualification of knowing what the Victorian Age was like: they never lived in it. They never knew its sparkle, its lightness of touch and its serenity.

One accusation which they fling at their mothers is that of "prudery." And one would think that the Victorians moved about wrapped in swathings of black bombazine with buckram foundations. In fact, these juveniles confuse prudery with fastidiousness; and there is a world of difference between the two. Prudishness is not excessive delicacy. That is "fastidiousness." The fastidious person is above all anxious to get rid of evil: the prude does not want to get rid of it: she enjoys it too much. The fastidious person sees evil where the ordinary person does not:—but she cannot help seeing it, and she revolts at the sight, and tries to avoid it. The prude, on the contrary, scents out evil and dwells on it, though with ostensible condemnation. When Mdme. de Maintenon separated in her library the works of "men" and "women" authors, she furnished a perfect example of a prude. She did the exact opposite of what a "fastidious" person would have done. A fastidious person would have banished the whole idea of sex in relation to authorship—a very easy matter: for it is much what the ordinary person does. The de Maintenon dwelt upon it, and arranged her library in accordance with it: which was, as anybody can see, a totally unnecessary recognition. Although it is scarcely a correct definition of prudery to call it simply "affected" modesty, it is true that the element of affectation necessarily enters into it—because it is essentially the willing recognition and contemplation of what one affects to condemn.

Besant and Rice's heroine who shrank in horror from a slavish degradation, but did not mind talking about it, was also a bit of a prude: and if the present writer is not very careful, she will be in danger of incurring the imputation herself!

The Victorians were not a set of prudes. They did honestly and sincerely believe that sex was unpleasant, and they did their utmost to ignore it accordingly. Their view of "women" was not the Oriental one. They did not regard women as an altogether inferior description of being, useful for certain purposes,—a nurse, a housekeeper and a toy. They lived in free and constant family intercourse with their sisters and

their cousins and their aunts—and they knew by practical experience that girls were perfectly capable of determination, judgment and insight. It seemed dimly repulsive to them that a brave, intelligent, normal creature like that should be subjected to the abnormal limitations and inferiorities of sex. And they drove sex underground accordingly.

Incidentally, they did many prudish things and laid a Maintenon-like stress on matters that would have been better left alone. But their fundamental attitude towards sex was not prudish. It was entirely sincere: a real if inarticulate conviction that girls were too good to be limited by sex. What they *were* guilty of was not prudery but Hypocrisy. They did not attempt to carry out their genuine dislike of sex to its logical conclusions. They went on marrying and flirting, dancing and "teasing"; excusing the whole (when they thought at all) on the plea of "nature" and "necessity." An illustration of their calm hypocrisy is afforded by the fact that among the millions of Evangelical Protestants who sang of Jesus as their Pattern and perpetually asked themselves, "What would Jesus do?" not one consciously imitated or inculcated the celibacy of Christ.

Hypocrites—yes. But not prudes.

All great peoples have adored virgins. Artemis, Athenë, Mary of Nazareth, Cassandra of Troy, Camilla of Italy, Parsifal and Galahad of Britain, Jeanne of France, Hertha of Germany, Elizabeth of England, are only examples and types.

Independence, charm and nobility form an irresistible combination. When the limitations of sex are submitted to, the crystal is irretrievably flawed. We get, in place of our glorious girl, a creature who has meekly resigned part of her celestial inheritance, and stooped to become less than her ideal. We thenceforward have a broken soul to do with.

The Victorians never deceived themselves: when they yielded to sex they knew and they admitted that they were yielding to an unpleasant thing. They concealed the fact of their yielding, and this was hypocrisy. But they did not, like the prude, sniff out evil and disapprovingly gloat over it.

If hypocrisy be "the homage which vice pays to virtue," then prudishness may be called the homage paid by virtue to vice. The prude, unlike the saint, does not refuse to see evil until she is forced to: she goes in search of it, though she is content with looking at it, without, like the frankly vicious, embracing it.

Where the Victorians went along with the prude

was in entertaining somewhat less aversion from sex than they allowed to be supposed. The difference between her prudishness and their hypocrisy lay in the fact that they were not anxious to imagine evil, nor keen to do so. Sometimes they were: the ridiculous social conventions of the Victorian Age were prudish to a degree. Laurence Oliphant once remarked that they assumed that two people could never be alone without committing themselves! It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that their real condemnation of sex was of this unpleasantly arch and astute nature. It was genuine and inevitable,—not based on an ignoble desire to seek out evil where none presented itself. And its basis, as we have seen, was the natural reluctance to force on a bright, free, girlish spirit the limitations of gross material conditions.

I do not think they were wrong.

I. C.

MARY ADELAIDE OF LUXEMBURG

THE unworthy suspicions which filled the minds of the war-time rulers of France were such as would disgrace Harpagon. Take Montenegro. Here was a kingdom which had preserved for a thousand years its freedom against the Turk. Its flag was waved and its anthem sung in 1914 in every Allied capital. And in 1919 its crown was kicked into the gutter, and its people handed over to regicide Servia! Nor were the people of England so much as cognizant of the transaction.

Take the case of H.R.H. Mary Adelaide, Grand Duchess of Luxemburg. She was civil to the German Emperor when his troops were in occupation of her territory,—as one ruler is civil to another under any circumstances; as Edward III. was civil to John of France after Poitiers, and as Napoleon III. when captured at Sedan was civil to the King of Prussia. But because she did not think it necessary to insult the Emperor William the then rulers of France actually intervened in the affairs of this perfectly independent country, and to all intents and purposes kicked her crown into the gutter, to lie beside that of Montenegro.

It is not pretended that the Grand Duchess had German sympathies, or that a single word could be said against her character as a ruler or a Christian. Far from that. No more deeply conscientious queen—no more profoundly devoted spirit—ever existed. Yet, because of a childish prejudice in the

mind of nervous French politicians, her country was forced to reject her.

Legal justifications may be sought for the step. Germany overwhelmed unarmed Luxemburg. Luxemburg, perhaps, ceased in fact to exist as an independent State: though this was by no means the German intention. Perhaps, in law, the incoming French were entitled to set up in the new Luxemburg of their creation what Sovereign they liked. Such legal pleas may amuse the dilettante. Substantially and morally strangers stole its freedom from Luxemburg and her throne from its Sovereign.

It is incredible that this thing should have been done behind the back of the world. Yet it was. Who among our readers, when they heard in 1919 that "the Grand Duchess Mary Adelaide of Luxemburg had abdicated and entered a convent" thought otherwise than that the Princess had experienced some religious mental crisis which made her earnestly desire to quit the throne for a cloister? But in fact it was the French politicians who drove her from her country.

No more intensely painful reading has come my way than *Marie Adelaide, Grand Duchess of Luxemburg*, by Edith O'Shaughnessy.* Born on 14th June, 1894, she died on 24th January, 1924. The French rulers had forced her from the throne (which she had occupied for some seven years), just five years previously. After nearly two years in Italy, she had entered the Carmelite Convent of Modena: she left it a wreck. Her "slim figure was bloated; heavy shadows lay under the cheek-bones and about her eyes; her rich, full-lipped mouth was drawn, her hands were red and swollen with chilblains." She made a second attempt to lead the conventual life, with the "Sisters of the Poor" at Rome. But they, like the Carmelites, considered her unfit for it.

It is difficult to escape the conclusion that the austerities and rigidities of the Carmelite Convent ruined the Princess's health. Her biographer remarks that other delicate constitutions have stood the strain of convent life, and have even benefited by it. But the Grand Duchess was no ordinary delicate girl. She had been accustomed to the most generous living—she had been subjected to the severest mental agony. Tender consideration was what she needed: by no means the calculated and unrelenting harshness of convent rule. "To such a degree is renunciation of self demanded of a Carmelite," admits the nun

* J. Cape, London, 1932.

Theresa. The Grand Duchess afterwards used to speak of the spreading branches of a stone-pine which she could just see outside the convent: and of a little green-gold lizard that she discovered one morning darting through the pink, sun-baked walls.

Between the nun, grovelling on the refectory floor because she has cracked a plate, and the Hindoo fakir hanging on a hook, there is only a difference of degree. The conventual theory of withdrawal from the exterior world, making it cramped, harsh and painful, in order to stimulate interior glories, may conceivably work with some few natures. It did not work with Mary Adelaide, she retained a love for little green and gold lizards and for pine trees. Convent discipline, and not "the sense of frustration" (which her biographer blames for her breakdown), evidently ruined her constitution. Twenty months after her abdication she was perfectly well, when, in 1920, she entered the Carmelite order.

She had her difficulties with her people. The combination of boor and prig is a distasteful one: and the priggish boors who lectured the Grand Duchess on constitutional parliamentarism and the duties of a Sham King, at the very moment when the decay of parliamentarism had set in, are fit subjects for bitter ridicule to-day. Never had monarch more appalling difficulties, with doctrinaire boors on the one hand, and open invaders and covert enemies on the other. It might have been thought that a Princess of twenty-four would have commanded the indulgent sympathy of the world, in such a terrific situation. Had she gone to the Court of Holland or of England, it might have been better. But she never dreamt of leaving her Luxemburg, in its distress.

But what, we may respectfully wonder, was King George of England doing, — the august ally of France? What was the chivalrous King Albert of Belgium, whose shocking death the world is now lamenting, doing? What were their Royal Consorts about? Was it impossible for one voice to be raised in remonstrance with old George Clemenceau and his grey gloves? The trade of a King is to be Royalist: did these Kings not see the danger of driving a Sovereign from her sphere? It is a shabby world—but surely it need not be quite so shabby as appears from this history of Mary Adelaide of Luxemburg.

One word more.—When the Emperor Charles was married to the Empress Zita in 1911, Mary Adelaide was invited, with her Mother, to the ceremony. One night, her Mother took her to bed with her, and—

"Soon after I had put out the little lamp, Mary Adelaide called to me in a whisper, 'Mother, there is something I must tell you before I can sleep.' Then quickly, in a half-suffocated voice, 'I shall never marry. Never ask it of me. And I do not wish to reign . . . I wish to enter a convent.' . . ."

Her wish was granted. But it turned out to be Dead Sea fruit. How many others have looked for peace in a convent—and found a sword!

But the seed of destruction of this lovely life was sown by terrified statesmen.

A FIGHTER—WITH GARIBALDI

THREE times in my life have I met people who told me they did not know what fear was; all three were women. This may have been mere coincidence; it may, on the other hand, be based upon natural facts which will involve sooner or later a removal of artificial distinctions between the sexes. When Jessie White Mario said it I could not doubt it, for she had been on the battlefield more than once. One of the other two women who made the same assertion had fought both in women's and in men's regiments; she was a Russian.

Jessie White Mario was English. Having gone to Italy as correspondent of the *Daily News*, in fulfilment of a promise made to Mazzini, she was arrested and imprisoned on some charge connected with what she had written. She was already engaged to Alberto Mario, and the story goes that, he being imprisoned as she was, taught her Italian history by a system of raps upon the wall so that she might pass her time more pleasantly.

She was brought to trial. With studied insolence it was asked of her: "Do you know a certain Joseph Mazzini?" Her reply was fearless: "I do know Mazzini—the Christ of the century."

She was set at liberty. But I remember her telling me how in those stirring times friends outside the prison used to manage to send in all they wished in the way of correspondence: even hiding a folded slip in the pistil of a lily—"I have been a conspirator, and I know."

The year I made her acquaintance in Florence she took me into the hills for a month as her secretary. My job was the deciphering and the legible copying out of numbers of such slips—such folded letters as I have alluded to. They were mostly Mazzini's. I remember one of George Eliot's. They had in

many cases been carried in the lining of coats; the discovery of them would have cost the bearer his life or sent him into banishment. Mazzini's notes were written on scraps of paper in a minute handwriting which I had often to use a magnifying glass to read at all; and even then! . . . I sometimes sat there hesitant, and she would say: "Can't you make it out?" "No!" I would say, and take it to her: and she, accustomed as she was to his writing, would tell me what it was without hesitation.

She had tales to tell of Mazzini. When I could, I tried to evoke these memories. She told the story how Swinburne, young and ardent, had his first interview with his hero; coming into the room, rushing forward and kneeling, he clasped Mazzini's knees. Mazzini did not like it at all, she told me. Another story was of Mazzini in a house in Genoa, together with fellow patriots, being surrounded by the police who were after him. They were all round the house and they knew their bird was there. What did Mazzini do? Put on a great slouched hat and a cloak with the collar turned up; out he went, and passed through the midst of them talking Genoese, and they never knew him, and he got away. It was his eyes and brow that were so characteristic, she told me; and these were hidden by his hat.

She was a bold and fearless thinker, and had, I think, none of the consolations which carry most of us through danger and difficulty. Did she believe in a life beyond? She once said to me that when Mazzini died you simply could not admit that a moment before, he existed; a moment later, he was not. As to living before, she said: "I don't know about that: but if I have ever lived before, I was Italian, I love Italy so!"

Garibaldi she had known; she wrote his life and that of Mazzini, in Italian. She had nursed Garibaldi when wounded: he called her Sister. The last Christmas of her life I was her guest; and taking me into her guest chamber, in which hung framed a number of little photos of the Sicilian "mille" who went with Garibaldi from Genoa to free the peninsula, she said: "these are my saints." Standing there, she evoked the past, in words that come back to me like the refrain of a song:

"I remember when I was fishing with Garibaldi at Caprera, he said to me, Jessie. . . ."

We taught together at the school in Florence, the *Magistero Femminile*, now co-educational. Her students feared and adored her. What a thrilling kind of teaching! when at any moment she might

sit back in her chair and say: "Ah! when the cannon were roaring on the battlefield, *that* was life! nothing like teaching odds and ends of literature to you girls."

Being a republican, she had refused to accept a pension for her services from the Italian Government; let them give her work and pay her for it if they liked. Which they did.

She died haughtily, like Queen Elizabeth. The last time I was able to talk to her she lay propped with pillows in bed; indignant with the doctor who would not let her get up. "He thinks his will is stronger than mine," she said; and I remembered Elizabeth's "Little man! little man! is *must* a word to be used to princes?" When I came in she took the occasion to ask if I could (and would) help her to get out of the bed she hated. "Do you think you could lift me out without letting me slip into Kingdom-Come?" I wisely demurred, but her disgust was extreme. Finally she seemed resigned, and said:

"I'm at the end of my tether; I'm a 'gone coon.'"

She was old when I knew her, and her dearest had died and left her to a loneliness neither she nor they had ever anticipated. Fierce she was and tender; one never knew which element predominated: I think the latter. She did not spare one's feelings, but if she loved she did so for good and all. And there was one thing she could not endure and had no pity for—cowardice.

D. H. CORNISH.

A GOOD EXAMPLE

WE are indebted to a London friend for the following quotation from *Men of the Trees*, by Richard St. Barbe Baker: it shows how very much the "civilized" world has to learn from "savages"!

"The girls and women wear their hair long and plaited. They are well set up, with boyish figures. They carry themselves gracefully when walking, and yet have the stride of a man. The woman is far more the comrade of her husband; she is treated as an equal and will often hunt with him, or take her turn to hunt alone, while the man will stay at home and mind the baby. It is even quite a common thing to find a brother and sister hunting together, for at an early age the equality of the sexes, both as regards responsibility and usefulness, is recognised, and the young lad of seventeen or eighteen does not

regard it as *infra dig.* to be seen about with his sister, whom he will often take with him on a long hunting trip" (p. 72).

The people referred to are forest dwellers of Equatorial Africa; probably of Bantu stock.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

WHEN the unemployed forced an entry to the House of Commons on March 2nd, 1934, it was reported in the *Daily Express* that the intruders resisted ejection by holding on to the seats—a mode of behaviour that had been devised by the suffragettes some twenty-five years ago. Here we see men adopting the defensive methods of women; whilst a few lines further down the column, we learn that a woman assumed the attitude of male chivalry by shouting to the police officers, "*Don't knock those men about!*"

ANOTHER CASE OF SEX CHANGE

A GOOD deal of attention has been attracted by the case of the member of a family named Hutchison, at Cowdenbeath, who until three months ago, was a girl, and is now a boy.

An eminent medical man, says *Reynolds'* correspondent, has taken an interest in "him." Three months ago Margaret Hutchison was taken ill and went into a Fife institution. There, an amazing sex change took place, resulting in the patient being discharged with all the characteristics of a male. "He" is now dressed and working as a boy.

Reynolds' medical correspondent says that all sorts of queer sex combinations have been discovered, many causing no trouble to the patient. Thus, at a London hospital recently a woman, married and apparently normal in every respect, was operated on. The startling discovery was then made that, if only the sex glands were taken into consideration, she was really a male. Needless to say she was not told, for she lives happily as a woman.

In cases of so-called intermediate sex there is hardly ever any physical abnormality to be detected, and they are usually healthy persons, whose minds appear to be of a different sex from their bodies.

—*Reynolds' Newspaper*, March 25th.

NOTICE

OWING to the continued high level of prices, it has been decided to go to press three times in 1934 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 hós angeloi.*"

URANIA

A register is kept of those who hold these principles, and all who are entered in it will receive this leaflet while funds admit. Names should be sent to J. Wade, York House, Portugal Street, London, W.C.; E. Roper, 14, Frognal Gardens, London, N.W.; D. H. Cornish, 33, Kildare Terrace, Bayswater, London, W.; T. Baty, Temple, London, E.C.

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TO OUR FRIENDS

URANIA denotes the company of those who are bound by a common
organisation of humanity in all its manifestations.

I repeat convinced that this quality has resulted in the formation of two worlds
and into two types. They are not a result of the state of
things no matter of "civilization" or "barbarism" will suffer which do not begin by
a complete refusal to recognize the quality itself.

If the world is to be a better and a more humane condition in the same individual,
the recognition of that quality must be given up. It is inevitable that in the
evolution of the world the character which is bound on it.

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