

URANIA.

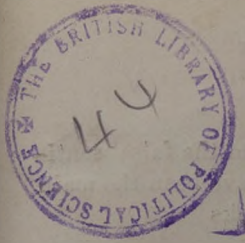
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WAR NUMBER.

URANIA

No. 19.

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1920.

TWO-MONTHLY.

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

TO THE READER.

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 angelæ."

A register is kept of those who hold these principles, and all who are entered in it will receive this leaflet while funds admit. Names should be sent to J. Wade, York House, Portugal Street, London, W. C.; E. Gore-Booth and E. Roper, 33, Fitzroy Square, London, N. W.; D. H. Cornish, 32, Via dell' Erta Canina, Florence, Italy; T. Baty, Temple, London, E. C.

Will those who are already readers and who would like us to continue sending them copies, kindly do us the favour of sending a post-card to one of the above addresses? We should much appreciate suggestions and criticisms.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

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

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

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

THE DUSK OF THE WAR-GODS.

THE present seems an advantageous time to collect for permanent reference a few observations on the topic of war, gathered from various sources during the past four or five years. Let us begin with a quotation from the Inaugural address of W. W. Vaughan, Head of Wellington College and the President of the Association of Headmasters:—

Mr. Vaughan said some of their educational schemes and hopes had been postponed for a generation; others, unless they were vigilant, would vanish for ever. It was not over material disappointment that the bitterest tears should be shed; they must chiefly grieve for the ideals, threatened, if not shattered, by all the vulgar materialism which was called forth by war, and which could never be compensated for even by chivalry, courage, self-sacrifice, and noble endurance.

Next Canon E. A. Burroughs (and we may add that he seems to have the concurrence of Dean Inge). In preaching at the Central Hall, Manchester, the Rev. E. A. Burroughs, Canon of Peterborough, said the war had not made men or nations good. For more than four years we had been facing the greatest chance in history of a fresh start all round. Now we saw the world's chance had gone, a fresh start had not been made, and we were faced with a breakdown of civilisation, which so many of our best and dearest gave their lives to save. Apparently not even four and a-half years of war had been enough to make us really and honestly resolve to bring God back again. It was only when conscience was everywhere supreme that men would be able to trust one another, and it was the first condition of peace both at home and abroad.

AND now S. Macnaghtan, as reviewed in the London *Daily News* by Henry English. "S. Macnaghtan, author of "A Lame Dog's Diary" and other books, was known in thousands of homes for her kindly humor. When the war began she at once engaged in nursing, and served with the Red Cross in Belgium, August 1914, and afterwards in France, Russia and Persia. She died recently. Her diary has now been published under the title of "My War Experiences in Two Continents." It is, as the following review by Henry English in the London *Daily News*

will show, refreshingly free from the false sentiment and flapdoodle which have been the main ingredients in too many war books.

The diary in which she describes her experiences of war-work in Belgium, France, Russia, and Persia, however—experiences that undoubtedly hastened her death—contains few evidences (writes Mr. English) that it is from the pen of a humorist. The editor of the book remarks with apparent surprise that "there is a note of depression and sadness, and perhaps even of criticism," running through it. One would have thought that the spectacle of dying and tortured men might have had a certain depressing effect on any sensitive spirit. There is assuredly no need to explain it by telling us that the author was seriously ill.

The interest of this book is due largely to the fact that the author is a brilliant lady setting down faithfully all her moods, whether of hero-worship, disillusion, love of country, or hatred of war. Though a lady of religious, if not of orthodox, temperament, she even confesses that in the first shattering days in Belgium religion gave her little aid.

"I myself am surprised to find that religion is not my best support. When I go into the little chapel to pray, it is all too tender, the divine Mother and the Child and the holy atmosphere. I begin to feel rather sorry for myself. I don't know why; then I go and move beds and feel better; but I have found that just to behave like a well-bred woman is what keeps me up best. I had thought that the Flag or Religion would have been stronger incentives to me.

Our own soldiers seem to find self-respect their best asset. It is amazing to see the difference between them and the Belgians, who are terribly poor hands at bearing pain, and beg for morphia all the time.

She gives a vivid picture of the self-respecting courage of non-combatants as they crowded into the cellars during the bombardment of Antwerp:

"Sometimes when we heard a crash near by we asked: "Is that the convent?" but nothing else was said. All spoke cheerfully, and there was some laughter in the further cellar. One little

red-haired nurse enjoyed the whole thing. I saw her carry three wounded men in succession on her back down to the cellar. I found myself wishing that for me a shot would come and finish the horrible night. Still we all chatted and smiled and made little jokes.

There were times, however, when the "cheerio" attitude of her fellow-countrymen got on her nerves. She was annoyed by the enthusiasm of the people at home over the "splendid retreat" of the marines from Antwerp:

"What struck me most about these men was the way in which they blew their own trumpets in full retreat and while flying from the enemy. We travelled all day in the train with them, and had long conversations with them all. They were all saying: "We will bring you the Kaiser's head, miss"; to which I replied, "Well, you had better turn round and go the other way." Some people like this "English" spirit. I find the conceit of it most trying. Belgium is in the hands of the enemy, and we flee before him, singing our own praises loudly as we do so."

Though all her soul was with her countrymen in the war, she never stooped to hatred of her enemies, and she records good of them when good can be recorded. She tells, for instance, of a wounded German's unselfishness after the battle at Dixmunde:

"I found one young German with both hands smashed. He was not ill enough to have a bed, of course, but sat with his head fallen forward trying to sleep on a chair. I fed him with porridge and milk out of a little bowl, and when he had finished half of it he said, "I won't have any more. I am afraid there will be none for the others." I got a few cushions for him, and laid him in a corner of the room. Nothing disturbs the deep sleep of these men. They seem not so much exhausted as dead with fatigue."

Later on in her diary Miss Macnaghtan confesses to a liking for the Germans as individuals:

"Individually, I always like them, and it is useless to say I don't. They are all polite and grateful, and I thought today, when the prisoners were surrounded by a gaping crowd, that they bore themselves very well. After all, one can't

expect a whole nation of mad dogs. A Scotchman said: "The ones opposite us (i. e., in the trenches) were a very respectable lot of men."

At the same time, she cherished no illusions as to war's capacity for making men nobler. She writes in one place:

"I think everyone (every woman) out here has noticed how indifferent and really "nasty" people are to each other at the front. It is one of the singular things about the war, because one always hears it said that it is deepening people's characters, purifying them, and so on. As far as my experience goes, it has shown me the reverse. I have seldom known so much quarrelling, and there is a sort of queer unhappiness which has nothing to do with the actual war or loss of friends. I can't be mistaken about it, because, I see it on all sides."

Miss Macnaghtan was especially horrified by the sort of war-time woman Mr. Bennett has portrayed in the society chapters of "The Pretty Lady."

"The craze for men baffles me. I see women, dead tired, perk up, and begin to be sparkling as soon as a man appears; and when they are alone they just seem to sink back into apathy and fatigue. Why won't these mad creatures stop at home? I hate it for women's sake, and for England's."

It is a sombre, truthful, original narrative.

And lastly, William Shepherd: William G. Shepherd, one of the most brilliant correspondents this war has produced, has written for *Every Week*, an American magazine, an article in which he sets forth the idea that there are worse things in this war than the slaughter. Mr. Shepherd, who writes for the United Press, summarizes his article in the following extract:

"Isn't the slaughter terrible?"

Everybody who returns to the United States from the war in Europe is asked this question trite as it seems.

My answer must always be:

"Dying or killing are not the most terrible things that war brings to a man, woman or child. In Europe you see worse things than dying or

killing. Worse things happen to European folk than being killed or crippled."

The first dead men I saw in the war, back in those early and old-time days in Belgium, struck me as having been uselessly murdered, and the sight left a baleful impression on my mind, for a time. To my surprise, however, I soon beheld such sights without emotion. But there was one sight—one manifestation of the horrors of war—that I could not accustom myself to view without a mental shudder: This was the sight of vast bodies of men marching or camping.

There they were, men of family, of business, of ideals, of religion, all brought down to the same level—all alike. Like barrels whose hoops have been removed, these men, individually, in their lives and in their characters have fallen apart since the binding support of their home environment has been taken away from round about them. The impression that they were like animals, like herded unthinking beasts, was so strong upon me that at night in my sleep, instead of seeing dead and mangled bodies, I saw in my dream vast bodies of soldiers passing before me, each man wearing the head of some beast instead of his own. They were not brutal, leonine men-animals I saw: only patient, dumb, obedient, long-suffering, kindly ones, such as cattle, deer, horses, dogs.

To be turned into such a man is worse than death, and among thinking men in the six armies that I saw at close range I often found soldiers and officers who realized what sort of beings they had become. There are penalties just short of death for men in the various armies who sicken of being unthinking men-animals and try to find a way out of their plight by suicide—who stick their heads above the trenches or who wound themselves with their own rifles.

The moral and mental disintegration that is caused by the surroundings of military service in individual cases is shocking. This applies to all armies that I have seen.

"That fellow would be better dead," said a friend of mine, as an Englishman we had known in peace times walked away from us after a chance meeting in the Strand. "Everything that was good in him is dead already."

Only a year before, this man had been a star of Fleet Street. He wrote with a sympathy and an understanding of human nature that made his work stand out. But as we saw him, after a year in the army as a noncommissioned officer, the grime of war was on his soul as well as on his body.

"I've quit writing," he said, with a weak grin that displayed the absence of two front teeth. "Something's happened to me. I can't ever write again. I don't even try to do it. Anyhow, what's the use? It's all war."

The man that he had been a year before would have killed himself with his own gun rather than become the man we saw and talked with that afternoon in the Strand.

"No more books or music and no more women. I'm simply rotting mentally." I have had officers make this confession to me in five different languages in five different armies. "I'm rotting, and I can't help it."

Not all the bad things of war happen to human bodies.

MORALITY OF "DRAFT."

THE habit of thinking in absolutes had led the debate on conscription into strange paths. We are told that conscription is based on the principle of equality of sacrifice. Yet in the same breath we are informed that the first draft is to consist of less than half of one per cent of the population. There is no equality of burden about it. It is not an equal obligation of citizenship. Women are exempt, the middle-aged and elderly are exempt, the physically unfit are exempt. All sorts of agricultural, industrial, scientific and administrative workers will be exempt, married men will probably be exempt in the first draft at least. Yet mature people with a straight face speak of equality.

Thereupon the anti-conscriptionist, seeing through the humbug of equality, proceeds to idealize the humbug of free will in the volunteer system. That a percentage of men will enlist freely is undoubtedly true, but to these men the legal compulsion is not coercive. They have not lost their free will because they freely wish to do

what the government compels them to do. But these men are only a portion of those who are recruited under volunteering. The rest are hypnotized, cajoled, shamed, and stung into volunteering.

The real issue narrows itself down to three classes of men: those who can be bullied into volunteering, those who have conscientious objections to military service, and those who do not know whether it is their duty to enlist. That this third class gains peace of mind by conscription there can be no doubt, and it is a very large class. In a war of the kind we are now fighting the number of people who serve behind the line of fire is much larger than those who actually face the enemy. Under the volunteer system these men are exposed to the taunt of "slacker" and to constant conscientious doubt as to whether they are slackers. Conscription abolishes their moral difficulties. It also abolishes them for those who would otherwise have been bullied sooner or later into volunteering.

Where conscription bears heavily is upon those who do not wish to fight under any circumstances. This class is mixed. It includes the true conscientious objectors who are so radically opposed to war that they will endure death or imprisonment rather than take part in it. They are very brave men and their sincerity is proved by their unwillingness to accept alternative service of any kind. With the chance to do safe and respected work they still prefer the danger of standing out for their conviction. They are a precious element in any society, and conscription which does not respect them is being brutally administered. But the class of those who do not wish to fight is larger than that of the moral heroes. It contains the real slackers who are more afraid of the danger and hardships of war than of social ostracism. But it contains also men whose nerves are not strong enough, men to whom war is so terrible that it fills them with panic. These men are bound to suffer inordinately under conscription. They are not easy to exempt, and few people in a state of patriotic exaltation would be generous enough to wish them exempted. They are not sustained by the religious or political idealism of the conscientious objector. Under the volunteer system

they are able to hide and escape the storm of war. Conscription takes them—they are the margin of sheer tragedy which it involves.

Wisely administered, conscription would altogether exempt the conscientious objector and would provide alternative service for those who cannot bear the horror of war. In the last analysis it is these two groups of men, the heretics and the nervously defective, who require special treatment under conscription. They are the only ones who suffer by the abandonment of volunteering. To them alone does compulsion make a vital difference. Balancing their loss we may set down the elimination of the imbecilities and compulsions of a recruiting campaign, the escape from uncertainty among all men of military age.

In accepting conscription we turn over the moral decision from the individual and his group to the men who are in charge of the war. We accept almost absolute dictatorship. We put this lawful power into the hands of men who happen to control the state. It would be mere cant to sentimentalize this as democracy or equality. The engine of conscription is autocratic, unfair, and ruthless. It gives some men the power to select other men for terrible sacrifices.

Ugly as it is, nothing is gained by fighting conscription itself, for the alternative is no less ugly and infinitely more wasteful. Conscription is a weapon, like the machine-gun and the torpedo, a weapon of war. War may be waged in defense of equality and democracy, in behalf of peace and order. But the method and logic of war is violent and autocratic, and it is always an interruption and a suspension of the more voluntary and liberal processes of life. When a democracy goes to war, it is compelled for the emergency to lay aside much of its own character.

When men say that Prussian militarism is a menace to them, they do not mean that Prussia is about to conquer the United States. They mean that a triumphant Prussia would keep men in such a state of apprehension that they would be compelled to imitate Prussia in order to feel secure. Therefore it is no surprise to find that in resisting Prussia we too are forced to adopt much of the machinery which has made her militarism great.*

* [Is liberty, then, supremely good for all purposes except its own defence?—URANIA]

URANIA

We live in the faith that if her militarism can be discredited Germany will in turn adopt the spirit which makes democracy tolerant.

The problem of conscription comes down finally to the question of whether it was right to meet Germany with force. For once you accept the premise that war against Germany was necessary, the difference between conscription and volunteering is merely between more and less compulsory, more and less burdensome, more and less wasteful methods of conducting that war.

Whether war against Germany was wise will not be finally settled until the Peace Conference is over. The decision to enter the war was a decision to embrace a great opportunity. The courage, the effectiveness, the wisdom, and the justice with which we can use that opportunity is still to be shown. We have adopted the most terrible means known to man to accomplish one of the greatest ends ever offered to man. We have still to see whether we can make the end justify the means.

The New Republic.

WAR AND PEACE.

So I came to a scene of Witches' Sabbath,
Ear-cracking cannon-claps made devils' thunder,
Mixed with the hiss and flare of foul explosives
And screams of disemboweled men and horses.
Green o'er the soil a ghastly vapor glided,
In heaven, roaring, hung death-raining navies,
Rocks burst into eye-gouging chips of granite,
The waters spouted up in boiling pillars,
Death boomed at once from earth and sky and ocean,
And men of every race, black, white or yellow,
At death-grips clawed and stabbed and bit and throttled.
Miasma-breeding, lay unburied corpses,
Envied of youths gangrened and semi-frozen.
Leviathans ten thousand shipwrights toiled at,
With freights, the harvests of a world of workers,
Were gulped like paper-boats, and as an infant
Rubs figures from its slate, the painful garner
Of generations—cities, railways, harbors—
And carven treasure of the Middle Ages
Were childishly expunged. I saw around me—
Looming incarnadined, phantasmagoric—

Millions of torsos, eyeless, noseless, limbless,
Millions of women, binding up the bleeding,
Millions of women, wailing over the corpses
To make which other women fashioned fireballs;
On all the roads processions blister-footed—
Old men, and haggard women, violated,
And crying children falling dead from hunger.
God! such a maze and burr bemused my brain-cells,
That half distraught I asked a dying groaner,
"What is this place, and what purports this frenzy?"

"It is," he said, with kindling eye and accent,
"The plain of Armageddon, and the war
For righteousness."

I fled that dreadful valley
Stumbling through bloody mists and fumes and roarings,
Until the last reverberations faded,
And in the sunlit grounds of some great mansion
I found sweet haven. There among the roses,
And on the grass in all its green enchantment,
Walked gentle women with attendant mankind,
Whilst here and there upon the sward recumbent

Beside their shadows in some nook of summer,
I noted peaceful figures so engrossed.
Each seemed the spirit of the brooding season.
One read, one toyed with chess-men, one lay fluting.
One wrote a scroll in inks of many colours,
One drew great pentagons and epicycles,
One calculated horoscopes; the noblest,
A priestly figure with beard white-flowing,
Interpreted a text apocalyptic.
Enraptured with this place of peace, I questioned
A passer what it was.
Quoth he, "A mad-house."
—*Israel Zangwill.*

VICTORY OF SUFFRAGE IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE national suffrage amendment adopted by the United States Senate on June 4, is:
"Proposing an amendment to the constitution of the United States extending the right of suffrage, to women.

URANIA

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled (two-thirds of each house concurring therein):

"That the following article be proposed to the legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the constitution of the United States which, when ratified by three-fourths of the said legislatures, shall be valid as part of said constitution, namely:

"Article —, Section 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex.

"Sec. 2. Congress shall have power, by appropriate legislation, to enforce the provisions of this article."

The resolution was drafted in its present form by Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton in 1875.

It was first introduced by Senator A. Sargent of California in 1878.

It was defeated: In the Senate, Jan. 25, 1887, yeas 16, nays 34; March 19, 1914, yeas 35, nays 34; Oct. 1, 1918, yeas 54, nays 30; Feb. 10, 1919, yeas 55, nays 29.

In the House of Representatives, Jan. 12, 1915, yeas 174, nays 204.

Passed: In the House of Representatives, Jan. 10, 1918, yeas 274, nays 136.

In the House of Representatives, May 21, 1919, yeas 304, nays 89.

In the Senate, June 4, 1919, yeas 56, nays 25.

PIONEERS IN SUFFRAGE CAUSE.

IT IS easy now to be a suffragist, but it used not to be. With all these hundreds of women coming from every part of the country, voters and non-voters alike, to the fiftieth convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association in St. Louis, one thinks for a minute of those other women, the pioneers. There is a kind of glory around their names now, but there was little glory about their lives. It is good to know a little bit of what they went through.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, one of the women who issued the call for the Woman's Rights Convention in Seneca Falls, July 19 and 20, 1848,

was born November 12, 1815. She read the famous "Declaration of Sentiments" before that Convention and proposed a resolution to grant the franchise to women. At that time many of her fellow-workers for women's rights in other fields were opposed to her doing so because of the public ridicule that it would incur. By her advocacy, from 1840 to 1880, of the laws to give married women in New York their property rights, the status of women all over the United States has been elevated. Mrs. Stanton spent her lifetime in working for justice for women. She was one of the conveners of the first National Woman Suffrage Convention in Washington, D. C., January, 1869. She was the president of the National Woman Suffrage Association for many years and the first president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association.

SUSAN B ANTHONY, who was born in Adams, Mass., February 15, 1820, devoted her whole lifetime of eighty-six years to the cause of woman's freedom. Like many early suffragists she was of Quaker descent. Her first efforts were for women school-teachers. After the Woman's Rights Convention in Seneca Falls she awoke to women's need of emancipation in other fields. In 1851 she met Elizabeth Cady Stanton and gave herself to the suffrage cause, while continuing to work for temperance and the abolition of the slaves.

She was persecuted, ostracized, mobbed, burned in effigy for all the reforms dear to her heart. Through the influence of Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, a convention was called in Albany on February 14, 1854, to secure legislation for equal property rights for women and equal guardianship of children. The latter measure, granted by the Legislature, was repealed in 1860 while the women who worked for it were absorbed in protecting the interests of the negroes.

Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton were joint editors of the *Revolution*, a paper for the advancement of equal suffrage. They, with Lucretia Mott and others, were conveners of the first National Woman Suffrage Association in January, 1869. Miss Anthony followed Mrs. Stanton as president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, serving that Association as national leader from 1892 to 1900, when she was followed by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt from 1900

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to 1904. Dr. Shaw was the third person to hold this office. She was president till 1915, when Mrs. Catt again became national leader.

LUCY STONE, called the "Morning Star" of the woman's rights movement, was born August 13, 1818, on a farm near West Brookfield, Mass. She was the first Massachusetts woman to take a college degree. She worked nine years to earn money enough to put herself through Oberline, where she graduated in 1847. Even in Oberlin she was not permitted to read her own commencement essay, as it "would not be proper" because she was a woman. In 1855 she was married to Henry Blackwell by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the only clergyman who was willing to leave out the word "obey" in the marriage service. By mutual consent of husband and wife she was always called Lucy Stone, without taking her husband's family name.

In Orange, N. J., where they lived when their daughter was born, Lucy Stone refused to pay her taxes unless she was given representation at the polls. The tax collectors sold her household goods, including the baby's cradle. With the baby on her knee the mother wrote her protest against taxation without representation. In 1866 she helped found the American Equal Rights Association. In 1869 she was co-founder of the American Woman Suffrage Association. In 1870 she and her husband began the *Woman's Journal*. In 1867 she campaigned in Kansas in furtherance of the cause dear to her heart. She died in 1893 after nearly fifty years of constant devotion to the advancement of women, her first woman's rights speech having been made in 1847.

MARY A. LIVERMORE made her first speech for suffrage in May, 1869, in Boston. She was the woman who then said: "Why don't these brothers of ours call us, the reserves, into action? We could help them." This same cry was echoed by women of all countries in the great war of 1914-1918. But it was first said by Mrs. Livermore, who had been a famous nurse during the Civil War.

Mrs. Livermore, who had published the *Agitator* in Chicago, went to Boston in 1870 as one of the editors of the *Woman's Journal*, with Lucy Stone and Henry Blackwell. Assistant editors were: *Julia Ward Howe*, *William Lloyd Garrison*, and Col. *Thomas Wentworth Higginson*. One of Mrs. Livermore's greatest tasks was her report of the sanitary work done by women in the war. Through their patriotic service to the soldiery in the Civil War the United States first realized women's talent for administering great enterprises.

THE REV. ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL, D. D., was the first woman in the country to be regularly ordained as a minister. She was born in Henrietta, N. Y., in 1825, studied at Oberlin Theological Seminary, and was ordained in a Congregational church in South Butler, N. Y., in 1853. She married in 1855 Samuel A.—brother of Henry—Blackwell. She was expelled from the platform of the World's Temperance Convention in New York in 1853 because she was a woman. The resolution expelling her read somewhat as follows:

'Resolved, That we recognize women as efficient helpers in the home, but not on the platform.'

She became pastor and afterwards pastor emeritus of All Souls' Unitarian Church in Elizabeth, N. J.

EMILY BLACKWELL, M. D., sister of Elizabeth, obtained permission in 1852 to enter Medical College of Chicago. She was allowed to take the lectures but not to graduate. She journeyed from college to college—ten colleges in all—to find one which would take her in. She began attending the clinics in Bellevue, New York, but was not permitted to continue. In 1853 she was received for graduation in Western Reserve College, of Cleveland. She spent a year in London clinics and became assistant to Dr. Simpson, of St. Bartholomew's, Edinburgh. She went from Edinburgh to the Maternite in Paris, where she was, with one exception, the only educated woman. The other women students were mainly peasant women being prepared as midwives. She, with her sister Elizabeth, with much difficulty raised \$300 for the medical education of women in the United States. A year later a dispensary was incorporated and in 1857 a hospital was added, the New York Infirmary for Women and Children.

The first woman physician in America received her degree of M. D., in Geneva, N. Y., in 1848. She was *Elizabeth Blackwell* and was born in Bristol, England. When she was twenty-one she determined to become a physician, but her application for admission was refused by nearly all of the leading medical colleges of the United States and Canada. A little medical college in Geneva accepted her, but although she was one of the most brilliant pupils, she suffered social ostracism in the town. She afterwards attended medical hospitals in Europe and practiced in several Continental hospitals.

—*St. Louis Correspondent.*