



CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.

URANIA

No. 18.

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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 hôs angeloï.*”

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. You may be had for the asking—seats in legislatures are open—but there is a vista of spiritual progress which far transcends all political matters. It is the abolition of “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!

BIOGRAPHICAL.

IN THIS sad December season there comes the melancholy news of the departure of two of our friends and supporters—one past the maturity of her powers: one just entering on what her friends hoped would be a brilliant career.

Eleanor A. Allen was introduced to the writer twenty years ago by Elizabeth Wolstenholme (Elmy). We had inquired for a feminist who would do type-writing. Some glimmering was in our mind of giving assistance to a struggling fellow-creature, taking to typing instead of "marriage as a career" But E. A. Allen was not by any means to be described as "struggling." Though she was apt to complain that London did not pay its bills with the business promptitude and regularity that a tyro might expect, she had sound connection and sufficient work. Later, our business acquaintance ripened into friendship; and we recall several cheerful evenings spent at her flat off Vincent Square, where she lived with a widowed sister, her opposite in almost every respect but kindness. The death of that sister some three years ago, deeply affected her Eleanor Allen was one of the old school of suffragists of the pre-militant days, very proud of having been one of the first to ride a bicycle in the things disrespectfully called "bloomers," very keen and spirited, gifted with strong convictions which she did not care to hide, and generous and warm-hearted to a fault. She was small and wiry in build, with bright eyes like a bird's, delicate features, and energetic ways. What her attitude to militancy was, I do not recollect. I think that without condemning militants, she felt that militancy was not for her. She had travelled in Holland and elsewhere, and had a wide range of interests and considerable intellectual power.

Certainly a pioneer: and who shall measure what the present day owes to those pioneers of the Eighties who broke their way into business and sport? Every unthinking girl to-day does what they were the reckless first to do: but their name and example ought not to be forgotten.

REGINA GUHA was a pioneer of another kind. India is a land where the field of feminism is almost virgin soil. It is much, if a girl writes poetry, or advises ladies on legal matters behind the purdah. But Regina Guha boldly desired to

practise law in the courts and sought admission to the Bar. Had she lived a few years longer, she would undoubtedly have had her desire—she was only refused on the ground of English precedent by the High Court of Calcutta. Through a mutual friend, the writer had the pleasure of communicating with her by letter. She expressed the highest approval of "Urania" and its aims: and only the pressure of work kept her from active cooperation with us. She accorded us full permission to use her name: a permission which was on our part very highly valued. Her letters give the impression of a lofty spirit, set high above the stress and grossness of earth. She was a poet as well as a jurist—had taken the first place in the examination for her Master of Arts degree at Calcutta—and she died before she was twenty-seven.

She would have been a great help to our movement. But perhaps it is more in keeping with her austere and ethereal personality that she should disappear in the full splendour of her youth, before the inevitable sordid struggles of the advocate's life and the realization of the brazen power of Human Stupidity had dimmed it.

We are thankful to have known such people and to know that there are many others to hand on the torch of achievement.

WOMAN AND THE CHURCH.

"Many feel that a consecrated building is not the place in which a woman can, with due dignity and propriety, address a mixed congregation."

So writes the Rev. A. V. Magee. And at last he gives the reason which many clergymen have hinted at, but not had the courage to express. They have referred to a "fundamental reason" which made it inexpedient for women to minister in churches. But so far the "fundamental reason" has never been explained. Mr. Magee at last explains it. It is a sex question pure and simple, and it is there that in his opinion the barrier lies. Not only does he say that a woman priesthood is morally inexpedient, but that a consecrated building is not a place where a woman can, with dignity and propriety, address a "mixed congregation." Shall I confess it? I read those words only one hour after I had been addressing a mixed congregation at St. Botolph's. Note the words "a mixed congregation." It appears that Mr.

Magee would have no objection to women speaking as long as men were not present.

His reason is a purely sex reason. A woman may give a message, but not if men are present. It seems as though sex obsession could go no further. It is well that one man has had the courage to come out in the open. It is well for two reasons. The first one is that this "sex" reason is always the last ditch. When women wished to enter Universities, the reason first given was that the whole idea was ridiculous, because they had not the mental capacity. They were mentally inferior to men. When by degrees that argument was proved a false one, and after various other reasons were given, finally comes the sex one. The presence of women students in a University town would upset the stability and morality of the men! When the suffrage agitation was carried on many reasons were given why women should not vote—too many to enumerate here. Then came the final argument against it. Sir Almroth Wright's despairing shriek—purely a sex one—on the very eve of victory. It was the last ditch.

So we welcome Mr. Magee's challenge, while feeling a little sorry for him, that he should think imaginary nasty conversation in a smoking-room is likely to influence those who know that the movement Miss Royden has pioneered will bring new life to the Church.

Mr. Magee brings forward the old story, "It is a law of nature against which we shall strive in vain." It is hard to be patient under such provocation as this. We are glad Mr. Magee has come out into the open, glad because his argument is always the last-ditch argument, glad because now that we know what this "fundamental" reason is, we can deal with it. Is it unkind in this connection to say that some men are uncommon only in their uncommon stupidity, in their continual refusal to learn from experience, in their persistent clinging to tradition in the face of all the facts of life? How often has this argument, that the laws of nature are against women rendering a service to mankind, been brought forward only to be proved false to the very core?

Women possess to-day a wealth of service which they can bring to the ministry of the Church. Who observing the younger generation can fail to see this? The difference between

men and women has always been exaggerated. Yet differences exist, and our ineffective Churches to-day stand in need of the contribution which women, and which women alone, can give.

Edith Picton-Turberville in The Daily News (London) 3 June 1919.

FEMINISM, ARISTOCRACY
AND PACIFICISM.

BY "THETA"

(Continued from No. 16, p. 2.)

I HAVE put forward this view out of no anxiety to be paradoxical. I believe that it is a view essentially sound, and that the neglect of it is making for very serious consequences. The root of that considerate temper which flowers and fruits in courtesy, tenderness, peace, kindness to animals, charm, refinement, is in the cultivated classes and especially in the feminine ideal. If we suppress the cultivated feminine ideal, we destroy the life of the world.

I am quite aware that Oxford which is stupidly supposed to be the home of culture because it talks a great deal about it, sees the most absurd riotousness from night to night. Wild smashings of windows and chairs, reckless oaths and drunkenness, mobbings, hebetude of all kinds! And yet, compare it with what one expects from colliers and roughs, and it seems almost normal. The dark picture melts into sober grey; noblemen fox hunt; but do miners read Browning? They course the little rabbit, perhaps the most cowardly amusement of mankind. The county Durham at one time, (not so long ago) enjoyed deplorable reputation for crimes of brutal violence. Was it the cultivated classes in the county who committed them? Let the reader ask herself which she would rather travel with in a crowded railway compartment:—Nine Durham miners, Yorkshire stable-boys or East-End pawnbrokers—or nine of the despised middle classes? I will even go to an extreme, and say, Nine lawyers? You can find very good company among the masses, if you make the best of them,—but it takes some making. The masses themselves know their deficiencies perfectly well,—their term of

* Never mind who was 'responsible for them,' we can discuss that afterwards!

compliment is: You're a gentleman! The real aim of their individual ambition is not fine clothes and food—silk, peaches and cigars: it is the honourable ambition to escape from their class to become gentlemen. Labour leaders, clothed in broadcloth, may repudiate such an ignoble ambition, and declare that the real aim of the working man is first-folio Shakespeares and gold watches: that does not hinder it from being entertained.

Any sane mind will sympathise with the ambition, and will say with Lorimer of Edinburgh—"Would Heaven they were all gentle!" They are not, however, all gentle. Dimly and stupidly, we all have it in our minds to make the whole nation "gentle." But most of us think it can be done by quenching the gentle class. The old enthusiasm of the nineteenth century for equality of protection has given place to an almost universal acceptance of the idea of equality of treatment: and this spells the extinction of special culture. Our precious drop of *Elixir vitae* is to be spilled into the bucket of cold water and it might as well be thrown away altogether. Universal subjection to the rough, arbitrary methods of the elementary school will certainly be fatal to the ideal of feminine culture. The classes which are the depositaries of the age-long tradition of considerate refinement simply will not stand it for their children. They will die out. And we shall have ennobled the masses of England by extinguishing the spark of loveliness. Not at all a hopeful operation!

One cannot endow the masses with the virtues of the classes simply by calling them their equals and herding them together. Whether you like it or not, the only result will be to drive the cultured away, possibly to other lands: possibly to other worlds:—but they will not leave their children with you.

There is one slow way of diffusing the refined culture of the higher classes among the whole commonwealth. It is the eternally valid Right of the depressed classes that it shall be tried. But it will not be tried, because it promises no lightning results, and because it is infinitely troublesome. The privileged must teach the depressed. Instead of leaving the work of National Education

in the main to pert young people who would otherwise have been clerks and dressmakers, the country should put the schools in the hands of the pleasantest and best brought-up of its population. It would be very expensive indeed: but less expensive than civil war or the extinction of high civilization. It is the only way of diffusing that sweet consideration which is the prerogative of the cultivated classes among the people at large. Reckless mixing is ruinous. Disdainful segregation is criminal. Infinitely careful and expensive filtration is the only road to success.

But it will not be taken. We shall probably see an attempt in the near future to introduce a forced mingling of classes and a uniformity of treatment. The result will be a dark age. And it will not be a peaceful one either.

The assumption that democracy, (by which—let us frankly admit it—is meant the exaltation of the rough and masculine lower class) will bring about peace on earth, is common, but insane. The cause of war is, as it was and always will be, one thing alone—Human Ferocity. No schemes of statesmen, no greed of capitalists, would or could produce a day's war, if there were not people to fall back upon who are prepared to do the work of wholesale slaughter. If we imagine that by casting out the painfully won treasure of refinement—delicacy and compassion that has been evolved in the shape of the well-bred classes, we shall diminish the sum of ferocity we are making a serious and rather obvious miscalculation:

I cannot but fear that all this is blatant heresy in the ears and eyes of many who read these lines. They will make one or other of two replies. Either they will say—*Delicate consideration for others is of no consequence*: or they will say—*The (so called) lower classes are full of delicate consideration!* Mr C. Chesterton might, perhaps, have said the first, and Mr. W. Whitman the second. But speaking for myself, I do not feel inclined to accept either of these replies. I think that those who adopt either of them are heading straight for barbarism. And I think it far from improbable that an age of barbarism will come. Not an age of flint-axe barbarism: but an age of horse-hair sofa and gramophone barbarism, in

which the goggle-eyed cinema heroine is the highest type of human achievement and the ultimate object of earthly admiration.

[We take this opportunity of repeating that "Theta" is alone responsible for the views expressed in this essay—URANIA]

THE LITTLE ROOM.

HOW far away the world seems now
While we two watch alone
Our fiery-calyxed blossom grow
Visible, erst to sight unknown!

Deserted miles of mazy streets
Compass the house around.
Here at Love's labyrinth-heart each greets
Holiness, uttering no sound.

Slowly our thoughts, through eyes resolve
Each other's rounded good, . . .
Long love-glances mingle and dissolve
Silent as mood ebbs into mood.

Sometimes twin hands enfold a face
Touching with scarce a touch,
And the eyes' currents, deepened, race
Exchanging what no hand can clutch.

Sometimes the hands, all quiet, slip
Behind the leaning head,
And silent lip meets silent lip
When speak we though no word is said.

O holiness! O quiet! Belov'd,
Time was when we did lack,
Unrecognised of each we moved,
Have we not set blind Fortune back

We thank thee, spirit of love, who are
Foreign to Time and Doom.
Freed by thee of this doomed star
Here in this love-filled little room!

ROBERT NICHOLS,—in *The New Witness*.

NOTES.

February 28, 1908: I visited the Charmer to-day and stayed on unconscionably long time. No one has bewitched me in this way since my school-days; she had a lovely gown of blue-and-white chiffon. I had about half an hour of the Charmer to myself; her husband is the Naval Attache. She was simply alluring—a dream of sweetness and beauty. Why do I always fall in love with women?

A Journal from Japan, M. C. Stopes, D. Sc.

THE EMPRESS MARIA THERESA.

It is certain she chiefly was the reformer of her Army—she, athwart many impediments. An ardent rider, often on horseback at paces furiously swift; her beautiful face tanned by the weather. Very devout too; honest to the bone athwart all her prejudices. Since our own Elizabeth, no woman, and hardly above one man, is worth being named beside her as a Sovereign Ruler; she is "a living contradiction of the Salic law", say her admirers...

Carlyle, Frederic II, Vol. IV. P. 406.
("Centenary Edition.")

For this is the first lesson which Carpaccio wrote in his Venetian words for the creatures of this restless world.....that not bride groom rejoices over bride as they rejoice who marry not, neither are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God, in Heaven."

(RUSKIN.—*Fors Clavigera*, III. 446 (*litt.*, Lxxi).)

She had all the kingly qualities except sex, and this exception made all her virtues of no effect in the eyes of men: may God have mercy upon her."—*The Chronicler—Hazan Nizami on Sultana Razia* (fl. 1236 A. D.)

THE ESTUARY.

TRANQUIL as massed opals, see
The calm, soft-curving estuary
Move by still heights of dreaming green
Where no grey track of wind is seen.
Subdued, deliberate, and grave
Sounds the long kiss of sand and wave,
Whilst the rock turns its sun-parched face
To the cool, delicate embrace.

I take a glittering heap of sand
In the cupped hollow of my hand
And make a leakage where I see
Time fall into eternity.

William Kean Seymour, in The New Witness.

A CHINESE ON CONFUCIUS.

WHAT did Confucius, the great sage, do for China? A Chinese lady of the very best family, educated and of no mean Chinese literary ability says: "The Five Relationships" is the pronouncement, which for twenty-four hundred years, with shackles more powerful than steel bands,

has enslaved the women of China and condemned them to untold misery and despair.

"A Persian poet once said. 'He that venturith upon matrimony, is like unto one who dippeth his hand into a sack where are many thousands of serpents and one eel. Yet if fate so decree, he may draw forth the eel!' The Chinaman holds about the same view, and the sack accurately describes our imprisoned condition, both before and after marriage.

"How has the husband been brought up? At no time in his life does he ever meet a respectable woman. Confucius has so ordained it. The only women he meets, that he loves to mix with and be in the company of, are singing girls and prostitutes. All his entertainments include these women. The Doctrine bars him from the association and pleasure of meeting honest women. What opinion can he form of the woman who is to become his wife! Can he learn ever to treat her with proper consideration? Does he look upon her as a companion to be kindly treated?

"We have our own quarters in the house, and associate only with women; a man may not so much as touch us; we are being kept pure and chaste for a degenerate husband. Still, we enjoy a modicum of happiness, until an outcast and despised hag, a go-between, calls attention to the fact that in the home of so-and-so there are marriageable parties and for sordid gain, her lying tongue investing us with mythical virtues, bargains away our happiness to some unknown man.

"And what of the husband? He will be by nature endowed with the national vice, gambling. If he is not smart and loses, we face the added misery of poverty and want and he will in addition generally vent his ill-temper upon his wife.

"He will be addicted to another national evil, squeezing; and if he is found out, we face disgrace, and he will in all probability blame our extravagance for driving him to dishonesty.

"To be trusted? He just takes her, locks her up in his home, looks upon her as only a woman; and when he needs advice he gets it from his servants.

"Perhaps he is a kind-hearted man, and we try and ultimately learn to love him. We are happy for a while, but alas! it is but a short-lived happiness. The old custom and the old

breeding will tell. He takes a concubine
"For the ruin of our sons, the unhappiness of our daughters, and the degeneration of our race we have to hold responsible Confucius and his Doctrine of the Five Relationships."

Japan Advertiser, 7 Sept: 1919.

INDIAN REFORMS AND WOMEN FRANCHISE.

A public meeting of the women of Bombay was held on Saturday the 12th July under the presidency of Mrs. Jaiji B. Petit, to record their protest against the recommendation of the Southborough Franchise Committee and the Government of India, disqualifying Indian women for franchise in the Reform Scheme. There was a large audience of ladies representing all classes of Bombay.

Mrs. Petit after explaining the object of the Southborough Committee and referring to the visit of Mr. Montagu said that franchise was recommended to be given to a youth of twenty-one who paid income-tax or Municipal tax while for a woman paying the same tax it was debarred. In her opinion this prohibition from enfranchisement was a great blow to the progress of Indian women. She said that Government often told them that it was ever anxious for the social, political and educational progress of Indian women. She could not realise how the same Government could now prevent them from enjoying the rights of giving votes and thus hamper their political progress. Concluding, she said that at present a Parliamentary Committee was appointed to discuss the question of Franchise and other important questions regarding the Reform Scheme, so, it was high time that the Indian women should appeal to the said Committee for considering their case. It would ill-become a civilised and progressive country like England to do such an injustice and insult to the Indian women.

Mrs. Heerabai Tata then moved:

"This meeting of the women of Bombay protests against the recommendations of the Southborough Franchise Committee and the Government of India to disqualify women for the franchise in the Reform Scheme, on the grounds that the social conditions of India make it premature and unpractical to grant it,

"This Meeting begs to draw attention to the fact that women in the Bombay Presidency and other parts of the country already exercise the Franchise intelligently in Municipal and other elections. It urges that there is no reason to consider it premature and unpractical for qualified women to exercise the higher vote, and request that mere sex should not be made a disqualification."

"This Meeting considers the postponement of this question a distinct grievance, a denial of the due rights of woman, and a likely deterrent to their progress. It earnestly urges the Government of India, and the British Parliament to reconsider this question and remove the sex disqualification."

In moving the resolution Mrs. Tata said that all admitted that the sex barrier was now out of date and unworthy of the times. The first progressive steps taken by all great nations had been the removal of sex-disqualifications and free and full admission of women to the full rights of direct representation. The refusal to admit Indian women in the Reform Scheme discredited the whole of Indian womanhood and put them on a par with children, criminals and lunatics, though as a fact Indian women were an integral part of the whole nation. They never demanded for enfranchising each and every woman; but what they demanded was that sex disqualifications should be removed for those women who were as fully entitled to vote as men. In Bombay and Madras Presidencies it had not been found unpractical to grant women the Municipal franchise, and she could not find out the reason of debarring them from the higher votes. The other argument put forward by the Committee about the custom of seclusion of women, she said, was absolutely untenable, as higher votes would be exercised by women who possessed high qualifications and who had broken the purdah system. Even the purdah difficulty could be solved by keeping women election officers to collect the votes of the women who did not wish to appear at the polls. She said that practice was followed even in Australia where the women do not observe purdah. So much trouble was taken to collect votes for men; why should a little more trouble not be taken to solve the difficulty of the gosha

system? That some women would not use the franchise, if it is granted, was no reasonable argument at all.

She further said that even taking it for granted that the social condition in some parts of India would prevent women from voting, the same would not be true of Bombay, as it was the most advanced Presidency in that respect. The speaker then showed that the Committee had recommended special representation to minor communities. Why, she asked, did they not grant then the claims of the women of this Presidency, even as an experiment? It had been maintained that women could not be given franchise till they changed their social conditions and broke the purdah, but the grant of the franchise was the best weapon by which they could break those customs.

Mrs. Avantikabai Gokhale, seconding the resolution, said that on account of *purdah* system Indian women were held unfit for franchise by the Southborough Committee. But history would tell them what the Indian women did from behind the *purdah*.

The resolution supported by Mrs. Sarala Ambalal Sarabhai, Mrs. Jayakar, Mrs. Hatim Tyabji and Miss Natrajan, was carried unanimously.

Dr. (Miss) Joshi then proposed a resolution that:—

"This meeting requests its President to forward the above Resolution to the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for India, and his Excellency the Viceroy (by cable), and further authorises the President to send copies of the Resolution to Lord Sinha, Mrs. Besant, Mrs. Naidu, Mrs. Fawcett, Viscount Haldane, Mr. Polak, Lady Muir-Mackenzie, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Hon. Mr. Shrinavas Shastri, and other friends of the cause of women, requesting them to interest themselves in the matter, and advance the objects of this meeting in every possible manner."

The resolution was unanimously carried.

EMANCIPATION IN INDIA.

SIR NARAYAN CHANDAVARKAR WRITES IN THE *Times of India*:—

As one morning, guided by an elderly Brahmin lady, I was lingering with fond looks on the flowers and foliage which make Bangalore one of the garden cities of India, my companion said: "Look there! My fairy of this lovely spot! She is Hoovi, my pet name for her—a panchama girl, one of your untouchables!" I looked and saw a comely girl of 17 or so, gathering in a corner flowers and leaves. My lady friend continued:—"You ought to study that girl. She has told me her story but if you watch her and her father one evening, you will find out. She is a girl of spirit—the kind of new woman India is bringing out."

So I watched with my lady friend. It was sunset. Hoovi was sitting outside her hut. Her father, a coachman, had driven his master home and come to his. Turning to her, he said:—"That is how you have been wasting yourself, foolish girl? You are breaking your father's heart. When will you gladden him by marrying a husband and having a home?"

"My father", replied Hoovi, "when will you cease talking about husband and home to me?"

"And why should I not talk? I want to see you happy?"

"Happy! As if husbands and happiness go together!"

"What do you mean, silly girl! Don't husbands make women happy?"

"My father, I pray you, don't worry me day and night. You gave me in marriage when I was an infant and the man died shortly after. Suppose I marry again and the new husband dies. Fate has destined me to widowhood. Leave me alone."

"Afraid of husband's death! Death overtakes all. Is that a reason for not marrying?"

"My father, death is common to all. But wife desertion—is that also common?"

Here the father seemed nettled. He had married a second wife while Hoovi's mother was alive, and Hoovi's mother had left him in protest.

"Now, girl, beware what you say! Have respect for your father, Don't tax me constantly with marrying a second wife. I have not deserted your mother. Your mother has deserted me."

"And I am proud that she has. She has shown you we women are not like the horse you drive and make money by."

"Don't get wind into your head. Talk sense. Will you marry or not? They all say you are a beauty and can have a good husband for the asking. Why waste your beauty?"

"Father, was not my mother a beauty when you married her?"

That again was a home thrust to the twice-married man. Both of us, my lady friend and myself, who were overhearing the dialogue unseen, feared the father would no longer endure the taunt but would slap the girl in the face. He rose from his seat and went near her as if he meant to strike the girl. But no! He became sweet and said: "Daughter! have pity on your old father. My caste people taunt me because I am keeping you unmarried. They all say your beauty is being wasted and you can have a good husband for the asking."

"Father, caste people should have nothing to do with my beauty. Husbands, you say, can be had for the asking. But I want to show that wives cannot be had so cheap."

The shadows of evening had closed. It was dark. A voice from within called the father. "Don't make yourself cheap with that shrew. Your meal is ready." My lady friend said to me it was the voice of the second wife.

As we returned home from the scene, my lady friend asked:—"Isn't that a fine girl?" "Yes," I replied, "the Depressed Classes Mission fermenting, though the leaven is small." "Better say, British rule is telling," remarked my shrewd companion.

Next day we met Hoovi, gathering flowers and foliage. My lady companion turned to her and said: "Hoovi! we heard you hold your own against your father about marriage. But won't you marry, Hoovi? I feel for you—you are comely, you deserve to be a wife."

She replied:—"Amma" (Canarese for matron), "more comely are these flowers. They have no husband and are happy. Leave me to live my life among them. They love me and I them."

"What do you think of that?" asked my lady companion, turning to me.

"I am thinking," said I, "of Lord Southborough and his Committee."

Hoovi's was not the only case of the new spirit among panchama girls I came across. Happening to be in Mysore, a few days after the dialogue between Hoovi and her father, I was taken by my venerable friend, Mr. N. V. Narsimiengar, a stalwart Brahmin of 77 years, who has made the uplift of Panchamas his life's mission, one morning to see the local Panchama school-boys and girls. As, after inspecting one of the girls' schools, we emerged into its compound, we saw a crowd of elderly Panchama women and men—the women on one side, the men on the other. Among the women stood, erect and brave, a girl of 16, who, as we came up to the crowd, called out to Mr. Narsimiengar in these words:

"Buddhi" (Canarese for Master), "how are you going to settle my fate?"

Mr. Iengar went up to her and asked:—

"Hoodgi! (Canarese for girl)." "Are they still pressing you to marry?"

The girl: "There they are before you. Please question them."

Mr. Iengar turned to the crowd of Panchama males. A stout Panchama, the girl's father, came forward. Mr. Iengar asked him: "Why do you press her to marry?" The man with folded hands replied: "Buddhi! We are yours. Just as you order." Mr. Iengar turned again to the girl: "Daughter! Be patient. It will all be right. Continue studies in the school."

With calm dignity the girl replied:—"I have any amount of patience not to yield. It is the elders there who are impatient."

"Brave girl"—so I addressed her as we parted—"stick to your fine spirit. Marry when you like a suitable husband of your choice."

She blushed, and as I left blessed me with the words: "Salaam, Master!"

As we were proceeding from the place to a Panchama Hostel and school, maintained by His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore, Mr. Iengar told me the girl's story—that her relations had selected a husband for her, an illiterate Pan-

chama, for whom she did not care. Mr. Iengar continued; "It is a problem." "What is the problem?" I asked. He replied:—"If the girl remains unmarried, her caste will treat her as a Basawi (meaning a woman dedicated like the Murlis in Western India, to the gods and therefore free to live a bad life)."

(*Indian Social Reformer*, 20 July 1919)

STAR-DUST.

I. MILITARY.

I. SERBIA.—We just add as an appendix to the note on Flora Sandes (URANIA, IV, 5) that she has been given a commission as lieutenant. An alteration in the law of Serbia was necessary, and this has been duly accomplished and announced in a proclamation by the Crown Prince Alexander.

II. BUSINESS.

I. CHINA.—Inez Phang of Balacava, Jamaica, is probably the first Chinese woman to enter the business world in the Orient. She was born in Balacava and educated there and in the United States. Her father, Charles Phang, is the richest Chinese in Jamaica. He owns and operates large mills and has an import and export business, the Chinese branch of which his daughter has been put in charge.

V. GOVERNMENT.

I. CANADA.—"Mrs. M. O. Ramsden has been elected to represent the district of Pelly in the Saskatchewan Legislature," says the *Times Toronto* correspondent. "This is the first woman to be elected in Saskatchewan, and the second to contest a constituency."

"Mrs. Ramsden is a Liberal, and her opponent was a returned soldier who ran as an Independent. She succeeds her husband, who died a few weeks ago."

VII. DRESS.

I. SERBIA.—The new Servian officer's photograph is before us. She is apparently wearing exactly the same military uniform as any other lieutenant. Her expression is shrewd, rather humorous, and kindly.

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