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TWO-MONTHLY.

“Life that vibrates in every breathing form,
“Truth that looks out over the window sill,
“And Love that is calling us home out of the storm.”

—Gore-Booth, *The Shepherd of Eternity*.

CASTE-VIRTUES.

If there is one thing apparently more certain than others about Modern Religion it is that it is monotheistic. Polytheism, though not Atheism, has vanished from modern civilisation. Infinitude is one, indivisible, uncontradictory, non-embroiled, and is clearly felt to be so. Theoretic polytheism is impossible. But practical polytheism?

If the Divine be the object of ultimate aspiration—the ideal of perfection—it is very evident that religious Britain worships two gods. For its people have two ideals of character, Their gods, their visions of perfection, are two. They are aiming at two divergent ends. They are travelling in two divergent paths.

Is it not the fact? Is not the child encouraged to adopt a different ideal, from its earliest years, according as it wears its hair short or long? Is it possible that both these ideals can be right? Is it not obvious that one or the other must be the best? Conduct may vary with circumstances—but ideals cannot. The same character will display itself differently in different circumstances—but, through them all, it follows the same ideal. And, very clearly, the result of recognising two ideals is to set up two faulty types of character. The boy, we all know, is not blamed much for bluntness and hardness. The girl is not encouraged to be independent. Admittedly, the respective conventional ideals are defective.

The ordinary casual citizen says that it must be so—that it always was so, and always will be. But what if practice be defective? Is that a reason why ideals should be? Improvement, it may b

admitted, is likely to be slow enough. Why should we refuse to accelerate it?

We accept one perfect character as the model for all alike, in church and chapel; but it is little more than idle talk if we enforce a distracted, mutilated pair of ideals at home. Probably in not many churches (save a minority of ritualistic ones) can it be possible to hear the doctrine gravely taught, as the writer has heard it once or twice, that the model for feminine imitation is Mary of Nazareth, and not her Divine child. But it is of little use to preach unity of beauty once a week, and to stunt the development of perfect loveliness in ourselves and others at every turn the rest of the time. Costume, courtesies, occupation, press distortion of ideal on us continually. Illuminations of Heaven, telling us that veritably we must follow the loveliest inspirations of our hearts, without in the least considering whether they are conventionally appropriate, are so easily extinguished as we grow older.

Is it not possible for each of us to begin to bring about a better state of affairs—to set our faces, once for all, on the road that leads to eternal perfection, refusing to abandon virtues at the dictates of the world, or to recognise as authentic the blurred, shambling attempts of humanity to move in two directions at once? If we do not choose that path, we are consciously abandoning the worship of one supreme divinity for the cult of a caste-god. No worship on Ammonite hills was ever narrower or essentially falser. “Some day,” we delude ourselves with saying, “we will follow perfection as it reveals itself. On a future more

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respectable stage we will play a fairer part. In some airy Heaven or suitable future environment we will develop our neglected virtues. Meanwhile, let us accommodate ourselves to the world, and do as well as Ahriman will be kind enough to let us."

What fataler position could the human soul take up? It is even as the theologians, from Draco down, have said—there is no greater and less in sin. Seeing and knowing the beautiful, not to elect to follow it, but deliberately to let it pass from us—it is an epitome of evil choice. Through eternity the soul that lets it pass will never be what it might have been; the Infinite is not to be played with. One recognises that the world is full of signs that the old order of things is passing away. The worship of caste-gods is doomed. The cultivation of caste-virtues is vanishing. Girton, Vassar, on the one hand—franchise and the opening of the professions, on the other, are significant of a great coming change. Shall we not be "on the side of the angels" in the promised developments? Shall we not give Infinite Love our undivided worship, in conduct as in theory?

T. Baty.

A BACHELORS' ASSOCIATION.

It is with great pleasure, says the *Republic*, Cawnpore, that we hear about the formation of an association of bachelors at Kunnam-kulam in Cochin. This Bachelors' Association, we are informed, will consist of young men who are prepared to take an oath that they will remain unmarried throughout and will dedicate their lives for national and social service. We have always felt the supreme need of such associations to effect the regeneration of our downtrodden mother-land. We are always anxious to be informed about the programme and progress of such associations.

—*Indian Social Reformer*, 21 Aug. 1926.

NO ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE.

Alberta Santi, born at the Rondinaia farm, Misciano' (commune of Pomarance, Volterra, Italy) on April 2, 1914, has just (March, 1928.) been

discovered by her parents and the director of the hospital at Volterra, Professor Baciocchi, to be a boy.

POSITION OF MUSLIM WOMEN.

The *Indian Social Reformer* is publishing an interesting series of articles by a Mohammedan who seeks to show that the seclusion of women and the neglect of female education are not essential to Islam. He asserts (what is probably true) that they originated in the unwholesome social conditions prevailing in Arabia at the time of the founding of the religion, and that the Prophet never meant them to have the sanctity of religious law. In spite of the writer's admission that he does not hope to convince any of his co-religionists, it does seem that the better type of Muslim in this generation is seeking to make such distinctions between what is vital and essential and what is superficial. Several times in recent months we have been able to point with pleasure to signs that the women of the Muslim world are beginning to come into their own. Conservatives are shaking their heads over the shamelessness of Kemal Pasha's new French educated wife, in receiving men in her own parlour and serving tea to political gatherings. The activities of Mme. Zaghlul and other Egyptian ladies are misunderstood and misconstrued. There is strong Muslim opposition to female suffrage in India. But, after all, the opposition and criticism seem no worse than European and American women had to encounter, in their efforts to secure full political rights. In reality, the progress of the Mohammedan woman now depends almost alone on her ability, and that upon her education. Ample opportunities will open before her, as she becomes ready to take advantage of them.—*The Indian Witness*, Lucknow.

HOLLAND AND ABYSSINIA RULED BY QUEENS.

ONLY two important countries are actually ruled by queens, Holland and Abyssinia. Queen Wilhelmina ascended the throne of The Netherlands 33 years ago, while Waizeru Zauditu was crowned at Addis Abeba in 1916. She is a daughter of the late King Menelik, who was reported

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dead so many times that the world was unwilling to believe the announcement of his death when it finally came in 1913. He was first succeeded by a nephew, Lij Yasu. But this new king was so friendly to the German cause in the world-war that he was deposed by public proclamation, and his aunt was elevated to the throne. She is 47 years old and a member of the Semetic group known as Shoans, from which the ruling class springs. Queen Waizeru Zauditu's empire contains about eight million persons and comprises an area twice as large as Turkey of to-day and eight times as large as New York state. Queen Wilhelmina's territory in Europe has about the same population as Abyssinia, but only about one-thirtieth as much land. However, Queen Wilhelmina has colonies with a population of 47,000,000 and an area twice as large as Abyssinia.

A WORLD'S WOMEN WELFARE DIRECTORY:

Mr. Bhagat Ram, Jiv Daya Pracharak, (Animals' Friend Society), Ferozepur Cantt., (Punjab), is preparing a World's Women Welfare Directory. All those who are interested in the cause may send to the compiler names of books or periodicals, and addresses of societies or individuals and institutions that are working chiefly for the welfare of mothers and children of any country. All friends who help in this work will receive a free copy of the *Directory* when it is ready for distribution.

ON BRAHMACHARYA. (By M. K. GANDHI.)

I am being inundated with letters on Brahmacharya and means to its attainment. Let me repeat in different language what I have already said or written on previous occasions. Brahmacharya is not mere mechanical celibacy, it means complete control over all the senses and freedom from lust in thought, word and deed. As such it is the royal road to self-realisation or attainment of Brahman.

The ideal Brahmachari has not to struggle with sensual desire or desire for procreation; it never troubles him at all. The whole world will be to him one vast family, he will centre all his ambition in relieving the misery of mankind and the desire

for procreation will be to him as gall and worm-wood. He who has realised the misery of mankind in all its magnitude will never be stirred by passion. He will instinctively know the fountain of strength in him and he will persevere to keep it undefiled. His humble strength will command respect of the world, and he will wield an influence greater than that of the sceptred monarch.

But I am told that this is an impossible ideal, that I do not take count of the natural attraction between man and woman. I refuse to believe that the sensual affinity referred to here can be at all regarded as natural; in that case the deluge would soon be over us. The natural affinity between man and woman is the attraction between brother and sister, mother and son, or father and daughter. It is that natural attraction that sustains the world. I should find it impossible to live, much less carry on my work, if I did not regard the whole of womankind as sisters, daughters or mothers. If I looked at them with lustful eyes, it would be the surest way to perdition.

Procreation is a natural phenomenon in lead, but within specific limits. A transgression of those limits imperils womankind, emasculates the race, induces disease, puts a premium on vice and makes the world ungodly. A man in the grip of the sensual desire is a man without moorings. If such a one were to guide society, to flood it with his writings and men were to be swayed by them, where would society be? And yet we have the very thing happening to-day. Supposing a moth whirling round a light were to record the moment of its fleeting joy and we were to imitate it regarding it as an exemplar, where would we be? I must declare with all the power I can command that sexual attraction even between husband and wife is unnatural. Marriage is meant to cleanse the hearts of the couple of sordid passions and take them nearer to God. Lustless love between husband and wife is not impossible. Man is not a brute. He has risen to a higher state after countless births in brute creation. He is born to stand, not to walk on all fours or crawl. Bestiality is as matter from spirit.

In conclusion I shall summarise the means to its attainment.

The first step is the realisation of its necessity.

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The next is gradual control of the senses. A Brahmachari must needs control his palate. He must eat to live, and not for enjoyment. He must see only clean things and close his eyes before anything unclean. It is thus a sign of polite breeding to walk with one's eyes towards the ground and not wandering about from object to object. A Brahmachari will likewise hear nothing obscene or unclean, smell no strong, stimulating things. The smell of clean earth is far sweeter than the fragrance of artificial scents and essences. Let the aspirant to Brahmacharya also clean his hands and feet engaged in all the waking hours in healthful activity. Let him also fast occasionally.

The third step is to have clean companions—clean friends and clean books.

The last and not the least is prayer. Let him repeat "Ramanama" with all his heart regularly every day and ask for divine grace.

None of these things are difficult for an average man or woman. They are simplicity itself. But their very simplicity is embarrassing. Where there is a will the way is simple enough. Men have not the will for it and hence vainly grope. The fact that the world rests on the observance, more or less of *Brahmacharya* or restraint, means that it is necessary and practicable.—(From *Avajivan* by M. D.)

ONE THING I KNOW FULL SURELY.

One thing I know full surely
However sad I be,
With banners and with trumpets,
My hour will come to me,
I know not how I'll meet it
But I shall not turn and flee.....
With fife and flute and flageolet
My hour will come to me!

There be doors in plenty
To which there is no key,
Ofttimes am I weary
With little cause for glee,
However grey the sky-line
Quite plainly do I see

With cymbals, drums and dulcimers,
My hour will come to me!

PERCIVAL HALE COKE,
—In *G. K.'s Weekly*.

FLAG—DAYS

"Then again," said Queenie, "I'm a bit fed up with all this jaw about sex attraction."

"That", said Mrs. Dumphrey, "might have been more elegantly expressed."

"Yes, mummie, I see. Sorry. What I meant to say is that as often as not, sex-attraction don't come in at all. Any woman even would be more likely to buy a flag from a charming girl than from an old gentleman with too much waistcoat."

—Barry Pain in *Dumphrey*.

WOMEN AS MEN

By EDWIN L. ARNOLD, Author of "Phra the Phoenician"
in the *Weekly Scotsman*.

AMERICAN Law Courts have lately been engaged settling a romance in which one of the chief incidents was the donning of male attire by a girl in order that she might the better make her way in the world. There was nothing very novel about the circumstances of this case, but it recalls some remarkable instances of the attraction which the habiliments of the other sex have had for many women in the past. MARIE LE ROY, who passed for twenty years as Harry Lloyd, and ELENE SMITH, who managed a large business house in New York for five years, and only lately confessed her sex in order that she might indulge in some scathing criticisms of American society in general, are instances which will be fresh in everyone's mind. There have been other and far more singular cases of this inclination.

There was the famous DR. JAMES BARRY, for example. This individual, as any one may see by referring to Hart's Army List for January 1865, entered the Army in that year as a hospital assistant, and passed through all the grades of the service till he became at length Inspector-General of Hospitals fighting several duels during his career, making love to women, bullying the War Office of the time, no one doubting that he was a master-

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ful and high-spirited man until "he" died, and it turned out that the fiery doctor was after all a woman. What a life of repressed emotions it must have been—emotions which found no confidant even in the last hour!

Then there was poor CALAMITY JANE, the famous woman soldier and scout, who died at Deadwood, South Dakota, some time ago, wild, tempestuous, and untamed as she had lived. She was the original of Bret Hart's Cherokee Sal, and everyone, who has read "The Luck of Roaring Camp"—and who has not?—entertains a soft corner in his heart for that poor outcast of western civilisation. Jane was one of the most picturesque characters ever known in the wild west. She appeared on the plains in the late sixties, young, handsome, and daring. Dressed in men's clothing, she served as a scout with the United States Army during several Indian campaigns. During her career she took part in scores of battles with Indians and bloody affrays with desperadoes. In 1877 she overtook a stage-coach from Cheyenne just as a band of Indians had killed the driver. She mounted the box and drove the passengers safely into Deadwood. This was but a sample of the enterprises she delighted in. Jane spent all her life amongst riot and bloodshed, but there were two very tender spots in her nature. She loved the little daughter who came to her in her middle age better than the life she hazarded times out of number, and next to the child, in her fierce heart, stood her mare Besi. That horse was eventually shot by Indians in a border fight, and Jane made the Sioux pay heavily for it.

Another woman who fought in the American wars in male attire was Madame VELASQUEZ. This lady joined the American Confederate forces under the name of Lieutenant Harry Bulford before she was twenty-one years old. She fought through the famous battle of Bull Run, and acquitted herself so well that she was complimented by her superiors. She next decided to seek renown as a spy. Here she was confronted with a new difficulty. She had had to disguise herself as a man to get into the army, now she had to return to her womanhood to get out of it. In female gear she did eventually go over to the enemy, and after obtaining some important information, Madame

returned and joyfully redonned her uniform, the Confederate officers, who had not the slightest idea that she was not a man, continuing to chaff her on her experiences in the hostile camp. At the fall of Fort Donaldson, Lieut. Bulford was severely wounded, and to escape awkward hospital inquiries deserted for a time. For many years afterwards she acted as spy or blockade runner with much success.

Quite a pretty little romance enshrines the story of MARY EAST, another of these strange adventuresses. Mary was not of the blood-thirsty type; she went into disguise in tears, and wore it thereafter with unusual credit. Moreover, Mary was singular in the fact that she became a man less from the unkindness of a truant lover than from fear of the whole race. In 1732 she and a girl friend, both Londoners, decided that the only way to escape from the importunities of the opposite sex was for one of them to join its ranks. They swore eternal fidelity, and having decided to live as man and wife, tossed up in the parlour of their little East End cottage for sex. The coin decided that Mary East should be the husband, and a few weeks after "Mr. and Mrs. How" invested all their small resources in the lease of a public house at Epping. This town was then very popular with the London gallants. One of these took lodgings with the couple, and made such strenuous love to Mrs. How that a quarrel followed, her husband recovering £100 through the Courts for the indignity he had suffered and damage that had been done to the reputation of his inn. Here was a fortune, and Mary was sufficiently a man in nature as in garb to know what to do with it. The first tableau of the drama had shown the girls putting together their poor little hoard in the East End slums, the second displayed them gloating over such a pile of bank notes at Epping as they had never dreamed of before.

Mr. How rose to the occasion, taking a large tavern in Limehouse, then, prospering again, bought a still better place at Poplar. Everything went well, and becoming quite rich their fellow-citizens made the husband a churchwarden, and elected him foreman of all the juries upon which he sat.

For thirty-four years this happy couple lived together, then fate took away the wife. Poor Mary! History is silent as to her grief, but who can doubt the pathos of that third tableau as she sat alone at the bedside in the night, hand in hand with her dead girl-wife, brooding silently over those thirty four years: their sorrows and happiness, their hair-breadth escapes, their emotions, and quaintly humorous successes.

When Mary turned to the world again there appeared a blackmailer on the scene who knew her secret, and coming one day with two other ruffians he threatened to drag the girl to prison unless a heavy bribe or hush money was paid.

At this crisis Mr. Williams appeared, an old friend of the Hows, who beat off the villains and rescued Mary at perhaps the most dangerous moment in all her varied experiences. He certainly ought to have married her later on, but does not appear to have done so. However, her sex was acknowledged shortly after this; perhaps she wearied of deception now that it could no longer protect her girl comrade. It is pleasant to be able to end one of the gentlest romances of the kind by recording that Mary presently sold all her businesses, resumed her proper name, distributed half her property among her supposed wife's relatives, and on the other half lived in happy retirement, until she reached the age of 64. She left part of her fortune to an old friend in the country, and the rest separated into annuities to her two servants, and an investment realising £10 a year in perpetuity to the poor of Poplar, who to-day, without knowing it, benefit by the good luck of this gallant and consistent heroine.

That she had good luck was unquestionable. We appreciate this the more when we turn to the melancholy history of another woman, one more distinguished by birth and education, and apparently much better able to take advantage of the change of dress. Colley Cibber, poet laureate, Shakespearean scholar and actor, had several children, to whom he gave what was accounted a good education at the time. Of the respectable amongst them we know little—such is the irony of fate—but one, his daughter CHARLOTTE, developed a wild and wayward spirit, and of her much is on record. Her

father put her on the stage, where she achieved a fair degree of success, choosing by preference male parts, and showing a fondness for character which eventually led the young woman to give a no doubt delightful parody in public of her distinguished parent, an act which Colley Cibber took so much to heart that he disowned his undutiful child, never speaking to her again.

Then Charlotte, having married a singer named Charke, went from bad to worse. Leaving her husband the girl put on male garb and set out on the stony road she followed in bitterness and shame to the day of her death. One Dr. Doran, who has written much about actors, says of her: "She starved with strollers, failed as a grocer in Long Acre, became bankrupt as a puppet show proprietor in St. James's Street; then re-married and became a widow a second time, was plunged into deeper ruin; thrown into prison for debt and only released by the subscriptions of the lowest, but not the least charitable, sisterhood of Drury Lane."

Every bid for fortune and success planned by Charlotte resulted in disaster. Her brother rescued her once from the mire, her uncle started the girl on the straight path anew, and every time she was helped she struggled for a time on the surface, then, like a ship in the clutches of a whirlpool, sank down out of sight again. Bankrupt, cheated, starving, the companion of outcasts and rogues, she nevertheless took disaster with so bold a front, every one was charmed with her pluck. On one occasion an heiress fell in love with her, and was heartbroken when the woman told her secret. May I, alone amongst her historians, put this to Charlotte's credit? Think of the temptation. Cibber's daughter in her tawdry, swashbuckler finery, starving and hungry. Then there enters the pretty heiress, willing to pawn all her wealth for a responsive look. Think of the hunger for ease and security that must have been in Charlotte's heart, think of the sloughs she had come through, the blackness that lay before her. A few hours' more deception, then—if the truth had to be told at last, she could have made her own terms. It was the turning-point of a stormy career, and the outcast, at that moment, either fool, or as we prefer to think heroine, deliberately chose the

harder way and saved the heiress's future at the cost of her own.

After wandering about the country she at last came to London again, and set to work to write a history of her wanderings. "Cibber's erring and hapless daughter," writes Dr. Doran, "contrived at last to reach London, where in 1755 she published her remarkable autobiography, the details of which make the heart ache." The book brought in just enough to start her on another of those fruitless spells of respectability, and then, while Cibber was being buried with the honour of a poet laureate, his child lay starving in a miserable hovel in some waste grounds behind Islington. And there she died a few years later, her only companions an old hag, a cat, a dog, and a magpie, her only recreation writing a novel, with a pair of bellows held on her knee in default of a table!

This was not the only young person of good extraction who had strange adventures in male attire. MARY ANN TALBOT, a natural daughter of an Earl of Talbot, seems to have inherited much of the spirit of that famous family. Indeed, for sheer downright adventure, for pluck, persistence, and all the qualities which go to make the typical heroine in borrowed plumage, it may be doubted if she had any peer. Her father, dying when she was still a child, left a sum of money for her maintenance, and put her in the hands of one whom he doubtless looked upon as a trustworthy guardian. But the guardian proved false, the money was misapplied, and at the age of fourteen poor Mary Ann had drifted into the keeping of a worthless Captain Bowen, who took her to London, and thence, disguised as a page, with him and his regiment to the West Indies. Then the Captain was ordered back to Europe on active service, and gave Mary the alternative of being sold as a slave or putting on a drummer boy's uniform and following his fortunes to the war. What was the girl to do? There could be no question. She chose the line of least resistance, and drummed the King's troops to battle, and drudged for the Captain for many months.

At the siege of Valenciennes she received two wounds, and, herein illustrating her Spartan pluck, sooner than go to hospital and acknowledge the secret so successfully guarded hitherto, she

actually endured a musket ball wound in her breast and a sword cut across the shoulder without a whisper to anyone, curing them herself with stolen lint and salves. It is doubtful whether ever a Talbot ever did a harder thing than that.

Then came a picturesque incident. The false Captain was killed in the next attack on the town, and at dead of night the luckless maid, "tossed about i' the storms and buffets of the world," albeit she was even yet hardly twenty—went out to search for his body. She found it, with what emotions can be easily imagined, and securing the soldier's keys returned to his tent, discovering and reading there by lantern light a packet of letters which gave her the half-forgotten story of her birth, and disclosed the fact that Captain Bowen all through their adventures had been receiving the money her father left and using it himself.

The discovery does not seem to have done Mary much good. Probably the love of roving had entered into her soul, for no use was made of this chance to return to an orthodox life. Wandering across Europe on foot, Mary eventually got to the coast, and entered into negotiations with an honest-looking skipper, who wanted just such a cabin boy as herself.

Mary signed articles and went gaily on board the French lugger, sure at last there was a peaceful time ahead and a chance of seeing the world in a reasonable way. She was soon undeceived. No sooner was the French coast out of sight than the lugger hoisted the "Jolly Rodger" and blossomed out as a pirate. For several months they swaggered and plundered up and down the Channel, and then one fine morning the privateer was cornered by Lord Howe, that terror of evil-doers, captured after a fight, and taken in tow to England. Mary got an audience with the dreaded Admiral in his cabin, a pretty subject for a picture. The great Admiral believed the story, slapped the lad kindly on the back, told him to dry his tears, and eventually put him on board the *Brunswick* as a powder-monkey.

How Fate and Mary must have smiled at his simplicity! Wounded again by grape-shot, the powder-monkey spent some time in hospital at Spithead without her secret being discovered; then went to sea anew; was captured by the French,

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and lay in prison at Dunkirk for a year and a half. She escaped, was recaptured, and eventually turned loose into the streets of the French town.

Shipping on board a merchant vessel—this time an honest one—as cabin boy, the adventuress went to New York with the owner, Captain Field, and was taken into his family as a valet. Here Captain Field's daughter fell wildly in love with the attractive young man, and the Captain complicated matters by smiling on the match and begging "James Taylor" to marry his child. When the time came for James to sail again the daughter had hysterics, the comely steward being fetched back twice from the ship to comfort her, and it was only after a solemn promise of returning at the earliest possible moment that he was eventually allowed to depart.

Landing in England, Mary Talbot, still pursued by fate, was seized by a press gang, and to escape another long term of service afloat acknowledged her sex. Then she turned highwayman, but courage failing her at the first bout, deserted the companion she had chosen, and, feeling by this time, perhaps, that there were certain charms in a quiet life ashore, put on female dress, and, joining a dramatic company, spent the rest of life in recounting her manifold adventures to delighted London audiences.

Amongst other masqueraders whose history is on record HANNAH SNELL may be mentioned. In her case a romantic attachment to a worthless husband caused a change of attire, Hannah spending a good part of her life roaming about the world, at one time a sailor and then a soldier, looking for the rogue, whom she eventually heard had committed a murder at Genoa, and had been put in a weighted sack and tossed into the sea there by an infuriated mob. "Molly Gray," as her companions on board ship called her, on account of a beardless face, never married again, and in the end, alas! died in Bedlam. She went through all the usual changes of a humble heroine in her circumstances, keeping a public house, "The Widow in Masquerade," and retelling her adventures on the stage towards the latter part of life. Like Mary Ann Talbot, she hid a serious wound, received in the storming of Pondicherry, from all save an old negress, who helped with her fingers

to force the bullet out of her body, they having no surgical instruments at command. Truly, these damsels errant were made of stuff which would have done credit to happier circumstances.

CHRISTIAN DAVIES likewise went in pursuit of a faithless spouse in soldier's uniform, finding him eventually in the confusion of the battle of Blenheim. But so great was her fascination in the new life that she made the man promise secrecy, and went on marching and fighting with the utmost enthusiasm until her skull was fractured by a shell at Ramillies and her sex discovered in hospital. She was expelled from the army, but continued to follow it in woman's dress. Christian received a pension of a shilling a day on account of honourable wounds, and was buried amongst the pensioners at Chelsea, a soldier's three volleys being fired over her grave. The list of female adventurers might be extended almost indefinitely. There was BELL STARR, for instance, an outlaw and terror of the Texan border for many years; La Comtesse SANDOR, brigand and adventuress; her country-woman, Madame de SAINT BALMONT, and such famous "she" pirates as MARY READ and ANNE BONNEY. But enough has been said to show the fascination which male attire often has for the bolder female spirits. In the great majority of cases which are on official record the masquerader has served in the army or navy, necessity or vanity afterwards prompting her to make public and live upon the curiosity excited by adventures under such novel conditions. There must, however, have been hundreds of other women who put on male garb for one reason or another, and seeing no profit to be reaped from the details of their lives eventually carried the secret to the grave with them. The writer himself was well aware some time ago of one "man" of consideration in London who was undoubtedly a woman, and there can be hardly a question but that there are many such others amongst us. It is unlikely "the services" still present the attractions or opportunities to wayward girls they did in the older days, but other professions may, and judging by what we know of predecessors in mufti there is no reason to think these adventuresses, under the stress of circumstances, are not capable of acting such

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strange parts with credit to their chosen callings and profit to themselves.

IMPORTANT POSTS

SLOWLY but steadily women are pushing down the barriers that keep them from high government places in Europe and the Near East.

One, and only one, Turkish woman has risen to an important government post under the new regime. She is Dr. Bedrieh Hanem, who as specialist on school hygiene in the Ministry of Education is the sole woman to appear in the long line of officials received by President Mustapha Kemal on national holidays and feast days.

In Austria Olga Rudel-Zejinek, a sturdy fighter for women's rights, is the president of the Austrian Senate—the first woman of any nation to preside over a senatorial body. Preferring to remain unmarried, Fraulein Rudel-Zejinek began her political career in 1912, and has been instrumental in founding a number of welfare institutions for working girls.

She is opposed to the use of alcoholic beverages and tobacco.

Spanish women have a staunch leader in the Marchioness del Ter, Countess of Morella, who was prominently identified with the hospitalization of allied soldiers during the World war. Although she has not taken a direct part in politics, the Marchioness has been extremely active in suffrage and other women's movements, both national and international.

Germany has just honored Helene Lange, its pioneer in the feminist movement, on the occasion of her eightieth birthday anniversary. For forty years Helene Lange sought to extend woman's scope beyond the three Ks—kirche, kinder, kueche (church, children, kitchen). The higher institutions of learning were closed to women until she persuaded educators and statesmen that women were unfit to bring up useful citizens if they themselves were without education.

—*Japan Times*: 11 July, 1928.

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! Send a line to-day. We thank very cordially those who have already done so: and we feel much encouraged by their kindness.

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.

URANIA

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

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

"All' eisin hōs angēloi."

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 Frogal Avenue, London, N. W.; D. H. Cornish, 33, Kildare Terrace, Bayswater, London, W.; 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.

NOTICE

OWING to the continued high level of prices, it has been decided to go to press three times in 1928 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.

DISTRIBUTOR'S NOTE.

URANIA is not published, nor offered to the public, whether gratuitously or for sale or otherwise.

Copies of Nos. 6 to 68 inclusive can be had by friends. If copies are wanting to complete sets or for distribution, application should be made to T. Baty, 3 Paper Buildings, Temple, London, E. C., when they will gladly be supplied as far as possible.