

The Resurrection of Type

A Law Supported by a Cursory Look at Representative Cases of "World Women"

By M. J. TROTTER



MISS DELIA DAVIES.

One of Toronto's most expert horsewomen, who is likely to be one of the equestriennes at the forthcoming Horse Show in that city. She is the daughter of Robert Davies, Esq.
Photo by Kennedy, Toronto.

Time and His Laboratory

THE arch alchemist, Father Time, at work in his laboratory has produced but a few types, after all, of women who have been recognized "world figures."

"The eternal saki from his bowl has poured
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour."

But superior Bubbles, lives of women whose spheres have gone forth iridescent and have not passed, but in memory have been preserved as crystal, have sparingly been emptied by the saki.

The creation of a type must be no small labour and the hand of the Occult Chemist must strain above his crucibles and the fever of his veins start rheum on his forehead before reward is the slave of his endeavour. For which reason, it is not strange that after the lapse of centuries, it may be, the maker goes rummaging among his stores, as an artist does among his past-made pictures, and reviews some type at which the world has wondered.

The fitful resurrection of type is implied in the platitudinous statement that history must needs repeat itself. It is also distinct from that perennial recurrence, the direct transmission of nature, heredity. It is independent of race or place and owns no law except, perhaps, position.

Helen Re-Incarnate

SO, historical-mythical Helen of Troy, fair, classical, stately, was revived in the thoroughly authentic Cleopatra, dusky, impetuous "Egypt"; and again resurrected in Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, and, by reason of her beauty, the much less disputed Queen of Hearts.

These three women, like Napoleon, fascinated, quite irrespective of decorum. "Each a queen," as the poet hath it, "by virtue of her brow and breast," and each endowed with a conscious power that proved the undoing of men in its operation. Great women, world women, personalities—personality, that is to say, for the type is one in all three incarnations.

For the sake of Helen the enamoured Paris wrought the traditional ruin of his city. The Roman hero forgot his country in dalliance with the Serpent of the Nile. And all for love of his red-haired goddess, Rizzio, Italian musician and linguist, succumbed to the steel which claimed

the forfeit in the hand of "the booby with fine legs," Mary's husband; yet a true and unrequited lover remained at her side through all vicissitudes.

Helen, "Egypt," and the fair rival of Elizabeth are one—and when to-day has been moved to a distance probably a fourth will join the unit.

Law of Type Recurrence

THERE are laws of gyration which the fixed stars follow and there are laws as constant but apparently more wayward which are followed by the meteors and comets. Heredity resembles the fixed stars' order; the recurrence of type, the comets' regulation.

Twenty-five centuries ago sang Sappho—the "divinely smiling" and accomplished head of a coterie of thinking maidens—the first woman's club of all the ages. More gravely, perhaps, and more consciously a teacher, Sappho looked out again from the eyes of Bitizia Gozzadina, who in the thirteenth century, at the age of twenty-seven, was doctor of civil and canon law at the dignified University of Bologna. Then Virgin Elizabeth rose to a throne, never a singer and seldom a teacher, but always a stimulator, and Queen of England's intellectual May-day.

For the heroic figure one may quote the Jewess who saved her enthralled race and became Queen Esther. And who was Boadicea but she? And who Jeanne D'Arc but this type resurrected?

Bees and Butterflies

THEN of women who shouldered the world's burden: Hortensia, the famous "new woman of old Rome," who made the memorable speech (which is on record) on behalf of her sex, in the forum, vanished, but only to reappear in England centuries later, in the form of Elizabeth Fry, the reformer of prisons. And the mark of the type is now upon Jane Addams.

In Hypatia's time the careless, play-loving, painted butterfly was apparent in the person of Pelagia; the type was revived in Marie Antoinette—who never



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harmed the world and never helped it; and to-day it dances to applauding eyes in the nimble-footed passes of Pavlova.

King Lemuel's mother, of Biblical extraction, whose servants, no doubt hating her for it, were up and at their spinning before the daybreak, was replaced in time by the mother of the Gracchi, whose grown-up sons were "jewels"; and, in modern day, by "Victoria the Good," a sovereign model of domesticity.

The type villainous plied her trade in the guise of Jezebel, "whom the dogs ate by the walls of Jezreel," only less darkly than in the scarce disguise later of Lucrezia Borgia who, figuratively, went likewise to the bow-wows. Madame de Pompadour was a resurrection. The wife of Ahab, the daughter of Pope Alexander VI., and the wicked mistress of Louis XV. are but one personality in three eras.

So the arch alchemist pours out again what he has poured already—having meanwhile renewed it in his fires. A type is not made in a day is his axiom I.

'Our Lady of the Twilight

THE poem which bears the foregoing title, and is reproduced hereunder, is one of the most delighted-in productions from the celebrated pen of Alfred Noyes, the English poet who at the present time is a visitor in Toronto. The exquisite verses are given in full as follows:—

Our Lady of the Twilight
From out the sunset lands
Comes gently stealing o'er the world
And stretches out her hands
Over the blotched and broken wall,
The blind and fetid lane,
She stretches out her hands and all
Is beautiful again.

No factory chimneys can defile
The beauty of her dress;
She stoops down with her heavenly smile
To heal and love and bless;
All tortured things, all evil powers,
All shapes of dark distress
Are turned to fragrance and to flowers
Beneath her kind caress.

Our Lady of the Twilight,
She melts our prison bars!
She makes the sea forget the shore,
She fills the sky with stars,
And stooping over wharf and mill,
Chimney and shed and dome,
Turns them to fairy palaces,
Then calls her children home.

She stoops to bless the stunted tree,
And from the furrowed plain,
And from the wrinkled brow she smooths
The lines of care and pain;
Hers are the gentle hands and eyes
And hers the peaceful breath
That ope, in sunset-softened skies,
The quiet gates of death.

Our Lady of the Twilight,
She hath such gentle hands,
So lovely are the gifts she brings



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Regent of the Strathcona Chapter, I. O. D. E., Toronto, which recently gave a successful concert in the Toronto Conservatory Music Hall. Mrs. Brown is a daughter of Sir Lyman and Lady Melvin-Jones. Photo by Kennedy, Toronto.