

CLOSE TO THE LAND OF FAIRIES



LUTHER MEDDOWS, TORONTO.



MARY EILEEN AND PETER JOHN FOLEY, TORONTO.



WILFRID PARSONS, TORONTO.

A Criminal Head

When men of science (or, more often, men who talk about science) speak of studying history or human society scientifically, they always forget that there are two quite distinct questions involved. It may be that certain facts of the body go with certain facts of the soul, but it by no means follows that a grasp of such facts of the body goes with a grasp of the things of the soul. A man may show very learnedly that certain mixtures of race make a happy community, but he may be quite wrong (he generally is) about what communities are happy. A man may explain scientifically how a certain physical type involves a really bad man, but he may be quite wrong (he generally is) about which sort of man is really bad. Thus his whole argument is useless, for he only understands one half of the equation.

The drearier kind of don may come to me and say, "Celts are unsuccessful; look at Irishmen, for instance." To which I should reply, "You may know all about Celts; but it is obvious that you know nothing about Irishmen. The Irish are not in the least unsuccessful, unless it is unsuccessful to wander from their own country over a great part of the earth.

of the usual articles about criminology; about whether wicked men could be made good if their heads were taken to pieces. As by far the wickedest men I know of are much too rich and powerful ever to submit to the process, the speculation leaves me cold. I always notice with pain, however, a curious absence of the portraits of living millionaires from such galleries of awful examples; most of the portraits in which we are called upon to remark the line of the nose or the curve of the forehead appear to be the portraits of ordinary sane men, who stole because they were hungry or killed because they were in a rage. The physical peculiarity seems to vary infinitely; sometimes it is the remarkably square head; sometimes it is the unmistakable round head; sometimes the learned draw attention to the abnormal development, sometimes to the striking deficiency of the back of the head. I have tried to discover what is the invariable factor, the one permanent mark of the scientific criminal type; after exhaustive classification I have come to the conclusion that it consists in being poor.

But it was among the pictures in this article that I received the final shock; the enlightenment which has left me in lasting possession of the fact that criminologists are generally

peculiarly which he shared with Louis XVI. and with half the people of his time and ours.

Then it was that I measured the staggering distance between the knowledge and the ignorance of science. Then I knew that all criminology might be worse than worthless, because of its utter ignorance of that human material of which it is supposed to be speaking. The man who could say that Robespierre was deficient in ethical instincts is a man utterly to be disregarded in all calculations of ethics. He might as well say that John Bunyan was deficient in ethical instincts. You may say that Robespierre was morbid and unbalanced, and you may say the same of Bunyan. But if these two men were morbid and unbalanced they were morbid and unbalanced by feeling too much about morality, not by feeling too little. You may say if you like that Robespierre was (in a negative sort of way) mad. But if he was mad he was mad on ethics. He and a company of keen and pugnacious men, intellectually impatient of unreason and wrong, resolved that Europe should not be choked up in every channel by oligarchies and state secrets that already stank. The work was the greatest that was ever given to men to do except that which Christianity did in dragging Europe out of the abyss of barbarism after the Dark Ages. But they did it, and no one else could have done it.

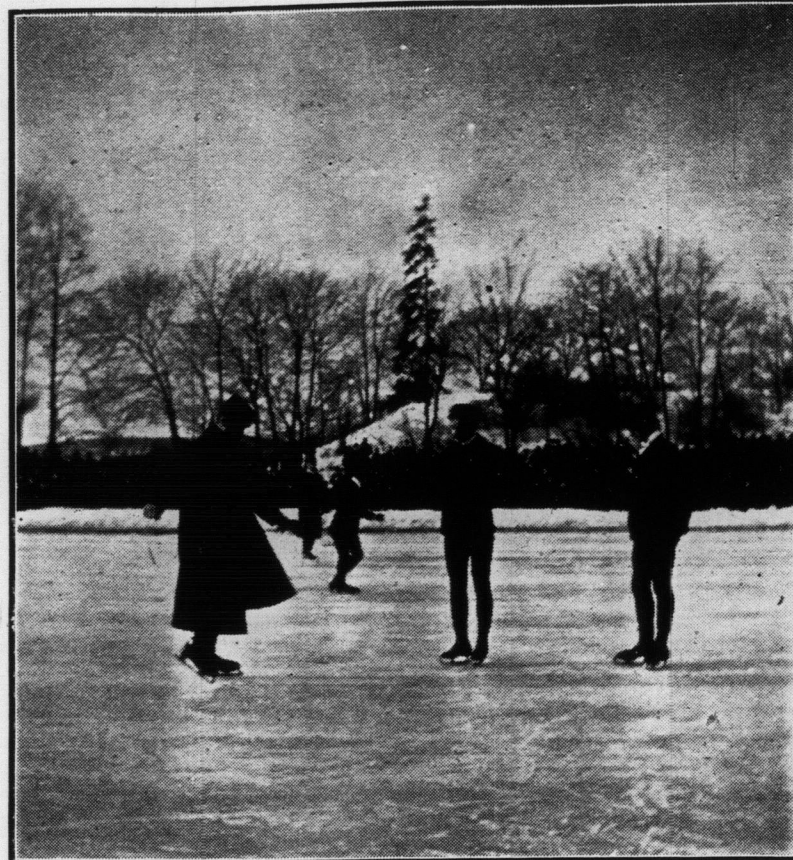
Certainly we could not do it. We are

point where the public will pay to see the dance. I have always loved dancing. In fact, I do not know when I was not able to dance. Of course, in my earlier days I never dreamed that the art of dancing would become a great factor in earning a livelihood, but when I made my debut on the stage, Mr. Henry Savage saw my work and advised me to devote more attention to the dancing portion of it, with what success you already know.

It was not long before I became interested in the art, and then began to study the characteristic dances of the different nations. You can hardly imagine how fascinating it is to take up an analytic study of this kind. Each nation has its characteristic step, and in the mastery of each of these lies the art of real fancy dancing. I have studied with care the dancing of the negroes of the south; particularly their buck wing dancing. Altho it may not appeal to our finer sentiments, it is

there are many who are not born to dance. A woman whose pedal extremities demand No. 7 shoes is not likely ever to become a graceful dancer. The small woman is, as a rule, the better dancer, for she is quicker in her movements, lighter on her feet and more graceful when moving rapidly. The big woman may be able to walk with more grace than the little one, but if the two break into a run, the comedy part of the sprinting performance will be furnished by the one who carries the greatest number of pounds.—By Helen Hale.

"The Unicorn from the Stars." William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet, has written a new play, "The Unicorn from the Stars," in collaboration with Lady Gregory, which has stirred Dublin, and indeed, England, to unwonted interest. Mr. Yeats has many admirers in America, and they will welcome the appearance of this new play in a volume which is to be published within a few weeks. It is to appear along with two



SKATING IN NORWAY.

George A. Meagher of Toronto showing a few movements to champions of Germany and Norway, who are on his right. They are on an open air sheet of ice at Christiania.

really the rhythm of music. It is just that particular style of syncopated time which the negro loves so much, and which we have called "rag time." The proper execution of the step requires sprightliness, agility and nerve. Your real buck and wing dancer, or one who can do the "double shuffle," is an artist, and the aspirant for dancing honors would do well to watch him closely.

The nearest approach to this in a European step is the Hungarian mazurka, or "csardas." In this the syncopated time is used to a great extent. The Russian dance has for its peculiarity the crouch step, which seems to be emblematic of the Russian bear. And the German clog seems fitted to the big, bluff, clumsy German, as we picture him. The Oriental dance is of the soft, dreamy, entrancing kind, which one would picture along with Turkish cigarettes. The Spanish dance is punctuated with the crash of cymbals, and the agile, twisting movement, which carried the idea to the Riviera.

The French is really the simplest of all the international dances, and may be readily learned. That is the reason why so many of our vaudeville dancers use it. There is no American dance, strictly speaking, but common custom has given "rag time" that distinction. And in the list of fancy dances it comes near the top.

Perhaps there is nothing which so accurately typifies the national character of a people so well as its dances. The movements of the Indian are the sly movements of a sly people. The terrific stepping and bending of the body are a certain index of the nervous, fidgety, restless Spaniard. There is the same sort of abandon to the less restrained French dances that there is in the little restrained moral atmosphere

I do not know whose heads are criminal, but I think I know whose are imbecile.—G. K. Chesterton, in The London Daily News.

DANCING AN ART.

Dancing is not an acquired art; it is for the most part natural. While, of course, one has to learn the different steps, the agility and spirit must be in-born. Just as a musician may be taught to manipulate the keys of a piano, he must possess the soul of music to be "great." So the dancer. She must have the instinct, the heart and the soul for the work. And even with the possession of this, hard work, and lots of it, is necessary before one can reach the

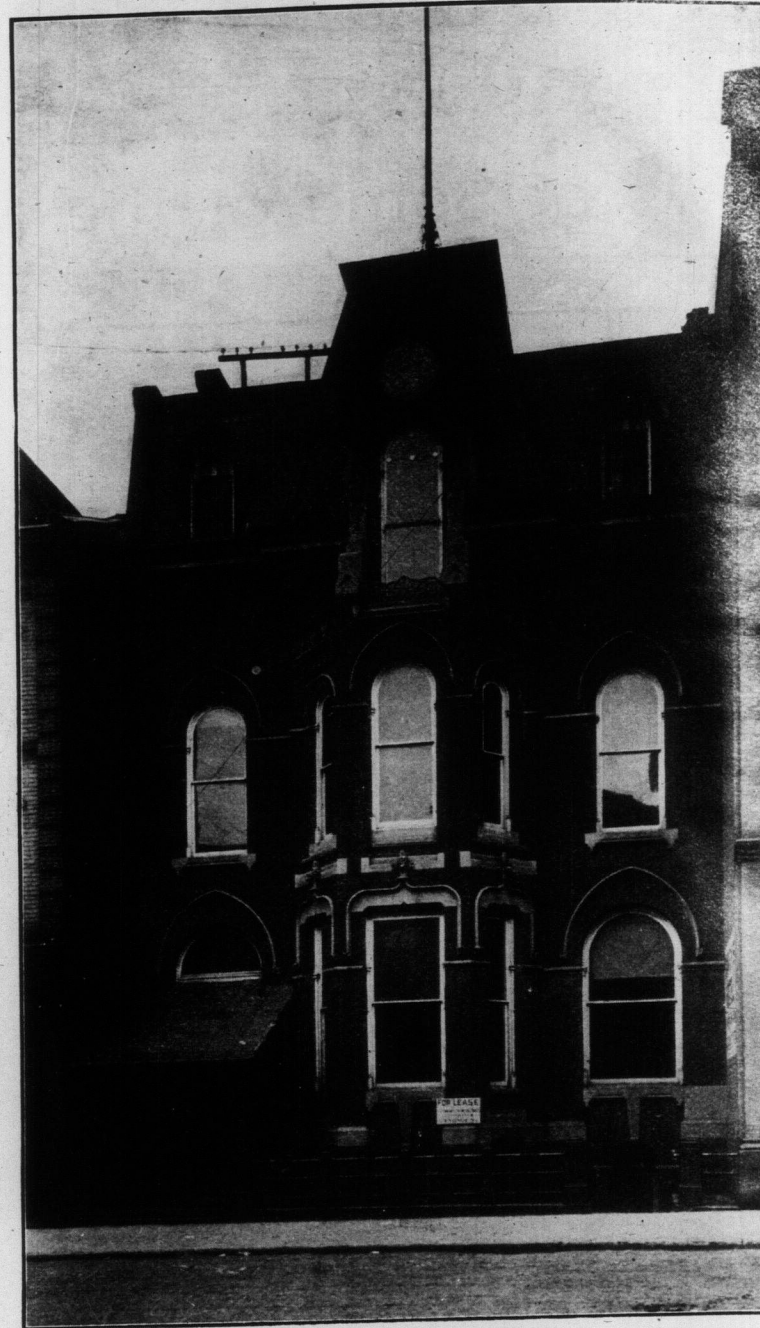
WM. LAVIN, TENOR of Detroit, who will appear in Massey Hall on Thursday, 30th Inst., in "Joan of Arc" with the Toronto Oratorio Society.

of the French capital. It is but a step further to the hula-hula dance of the Turkish woman, or the strange and surprising dance of the Nautch girl of India.

Ordinarily the dances of the English and Americans are the most discreet of all. What abandon there is in the dances seen upon the American and English stage has been borrowed from France, Spain, or the Orient, and is not at all characteristic of the Londoner or the Chicagoan.

It is often said that dancers, like poets, are born and not made. That is not altogether true. To be sure there are dancers who appear to have such natural grace and such an inborn sense of rhythm that they must be thought to have been born to celebrate all their days tripping with their nimble feet. I will admit, however, that I do believe

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Mrs. Gaylord—I don't know, dear. You might just as well ask where your father is going to when he goes out.—Chicago News.

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BABY HICKS AND HER DOG.



ALBERT OXLAN, TORONTO.



LOIS G. FAULDS, TORONTO.

in which case the English are unsuccessful, too." A man with a bumpy head may say to me (as a kind of New Year greeting), "Pools have microcephalous skulls," or what not. To which I shall reply, "In order to be certain of that you must be a good judge both of the physical and of the mental fact. It is not enough that you should know a microcephalous skull when you see it. It is also necessary that you should know a fool when you see him; and I have a suspicion that you do not know a fool when you see him, even after the most feling and intimate of all forms of acquaintanceship."

The trouble with most sociologists, criminologists, etc., is that while their knowledge of their own details is exhaustive and subtle their knowledge of man and society, to which these are to be applied, is quite exceptional—superficial and silly. They know everything about biology, but almost nothing about life. Their ideas of history, for instance, are simply cheap and uneducated. Thus some famous and foolish professor measured the skull of Charlotte Corday to ascertain if it was criminal type; he had not historical knowledge enough to know that if there is any "criminal type," certainly Charlotte Corday had not got it. The skull, I believe, afterwards turned out to be Charlotte Corday's at all; that is another story. The point is that the poor old man was trying to match Charlotte Corday's mind with a skull without knowing anything whatever about her mind.

But I came yesterday upon a yet more crude and startling example. In a popular magazine there is one

man ignorant than criminals. Among the starved and bitter, but quite human, faces was one head, neat but old-fashioned, with the powder of the 18th century and a certain almost pert primness in the dress which marked the conventions of the upper middle-class about 1790. The face was lean and lifted stiffly up, the eyes stared forward with a frightful sincerity, the lip was firm with a heroic firmness. All the more pathetic because of a certain delicacy and deficiency of male force. Without knowing who it was, one could have guessed that it was a man in the manner of Shakespeare's Brutus, a man of piercingly pure intentions, prone to use government as a mere machine for morality, very sensitive to the charge of inconsistency and a little too proud of his own clean and honorable life. I say I should have known this almost from the face alone, even if I had not known who it was.

But I did know who it was—it was Robespierre. And underneath the portrait of this pale and too eager moralist were written these remarkable words: "Deficiency of ethical instincts," followed by something to the effect that he knew no mercy (which is certainly untrue), and by some nonsense about a retreating forehead, a



KATHERINE MOORE, BARRIE.



MARY O. M. WILSON, TORONTO.



EATRICE N. GRUPE, TORONTO.



EARL AND LADY GREY.

His Excellency has attracted national attention during the last few weeks by his speeches and efforts to save the Plains of Abraham as a Canadian historic spot, instead of allowing commercialism to sweep away the traditions and landmarks of the great battlefield. Their Excellencies are deeply interested in everything of significance for the Dominion.