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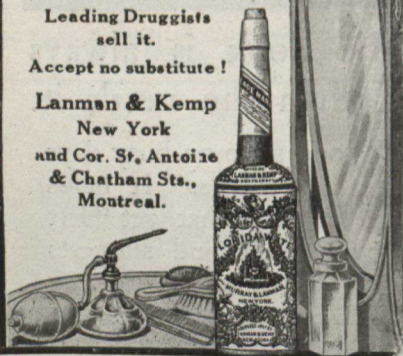
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steadily. She has shown both brains and individuality in her portrayal of "Luana" in Richard Walton Tully's "The Bird of Paradise."

And there is another young girl, who seems to have been hampered more or less, by being cast in an unsuitable part. This is Elsie Ferguson, whose future possibilities are said to have made the critics almost hysterical.

Madge Titheridge came over from London, last season, saying she hoped to make good, for there were too many

of her type in the old land. She showed the public that she had talent in "A Butterfly on the Wheel."

And we must not forget to mention Pamela Gaythorne, another English girl of no particular distinction, who gave such an artistic handling of her part in "The Pigeon."

And Ruth Chatterton, who appeared with Henry Miller in "The Rainbow," is worth watching. We hope she will soon have a better part, one that will afford her peculiar abilities scope.

Petticoats at the Baby Show

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

"PETTICOATS" designates the eternal feminine—or did, in the early Victorian era of dress. And, anyway, though the present age is devoted to hobbles and harems, it herein stands for a woman and that woman me.

I went to the Exhibition. Which is not a startling announcement. For, as the amusing man remarked in song the other evening:

"Everyone was indulging in it, indulging in it, indulging in it,
Everyone was indulging in it,
At the self-same time."

Yes, every one. We were aiming at a million. (Should the management concerned object to a seeming extra member, it is, herewith, empowered to change the pronoun.) I did not hear that song at Shea's in person, by the way, being brought up rigidly a Baptist. I sent my representative, who reported the choicest parts, and so I outwitted the chum of the World and the Flesh. But, as stated, I went to the giddier—much giddier—Exhibition.

What Exhibition? Why, the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto. Now, what was that his mother said of Little Elihu? Oh, yes! "As if there could be another such a one as he." For "the Ex" is the X of a big equation not worked out as yet. Far from the "every something" of it appearing a "wild of nothing," the very babelous everything of it turns to an ordered something—a country's voice heard strong through a stammered speech. In it join the two-weeks' hunting-grounds of the aboriginal squaw and the goal for a day of a proud imperial princess. In brief, 'tis the annual, national cosmorama.

And Petticoats delights in every feature of the Show from the big Main Building to the little tin ice-cream spoons—even to the one she happened to cut her tongue on. That same trifling accident happened in the Administration Building—which is fronted with bay trees. So do the wicked flourish.

But Petticoats' main business there was a suit to hold the Baby—that pink envy of motherdom and fatherdom, be-like, Evelyn Elson, Queen of the Baby Show.

There had been a notably strenuous contest under the striped marquee. Cherubic smiles by the score had attested the fact that "heaven lies about us in our infancy," while much bitter weeping and wailing and gnashing of infant gums had gone very far, indeed, to establish a doubt.

"For all of us are out of breath
And some of us are fat!"

You murmured that as you watched the judging doctors. The babies had all to be weighed, measured and put through a score of paces, and some three hundred and fifty had congregated. Another babe I wot of had swelled the list by one only that the mother of the poor little thing, like the chick's in Chanticleer, was an incubator, alas! and could not bring her.

"Tested to a finality," remarked a presiding One, whose professional name is a proverb in this country. A baby Goliath was placed in the brand-new scales. 'Twas an automatic weighing-machine; democratic, too, you felt as you settled to enjoy the operations. For there were small rose-fleshed infants, like the little garlanded loves which float about in the clouds on

stained glass windows, and there were wee things of an impishness which pointed hard to the fact of at least one Grand-parent "Puck."

"Have I much longer to wait?" asked a querulous female voice, of the megaphone man who had, literally, missed his calling.

"Why, what may be your class?" that exalted youth responded, extending his instrument, courteously, with the encouragement, "Speak up."

The woman smiled, thinking the caution a trifle superfluous, may be; for the youth stood upon a table and she on terra called firma, humorously, in this case. "Class 2." She said it with spirit. "I'm tired out waiting!"

"And what is your name?" The speaking-trumpet was once again reversed.

"Mrs. Smith," said the woman. And the gallery, Petticoats, smiled.

I referred to a hypocritical firm earth. Petticoats had to pick her way very gingerly over the floor as she wended in and about to observe the Wee. For it had rained rather recently, if not "cats and dogs" exactly, then, at the very mildest, kittens and pups. Indeed, she and two other press women, pleasantly encountered, had pretty much the experience of the "toves" in Wonderland, that gyred and gimble at brillig in the wabe—feeling ultra-slithy.

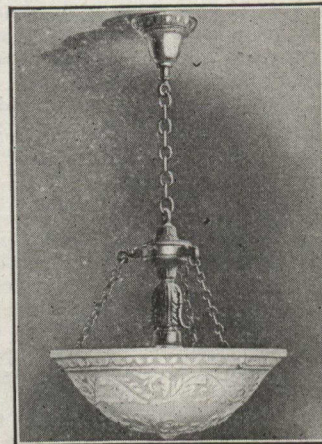
It got to be much later than brillig before the show was done—"brillig" as you know, being four in the afternoon. And as doing the "slithy tove" act was getting on Petticoats' nerves, she was just about to step over the rope, which lets you into the open, when her ear was caught by a very tid-bit in the Cockney.

"E's heasily the fattest. Honly look hat 'is lige." (He pronounced "leg" so that it rhymed with Buster's dog.) My eyes beheld the identical child who will certainly some day be "The Fattest of Men" in the Barnum and Bailey Circus. Though a certain press photographer, not Petticoats, was waylaid, no law prohibited Petticoats from hearkening. The irate man was for seizing the law by the arm and getting justice. But the camera chap who sees things—even "liges"—in proper focus, warned him the arm had a vaccination (his phrase for "the law is touchy") and the argument, for the rest, was a series of snaps.

One of those photographs showed, later, the pigmy "marche triomphale" from the show's marquee to the Administration Building. Thither did hie the champion babies to see about their awards and then it was I followed up Evelyn Elson. She rode like a very "victrix" on that car, her mother's arm, its very elbow proclaiming the first prize baby. And Petticoats actually did hold for a moment that emphatic, indeed, convincing, denial of the suicide of the race, in all her glory of dimples and pale blue ribbons. (I say "her," but, beyond a doubt, that particular baby was "It.") But as two other press women held Miss Elson, too, the Courier must not inflate to the danger point.

Speaking of arms of the law, Toronto has perfectly splendid policemen! Indeed, had one not bent his back to heed when I said, "The Press," I might have been yet outside that rope with the 'usbands. A popular belief is that a "bobby's" spine is rigid. 'Tis a fallacy. It will bend if you "press" the button—be careful, though, which. They have always a multiplicity, don't you know.

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