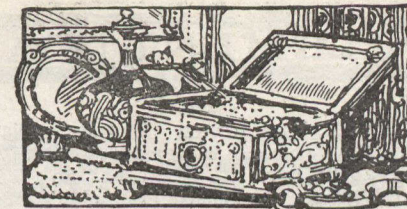
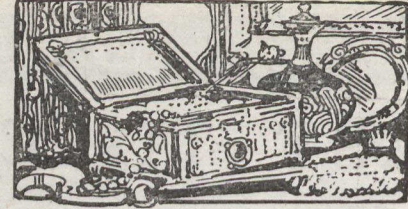


THE SEASON'S BUDS AT THE CAPITAL

By MADMACBETH



MISS MAY LEWIS.



MISS DOROTHY COOK.



MISS MARIE BATE.



MISS BEE BLAKENEY.



MISS PHYLLIS McCULLOUGH.

A DEBUT is at no time a matter for slight consideration, but this season the launching of Ottawa's Buds takes on all the seriousness of a bona fide "Presentation"; Royalty will stand just before the throne and acknowledge with princely graciousness the profound courtesies of the dainty "debs."

The girls who are coming out this year represent almost every type of feminine charm; there is the attractive little girl who compels masculine protection and who brings to the surface a long-forgotten chivalry. There is the girl who has not been trained to look forward to her debut as the paramount issue of her maidenly existence, and who has been and always will be, more or less of a student—accepting the froth while secretly wishing for the solids. There is the youngest sister who has been kept closely in the home, who is shy and lacking in that self assurance which characterizes another type of girl to whom shyness is a shocking trait and one to be left in the nursery. We have all-round sports who are equally at home on the links, on a horse, in the water or driving a motor, and bless our hearts (and preserve them!) we have the most audacious flirts!

Regardless of the order in which our types are mentioned, we begin with Miss Phyllis Whitley, who is an exceptionally lovely blonde of distinctly English origin. Her distinguished great grandfather, Admiral Sir Geo. Rooke, is too well known to need further mention here. Although she has, obviously, devoted herself to serious study and the acquiring of pleasing accomplishments, she is genuinely modest, and listens rather than asserts. She has devoted a great deal of time to outdoor sport, riding, skating and swimming better than the average. She plays and sketches sufficiently well to bring forth the enthusiastic praise of one of Ottawa's first critics, and is never too moody or too temperamental to refuse a request for music.

Miss Mildred Lambe is another distinct type. Her bronze hair and beautiful dark eyes are the envy of all who know her, and combined with a rare common sense and a total absence of superficial

arts is a delightful whimsicality and a keen wit. She has a lovely smile—and dimples. Miss Lambe is also clever with her brush, and will, if she chooses, make a name for herself in the artist's world.

Two of the daintiest bits of feminine attractiveness imaginable are Miss Dorothy Cook and Miss Bee Blakeney. Scarcely five feet tall, beautifully dressed, unblushingly pleased with all the goods the gods can offer, they put the bored, carelessly-groomed woman a few years their senior to shame. Life will always hold a tang for these two girls, and their unaffected enthusiasm will make them charming companions and staunch friends. They intend to devote much time this winter to skiing, a sport in which they excel.

And speaking of sports—Miss



MISS GABRIELLE BELCOURT.



MISS PHYLLIS WHITLEY.



MISS BETTY MASSON.



MISS MILDRED LAMBE.



MISS MAUD CODVILLE.



MISS EVELYN WRIGHT.



MISS GABRIELLE LAFLEUR.



MISS FAWNIE BROPHY.

Betty Masson, a strikingly handsome girl of the Irish type, is an all-round sport; an excellent skater (in Toronto, at school, she won a small cup for fast skating), a good hockey player, clever at basket ball, she confesses that the gymnasium saw almost as much of her as the class room. Her tennis playing is a pleasure to watch, and she handles a canoe or sail boat with ease. Her manner is responsive and charming, and Miss Masson is a favourite with all who know her.

It is evident from the photo how pretty a girl is Miss Phyllis McCullough. She is very quiet and gentle—not particularly fond of any sort of amusement but the theatre. She has a keen appreciation for good plays and is a true lover of music, although she modestly declares that she, herself, is not a musician.

There was a debutante, some years ago, who was given an ultra-unique luncheon by a university student. It was one of those affairs where the salad turned out to be some unheard-of South American vegetable, where that, which looked like a pair of birds, was in reality a pudding, while the ices took on every form from a devilled egg to a flying eagle. The bewildered debutante saw with relief after twenty courses or so that her supply of forks and spoons had diminished and that the waiter was at hand with coffee. On the same tray was a dish of little white cubes which she took for sugar, and dropped one into her cup. Seeing this the host leaned toward her and whispered.

"Let me send your cup out for more coffee—I see you have put cheese in yours, by mistake."

"Oh, no, indeed!" exclaimed little Miss Bud, resolved to die game, "I always take cheese in my coffee!"

Was that shyness or assurance? Any way, they are married now.

Miss Gabrielle Lafleur combines the attractiveness of the French and English. She has just hint enough of the former to make her speech adorable to the latter; her pretty dignity is offset by great vivacity. She is a blonde with an abundance of golden hair, and has hazel eyes. Her father, Chief Engineer of Public Works, is the sole survivor of an old Montreal family, and has handed to his daughter a deep love for *la belle France*. Miss Lafleur has a long list of accomplishments at her finger tips.

Miss Gabrielle Belcourt is a debutante this year. She comes before the world fresh from the convent, and is in the delightfully receptive mood where everything is a pleasure; she is enthusiastic about things which have long since palled on girls who have had more or less freedom up to this time. She rides exceedingly well and is very fond of this exercise, and while she has scarcely made any one form of study or amusement her hobby, she will do everything well, for the reason that she is keen to do things!

Miss Marjorie Elliott's name is also upon the list,



MISS MURIEL MAUNSELL.