



**R**OUND and round goes my little crystal ball . . . I stoop to gaze for it has much to tell . . . I catch my breath in ecstasy . . . the walls of my room open like wings . . . I float away . . . A thousand flashing lights . . .

Surely it is the rainbow's end . . . I find, if not the pot of gold, the golden hours of youth . . . a moonlit garden . . . Italy? or is it Arcadia? Perhaps it is the enchanted isle stretching out into an iridescent sea of future years . . . low, sweet, haunting music . . . the untamed soul of youth . . .

Aha, my little crystal ball has hoodwinked me . . . only the eyes of youth can see those roscate hues . . . and I am but a crystal gazer . . . aeons old . . .

Round and round goes my little crystal ball . . . bringing before me young faces like blossoms peeping over the edge of the world . . . round wondering eyes asking questions . . . It is a group of debutantes . . . one by one they pass before me . . . and as they pass, this is the picture my little crystal ball unfolds . . .

The calendar marks October 21. It is a spacious ball room . . . scintillating lights, gay laughter . . . a blaze of color, the blare of sound . . . bevies of sparkling debutantes, carefree, lightsome, naive and sweet, arrayed in frocks of chic simplicity and whispering loveliness . . .

The young hostess, who stands with her mother to greet them, is wearing a bewitching frock of softest pink, setting off her type; she is tall and fair . . . the silvery fairness of the moon. It is Miss Maureen Wilson, the delightful daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George Wilson, of

Toronto, and this is her coming out dance at Lambton Golf Club.

Miss Wilson is a lover of outdoor sports . . . as the crystal turns, she is seen whirling through many a game of badminton, tennis and golf. Music has for her a strong appeal. I see her at a quiet hour seated before her piano . . . in this she has achieved much . . .

A piquant little figure with a lovely contralto voice is seen at many social affairs throughout the season. Miss Muriel Bain, a girl of medium height, dark, is a sweet picture of youth in her lovely frock of ivory crepe satin. Miss Bain, who has been studying music in a serious way for two years, is now going in for outdoor sports. Golf is her hobby. She is a Bishop Strachan girl . . . daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bain, of Toronto.

"These buds all seem so young," whispers my crystal ball, "younger than the girls who come out at other years." Perhaps so, but remember the bobbed hair emphasizes youth, and the frocks are so youthful. Among a group upon which the crystal rays are focussed is Miss Sally Baker, who is coming out at the Wilson dance at Lambton, she and Miss Maureen Wilson being great friends. She is seen in a frock of white crepe de chine with fringe, very chic, portraying that sophisticated smartness which characterizes our debutantes. Miss Baker's favorite outdoor sport is tennis. Miss Beth Lind, a petite deb, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lind, Toronto, is dark and very good looking. Mrs. Fisher, her aunt, is giving a luncheon for her on October 29. Miss Muriel Parsons is an attractive little person of beautiful dark coloring. She is the daughter of Mrs. Wellington Parsons, Toronto, who is giv-

ing a coming-out tea in October. The Misses Helen and Frances Playfair, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Playfair, Toronto, are both very fair attractive girls. They play golf at Rosedale, where their coming out dance is to be held. They went to school at Branksome Hall. Miss Betty King Smith, another delightful girl, who went to Branksome Hall, and finished abroad, is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. D. King Smith, Toronto. She will come out at a tea and dance given by her mother.

The scene has changed. Another spacious ball room . . . again a flock of merry dancers. The Jenkins Galleries and the coming out dance of Miss Helen Steele, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Steele, Toronto. The charming hostess is in a pink satin period frock, with French flowers, while pink satin shoes encase her dancing feet. She carries a wonderful bunch of roses. Crowded days and evenings await this interesting girl, for she is one of the most popular of the younger set.

My crystal ball brings forth a dainty deb . . . small, fair and sweet looking. It is Miss Amy Douglas, the winsome daughter of Mr. J. S. Douglas, ex-president of the Mail and Empire, Toronto, and of Mrs. Douglas. It is wonderful how these little people grow up all in a short year. "But what would you?" says my crystal ball, "Miss Amy Douglas has already concluded a round-the-world trip. She was presented at the May court of Their Majesties, returning only a month ago to her parents' summer camp at Lake Rosseau." She plays golf at York Downs and Rosedale . . . She will make her initial bow to society at a tea which her mother is giving at Ryan's Art Galleries. [See also page 13]