

ADVENTURES IN THE ARTS

count of the development of these various picturesque athletic arts. Alas, that is not possible, for it must remain forever in the limbo of tradition.

We shall have to be grateful beyond expression for the beautiful art of May Wirth, and devote less enthusiasm to asking of when and how it came about. To have established one's art at the perfect point in one's girlhood, is it not achievement, is it not genius itself? Charming little May Wirth, first equestrienne of the world, I congratulate you for your beautiful presentation, for the excellence of its technique, and for the grace and fascination contained therein. Triumph in youth, victory in the heroic period of life, that surely is sufficient. Let the bays fall upon her young head gleefully, for she earned them with patience, devotion, intelligence, and very hard labours. Salutations, little lady of the white horse! How charming, how simple she was, the little equestrienne as she rode away from the door of the huge theatre, in her pale blue touring car. "I love the audiences here in this great theatre, but O, I love the circus so much more!" These were the sentiments of the little performer as she rode away. She is now touring, performing under the huge canvases in the open areas of the middle West, and the little traveling circus is on its way over the mountains. Fascinating people, and a fascinating life for whom there is not, and probably never will be, a written history; the story of whose origin lies almost as buried as that of the