

We waited until a form appeared—no, grew, materialized, so imperceptibly, so gradually that at first we could not be sure of it. Then the outlines became definite, then distinct. An athletic fellow on skis manœvered across the road, angled down the opposite slope, swish, swish, swirl—checking himself every other stroke, for the descent was steep—faded into unknown deeps below; the whiteness had shut him in. We listened while the swish, swish grew fainter, and in the gathering evening we felt that he had disappeared from the world into ravines of dark forests and cold enchantments from which there could be no escape.

We climbed higher and met dashing sleds now and then, but saw no other skee-ers that evening. Next morning, however, we found them up there, gliding about in that region of vapors, appearing and dissolving like cinema figures, their voices coming to us muffled and unreal in tone. I left the road and followed down into a sort of basin which seemed to be a favorite place for skee practice. I felt exactly as if I were in a ghostly aquarium.

I was not much taken with skeeing, as a whole. I noticed that even the experts fell down a good many times and were not specially graceful getting up.

But I approve of coasting, under the new conditions—*i.e.*, with funicular assistance. It no longer takes a long time to make the climb, and you do it in luxury. You sit in a comfortable seat and your sled is loaded on an especially built car. Switzerland is the most funiculated country in the world; its hills are full of these semi-perpendicular tracks. They make you shudder when you mount them for the first time, and I think I never should be able to discuss frivolous matters during an ascent, as I have seen some do. Still, one gets hardened, I suppose.

They are cheap. You get commutation tickets for very little, and all day long coasters are loading their sleds on the little shelved flat-car, piling themselves into the coach, then at the top snatching off their sleds to go whooping away down the long track to the lower station. Coasters get killed now and then, and are always getting damaged in one way and another, for the track skirts deep declivities, and there are bound to be slips in steering, with resulting collisions. We might have stayed longer and tried it again, but we were still limping from our first experiment. Besides, we were not dressed for the real thing. Dress may not make the man, but it makes the sportsman.

Frost in Spring

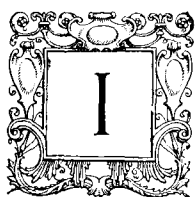
BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

O H, had it been in Autumn, when all is spent and sere,
That the first numb chill crept on us with its ghostly hint of fear,
I had borne to see love go, with things detached and frail,
Swept outward with the blowing leaf on the unresting gale!

But when life is a breath new-drawn, when earth is all elate,
When joy comes like a spirit through a paradisal gate,
How can it be that you and I bring love no offering,
How can it be that frost should fall upon us in the Spring!

More Than Raiment

BY MARGARET CAMERON AND JESSIE LEACH RECTOR



IN the beginning the pink dress was merely a pink dress, and only when it was persistently denied and forbidden did Fergus Dean convert it into a symbol. Then it became his Blue Bird, which, from the time Tony was three years old, he pursued and tried to cage for her until, as the years passed, both father and daughter saw in its promise the fulfilment of happiness and high reward. But to Mrs. Dean, in the throes of social evolution, it symbolized only a reversion to type; and even when the long struggle that had begun in the oil-fields of West Virginia was finally ended, with Barbara Ventris's help, in the gold-fields of West Australia, to Tony's mother the pink dress still loomed—an outraged convention.

Mary Dean's trend was upward, and the first rung of her ladder had been the Methodist sewing society in Wellsville, then a primitive, ill-lighted, mushroom town, where the surrounding forest of unweathered oil-derricks was not more newly hewn than were the cultural ambitions of Fergus Dean's wife. In this early period it was she who introduced gilded thistles and umbrella-stands made of decorated drain-pipe to an envious and imitative circle. Consciousness of germs and the "individualism of the child" had not then dawned upon an eager world; but the day was to come when Mary Dean's pronunciation of *been* would rhyme with *seen*, and when it would be said, in describing her, "She's the wife of a leading citizen, and knows words like Matisse and Debussy."

She married Fergus Dean for love, and when later she found that he did not conform to the pattern of her favorite literature, in which duchesses abounded, she endeavored to mold him; but he

was not plastic. He met her efforts with whimsical amusement, but with that same underlying determination which in after years led her to speak of him as "an individualist."

Meanwhile came Tony—Antoinette she was christened—and Tony supplied a new outlet. In floppy bonnets, and socks patterned after the most approved models in the fashion journals, she gave promise of fulfilling her mother's every worldly ambition, and with their greater wealth Mrs. Dean's horizon widened, and her dream of a brilliant marriage for Antoinette grew. Convention was her higher priest. But to follow its mandates to complete attainment under Fergus Dean's humorous eyes was never easy, and when she recognized in their daughter a recrudescence of the same indomitable spirit that had made the father unmalleable, she determined to yield it no vantage, however small. From first to last, Antoinette must learn to conform.

The pink dress, however, first became an issue the day before the child's third birthday, when Dean casually remarked:

"By the way, I couldn't play with Tony last night, and I promised that if she'd be good she should have a pink dress for her party to-morrow. Better get it to-day."

"A pink dress!" his wife echoed. "Absurd! Babies never wear pink."

"Don't they? I'm sorry, but, as I promised it, she's got to have it."

"My dear, she can't have it! It isn't conventional."

"What's that got to do with it? She mustn't be disappointed."

But she was disappointed. Notwithstanding continued reiteration of "Pink d'ess! Pink d'ess! Papa said pink d'ess!" no pink dress was forthcoming, and when bedtime came and still there was no fulfilment of her father's promise, she sobbed herself to sleep, only to