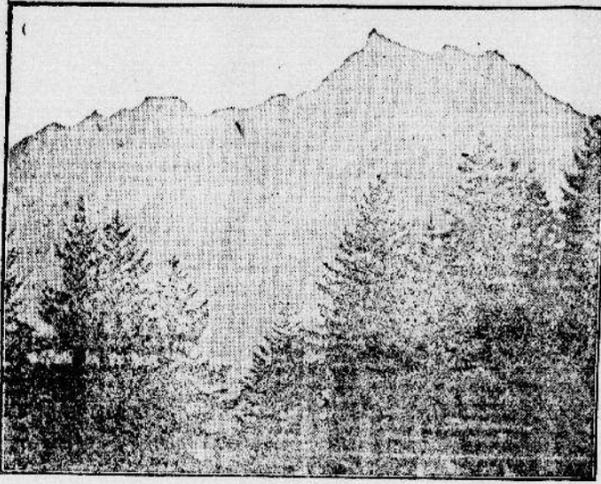


THE ALPS IN WINTER



The Dent du Midi from Villars.

WITH an audacity of outline denied to them in the softer seasons, the Winter Alps rear themselves aloft more grandly self-revealed than at any other time—still with their brave and ancient presence of being unconquerable. The black and white becomes them best; and they know it: the savage, iron black that seems pitiless, and that shining, silvery white that dazzles so piercingly. They are really not summer things at all, but creatures of the winter—the short, brilliant day of icy keenness, and the long night of tempest, wind and drifting snows. Then, at least, clothed so simply in their robes of jet and ermine, they stand in something of their old true majesty, solemn, terrible and great. Summer, as it were, over-dresses them almost, with its skirts of emerald-bright meadows and fringe of purple forests, and all its flying scarves of painted air and mist. The colors are so brilliant, the skies so soft, the flowers climb so high. Then winter comes, undressing them slowly, from the head and shoulders downwards, till they emerge, austere in black and white, naked and unashamed to the skies.

The associations of summer, of course, help very largely to emphasize the contrast. Those stubborn peaks that lie in January beneath forty feet of packed and driven snow, on many a morning in July and August carried twenty tourists prattling to one another of the sunrise, sucking thermos flasks, giggling of the hotel dances to come, not a few having been bodily dragged up, probably, by guides and porters overburdened with the latest appliances for comfort and ease. And the mere thought of them all somehow makes the Alps dwindle a little. But in winter they become free again, and hold uninterupted converse with the winds and stars. Their greatest characteristic becomes manifest—their silence. For the silence of the Winter Alps is genuinely overwhelming. One feels that the whole world of strife, clamour and bustle, and with it all the flash of vulgar ambitions among men, has fallen away into some void whence resurrection is impossible. Stand upon one of the upper slopes in mid-winter and listen: all sound whatsoever has fled away into the remotest corners of the universe. It seems as though such a thing had never existed even, the silence is so enormous, yet at the same time more stimulating than any possible music, more suggestive than the sweetest instrument ever heard. It encompasses the sky and the earth like an immense vacuum.

In summer, there would be bells, bells of goats and cows; voices, voices of climbers, tourists, shepherds; people singing, pipes playing, an occasional horn, and even the puffing and whistling of at least several funiculars in the valley. But now all these are hushed and gone away—dead. Only silence reigns. Even above, among the precipices and ridges, there is no crack and thunder of falling stones, for the sun has hardly time to melt their fastenings and send them down; no hiss of sliding snow, no roar of avalanches. The very wind, too, whirling over this upper world too softly cushioned with thick snow to permit "noise"—even the wind is muted and afraid to cry aloud. I know nothing more impressive than the silence that overwhelms the world of these high slopes. The faint "slabing" of the ski as one flies over the powdery snow becomes almost loud in the ears by comparison. And with this silence that holds true awe comes that other characteristic of the Winter Alps—their immobility; that is, I mean, of course, the immobility of the various items that crowd their surface in summer with movement. All the engines that produce movement have withdrawn deep within their frozen selves, and lie smothered and asleep. The waving grasses are still, beneath three meters of snow; the shelves that in July so busily discharge their weights of snow into the depths stand rigid and fastened to the cliffs by nails of giant ice. Nothing moves, slides, stirs or bends; all is inflexible and fixed. The very trees, loaded with piled-up masses of snow, stand like things of steel pinned motionless against the background of rumbling slope, or blue-

black sky. Above all, the tumbling waters that fill the hollows of all these upper valleys with their dance of foam and spray, and with their echoing sweet thunder, are silent and invisible. One cannot even guess the place where they have been. Here sit Silence and Immobility, terrifically enthroned and close to heaven.

The Alps, tinged and tinted in summer with vulgarly, in winter are set free; for the hordes of human beings that scuttle about the fields at their base are ignored by the upper regions. Those few who dare the big peaks are perforce worthy and the bold ski-runners who challenge the hazards of the long, high courses are themselves, like the birds, almost a part of the mountain life. The Alps, as a whole, retire into their ancient splendor.

The whole point of the Winter Alps, indeed, seems that they then show themselves with immensities of splendor and terror that the familiarity of summer days conceals. The more gaunt and somber peaks, perhaps, change little from one season to another—like the sinister tooth of the old Matterhorn, for instance, that is too steep for snow to gather and change its aspect. But the general run of summits stand aloof in winter with an air of inaccessibility that adds vastly to their essential majesty. The five peaks of the Dent du Midi, to take a well-known group, that smile a welcome to men and women by the score in August, retreat with the advent of the short dark days into a remoter heaven, whence they frown down, genuinely terrific, with an aspect that excites worship rather than attack. In their winter seclusion, dressed in black and white, they belong to the clouds and tempests, rather than to the fields and woods out of which they grow. Watch them, for instance, on a January morning in the dawn, when the wild winds toss the frozen powdery

After a Snowstorm, snow hundreds of feet into the air from all their summits, and upon this exaggerated outline of the many-toothed ridge, that sunrise strikes in red and gold and you may see a sight that is not included in the very finest of the summer's repertoire. But it is at night, beneath the moon, that the Winter Alps become really supreme. The shadows are pitch black, the snow dazzling as with a radiance of its own, the "battlements" that on their front bear stars" loom awfully out of the sky. In close-shuttered chalets the peasants sleep, there, in this silent world of ice and stars, the enormous mountains dream solemnly upon their ancient thrones, unassailable, alone in the heavens, forgotten. The Alps, in these hours of the long winter night, come magnificently into their own.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

A Sinful Waste. "Why won't you do something for me? Don't I always vote your way?" "Sure," said the politician, "and that's what makes it seem so unnecessary to do anything for you."

People, as a rule, hear better with the right than with left ear.

Yellow Roses

By DOROTHY DOUGLASS

Sylvia Graham stood before the cheval mirror in the small dressing-room her studio boasted. She brushed her coppery hair rhythmically, keeping time to the old Scotch ballad she hummed.

On the broad studio couch lay a gown of dull gold ready to adorn the figure of Sylvia when the copper mass should have been brought into submission and properly coiffed. Toilette and ballad were in preparation for a musicale at which the girl was to sing. A steady glow in her eyes foretold success.

In the studio above David Guthrie sat close to window and listened, spellbound, to the wonderful voice. It was the song, as much as the voice, that charmed him. It took him back to the moonlit nights on shipboard, when the passengers had gathered together to hear the same song rendered in the melting voice of a rugged Scot. The quaint, mournful little ballad had in it an appeal that stole deep into the heart.

And here—thousands of miles from his own bonny Scotland—someone else loved "Ae Fond Kiss." Guthrie was sure the singer below loved it from the way in which she caressed each wailing note.

True to his Scotch instincts, Guthrie was not the man to hesitate when once he knew what he wanted. At present he wanted to accompany the girl's voice. He arose and went straight to the piano in his own studio. His touch was firm and masterful and he knew the notes of the song so well. He picked up the accompaniment at the very bar the girl was singing.

For a moment the voice wavered, then it went steadily on. Even the unexpectedness of the music did not disconcert the girl. Perhaps her tones



"How Sweet!" She Murmured into Them.

increased in volume, perhaps her expression became more splendidly telling, but, certainly, a deeper color sprang into her cheeks and her eyes glowed under the magnetic touch of the keys above. When the last note of the song and piano had floated out to mingle with the twilight shades, Sylvia turned from the mirror with quivering nerves. She was sure of only one thing—that she never had sung the ballad so well.

In the elevator outside a diminutive messenger boy was being carried swiftly up to David Guthrie's studio. In his hand was a box from a florist.

"The boss said if this ain't the kind you wanted he'd send some more. He couldn't understand by the telephone what color you meant." The small boy delivered himself of this speech as soon as Guthrie opened the door.

"They're all right," replied Guthrie, after examining the roses. And the lad was whizzed down the elevator fingering a bill with his grubby hands. Guthrie closed the box, tied a piece of cord around it and, going to the window at the rear of his studio, he lowered the flowers to the sill below. He swung it several times until it tapped on the glass. A moment later, two hesitating, slender hands appeared, detached the box and withdrew. Guthrie heard a smothered expression of surprise.

Below, Sylvia buried her flushed face in a cluster of fragrant tea roses whose tiny yellow heads sparkled with cooling dew.

"How sweet!" she murmured into them. "You shall go with me tonight—your fragrance will inspire my best voice." For a long moment she was lost in thought; then, suddenly, she raised her head and began the second verse of another old song, "A Bowl of Roses." Every word rang clear and distinct:

"And the soul of them rose like a presence, 'Tate me crept and grew, 'And filled me with something—something—"

The voice wavered for a second before the last line reached the man who listened so intently.

"Oh—was it you?"

For a fleeting moment the air was charged with the electric union of two souls—infinity happy in the melody of song. Then—Guthrie heard the closing of a window.

When Mrs. Howard Waldon introduced Miss Sylvia Graham to her guests that night and the girl stood before them, the lights gleaming on her head, there was one among who gave a sudden start. He was sitting far back and the young singer

had appeared to him almost as a vision. He found himself realizing that any woman with artistic taste might wear dull gold with that shade of hair, and that many of them, even, might think of tea roses to complete the scheme; but, somehow those tiny yellow buds, more especially the one nestling in the girl's hair, seemed pregnant with meaning.

When the girl's first tone breathed out through the room David Guthrie knew that the roses were his. He knew too that he must meet her. He wanted to clasp the slender hand that gathered in his roses and to stand near her. Something within impelled him to rise to his feet before Sylvia's encore. He stood there outlined against the delicate gray of the wall.

The guests of Mrs. Waldon marveled at the sudden rush of color to the cheeks of the singer who was so charming them with her voice and her beauty. And the little encore with which she rewarded them drew their hearts more closely to her. It was the same ballad the girl had sung in her studio only a few hours before.

"Dear," said Mrs. Waldon when she was able to get to Sylvia, "I have a Scotchman who can't wait to meet you. Come." She turned and faced David Guthrie. "Of course! Here he is, at my heels."

That the two acknowledged formal introductions, they were reasonably certain, but that they stood, face to face, they knew full well. "And I shall go home with you tonight?" David Guthrie half asked, half declared. "It is convenient," Sylvia acquiesced. "And perhaps you'll let me thank you, now, for the unique way in which you paid me homage." She touched the roses at her waist. "They are lovely."

"And you forgive my rude accompaniment to your song?"

"It was so far from rude that I shall ask you to play for me often."

"How soon?" the man asked, eagerly.

"I could plead fatigue," she demurred, but the flash from beneath her lashes belied her words.

David turned toward their hostess. "Come with me. I'll do the talking." Mrs. Waldon looked from one to the other as the two stood before her. "You are up to something," she said. "You look positively impish. Has Sylvia inveigled you to that studio of hers—she thinks it's the only place in the world—"

"Perhaps it is," interrupted Guthrie. And then he told her a tale of having to get home early and Sylvia, having to go his way, persuaded her hostess to let her go, too.

"I'll be much more of a success to your musicale if I slip off mysteriously after—after my triumph," she added saucily.

"Then run along," Mrs. Waldon laughed, as the man and the girl threaded their way from the rooms.

At the door of Sylvia's studio, David took her key and together they entered the studio. Quite as if he had done it always, he unfastened the cloak and, taking it from her shoulders, threw it across a chair.

"I'm jealous of your studio," he said, laughing. "It's cozier than mine."

"Even if it doesn't grow tea roses?" she asked.

"It inspires them," the man said. "And you inspire tea tables—to do their best. Let me demonstrate my likeness to Tetraxini," she added, hastily, "by cooking you something. I'm glad Annette has retired. It would spoil everything if she hadn't. She won't even let me stir mushrooms when she's about. Annette has strong views about artistic temperaments and foodstuffs going hand in hand."

"I'm perfectly willing to try the conglomeration," replied the man, throwing himself into a chair from which he might watch her move.

She produced, from the wonderfully equipped little tea table, a chafing dish, percolator and a dozen accessories that bewildered the man. "May I help," he asked, lamely.

She cast him a scornful glance from above the alcohol lamp she was filling. "Any time a Scotchman is a help with getting supper!"

An appreciative smile dawned in his eyes. "Then, may I amuse myself with the girls on the walls while you imitate Tetraxini at the chafing dish?" His eyes traveled about the tapestried walls. "I don't like the way your Romney girl smirks at me—There! that one of Madame le Brun's is much more jolly. She—and her big muff—look quite as if they were glad to have me here." He arose and went to a picture that hung on a far wall. "This," he said, studying the face in the frame, "is my favorite. I could love a girl like that."

Sylvia raised her eyes and followed his gaze. He was standing before a Grèuze girl—her own favorite—with her misty, soft eyes. In the slender arms of the girl in the picture a lamb nestled contentedly. Guthrie stood, for a long time, looking into the beautiful face and after a survey of the room, returned to Sylvia. He stood looking down at her as she worked with a large silver spoon.

"Why—do you—put?" he asked, a twinkle in his eye. "Is the concoction unruly?"

She shook her head. "I'm jealous of the portrait girl," she said. "I shall take her down."

"Don't," the man said.

Sylvia glanced up at him. There was something intangible in his meaning. She stirred at the steaming food. "Chicken—and mushrooms," she began, "don't like to be kept waiting."

"Neither do I," said Guthrie, looking steadily into her eyes. "Neither do I," he repeated, pointedly.

And the conscious flame that burned in Sylvia's cheek gave him the assurance he wanted.

Midsummer Hats



LACES and nets are more generally used in making hats for mid-summer than for many seasons past. They are fine for remodeling shapes that have been worn but are available for a second or third season, as leghorns and millans. If the used shape is discolored or not in perfect repairs, ruffles of lace, sewed one row above another, may easily cover the upper brim entirely. With a crown of net draped over a thin silk for the top, no part of the original shape is visible except the under brim. Such a hat is shown in Fig. 1. The lace is a German val pattern and is knife plaited, making ruffles a little less than two inches wide. These are slip attached to the brim.

The wreath of buds and foliage about the crown at the base is all that is needed to complete the hat.

A leghorn in Fig. 2 shows the under brim covered to within an inch and a half of the edge with a dotted net in pale blue. A big puffed crown of the net is draped over a wreath of hydrangeas, which grows wider at the back, where it climbs to the top of the crown. Very little of the upper brim is visible and the crown of this hat is almost wholly concealed. On the crown the net is draped over plain chiffon a trifle lighter in tone than itself. This is another excellent design for a hat which is to be remodeled from one that shows signs of wear.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

CARE OF THE GIRL'S ROOM

Trick of Having Apartment Beautiful, Attractive and Clean Is Simple and Easily Learned.

A girl can learn nothing more useful than the simple trick of having her own room beautiful, attractive and clean. It is not always possible to have the furniture, but one can have a "homey looking" room. One thing is absolutely necessary, a room must be clean, bedspreads, pretty linen dresser pieces and chair cushions are necessary. Cover the trunk (if kept in the room) with a cretonne cover, and have a scrap basket to hold little odds and ends which must be burned. On the table have well selected books and magazines. Keep gay postal cards in a neat postal card book. Do not decorate the walls with them, for pretty as they are they soon hang crooked and make a room look untidy.

Have a place for shoes, for if anything makes a room upset it is a pair of tan shoes lying, pigeon-toed, under the bed and another pair of black ones under the dresser. Keep the closet in order so that when the door is opened you will not be ashamed to have anyone see how you keep your clothes. If you put things away as you use them you can have a room like this. Have one palm or fern grace your room, and if it dies get a new one.

GRACEFUL LINGERIE DRESS.



Beautifully embroidered in pale blue and white.

CLEVER USES OF BASKETS

Make Very Pretty Jardinières by Use of Cheap Materials and Little Artistic Skill.

A woman who likes to have her house full of growing plants in winter has discovered the baskets which can be bought for 10 cents make very pretty jardinières. These baskets, in old-fashioned willow-ware, come in dark green, deep red and brown, and any of them are effective with the green of the plants, says the New York Tribune. If the baskets are bought in a 10-cent store it is most likely that one will need only to go to another department to buy for 10 cents the pans that will exactly fit them. Before being filled by the florist the pans should be painted grass green, or to match the basket.

One of these baskets may also, with a little more manipulation, be made to fill the more prosaic sphere of a work-basket, lined with Persian silk in harmonizing colors. On one side is a pocket of silk drawn up by narrow elastic, and small bows holding in place an emery ball, a bodkin, a glove mender and a needle book make a pretty decoration along the edge. The outer edge is trimmed with a modest little fancy fringe.

Newer in style is the brown one, with yellow added for brightness. There is a mat in the bottom cut from cardboard and covered with brown silk, which is fastened to the under side with glue. The little silk cushion, which is of the tomato order, measures four and a half inches across. Both mat and cushion are held in place by two stitches of strong silk that go through the bottom of the basket. A yard and a half of ribbon three and a quarter inches wide will be required to hold the spoils and to make the bow. A quarter of a yard of a wider ribbon in the same shade will do for the cushion.

Slip-Over Blouses.

Blouses of silk or linen or wool or satin or pongee that slip over the head and require no buttoning up back or front are the latest. They are very dainty in appearance and complete, needing no gumps. There is a little opening down a few inches in front and the neck has a tube for a drawing of silk, which ties in front and ends in tassels. Some are finished at the neck with a net frill. The sleeves are in kimono style and there is any variety of plain, striped and fancy silks and other materials.

Crocheted Wash Links.

Cuff links for wash waists may be made from two crochet buttons, sewed together like the parts of a dumbbell link with a strong thread loop of the right length, which is then buttoned over and over. These links will wash, are pretty and are not easily lost, besides being economical.

Chamois Trimmings.

An odd but beautiful evening gown is of chamolis colored tulle, with embroideries worked on real chamois leather in Japanese style with floss silks. The designs are chrysanthemums in lovely shades of yellow, gray and drab, and here and there a dragon worked in silver thread.