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beyond the scissors to dozens of scattered pictures, photographs, magazine illustrations, which Mrs. Christianson had been evidently mounting on large sheets of brown paper. The pictures were all of snow: snow scenes in New England woods, falling snow, snow-covered lonely hills beyond empty plains—in Iceland, in the Dakotas, in Sweden?—snow-capped, jagged mountain peaks. Were they the Rockies, the Alps, the Himalayas? Or were they in the Antarctic, a favorite subject of the *National Geographic*—that land of night and of unbelievable, relentless cold?

As Emma Davis hastily scanned the snow on Mrs. Christianson's table, Mrs. Christianson herself advanced a step farther into her room, and with her advance Emma again met her eyes. They are like cold and snow themselves, she thought, bleak, bitter, frightening.

"I see you like snow," she said, a bit feebly, it must be admitted.

"I hate it!" Mrs. Christianson said.

Emma gathered herself swiftly together.

"All these lovely pictures then must be for presents for your friends, for people who do like snow."

"They're not," said Mrs. Christianson.