THE SEASONS IN NOME, ALASKA

With the breaking of the ice in June comes the first boats bringing from the United States long-awaited consignments of mail, fresh eggs, oranges, sight or taste of which Nomeites have been denied for many months. The little Arctic town suddenly awakes as from a long nap and begins strenuously tidying up in preparation for summer activities. Nature, an ever efficient housekeeper, begins busily to perform her seasonal duties; carpeting the tundra with a brilliant array of bluebells, forget-me-nots and violets; and using the foothills at the back of Nome on which to spread patches of sweet blueberries, and bathing them all in abundant warmth and light; for the summer days in Nome are twenty-four hours long, the sun hardly sinking in the southwest before it is up again.

Already the Eskimos have arrived and are encamped on the beach at Nome to barter their wares with the white inhabitants. Tourists on summer excursions through Alaska are stopping off at this far northern town to observe with wide-eyed wonderment its curiosities. They go first, perhaps, to the mines scattered among the foothills back of Nome, where they see quantities of gold dust taken from the sluice-boxes, afterward to be converted into bullion. At the Eskimo village on the Sandpit they see the natives in their daily haunts; see them eat their blubber soaked in seal oil, watch them carve their ivory, weave the beautiful beaded baskets, dance their weird, grotesque dances to the tune of tom-toms, and race in their kyaks—small water-tight skin boats—on Bering Sea. Perhaps, too, the tourists will have pointed out to them several small schooners anchored in the roadstead and will be told that they belong to an exploring party which has made Nome its headquarters before sailing farther north into uncharted Arctic wastes.

The long, warm days of summer pass all too quickly, and it is not long before the last boat in the roadstead gives a farewell blast of the whistle, turns southward and fades into the distant horizon. It means the severing, for ten long months, of the last link between the outside world and Nome. October is approaching and there is a touch of frost in the air, with now and then a light fall of snow that melts as it reaches the ground. Gradually, tribe by tribe, the Eskimos break camp and paddle northward to their native haunts, their oomjaks loaded with the white man's flour, sugar and other foodstuffs, the result of the summer's trading.

The days grow gradually colder and Snake River, flowing through Nome into Bering Sea, is covered with a sheet of ice, and skaters skim for miles along its clear, blue course, their skates clinking gayly in the biting air. Bering Sea, for the last month tossed by heavy storms, is becoming daily more subdued, until finally it lies completely hushed, hardly a ripple on its surface. A skim of thin ice appears, and shortly Nome is completely locked in by a barrier of solid ice stretching as far as the eye can see. The thermometer has dropped below zero mark. Then one day a fine dry snow bgins to fall, accompanied by a wind that sets in motion a swirling wall of snow-dust. This may last for three days, and on the morning of the third we open our door to be confronted by a solid wall of snow. We tunnel our way out and break through into a world buried in a "great white silence." The snow is piled in huge drifts on houses, barns and streets. It is a different Nome from that we had known. The melodious jangling of sleighbells just then draws our attention to a dog team coming toward us through the soft, deep drifts, its furclad driver calling, "Mush on!" to a dozen frisking Malemutes.

Winter in Nome has come.

New Secretary of State

Hon. Fernand Rinfret, M.P. for St. James, Montreal, newspaperman by profession and secretary of state in the King cabinet, is shown above in two poses—one when formally facing the camera and the other in a moment of relaxation with a canine favorite.

MARRIAGE TRAPS

A Looker-on Tells Young Married People How to Keep the Happiness They Have Won.

I am a district nurse, and am thus brought in very close touch with the home life of hundreds of people every year. Far too frequently I note, with regret, that husband and wife have drifted apart. Now and again the chance offers to bring them together, but, as they say in Cornwall, "'Tis easier to crack a pot than to mend it."

The number of unhappy marriages could be greatly reduced if all brides and bridegrooms were given early warning of what I call "marriage traps," so that they might avoid them. Wives and husbands do things which wreck happiness because they don't realize what will be the effect.

So now, if the opportunity offers, I warn them. To wives I say: When a little one comes never let mother-love so overshadow wife-love that it seems to have departed. In other words, if baby pushes your husband into a back seat you are asking for trouble.

Don't Settle Down.

Men are peculiar. Look after your baby, but keep hold of your husband. It's really a great compliment to you that he resents having to give up his place to "baby." True, he doesn't understand mother-love, but he resents baby being first and himself nowhere.

Then, don't tie your man to your apron-strings. Most husbands have to acquire the home-habit. It's the free husband who doesn't stray. And don't "settle down"; remain his sweetheart.

To husbands I say: You've been, during the courting days, on a pedestal. There was no man like you! Keep on it. You've secured the girl you wanted; now you've got to keep her. Be her sweetheart still, and don't "settle down."

It's when married life becomes humdrum—no evening walks, no little presents, and so on—that there is always the possibility of the failure which is bred of disillusionment.

So, be careful. Hold on to the color and romance that were yours in courting days. They may save your happiness from shipwreck.

The Mother Land.

It is a strange feeling that comes over the western Saxon as he strolls first along the green by-lanes of England, and scents the hawthorn in its April bloom, and lingers at some quaint stile to watch the rooks wheeling and cawing around some lofty elm-tops, and traces the carved gables of some old country mansion that lies in their shadow, and hums some fragrant of charming English poesy that seems made for the scene.—Donald G. Mitchell.

Might Expect to be Present.

Missionary (establishing pleasant relations)—"And may I expect to be present at dinner?"

Cannibal King—"Sure thing—you'll come after the soup."

The Moods.

Clear evening sky, still water; heaven hath poised
Mood over mood. O, heron of my days,
Come fish the stream and tell me what you find,
Why do you stand so cold, so motionless?
Is all the water barren where you gaze,
Or are you blind?

"Peace, trouble not the stream:
Keep quiet mind."

Look not for petty fishes: spare me, heron,
The flaming salmon that outleaps the pool.
Go bring her to me, heron; brooding here
Alone on deep and shallow, ill content,
I watch the stream grow thick, I am the fool
Of doubt and fear.

"Be still; under the sky
The stream grows clear."

Heron, look up, the salmon leaps on high:
O, see her curve of glory in the air!
She bears redeeming silver in her mouth,
Spanning the happy rivers, rood by rood;
Go follow her till waters answer sky;
Till one sweet spindle marry North and south,
And earth sway up to heaven, stair by stair,
Mood over mood.

—L. A. G. Strong.

Map Tree Spread to Reduce Canadian Prairies.

Mapping the spread of trees in the prairies provinces to ascertain the rate of spread is one of the latest activities in which Professor V. W. Jackson, of the Manitoba Agricultural College, and other authorities on arboriculture are engaged. The mapping is being done in connection with a campaign to have more of the prairies covered with trees than at present, and yet not interfere with agricultural development.

So far, the spread of the poplar has been remarkable, Professor Jackson points out. All through Saskatchewan "poplar islands" are forming and increasing in size, and it appears that the poplar spreads all the more rapidly as new land is broken for agricultural purposes. It is only a matter of a few generations until there will be no such thing as a treeless stretch of prairie of any great extent, Professor Jackson states.

While the poplar is easily first in adapting itself to prairie conditions, satisfactory results also are being obtained with oak and elm. Acorns which have been sent to Red Deer, Alta., have germinated, and the saplings promise quick development. Elm seeds also planted in Alberta likewise have germinated.

Morning, Noon, Night.

Morning is a threshold,
Noon the day;
Afternoon's a promenade so gay.
But velvet night
After day's bazaar
Brings thought and dreams
Star-lit from afar.

—Amy V. Littlejohn.

Playing Safe.

Polite tourist in Edinburgh (approaching a Scotsman in kilts)—"Sir, or madam, as the case may be, will you kindly direct me to the castle?"

Business and Music.

What is the reason for the increasing favorable attitude upon the value and importance of music to the business man? Of course, much can be said as to the intellectual value of a musical training. But, that is not the main thing. What business needs is soul and sentiment! Because music develops this in man, it is of special importance to the business man. Of course, one hears it said that "There is no sentiment in business." That is the greatest nonsense in the world.

A business without sentiment is a dead business. The idea that in order to be successful a business man has to be "cold-blooded" is radically wrong. Time and again businesses are run upon the basis of cold profits, eliminating the heart factor and squeezing the pennies like the last drops of blood, no matter what the human cost. They have failed dismally and deservedly. It makes no difference whether one is selling steel, rubies, sheet music or shoe strings; if the manufacturer thinks only of his margin of profit, without have a genuinely sympathetic interest in those who make the product and those who buy them, he is sure to discover some day that the people will find out his real motives and that his "cold-blooded" business methods will lead to his downfall. A business must have a heart, it must have a soul, it must have sentiment; because a business deals with human beings, with hearts, souls and sentiments.

Test.

Stout Young Lady—"Thanks. It was kind of you to give me a lift up the hill."

Motorist—"Oh, that's all right. I wanted to se if my car would make it with you on board."

Of all animals the tiger is most susceptible to sea-sickness.

Bedruthan Steps.

Far from the frowning coast, the waves have retreated, leaving the sands exposed, warm, soft and yielding to our feet. The hurtling rocks look down upon us from above like giants in haughty solitude, some twisted by the sea, to-day so gentle in its motions. Its surving ripples, glistening in the summer sun, lap the shore in ceaseless rhythmic flow. Half motherly and tender do we feel her to be as each wavelet rolls caressingly over us, refreshing us as she takes us to her bosom. The sky flecked with fleecy clouds mirrors its blue upon the ocean swell.

Oh, glorious summer's day, by rocks and pools and fairy grot your happy votaries frolic and gambol. On the broad and even golden sands our children doff their age and artificial dress, and here in nature's happy playground, their hearts become once more the hearts of little children spontaneously happy, thankful that in this busy world one secluded spot has been left unspoiled by the devices of men.

Music Refreshes the Mind.

Aristotle, in his "Politics," classifies music as one of the four branches of education. "The first question is whether music is or is not to be a part of education. Of the three things mentioned in our discussion, which is it—education, amusement or intellectual enjoyment. It may be reckoned under either, and seems to share in the nature of all of them.

"Amusement is for the sake of relaxation; and relaxation is of necessity sweet, for it is the remedy of pain caused by toil. Intellectual enjoyment is universally acknowledged to contain an element not only of the noble, but also of the pleasant; for happiness is made up of both. All men agree that music is one of the pleasantest things, whether with or without song. As Musaeus says: 'Song is to mortals of all things the sweetest.' Hence, with good reason, it is introduced into social entertainments, because it makes the hearts of men glad. So that, on this ground alone, we may assume that the young ought to be trained in it. For innocent pleasures are not only in harmony with the perfect end of life, but they also provide relaxation, and, whereas men rarely attain the end, but often rest by the way and amuse themselves, not only with a view to some good, but also for pleasure's sake, it may be well for them to find refreshment in music."

Enough has been said to show that music has power of forming the character and should therefore be introduced into the education of the young. The study is suited to the stage of youth, for young persons will not, if they can avoid it, endure anything which is not sweetened by pleasure; and music has a natural sweetness.

Music An Investment.

Two real estate operators in a suburb adjacent to a very large city had adjoining pieces of property and decided to build the same number of houses, each operator appropriating an equal sum of money in the venture. One operator hired a real architect, who put beauty in his designs. The other was a so-called "practical" man and engaged an architect hardly worthy of the name. His houses were tenantable, but by no means beautiful. The first realized nearly 30 per cent. more for his beautiful houses than the practical man, who did not understand the intrinsic value of beauty.

If music were valuable for no other reason than it makes our home life more beautiful—that it satisfies the natural human desire for sounds, its place would be more than justified. Parents are beginning, however, to understand that an investment in music of any kind worthy of the name is sure to pay dividends in life which will be collected for years to come.

CONVERSATION FOR THE COMPANY DINNER

In his essay on friendship Emerson gives an interesting picture of the preparations which a household makes for the arrival of expected guests. It is usually upon the wife and mother that these pleasurable duties fall. Moreover, it is the further responsibility and privilege of the hostess to direct the trend of the conversation after her guests have arrived.

A woman of the writer's acquaintance who, having devoted herself for many years to bringing up her family, had found little time during this period for study of social life, began to feel as her family grew older a lack of social faculty and knowledge of current affairs. She consulted a friend whose home was a centre of happy social life.

This friend advised her to give thought and time to the matter of conversation and to make definite plans for its direction whenever she was expecting guests. Certainly what was to be said at her table and carried away in the memory was as important and worthy of care as the food to be served. She was advised to subscribe to a good daily newspaper, a good weekly periodical and a monthly magazine of high standing. She was instructed to study the news in these especially through the editorials and general articles, so that she could express intelligent opinions when topics of current interest were discussed. Also, she was advised whenever she knew the tastes or hobbies of her expected guests to inform herself along these lines in order to draw out conversation. Her friend called her attention to the value of humor, saying that a good story is a dainty morsel to keep stowed away in the conversational treasure-bag. It was suggested that she make a point of memorizing occasional jokes that especially pleased her. Furthermore, she was to study the illustrations in newspapers and magazines with particular regard to the captions under them. These are often worded in a very sprightly and amusing fashion and would show her how to make simple subjects vital and interesting.

The woman followed the advice and was rewarded by the pleasure of her guests and also by the enlarged and enlightened outlook on life that it brought to her.

A Hand on the Rudder.

One of the most difficult conversational problems that a hostess has to meet is how to divert an unprofitable conversation into pleasanter channels. This requires much tact and kindliness in order to avoid giving offense. Indeed it must be done in a way to disguise its purpose. For example, if the talk becomes too personal a hostess may wisely guide the thought away from the person discussed toward some idea for which he stands; or she may introduce some phase of a more general subject connected with him. If he is a musician she can speak of the special field in which he is working or of modern tendencies in music. If a woman is being criticized the hostess can turn the conversation toward woman's place in world affairs, or toward improved educational methods for children, or toward the value of the radio in the home.

A gentleman who for many years conducted a course of conversation in one of the recognized schools in the United States gave his students many helpful hints upon this subject. According to his opinion, conversation is at its best when not less than six or more than eight people are present. Conversation is a ball (so he thinks) to be kept rolling. Perhaps it may be even likened to a snowball, tossed from one boy to another. As each receives the ball he throws it to the next, but not before he has added a handful of snow and patted and pressed it into shape. Finally, it becomes of goodly proportions, big and round, the result of each taking part in the exhilarating exercise. The ball is not to stay in one spot too long. The endeavor of the skilful hostess will be to see that each guest does his part. Everyone sufficiently well esteemed to be invited will have something valuable and individual to contribute to the occasion and if unduly reticent should be stimulated to talk by evidence of interest in his tastes.

Humor is Helpful.

Humor is one of the pleasantest and least dangerous methods of ending a distressing argument. If two guests so far forget themselves as to become overheated in a discussion, the alert hostess can usually save the day by a good-humored and appropriate joke. If the two opponents are induced to laugh together the difficulty is ended.

An ideal conversationalist will be good-humored but not silly, truthful but not brusque, witty but not cruel. She will be earnest but not dogmatic, an attentive listener, interested in another's viewpoint and tolerant of his opinion. She will also be careful not to spoil a good story or break in on some interesting remark by urging another guest to have some more celery or a special helping of meat at this inopportune moment. It would hardly seem necessary to speak of this breach of good taste except that one continually encounters it at otherwise well-regulated tables. On the other hand, a funny story which is told by some guest and which is about to fall flat, can often be rescued from oblivion and made to contribute toward the happiness of the occasion by a kind and sprightly hostess.

Like everything else worth accomplishing, ease and dexterity in conversation grow by study and practice, as anyone can prove who wishes to experiment with her own ability.

A Costly Method.

The philanthropic iron-master, Andrew Carnegie, used to tell the following story, with a great deal of glee, to illustrate—whatever at the moment he thought it would illustrate:

"A man entered the cloakroom, at the end of a banquet, and began to smash in silk hat after silk hat.

"'Hold on, boss! What fo' yo' smashin' all dem high hats?' demanded the attendant.

"'I'm looking for my own,' the gentleman answered. 'It's an opera hat, collapsible, you know. None of these seem to be it'."

80,000 Eggs a Day.

White ants are the most productive of all insects, having been known to lay eggs at the rate of 80,000 a day for a month.

Influence of Music.

A fond Canadian mother of several happy children has this to say with regard to the influence of music in the home:

"I have found that music has exercised a wonderful influence in the lives of my children. Ih has not only been a source of culture, but a great aid in developing character. To me, music is the language of the heart, and I know of nothing that is so much loved and so largely understood by children, as music. Every day my children sing, dance, romp and play to the strains of the piano. They fill their little minds and hearts so full of the wonder and love of music that it becomes a part of their everyday existence. Week in, and week out, there is always some time when I help the children to have a good time with the piano. There is no doubt in my mind but that planting the love and appreciation of good music in my children when they were very young has been altogether responsible for their finding entertainment and diversion in music now."

World's Champion Hen.

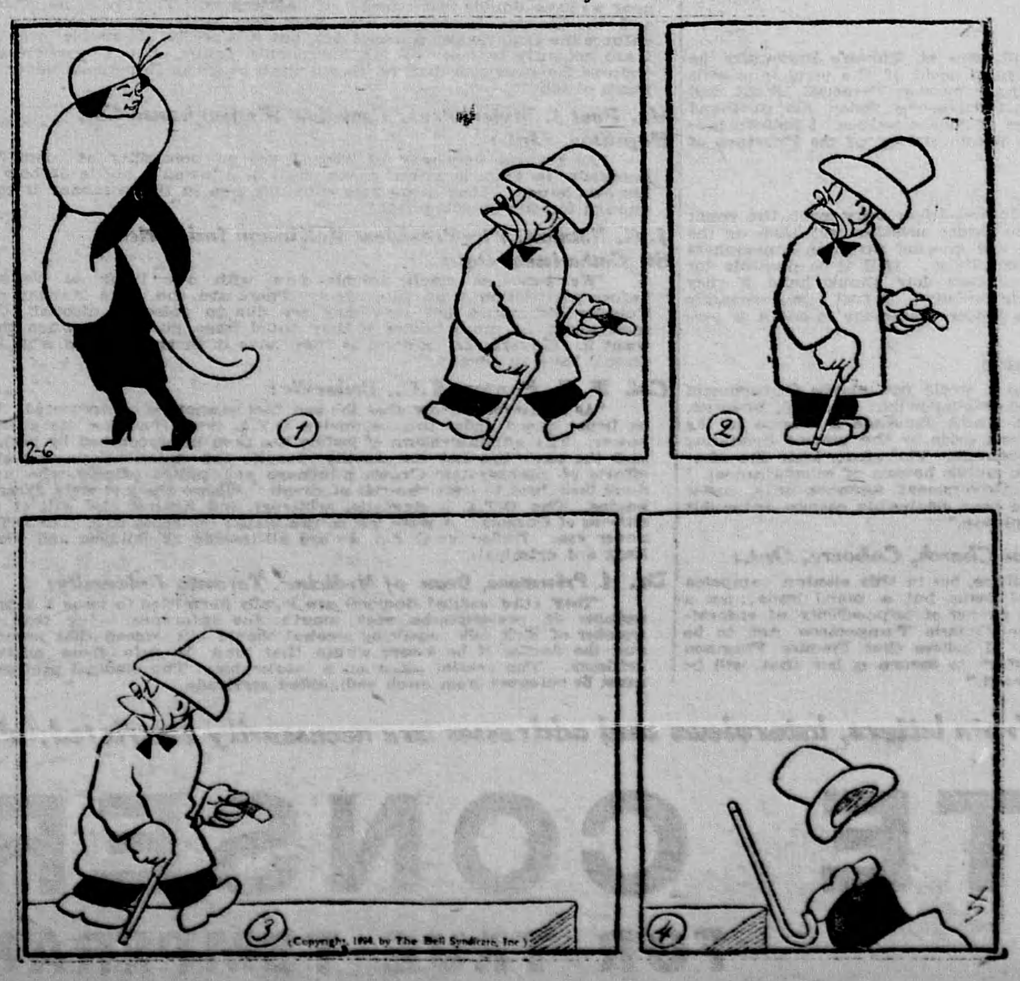
With the closing of the Egg Laying Contest held recently at Agassiz, British Columbia has chalked up two world's records. Hen No. 6, a White Leghorn, entered by the University of British Columbia, leads the world with 348 eggs in 365 days. This hen produced an egg a day for 200 consecutive days. The previous record was made by an Australian hen in 1924 with 347 eggs.

F. W. Appleby, of Mission, B.C., has the champion pen of all Canada with an average of over 290 eggs per bird. Mr. Appleby began keeping poultry as a lad of 14 years in his native village of Mission, and is now 24 years old. His winning pen and commercial flock are White Leghorns.

Alberta's Biggest Spud.

What is credited to be the largest potato ever produced in Alberta, one of the most productive potato growing areas in Western Canada, has recently been dug by E. Lotso, of Black Spring Ridge, Alberta. The potato is of the Rural New Yorker variety and weighed four and a-half pounds. It measures 24½ inches lengthwise and 14½ inches at the narrowest part of the girth.

Leaves $10,000 to Good Cook.

A wealthy Parisian has left $10,000 to his cook because she was the only one who could make soup to satisfy him.

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES—By O. Jacobsson.