

## 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 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 begins 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 fur-clad driver calling, "Mush on!" to a dozen frisking Malamutes.

Winter in Nome has come.

### 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 hear with regret, that husband and wife have drifted apart. Now and again a chance offers to bring them together, but, as they say in Cornwall, it is easier to crack a wet hammer.

The number of unhappy marriages could be greatly reduced if there were a warning of what "marriage traps" are, so that the innocent wives and husbands could avoid the wreck that is the result of a bad marriage.

So many of the young people who warn their friends of the dangers of marriage, are themselves the victims of it.

### The Moods.

Clear evening sky, still water,  
hath poised  
Mood over mood. O, heron  
fish the stream and  
you find,  
What do you stand for?



New Secretary  
Hon. Fernando  
James, Montoya  
profession  
the King  
two pos  
the ca  
of

## CONVERSATION FOR THE COMPANY

In his essay on friendship Emerson says: "If he is a musician, he gives an interesting picture of the special features of the household makes working or of 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 the period for study of social life, began to feel as her family grew older of social faculty and knowledge of current affairs. She consulted whose home was a center of social life.

This friend advised her to give thought and time to the conversation and to make it interesting for its direct participants. She said at her own home in the memory of a worthy guest served.

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