## TOYS IN THE ARCTIC ZONE

**Eskimo Children as Fond of Them as Are the Little Folks of Other Lands.**

In Eskimo land the little girls are as fond of playing with dolls as any other children of their sex and age. Of course their doll babies are dressed in the costumes of Eskimo people. Sometimes, says the Philadelphia Ledger, their doll houses are snow huts in miniature, provided with tiny kettle, soapstone lamps and other essentials. The dolls are cut out of driftwood usually, this sort of task passing many an idle hour for the father of the family during the long months of the winter night. The Eskimos are wonderfully clever carvers in wood and ivory, the latter material being obtained from walrus tusks. To amuse the children a whole Noah's ark of animals is thus evolved, including the polar bear, the seal, the sea lion, the porpoise, the sea otter and various species of whales. The animals are a collection quite different from that composing the familiar fauna of our own nurseries. Conspicuous among them, however, are the dog and the reindeer. Mr. and Mrs. Noah appear, with Shem, Ham and Japhet, or their equivalents. Some of the dolls turn their heads from side to side in a lifelike way by the help of a couple of strings wound about the neck and pulled by a finger passed up beneath the manikin's clothing. Even mechanical toys are not unknown to the Eskimos. One of them has a whalebone spring, which, when released, causes an alarming looking animal to jump out of a box.

### The Days of '49.

California was as popular 70 years ago as it is now, judging by an extract from a copy of a Missouri paper in the possession of a Blythe (Cal.) man, dated 1849. The extra is an advertisement for an auction sale.

"Public sale, state of Missouri, county of Pike. To whom it may concern: The undersigned will, on Tuesday, September 25, A. D. 1849, sell at public outcry for cash, on the premises, where Coon creek crosses the Old Mission road, the following chattels, to-wit: Six yoke oxen with yokes and chains; two wagons with beds, three nigger wenches, four buck niggers, three nigger boys, two prairie plows, twenty-five steel tracks, one barrel pickled cabbage, one hogshead tobacco, a lot of nigger hoes, one spinning wheel, one loom, thirteen fox hounds, a lot of coon, fox and skunk skins and a lot of other articles. I am gwine to California.

"N. B.—Gingerbread and hard cider free on the grounds."

## CHURCH SMALL BUT FAMOUS

**Brent Tor, on Coast of Devonshire, England, Has Been Prominent Landmark for Centuries.**

Brent Tor is a little bit of a stone church built high on the frowning cliffs of the wild North Devonshire coast in England. The church is so little that a Devonshire yokel with a keen sense of humor is said to have inscribed this cryptic warning, which puzzled many a simple-minded Devonshire farmer: "If you get into the second aisle of Brent Tor, you will never get out gain." There is no second aisle in the wee church at all.

Brent Tor was built centuries ago by a man who was lost among the steep cliffs and rushing waters of the wild North Deven coast. The fog mists enveloped him. In his anguish as the roar and spray of the cold Atlantic assailed him he vowed solemnly that if he ever came safely out of the fog without pitching into the growling ocean he would build a church where he landed. Brent Tor was the result.

The good folk 'round about Devonshire tell how the devil tried to hamper the building of the little church. At last St. Michael de la Rupe, to whom it was dedicated, grew weary of having the devil interfere with the proceedings and heaved a great mass of cliff at his satanic majesty. There was no further trouble.

A peculiarity of Brent Tor is the fact that it can be seen from all directions—it is a veritable landmark. Before it toss the restless waves of the Atlantic ocean and behind it slope the undulating Devonshire moors.

### Self-Portraiture.

To take a photograph of oneself it is necessary to have the camera very firmly placed either on a tripod or a table so that it would not move during exposure. A length of thin, strong string should be attached to the shutter trigger. The string should be led down to the floor level, passed under the lower rail of a heavy chair, along the floor, under your boot (between the heel and sole), and held in the hand behind the back. If the string runs freely a slight pull should release the shutter and make the exposure. If it does not, pick the camera up and start again.

### Nightmare.

Nightmare is caused by a disordered digestion, nervous troubles or other ailments and must be treated by going after the cause. "When the body sleeps the spirit wakes," and when it comes in the shape of "cauchemar," as the French call it, it is truly a frightful guest.

## THANKS TO BOBBY

By MILDRED WHITE.



Bobby sat in a corner by the fire, and yawned. He was bored by the conversation of his grown-ups; even bed was preferable to this. Then, suddenly, he turned an interested, enquiring face toward his parents. Aunt Nell's name had been mentioned, and Bobby was very fond of Aunt Nell.

They were discussing her quarrel with Jack Tolfrees. Bobby knew about the quarrel, for when he had asked Nell why Jack didn't drive them about any more, Nell explained loftily that it was because she "didn't care to have him." And when Bobby asked Jack, why it was that Aunt Nell "didn't care to have him," Jack had rudely mumbled that Nell could "go to the dickens."

Bobby knew that all this signified a quarrel. It was the way that Fred Williams and he had felt toward each other. His mother at this time was saying to Bobby's father:

"I don't know what will become of your sister; she is so unconcerned about pleasing the men. Poor Jack couldn't help being jealous, and when he found fault with Nell for going about with that new man, she promptly gave Jack to understand that he had nothing to do with her. If he hasn't, after all his devoted attention, who has, I wonder."

"No one evidently," Bobby's father answered, laughingly.

"But Nell really cares for him at the bottom of her stubborn heart, Bobby's mother insisted, "and as for Jack, he admitted to me that she's the only girl in the world for him. However, he has pride and determination enough not to go back to her until she makes the first advance, so—"

"So," Bobby's father finished sarcastically, "He has a fine chance!"

"Mother," piped up Bobby, "when are you going away over night?"

"Next week, dear," his mother replied.

"Can Aunt Nell stay with me then?"

"I have already asked her to," his mother smilingly told him.

When the automobile had carried his parents away for their visit, Bobby went a little lonesomely to his pretty and unusually subdued young aunt.

"Nell," he asked, "while mother is gone, can't I have a party? Not a big one; just a few boys and girls in to play games, and cake an' sa'witches; mebbe, just mebbe—ice cream?"

"Why, yes," Nell agreed. "I think that would be all right; only do not ask any one to the house, whom mother has not had here before. Six or eight will be enough, dear. When do you want to invite them?"

"This afternoon," Bobby answered promptly, and set joyously out upon his errand.

When he returned his face still bore its happy look of anticipation.

"I'll wear my new suit to the party tomorrow," he answered, "and you wear your blue dress."

Aunt Nell laughed.

"I want you to," he insisted, "You've got to play games with us, and everything."

"All right lover," she agreed, and as Nell spoke her pet name for the boy, a sad light came into her eyes.

Bobby went cheerfully about his preparations for the party and when the eagerly awaited hour arrived installed himself at the front door as reception committee.

Aunt Nell was masterfully ordered to "start the games."

The pensiveness which had made her an unsatisfactory companion vanished as she joined hands with the rollicking party ring, while an uncomfortable little boy skirted around the outside waiting to drop his handkerchief behind the one he "loved the best."

Aunt Nell being diplomatically chosen caught the embarrassed boy and soon again the ring was swinging.

Bobby, his door duty accomplished, eagerly joined the others.

"Go choose your east, go choose your west, go choose the very one that you love best," the children sang.

Aunt Nell glanced merrily around, again saw the handekrchief at her feet. Then her eyes widened. Startled, perplexed, she hesitated.

It was Jack Tolfrees who stood behind her, Jack, who had dropped the challenge to the one he "loved the best."

His appealing glance at the girl proved the seriousness—to him—of the game.

Then after a breathless instant Nell played her part. She ran after him out of the room, up the stairs, while Bobby took charge of the ring and led it wildly on.

It was Jack, however, who caught Nell possessively in his arms at the resting place of the stairs.

"Darling girl," he said, "it was like you to have Bobby invite me to the party. Your own pretty way of ending my misery."

Nell gasped.

"But I didn't tell Bobby to invite you," she denied. "I did not even know that you would be here."

At the stricken change of her lover's face she put forth impulsively, tenderly welcoming hands.

"But oh! I am so glad that he did ask you," Nell said, "Bobby, the understanding dear."

### All One Color.

All of the presidents of Haiti have been black.

## HONORS WERE WITH BARNUM

**Fellow Diner Who Thought to Have Joke on Showman Found the Tables Turned.**

Turning the joke back on the other fellow was a great stunt for Barnum, the circus king, and recalls an episode of his tour of England.

One day he met a man named Anderson who was a magician and billed himself as "The Wizard of the North."

Anderson lured Barnum to a dinner at which both were strangers, and thinking to have a little fun, introduced Barnum to the assemblage as "The Wizard of the North."

Not the least taken aback, Barnum gracefully acknowledged the introduction, and bowing to the assemblage said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, as you know, 'The Wizard of the North' gives his first show Monday night and as you are now all my friends, I would like to have you accept passes to see the opening performance," and he began writing passes as fast as he could.

Anderson stood it as long as he could, but finally, with visions of having to do his first show to a deadhead audience, he finally weakened and confessed.

### Caribou.

Caribou, says the Handbook of Indians of Canada, published by the geographic board, is the common name of the North American reindeer, of which there are two chief species—the woodland caribou, and the barren-ground caribou. The word came into the English from the French of eastern Canada, where it is old, the writer, Sagard-Heodat using it in 1632, during the lifetime of Samuel de Champlain. The origin of the word is said to be Micmac, the language of the Indians who inhabited what are now the Maritime provinces. They were known as Micmacs. They had a word related to caribou, being the name of the deer, and it meant pawing or scratching, from the habit of the caribou pawing away the snow with its forelegs to find the food—chiefly moss—upon which it subsisted in winter. Formerly the word was often spelled cariboo, which gave name to the Cariboo district in British Columbia, famous for its gold mines.—Montreal Herald.

## SHAMANS KEEP THEIR POWER

**Alaskan Natives Still Believe Implicitly in the Words and Actions of "Medicine Men."**

Shamanism, or superstition and sorcery, always has played an important part in the life of the Alaskan native. So implicitly does the Alaskan believe in the words and actions of the shaman that a whole tribe go hungry rather than incur his displeasure by eating foods he has tabooed.

The shaman attained his position and power by unusual methods. By fasting and prayer amid the solitudes of the woods or mountains, where he fed only on grasses and roots, he prepared himself to become a shaman. By this method it was believed the candidate's body became sufficiently purified to become the abiding place of spirits.

Usually the spirit, willing to abide with the shaman, sent the novitiate a land otter which the candidate killed, the otter's tongue to be preserved as a talisman away from human view, for should it be seen it was believed the shaman would go insane or be turned into the animal from which the tongue was taken.

Thus the land otter was regarded as too sacred to be killed by other than shamans.

### Beginning of Life Insurance.

Life insurance grew out of marine insurance, for merchants sending goods by sea in early times usually accompanied the ship themselves, and were liable to capture by pirates, especially by the Moorish and Turkish pirates who then infested the Mediterranean sea. In order to provide the necessary ransom for their release, if captured, it became the practice of traveling merchants to pay a premium to certain individuals, called underwriters, who guaranteed the payment of the ransom in the event of the merchants being caught. The practice was gradually extended to insuring the lives, first of mariners and then of other persons, the underwriters agreeing, in return for a certain premium, to pay a fixed amount if the person insured died within a certain time. Out of this was evolved the various forms of contracts of life insurance in use today.

### Usefulness of Moss.

Moss is the popular name for several kinds of small flowerless plants which flourish in damp places. In mountains and wet districts tracts of moss are of great service in retaining the water and preventing sudden floods.