

merry. Even in this respect alone his contact with the teacher is giving him a valuable training towards the end of better citizenship in his manhood years.

A marked interest in the education of their young, and a considerable pride in their achievements along that line, has been manifested by these people. A great interest centres around the school house and the teacher. There is a keen rivalry amongst the different districts as to who shall have the best school house. The structures they build are neat, commodious, and well lighted, and they are quite generous in regard to furnishings and equipment.

The introduction of the school house has tended to a Canadian type of progress which, in the last few years, has detracted somewhat from the picturesque of the colony. Many new dwellings of a decidedly Anglo-Saxon style of architecture, are taking the place of the thatched-roof house. To the thoughtful observer this is a hint of greater changes due to follow in a not far distant future.

Too Hot for the Siberian

That happens only once in a lifetime. The native Koryak of Kamchatka, far up in the peninsula that is washed by the Behring Sea, can sleep comfortably in a room four feet high with six by eight feet of floor space, and have a fire smoking near all night, while the doors are tightly closed, and then does not object if three others share his apartment with him. To-morrow he will have chance enough to breathe more cold, fresh air than he cares for. His picture of the happy hereafter is a snug, cosy place, where every cell of his body can perpetually enjoy warmth, and where neither ears, fingers nor toes shall be frozen.

Once in his life, however, things get a little hotter than he can honestly enjoy: and that once he cannot escape if he is to be a man of importance in the community; for it is his marriage ceremony. As soon as the youth falls in love in dead earnest, he calls on the maiden's father to find out what dowry she can bring in case of eventual marriage. Since reindeer is the Koryak's medium of exchange, the dowry usually consists of reindeer. If the father consents to the engagement, and the dowry pleases the young man, he interviews the girl, and if she reciprocates his affection, he enters her father's service. Chopping wood, tending the herds, cultivating the garden, and all other kinds of farm work fall to his share. The period of service lasts from two to three years.

The marriage ceremony begins about six in the evening. There is a building in the village into which the villagers crowd at twilight. A large hall runs through the centre of the building, on either side of which are from ten to fifteen little rooms, called pologs. Each polog is separated from the next by heavy reindeer curtains, and the entrance from each polog into the hall is closed by similar curtains. Nowhere in all that building except in the hall could a good-sized man stand upright.

After considerable eating and some drinking, a brass drum begins to beat. At the same time a solemn-faced Koryak passes from one polog to another, dropping willow sprouts and alder branches in each inclosure. Presently the beater of the drum begins to sing, to accompany his slow performance on the drum. Gradually he accelerates his beats and his song. Faster and faster he smites his drum; louder and louder he sings, until within thirty minutes he has worked himself into a state of frenzy—a consummation that is not without its effect upon the villagers. The stolid calm with which they entered, suggestive of an impending funeral, gives place to smiles, to tossings of the head, until by and by the whole crowd are as excited as their leader.

At this point, the front curtain of each polog goes up, and two or three women appear inside. In their hands are the willow sprouts and alder branches. In a moment the father of the bridegroom enters the building, leading the happy couple by the hand. The noise, the shouting and the whirling now become indescribable. At a signal from the groom's father, the bride dashes into the first polog to the right. The women that are within lift the curtain for her, and she passes quickly from one compartment to the next.

Not so with the groom. He dashes after her; but no sooner has he entered the first polog than the women begin to beat him with the willow sprouts and alder branches. He seizes the curtain to enter the next polog, but one or two women hold it down; and if he finally succeeds, there is a hot application of branches on that part of his anatomy that remains longest within the polog.

Meanwhile, the women in the next polog are ready to receive him with equal warmth. They ply the switches energetically, and do not hesitate to thrust out a foot also, in order that the "happy groom" may stumble, and afford a more enduring target for their blows.

There is no escape from this experience until the groom has entered and passed through every one of those twenty or thirty pologs. The front curtains are

raised, so that the public has a clear chance to enjoy the spectacle.

Of course he never catches the bride. She has reached the last polog before he is halfway through. If she passes out of the last polog, he must work another year at her father's house, and pass through the same ordeal once more. But she usually awaits him in the last polog, and when they meet there the wedding ceremony is finished—they are man and wife.

Fruit Drinks.—Fruit drinks may be made from the juice of strawberries, cherries, raspberries, currants or pine apple, by adding to the pint of fruit juice, one quart of syrup, two quarts of water, and the juice of two or three lemons depending upon the acidity of the fruit juice used.

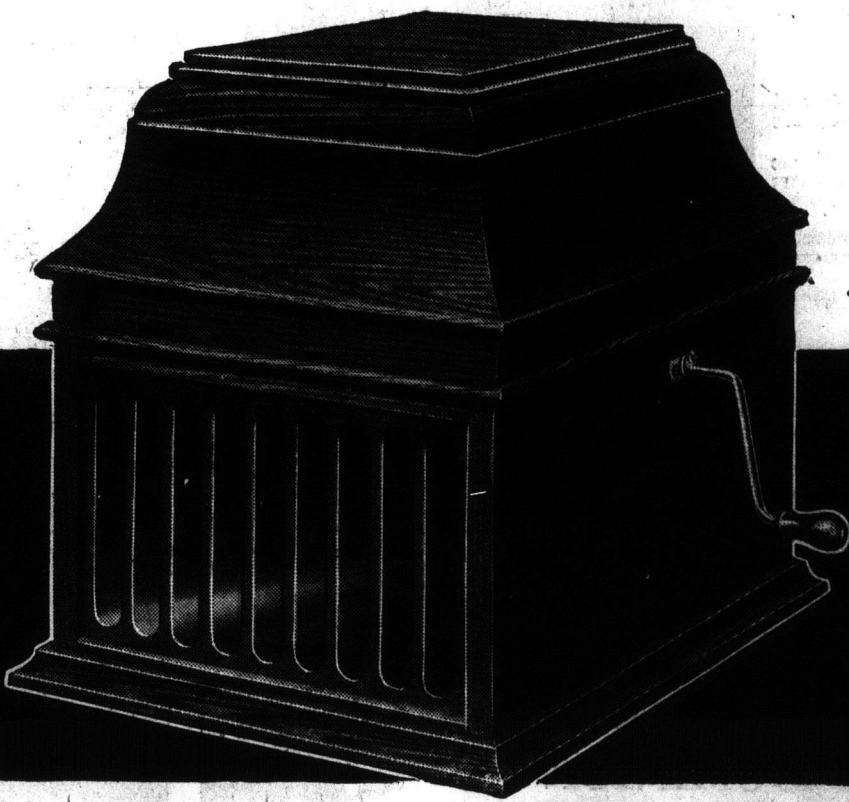
Play Thou The Man

This day play thou the man;
True to thyself and to thy fellows true;
Like Christ's good Knight be courteous
when you can;
Blithely each duty do.

Life's morning slips away,
And noon apace comes while high hopes
are ours;
Ere night proclaims the passing of the
day,
Use well the precious hours.

This day give of thy best
In word and work, and life shall nobler
be;
And God at sundown shall give thee
His rest,
And "Well done!" say to thee.

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