

OLOF KRARER.

I WAS born in Greenland, on the east coast. I am the youngest of eight children. My three sisters and four brothers are all living in Iceland. My father is living in Manitoba. My mother died in Iceland when I was sixteen years old.

We lived near the sea-shore in Greenland. Our house was built of snow. It was round, perhaps sixteen feet across, and coming to a point at the top. It was lined with fur on all sides, and was carpeted with a double thickness of fur.

The way they lined the house was to take a skin of some animal, and hold it near a fire, which was in the centre of the room. When the skin was heated through, they took it and pressed it against the wall. In a short time, it stuck to the wall so tightly that it could not be pulled off without tearing the skin.

The door was a thick curtain of fur, hung over the doorway, by heating the upper part, and letting it stick fast to the wall. Outside of the door was a long, narrow passageway, just high enough for one of us little Esquimaux people to stand up straight in. That would be about high enough for a child