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MOTHERS OF THE WORLD

THE ESKIMO ★

a series by Irving Sinclair

THROUGH long months of darkness the Eskimo mother nurses her babe, keeping it wrapped in a soft fur hood at her back. Probably this mother in the frozen land of strange days knows more maternal rapture than any mother of any land, for children come so rarely that when they arrive they are objects of great devotion. This hood in which the baby rides is the only mark of distinction for the mother, for both men and women wear similar garb of fur.

Although the tribes of the frozen belt are gay and childlike, full of spontaneous affection, they do not kiss, but rub noses, and this Eskimo mother rubs her babe's nose in the light of a lamp made by whale oil or seal fat burned in a rude basin. This is also used for cooking. When it's time for the babe to sleep, the mother places the little one in a hare skin bag and lays him upon a low stone bed to rest. There are no hardships that love will not conquer!