WINTER SPORT WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

Interesting Games That Are Played by Natives Around the North Pole.

A TRIAL OF STRENGTH BETWEEN TUSHKIRSPAHS

A WINTER DANCE OF THE TUNGUSES

REINDEER HERDING KORYAKS DRESSED IN THE ARMOR IN WHICH THEY FIGHT MIMIC BATTLES

(Photographs published by permission of the American Museum of Natural History.)

PROBABLY no people on earth have a harder life than the dwellers in the barren, inhospitable regions of the Arctic Circle—the Eskimo of North America and the Koryaks, Kamchadales, Tunguses and other tribes of Northern Asia. For a great part of the year they usually have a hard fight for bare existence, and the weakest is invariably killed off in the bitter struggle for life. Yet, by a curious paradox, these people who have so little cause for mirth are jovial souls. They have their pleasures, their games and their sports, and they do not take them sadly.

In the American Museum of Natural History in New York City there is an interesting collection of toys used by the Smith Sound Eskimo in playing games in their "igloos" (snow huts) during the long Winter night of the Arctic. The articles were presented by Lieutenant Peary, who is looked upon by these Eskimo in the light of a father.

One of these toys, called "ajagag," is a leg bone with a hole bored through each socket. A thin stick ("ajautang") is tied by a short string to the bone. The latter is tossed into the air and caught in either hole by the stick. The game is much like the English "cup and ball."

The "nlequaq" or "bull roarer" is a flat bone in the shape of an hourglass or a figure eight with a looped string passing through its middle. The Eskimo children twirl the bone on the string, but the exact nature of the game does not seem to have been discovered by any explorer who has dwelt among them.

Another toy is the familiar "cat's cradle"—a string which is drawn by the fingers into fantastic shapes which are supposed to resemble animals and various other objects.

When Lieutenant Peary dwelt among these Eskimo he found that the village had one large empty "igloo," which was used by the youngsters as a playroom. All the children of the tribe would collect there, until the crush was so great that there was hardly room for any of them to play their games.

When a hunter happened to have a larger supply of meat than the other men, he would give a feast in this "igloo" and issue a general invitation. After the feast there would be an entertainment consisting of songs and dances. The dancers were usually two in number, and they used alternately one drum, which was made of seals' intestines, stretched upon an elliptical bone frame. The drumstick was a walrus rib.

Ballplaying is a favorite amusement of the Smith Sound Eskimo. The ball is made of sealskin, stuffed with scraps of skin to make it hard. They are fond also of wrestling and of "arm-pulling." The latter sport is simple enough. It consists of two men pulling one another's arms nearly out of their sockets, and seeing who will squeal first.

It is not uncommon for these people to wrestle for a wife. In one case two rivals wrestled for a widow, and the loser was quite good-humored about his defeat, although he could hardly have heard of the elder Weller's advice on the subject. The winner was promptly challenged by another man, who already owned a couple of wives, and lost his widow to him.

Athletic Sports.

F. F. Payne, a Canadian explorer, who lived for 13 months among the Eskimo of Hudson's Strait, found that the amusements of those people are few in number and simple in character.

"Throwing the harpoon had the greatest attraction for the men, and often they might be seen taking their turns at a mark in the snow," he said. "Wrestling and running are occasionally indulged in, but the weaker side soon loses interest and gives up.

"Another Canadian informed me that while he was stationed among these Eskimo of Hudson's Strait they built a snow pleasure house, supported in its center by a pillar of snow. The only game he noticed them playing in this house was a kind of tilting, an ivory ring being suspended from the ceiling, through which the men tried to put their spears as they walked quickly round the pillar.

"During my stay among them football was introduced, and in this they appear to take more interest than in any other game. The bladder of a walrus was well blown and then covered with leather, making an excellent football. It was a novel sight to see them playing. Men, women and children all took part in it, and no quarter was allowed. A woman carrying her child on her back might be seen running at full speed after the ball, and the next moment she would be sprawling at full length, with her child floundering in the snow a few feet beyond her. A minute later the child would be again in its place on her back; and, nearly choking with laughter, she would elbow her way through the crowd after the ball again.

"Catching trout in the Summer by driving them into a trap made of nets and stones affords great amusement to the children. Wild with excitement, they pursue the unfortunate fish into a shallow stream. The boys also spend a great deal of time in making small spears and other implements of the chase, and practice with one another in throwing at a mark.

The Universal Doll.

"Girls have their dolls, and, like girls of civilized parents, they delight in 'playing house.' They do not tire of this game until they are married, for often groups of girls of all ages may be seen sitting in some sheltered spot in Summer, each having a 'house' formed only of a ring of stones a few inches in diameter, in which some short pieces of stick were placed flat, while other pieces were propped upright. These pieces of stick represented people, and the girls made them visit one another's houses, keeping up a continuous chatter on their behalf all the time.

The Eskimo of Greenland play a game of "fox and geese" on the snow. It is almost identical with "patchisi" and other variants of the game known to all American children. "Fox and geese," indeed, is the oldest game in the world, and is found, in some form or other, among nearly all peoples. It is played all around the Arctic Circle.

Various dice games are also popular in Greenland. The Eskimo, like most barbarians of the Arctic, are extremely fond of gambling. They do not use cubical dice, but a number of bones of different shapes and sizes. They have also a skewer game, which tests the steadiness of hand and eye. The skewer has to be thrust through several holes pierced in a walrus skin.

The caildren have a curious ceremonial dance in the snow at night when the "Northern Lights" first appear, and the women play a kind of basket-ball, tossing the ball through a hoop and then all making a combined rush to see who can catch it ih the air.

Peculiar Trial by Combat.

One of the principal amusements of these Greenland Eskimo is a peculiar form of trial by combat. When two men of the tribe have a serious disagreement, they do not resort to any judicial court or fight out their quarrel with lethal weapons. They meet before the assembled tribe, with drums in their hands, and sing songs at one another by turns. These songs are bitingly satirical, and recount all the misdeed and follies of the enemy. The man whose invective is the more bitter, and who can make the crowd laugh at his opponent more than they laugh at him, is adjudged the victor.

Explorers who have lived among the Eskimo say that even serious crimes, such as murder, are frequently punished in this manner. The penalty may seem inadequate, but an Eskimo is extremely sensitive to ridicule, and being laughed at is one of the worst punishments that can be inflicted upon him. Many men have fled from their village and lived in solitary exile after losing a trial by song.

But if it is hard on the loser, the trial makes great fun for the onlookers. Sometimes mock trials are got up, and two champions with notoriously abusive tongues contest for a prize. Native dances, which consist of a serious of burlesque contortions, wind up the revelry. Some of the Eskimo can dance reels and hornpipes which they have picked up from the European and American whalers who have visited them.

The Kamchadales are also fond of grotesque dances, but the wandering Tunguses of Siberia dance, when they dance at all, in a stately and decorous manner that recalls the old-fashioned minuet. The man gives his right hand to the woman, bowing gracefully, and they move round slowly in a circle, keeping time to the cadence of an impressive chant. In another dance of which the Tunguses are fond, a large company of men and women form in a circle and move around slowly, holding one another by the tail of their fur coats and swaying backwards and forwards in time to the monotonous rhythm of a folk song.

The Tunguses are a numerous and widely dispersed people. One branch of the tribe herds reindeer; the other lives by fishing. The former are wealthy and far more civilized than most of the dwellers in and around the Arctic Circle. They are passionately fond of chess, which they play continually during the long Arctic night. It is supposed that they learned the game from the Chinese, and Russian explorers who have played with them testify that they are remarkably expert. They carve their chessmen very elaborately out of mammoth's teeth.

The Reindeer Koryaks, another tribe of fearless, independent nomads who bear a remarkable resemblance to the North American Indians, are exceedingly fond of wrestling and foot-races. They are inveterate gamblers, and will stake all their belongings, even their wives, on their strength and skill in those sports.

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Seven Stages of a Jag.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Now one man with a jag plays many parts,
His acts being seven stages. At first the jovial,
The cheerful stage; he claps you on the back
And asks you what you'll have. And then
There comes the boasting stage; he prates aloud
And tell of money he hath made and deals
That he will yet put through. And then
He grows pugnacious, prone to take offense,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Until a change comes o'er his fantasy
And gradually he slips into the soft
And loving stage. He leans upon you then,
Swears undying friendship on your vest.
Such thoughts conduct his mind to still
Another stage, the family stage. He recollects
And tells with tears what a nice family
He hath left at home. Then follows fast
The maudlin stage; he has no friends the world
Is cold and harsh, a man of sorrows he,
And so calls for gin, and getting none,
Being refused, he bows his head and weeps
Sadly upon the bar. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans sense, sans coin, sans wit, sans everything.

From a New Congressman to His Wife

He Explains That There Is No Way to Beat the "System" of the House.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 18.—My Dear Wife: I always feel that I can depend upon you for the proper solution of problems that affect the family, and undoubtedly you are right in deciding to place that $600 I sent you, as the net proceeds of my little deal in copper, in the safety deposit vault, pending the result of my decision as to my future plans, and our further conference on the subject when we get a chance for one of our old-time heart-to-heart talks.

I have become quite chummy recently with Senator Barksdale, and I told him a little something, just enough, about that money, and quoted your reasons for not putting it in the savings bank. You know you said you would not feel comfortable if you thought you were "drawing interest on a dishonest dollar." Barksdale has a different view on the subject. I find you have to be something of an acrobat to keep yourself adjusted to the Washington viewpoint on subjects concerning which we used to consider our views and opinions as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Where we could see but two sides, the clear right and the positive wrong, you soon learn here that you are suffering from moral strabismus, and the political oculist will promptly fix you up so you can see perfectly how you may often accomplish a great good by making an ally of the enemy. Then they prescribe for a readjustment of the moral focus, and you see things differently.

"I used to feel as your wife evidently does about this 'dishonest dollar' business," said Barksdale to me last night, "but I've gotten over it. I lived out West a good while, where the churches used to depend very largely for their contributions upon the saloons and dance halls. I became convinced that the only way to treat a dishonest dollar is to adopt it and reform it. It is like a woman marrying a worthless man and bringing out the good there is in him. A dishonest dollar will do just as big a day's work as one that is undefiled, if it has the right kind of an overseer. Your wife cannot be held responsible for the parentage of that money, but only for the use to which she puts it. Tell her to give the dishonest dollar a chance to reform."

Do you know, dear, that when I look at it through Barksdale's glasses I feel the real missionary spirit rising up in me, and I feel that I should like to get hold of all the dishonest dollars in the world and teach them the way they should go? But we will lock the subject up with the money, in the safety deposit vault, for the present.

I have taken very deep interest in your arguments against my making a fight for the Senate, in view of the complications involved, necessitating an alliance with the influences against which I have been mouthing more or less alleged eloquence for some years. You believe it would be better for me to remain in the House, a member of the "true representatives of the people," and wait for my chance to force recognition and advancement. That is the view I used to hold, you will remember, but I have lost my ideals again. The fact is, Mary, that the House is the last place in public life which offers many opportunities for advancement, except under unusual conditions. Quite a number of members have been promoted to the Senate within the past few years, but the promotions have been due more to conditions in their states than by reason of party service or public service in the House. In the old days the House was the great American forum, where an individual had a chance to make his impress on National affairs. Today, owing to the operation of the system, the determination of great commercial and industrial syndicates to have their desires gratified and their special interests safeguarded and protected, the members of the House have been reduced to mere puppets, dependent on the will of party leaders. There are 386 members of the House, but, so far as actual influence goes, 300 of them might as well remain at home.

This doubtless sounds like a severe and astonishing statement to you, but the facts will bear me out. As a matter of fact, while there are 386 members of the body, one and the Speaker usually count a majority. Under the peculiar rules adopted for the conduct of business in the House, everything is as cut and dried as the programme for a surprise party in the country. No member is recognized on the floor unless he has first rehearsed his speech and secured permission of the Speaker. No measure is brought up for consideration unless it has met the approval of the august body known as the committee on rules, which is a sort of clearing-house arrangement with the President, the party leaders and the great and all-powerful "third house"—the party leaders in and out of Congress. Legislation which the party managers decide to pass is reported by this committee and, after a reasonable show of free discussion on the floor, is rushed through, usually on party lines. Other bills, however meritorious, are placed on the calendar or allowed to die of old age in the hands of committees.

When the appropriation bills are up—the great measures carrying money for the maintenance of the different departments of the Government—the oratorical bars are let down and members are allowed, within a specified time limit, to discuss any topic under the sun. They usually discuss everything except the measure under consideration; and it is these speeches that we send back by the carloads to voters in our districts, showing what we are doing and how we are standing up for the rights of the "plain people." No one ever listens to these oratorical efforts. They are usually delivered to vacant chairs and, except for the purposes of home consumption, might have as well been shouted into a sewer man-hole. This is the measure of the average member's opportunity, and the limit of his usefulness. The bills that become laws are framed by the party leaders, or their close friends, and we know nothing of them until we get directions to support them.

Why not be a party leader, then, you ask? All of us would like to be, but party leaders are not picked up in a night. They have to stand the fire test before they are placed in the front ranks. Look over the names of the men who are recognized today as factors in legislation in the House: Payne of New York, Dalzell of Pennsylvania, Grosvenor of Ohio, Sherman of New York, Babcock of Wisconsin, Hepburn of Iowa, Burton of Ohio, Hitt of Illinois, and men of that standing, and you will find that they have served in the House for years. They come from districts where a nomination by their party spells election without effort, and they secured their standing with the party bosses, in a measure at least, because they are reasonably sure of a long tenure of office and can take a more prominent part each year in administration councils. In states like ours, where the party majorities are subject to changes every few years, the member has practically no show of promotion. He may get the last place on a fairly important committee, but he sees ahead of him men, like those I have named, who run things and will in all probability continue to do so for years to come.

The member, no matter how complete his mental equipment for public service may be, cannot hope to create much of a place for himself in less than six or eight years. In the meantime, members like myself, from close districts, are sized up by their constituents as having no influence, and they are usually left at home just about the time they are becoming valuable to their districts.

There is no way to beat the House system. Occasionally, some fellow with more brains and energy than conservatism, tries to kick over the traces hooked up by the House managers, and then they fix him properly. The House leaders, when Tom Reed was Speaker, fixed up a slate of officers, which included a change in the House chaplain. One of the members from Ohio, who had a prominent place on the ways and means committee, bolted the caucus and voted to retain the man who was then chaplain. A few days later, Reed announced the committees, and the Ohio man found himself in fifth place on the committee on ventilation and acoustics, a committee which never meets; while his place on the ways and means committee was filled by a colleague who had swallowed the caucus prescription and insisted that he liked it. Reed made no bones in explaining his action by saying that he had no use for any member who would not follow the orders of the "party leaders." A couple of years ago Representative Littlefield, of Maine, was looked upon as one of the very biggest men in the House. He became an "insurgent" on a number of administration measures, and today he is as far outside the councils of the leaders as though he were a new member. The system is simply all-powerful, and the member who tries to beat it signs his death warrant.

In the matter of being subjected to outside influences, the member of the House is "up against it" just as much as a Senator, with less chance of making his individuality felt. The Senator misses that fight for renomination and election every two years and plays a more important part in the Nation's affairs. So, I am more than ever disposed to encourage the proposition which promises to promote me to the Senate wing of the Capitol. The matter is to be considered quite fully at a little conference we are to have in a few days, and I will hasten to let you know the developments of that meeting, upon which my decision will probably hinge.

If you decide to come to the inauguration, as you say you may, you had better take a part of that $600 and buy yourself some finery. If we finally decide that we cannot accept the money, we can replace the amount from my salary savings. Anyway, you need the dresses. Yours affectionately, KENT HOWARD, M. C.

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Adam.

Captain Graham, in Ottawa Journal.

In history he holds a place
Unique, unparalleled, sublime:
"The First of all the Human Race!"
Yes, that was Adam, all the time.
It didn't matter if he burst,
He simply had to get there first.

A simple Child of Nature he,
Whose life was primitive and rude;
His wants were few, his manners free,
All kinds of clothing he eschewed—
He might be seen in any weather,
In what is called "the Altogether."

The luxuries that we enjoy
He never had, no never missed;
Appliances that we employ
For saving work did not exist;
He would have found them useless, too,
Not having any work to do.

He never wrote a business note;
He had no creditors to pay;
He was not pestered for his vote,
Not having one to give away;
And living utterly alone,
He did not need a telephone.

The joys of indolence he knew,
In his remote and peaceful clime,
He did just what he wanted to,
Nor ever said he "hadn't time!"
(And this was natural, because
He had whatever time there was.)

His pulse was strong, his health was good,
He had no fads of meat or drink,
Of tonic waters, Breakfast Food,
Or Pills for Persons who are Pink.
No cloud of indigestion lay
Across the sunshine of his day.

And, when he went to bed each night,
He made his couch upon the soil;
The glow-worm lent him all his light,
(He hadn't heard of Standard Oil);
At dawn he woke—then slept again,
He never had to catch a train.

A happy, solitary life!
But soon he found it dull, I ween,
So thought that he would like a wife—
When Eve appeared upon the scene.

And we will draw a kindly veil
Over the sequel to this tale.

MORAL.

Ye Bachelors, contented be
With what the future holds for you;
Pity the married man, for he
Has nothing to look forward to—
To hunger for with bated breath!

(Nothing, that is to say, but Death!)

Must Speed at 100 Miles an Hour

This Is the Secret of a Successful Flying Machine, Says Professor Zahm.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.)—"The next six years or so will see a man keeping his flying machine as he now keep his automobile."

This statement was made by one of the highest authorities on aeronautics in the world, namely, Professor Albert Francis Zahm, now of the Catholic University. Professor Zahm has made a specialty of studying the problems involved in the practical navigation of the air. He has been consulted by scientists and engineers of the greatest eminence in this and other countries of this fascinating subject, and he has quite recently ended a series of experiments which disprove the conclusion of Professor Langley and others regarding the element of "skin friction" as a factor of resistance in cleaving the air. The results of these experiments have been widely published, in Great Britain by Lord Rayleigh, and are regarded as of the greatest importance in the progress of aerial navigation.

A talk with Professor Zahm in his laboratory is an instructive experience to the individual who is better acquainted with the picturesque failures of Professor Langley and his confreres than he is with the marvelous progress which is constantly being made in the science of aerodynamics with a special view to the production of a completley practicable flying machine. Notwithstanding the vastly important experiments made and results attained by Professor Zahm toward this object, he has not constructed a flying machine, nor even a completed working model. Furthermore, he states that he has no immediate intention of doing so. Constantly in correspondence with men who are building or proposing to build airships, no one, it can safely be stated, is better conversant with the possibilities of the situation.

Beyond Its Infancy.

"Would it be just to say," was asked of the professor, "that the problem of navigating the air is yet in its infancy?"

"Well," was the reply, "that would hardly be fair in the case of navigable or dirigible balloons, which have reached nearly as high a stage of development as they could be expected to attain. Indeed, as far back as 1887 the French government adopted a war balloon which, in some respects, was superior to any navigable airship of the balloon class that has since been produced. In shape this balloon resembled a torpedo; that is, instead of being symmetrical, as is that of Santos-Dumont and others of more recent construction, it was 'blunt-nosed,' the major axis being near the prow. I have found, by experiment, that should the sharp instead of the blunt end of an airship of this type be propelled against the wind, the resistance offered by head pressure and skin friction would be just twice as much.

"The flying machine, properly so-called," continued Professor Zahm, "is quite another proposition. The velocity of the airship, or navigable balloon, is not sufficient to enable it to overcome the air currents, of which it is at the mercy. This is also the case of the flying machines that have hitherto been produced. A speed of 40 miles an hour or so being the greatest that has been attained. What is desired is a machine that will fly as fast as a bird on the wing, or at the rate of 100 miles or so an hour. Such a machine could apparently fly in the teeth of a wind of a velocity of 75 miles an hour (a very unusual current; a tornado, in fact), at the rate of 25 miles an hour, and the strongest argument at present existing against the possibility of mechanical flight would be overcome.

Equipped to Build Machine.

"I believe it is quite possible to construct such a machine and it will unquestionably be an accomplished fact within the next few years.

"Do I believe that there is anybody who is capable, at present, of constructing such a machine? Yes, several parties. I would instance prominently the Wright Brothers, of Dayton, O. They are now engaged in the construction of such a machine with every prospect of success. Mr. Charles M. Manley, Professor Langley's assistant in the construction of the ill-fated Government machine, possesses the requisite mechanical knowledge to produce, in my opinion, a perfectly practicable flying machine, but unfortunately lacks the funds, and the appropriation asked for to continue the work being withheld, he is now engaged in other experimental lines. Had Professor Langley's experiments in aerial navigation resulted in nothing more than the wonderful engine invented by Mr. Manley, the time and money would have been well expended. This is, by far, the lightest and most powerful motor ever constructed, weighing, as it does, 200 pounds (the weight of a moderately heavy man), and generating more than 50 horsepower, while, at the same time, possessing the greatest strength and durability. The secret of the construction of this engine is still Government property, and other builders of airships are necessarily severely handicaped by not being enabled to utilise it. The Wright Brothers possess the financial resources necessary to carry on the work, and I feel sure that the world will hear from them at no great length of time."

Professor Zahm's Workshop.

The professor's airship laboratory is a building resembling a large wooden shed, well lighted and with large folding doors. One of the most striking features of the interior is a wooden tunnel extending nearly the entire length of the shed, over which is a scaffolding. The professor explained the use of this strange contrivance as follows:

"In the first place, I must say," said he, "that this laboratory represents the enterprise of Mr. Mattulath. More than four years ago that distinguished scientist and engineer discussed with me some researches in aerodynamics which he wished to make near New York with my co-operation. I persuaded him to remain in Washington, and offered him the aid of my department at the university. He constructed, at his own expense, this laboratory for the the larger apparatus. We had, at the outset, to choose between two general methods of measuring air-resistance: either to propel the body against the air or the air against the body. To drive the body against the air, it might be mounted on a whirling table; or, better still, on a carriage running along a straight, level track. For a while we followed the latter plan. But to give the best results, the track should be in a closed building of great length, to allow time to attain uniform speed and take deliberate observations. Such a plant would be very expensive to build, and we did not know of one available. Even with the best whirling table, or with a running car, it might be a hard task to measure the skin-friction on a straight surface 30 feet in length, and be sure it was flying through undisturbed air, unless, perhaps, it were suspended from a traveling crane. So we finally decided to make the air flow in uniform stream against the body, thus securing the additional advantage of having the instruments on quiet, stationary supports, while the impactual pressure against the body might continue constant for an indefinite time.

Measuring the Air's Resistance.

"So we built this wooden tunnel, 50 feet long, six feet square in cross-section, smoothly papered inside, and having, as you see, numerous window panes along its ceiling and walls. At one end we placed this five-foot suction fan, driven by a 10 horse-power electric motor. Set this apparatus in motion, and you have a practically even swirl of air through the tunnel. The velocity of the current is exactly measured by appropriate instruments, as is the resistance of forms introduced into the tunnel. Here is a series of wooden models of the usual dirigible balloon design, of the same major axis, but varying greatly in length. These were suspended in the tunnel and their resistance measued by turns. The resistance diminished steadily as the elongation increased until a certain length was reached, but greater lengths, contrary to the theory of Mr. Mattulath, offered proportionately increasing resistance, owing to the skin-friction, which was thus demonstrated to be an important element.

"By means of thus accurately gauging head resistance and skin-friction of various forms, the designs of the different parts of a flying machine are determined with greater nicety than are the lines of a racing yacht, and to more practical purpose, since these are vital points in the actual possibility of mechanical flight. From the prospects at the present stage of the art, while the coming of the flying machine is an assured thing, I do not think that it is destined to revolutionize the ordinary modes of traffic now in vogue. It will be classed with the automobile, and be valuable in time of war. I have been told by persons who have ridden on air-ships and gliding machines that the motion is extremely exhilarating, more so than that of any land or water conveyance, so that the sporting element of the population will, no doubt, find in machines that can speed through air with the velocity of birds on the wing a great and new zest in life."