

Eskimos Have Good Games

By H. IRVING KING.

The Eskimos who live away up in Northern Alaska, on the shores of the Bering sea and the Arctic ocean, where the nights and days are six months long and snow and ice abound, are extremely fond of games. The little Eskimo boys have toy hunting outfits with models of sleds and canoes, or kalaks, as they are called, and the girls play with dolls of ivory made from the tusks of the walrus. They have little toy dishes and other household utensils made of baled fat, with which they play at housekeeping, just the same as civilized children do.

There is one game of which the children are particularly fond, and which is also enjoyed by their fathers and mothers. A round block of wood about six inches long is whittled into the shape of a spoon, excepting that one end, instead of flaring out, is sharply pointed so that it can be stuck in the ground, which forms the floor of the native hut.

A hole is drilled through the block the same as through a spoon and the point is stuck in the center of the floor, with the flaring end uppermost.

The family and their friends, children and old people together, seat themselves cross-legged in a circle and try to throw small darts so that they shall go into the hole in the center of the spoon-like block.

Each player has beside him a little pile of sticks, with which to keep count, and when he succeeds in sending the dart into the hole he takes one of these sticks and lays it to one side.

Each player has the same number of these counting-sticks. When a player misses sending the dart into the hole he passes it to the next player, and so it goes around the circle until one player has made as many successful throws of the dart as he has counting-sticks, when he drops out and the others continue until all the sticks have been used up, the last player losing the game.

They also play "cat's-cradle" with a cord made of the sinew of some animal, and are so expert that, besides making the ordinary combinations such as are made among civilized children, they will form the outlines of birds and various northern animals with the string.

Another game consists in placing on the back of the right hand a number of small wooden sticks, like jack-stones. The player withdraws his hand swiftly and tries to catch the falling sticks between his thumb and forefinger, still keeping the palm of the hand downward. If one of the sticks falls to the ground it is a loss and the next player tries.

When a player succeeds in catching all the sticks he takes one from the number and lays it aside. This is continued until all the sticks are used up, when the one having the largest number is declared the winner.

The Eskimo children are great top-spinners. A boy sets his top spinning on the earth floor of the hut which serves him for a home, and then, dashing out of the door, tries to run around the building and get back inside before the top stops going. If he does so he scores one, and the boy who can do this the greatest number of times consecutively wins.

Another game they play is this. A stick is driven into the center of the floor and the players gather around in a circle about four yards away from it. Then one of the players places an article of some kind in the center of the circle and the others take turns in trying to throw a ring of twisted grass so that it will fall over the stick.

If a player succeeds he takes the stick as his own and replaces it by another article of like value, but of a different kind.

As each player puts up something of which he has a surplus, the game amounts to a sort of trading of articles, and though it is very much like "playing for keeps," the poor Eskimos of the frozen shores see no harm in it.

There are a number of games, the names of which depend upon skill in moving darts and in which the children become expert.

Football is played among the Eskimo boys by both men and boys. They play it in two different ways. In one the ball is thrown into the center of the field and the two sides make a rush for it and try to drive it to the goal on the other side. The goals are made like the football played among civilized boys, only that it has no set of rules to govern it. Any game, apparently, is fair which will win.

In the other game the players stand in two long rows close together, the ball is rolled between the lines and the players try to kick it through the legs of the opposing team. As soon as the ball is accomplished there is a rush to drive it to one or the other of the goals.

They use a leather ball about six inches in diameter, stuffed with moss and frozen snow. This game is played on the long night of the winter, beginning to give place to the long day of the summer.

When one of the boys has not had the ball in his hands for a long time his companions call out to him that he is "hungry," and try to throw the ball to him. The girls try to throw the "hungry" one from getting it, and if they succeed, they chase him and rub his head with the ball, saying, "We will oil your head so that you will not starve," while the rest of the players look on and laugh uproariously.

UNIONISM IN JAPAN

By Herbert Casson

The Japanese are the French of the eastern hemisphere. Social and industrial revolutions appear to be with them as inevitable as earthquakes, and not to be taken any more seriously.

However, while the methods of progress may vary in Japan, no one can deny the solid and permanent gains that are being made. Since the first Japanese parliament in 1890, the spread of practical democracy has been very rapid and along a number of different lines.

To obtain the latest facts about Japan's social progress for Boyce's Weekly, I obtained an interview recently with the editor of "Japan and America," Yae Kichi Yabe.

Mr. Yabe is an energetic, black-eyed young man, who has attained quite an influence in Japan-American circles through the editorship of his magazine, in which he is associated with Mr. Hajime Hoshi. Said Mr. Yabe:

"We have a Federation of Labor in Japan with 300,000 members. This is one-fifth as many as there are in your American Federation of Labor. Our unions are not organized in trades, as yours are. They are what you would call 'mixed assemblies' of the old K. of L. order, the workers of all trades being combined in one union for each city."

"At present the Japanese unions are fighting against the factory system and have succeeded in compelling parliament to act in the matter. A new 'factory law' is now being enacted, which regulates the hours of labor, wages, age of workers, etc., and compels employers to provide in every way for the health and safety of their workers."

"When the factory system was first established in Japan, wages were fifteen cents a day, but during the Japanese-Chinese war the trade unions managed to increase the wages to thirty cents a day."

"There are labor papers in Japan, very ably edited. The leading men in the labor movement are wage-workers who have been for a time in the United States, so that the Japanese labor movement mightily be called a branch of the American one."

"The factory system has caused a great deal of harm in Japan. The number of poor in the great cities has increased and is still growing. Hand-workers have lost their trades and become dependent upon charity. The unemployed workers have increased so rapidly that the government is now taking steps to encourage emigration to Australia, California and South America."

"Bad as these conditions are the general opinion among Japanese skilled workers is that they are better off in their own land than they would be in this country."

"Several years ago a number of Japanese mechanics came to America for work, but they had such a hard time that they went home and told their fellow workers to keep away from the United States."

"So the opening of Japan to 'civilization' and the introduction of our 'improved' industrial methods have not helped—indeed have distinctly injured—the working classes. Where shall we seek the explanation?"

Conductor's Honest Rakeoff.

A conductor of a Sixth avenue car, during a lull in the ringing of fares, stood passing coins from one hand to the other, turning up the date of each coin as he did so. "There are more ways of making money than by 'knocking down' fares," he remarked, noting the inquiring look on a passenger's face. "Any greenhorn can pocket a dozen nickels in collecting 120 fares in a car built for forty-eight passengers, but a man has got to know something to spot a coin that has a premium value. It's surprising how many more or less rare coins pass current without falling into the hands of some one who knows their value. This was suggested to me one day, and I took to studying the catalogues of dealers in rare coins and memorizing the dates of those that are worth more than the prices stamped on them. Since then I have picked out of the money I have taken in fares several hundred coins with a premium value ranging from a few cents to 35 and have redeemed them with my own money and sold them to dealers in coins." — New York Times.

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SNOWDRIFT STORIES

When the conductor of the U. P. train came back to the parlor cars, and said that the train was stopped by a snowdrift twenty feet high and half a mile long and that it might be three days before we were dug out, there were considerable swearing among the male passengers and weeping and lamenting among the women and children. Night came down with a wild wailing of wind and everybody kicking and ready for a quarrel, and then the Chicago drummer showed what kind of a man he was. In a quiet, gentle way he drove the passengers into the last coach, kissed all the children, smiled at all the women and bowed to the men as he began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is a simple incident of railroad travel in the winter. In a few hours we shall be steaming on our way again, and this 'detention' will be remembered only as a pleasant adventure. Three years ago business called me to Manitoba. It began snowing one day, and in the course of three hours our train had come to a standstill. We were caught between stations twenty miles apart, and within ten hours engine and cars were buried out of sight. There was only food enough for one meal, and by noon next day the fuel had given out. There were more than a hundred of us, and death by freezing and starvation stared us in the face."

"Seems to me I heard of that incident," said the redheaded man from Omaha.

"Of course you did—of course," replied the drummer, "as the details were published far and wide. We were in that drift for sixteen days. I have always felt sorry for the ten little children, but under such circumstances what can you do? It is a case of the survival of the fittest. Yes, the children had to go. There came a day when we had eaten the last of our shoes and gloves, and we had to begin on the children."

"You don't mean that you turned cannibal?" exclaimed the mother of a four-year-old boy.

"Ah, madam, when men are dying of hunger they have no sentiment," replied the drummer. "The last of the children had disappeared when we were rescued. I am sorry, deeply sorry, but I feel myself blameless. I had eaten my shoes, gloves, hat and the velvet collar of my overcoat. I had even tried to eat the plush cover of the seats, but the stuff got tangled in my teeth and wouldn't go down. I knew that there were ten fat children aboard, ranging in age from one to seven years, but I was not the first to propose it. No, believe me, I was not. I had intended to keep right on and starve to death, but the others were fierce to live, and live they did. The first child selected was a beautiful little boy. Ah, I remember!"

The drummer wiped tears from his eyes with his knuckles and was overcome for a moment. When he could control his voice again, he said:

"I cannot go on. I refer you to the papers of that date for further particulars. I brought up the incident for its moral effect alone. Always remember, my friends, that no matter how bad things are they might be worse."

Most of us had mentally set him down as a bold faced liar, but forgive him on the ground that he was lying in our interests, when he cleared his throat and resumed:

"I was in the Blank hotel in St. Louis when that terrible conflagration broke out. As I am a Chicago man, and as there is a bitter jealousy between the two cities, I was stuck away up on the ninth floor in a small room. It was midnight, and I was sleeping like a babe when the smoke and flame and confusion aroused me. Hastily throwing on my clothes, I dashed out into the hall. From a window at the back end dangled a rope—a single rope. There was just time for one person to slide down before the rope would be burned in twain and rendered useless while there were forty women and myself to be saved. In this emergency—"

"You saved the forty women, of course," interrupted an old maid from Iowa.

"No, ma'am, I am happy to say I didn't," replied the drummer. "With their shrieks and screams ringing in my ears, I caught the rope and descended in safety, and every one of them perished."

"But that was worse than cowardly on your part. A man who would do that!"

"I acted for the best, I assure you, ma'am. Those ladies were delegates to a Christian Endeavor convention. They had attended a meeting that day. They were ready to go. On the contrary, I was at that time a single man and needed at least two years to even stop swearing. There has never been the slightest doubt in my mind where the forty went to, but if I hadn't escaped by the rope my whereabouts to this day would be a subject of anxiety to my friends."

The moral lesson I seek to convey is that none of us should ever stand in the way of somebody else getting hold of a good thing."

Two or three of the men said something about "punching some one's head, and three or four of the women looked upon the drummer as a monster. Others looked horrified, and some tried to smile in a doubtful way, and it was a painful pause as the drummer hunted in his vest pocket for a trifle. As he dropped it into his mouth he said:

"I tell you the story because of the moral lesson conveyed. There are worse things than being snowed up here. For instance, we might be strangled in our beds." M. QUAD.

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REDMOND SPEAKS

London, Feb. 25.—The Irish leader, John Redmond, in the house of commons today, moved amendment to the address in reply to the speech from the throne on the subject of the Irish land question. Mr. Redmond's speech was most conciliatory.

He said the amendment was not intended as a hostile demonstration against the government, but a "friendly warning" to the ministers that he and his friends believe the government was engaged in framing a great measure of justice and appeasement for Ireland which, in the words of the king's speech, would "complete the ownership of the dual ownership of land."

All he wanted was an assurance from the chief secretary for Ireland that the government was engaged in an honest attempt to solve the problem on the lines suggested by the report of the recent land conference which, the speaker added, offered an unexampled opportunity to end the agrarian troubles and conflicts between classes in Ireland.

Mr. Redmond pointed out that the compromise proposed in the conference report was impossible without state aid, and warned the government that if there was any attempt by the juggling of figures to make the tenant bear the whole burden of the transference of land it would be vigorously opposed and the whole scheme would be ruined. The state, he asserted, must supply the difference between the amount the tenant could afford to pay and that which the landlord could afford to take.

Mr. Wyndham, in replying, declined to commit himself to any wholesale official approval of the land conference report, which, he said, avoided or skirted many considerations, which must be taken into account. The value of the work of the conference, however, could hardly be estimated. It showed that a majority of the landlords and tenants desired and were ready to make concessions.

The secretary concluded with expressing the hope that the good sense and good will animating the report would be emulated by the house in considering the forthcoming measure, which would make it impossible for Ireland to lay the social foundations upon which it was alone possible to rear the fabric of healthy national life.

Mr. Redmond eventually withdrew his amendment.

A story was told at a recent dinner of a New York literary club which goes back to the time when a certain famous man was governor of Massachusetts.

Along a country road in the north of Maine plodded a French-Canadian with a trained bear, making his way to a country fair. At a crossroad he met a long-whiskered Yankee driving

a mule. They nodded to each other, and were continuing on their ways, when suddenly the Frenchman pricked up his ears.

"G'long there, Napoleon!" the farmer drawled to his mule.

The Frenchman stopped and listened again.

"Git up, Napoleon!" called the Yankee.

"I say, ma fren!" called the Canadian, bringing his bear to a halt, "what for you call ze zhackass Napoleon?"

"That's his name," replied the farmer, indifferently.

"Well, he no name for a zhackass. Napoleon was a great general."

"So's my mule," replied the other, good-naturedly. "Gedday, Napoleon!"

The Frenchman lost patience. "Look ere, ma fren," he said, "you call zat zhackass 'Napoleon' vance more time, I tell you w'at I do. You see zat black bear? Well, I poke his one eye out an' call him Ban Huit-laire."

Witticisms of an Actor.

If Maurice Barrymore's witticisms were collected they would fill a book and lose half their charm. Probably he never uttered many of the clever things attributed to him, but there never was an epigram too brilliant for Barrymore to have made it. Some were bitter as gall, and few had no more sting to them than a butterfly. But all of them showed that he possessed a remarkable mind. He once had a dispute with a boastful bully in the St. James Cafe, who declared, "If I had you in Texas I'd blow your head off."

"Then your courage is a matter of longitude," observed Barrymore, sweetly.

He was once on his way to the Catskills for a holiday, when he fell in with three other men. "I am an actor, broken by overwork, seeking health and rest," he said.

"I am a business man going to the mountains for the same reason," explained one of his new acquaintances.

"And I am an engineer, also broken down by work," said the second.

"And you, sir, are in the same boat with us?" was asked the third.

"No, I am not. I am going to the hills for pleasure. I don't work. I am a gentleman!"

"And plainly on a vacation," added Barrymore.

When Steele Mackaye told Barrymore that he would never become a great actor until he experienced a great sorrow or a thrilling experience the retort came in a flash. "Write a play for me, Steele, and I shall get both."

The supreme court of North Carolina has decided that applicants for license to practice law must be "able to write legibly and spell reasonably well." They are pretty strict down there in the old North state—Chicago Tribune.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Fatal Blaze.

Lowell, Mass., Feb. 27.—One person, and possibly others, lost her life in a fire which broke out in the Burbank block here today. The building was used for business, lodging houses and social purposes, the street floor containing stores, the second, third and fourth floors rooms and the top floor a dance hall. There were seventy-five lodgers in the house when the fire broke out.

The body of Mrs. Sarah F. Kirtledge, correspondent of the Ladies' Home Journal and the Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, and other periodicals, was found. Later it was reported that four other persons were missing and search of the ruins was continued. The total financial damage was estimated at \$123,000, partly covered by insurance.

The fire threatened the Belvidere hotel which adjoins the Burbank block, but a heavy fire-wall proved an effective barrier.

The scenes which attended the fire were of a most exciting character. The flames were discovered about 1 o'clock. It was known that about seventy-five persons occupied lodgings in the block and were asleep in their rooms on the second, third, and fourth floors. Adjoining the building was the Hotel Belvidere with a large number of guests. Although the most vigorous methods were used to arouse the inmates of the Burbank building, only those on the lower floor got out by the rear doors and stairways.

The others were forced to the windows, out of which they leaped and shrieked for help until they were rescued by the firemen, who were able to reach them by means of ladders before the flames gained control of the building.

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