An Eskimo Murder Trial

A quiver passed through the audience; at last the truth about the murder would be revealed. The choking cries of Knife, the Eskimo medicine man, who was conducting the seance, gave place to wild gibberish. His father, who stood near by, told the natives that this was the white man's language. But Knife was less hysterical than he appeared. He looked at the accused white man beside him and jabbered significantly. The white man, whose wits were quick, answered with the first words of Latin that came into his head—"Quadrepedante putrem sonitu quatit ungala compum."

"Pamakalawiliniliitoolooka," responded Knife.

Then the white man's Latin gave out and he continued the meaningless conversation in French.

Diamond Jenness, who was this white man, tells in his book, "The People of the Twilight" (Macmillan), of his life among the Eskimos. In 1914, 1915 and 1916 he, with other white explorers and scientists, lived among these people about Coronation Gulf, on the extreme northern coast of the Canadian mainland. Fishing, sailing, hunting the caribou had taken up much of their time, and study of the Eskimos had progressed well. Many friends had been made among the natives, and, we read:

Nothing disturbed the harmony of our relations until some natives from the settlement near the Liston and Sutton Islands repored that one of their young men had died a short time before, and openly accused me of his murder. They could not charge me with physical violence, for I was a hundred miles away on the Coppermine River at the time of his decease; but they said that I had stolen his soul by magic, and deliberately withheld it until his body pined away and died. Foolish as this accusation seemed, we could not blind ourserves to its seriousness. The Eskimos knew nothing of our law or of the police. Their own penalty for murder was assassination, unless the relatives of the dead man agreed to accept a heavy blood-price. They might not have dared to apply this penalty to me, because trading would cease immediately and my well-armed party make would happen. Certainly it was not reprisals. But no one could say what safe for me to wander in and out of their huts as freely as before; some hot-headed individual might forget discretion and stab me in the back as I crawled through a low doorway.

In spite of the preponderating sentiment against me, a few of my Eskimo friends still believed in my innocence, and sought for an influential medicine-man who could unravel the mystery of the young man's death. Knife's arrival was well timed, for no medicine-man in the district enjoyed greater prestige. The familiar spirits of which he was the mouthpiece spoke infallible truth, and whether they pronounced me innocent or guilty the verdict would carry credence everywhere.

Palaiyak returned from the snow-huts on the beach one evening and whispered in my ear that Knife was in the dance-house preparing to hold his investigation. I calculated the chances quickly. Knife knew that I spoke his language, and it was not in Eskimo nature to accuse a man of murder to his face. Moreover he was crafty, and would consult his own interests before anything else. At the present moment he sorely needed ammunition and other goods that I could supply. Would he dare to name me guilty to my face? I decided to at myself.

The people had ceased dancing when I entered the hut and were whiling tend his seance and hear the verdict away the moments by singing without the drum. Half of them were drawn up in a circle; the remainder formed knots of two and three in the background. Over in one corner stood Cockney, our English cook, who had been quietly watching the performance.s He did not know that I was accused of murder, or that anything more was in progress than an ordinary dance, and it seemed wiser not to enlighten him. Knife himself sat on the sleeping-platform, paying no heed to what went on around him; but he glanced at me furtively when I entered and looked a trifle disconcerted.

The singing continued but a few minutes longer, when the impatient audience entreated Knife to summon his familiar spirits. He sat now with closed eyes, half dozing as it seemed. Suddenly he gasped, choking cries burst from his lips, and, staggering into the centre of the ring, he motioned to me to stand near him. The impression on the audience was immense; their shaman really was inspired by a white man's spirit, for how else could he understand and converse with me? So when he ceased his gibberish, and in broken syllables pronounced that it was a white man in a far-distant country who had caused the young man's death, the faith that moves mountains was not stronger than their conviction of my innocence.

All this time Cockeny had been viewing our antics with the greatest alarm. Knife held me hypnotized, he believed, and the tense faces of the audience turned in my direction made him dread some ountoward incident. He dared not abandon me to my peril while he warned our companions at the house above. So he stood, like a vigilant sentry, prepared to leap to my rescue and battle against the overwhelming odds the moment the whistle sounded.

The seance lasted about two hours, and contained several minor incidents in which I played a leading role. Knife's audience was in the mood to credit any deception, and he was too shrewd to lose his opportunity. At one stage he led his first wife into the ring to execute a "white man's" reel, a kind of square dance they had learned at Great Bear Lake; and in his wild gibberish, made intelligible to me by signs, he bade me summon Cockney to join hands with the younger wife.

The performance ended at last, and the people began to disperse to their huts. Cockney, who was among the first to vanish, hastened to the station to describe my abnormal behavior and organize a strong party that would bring me safely home. But before he had finished his narrative, I myself arrived on the scene, and offered a more reasonable explanation of my conduct.

After his good name had been restored among the natives, a plan for even more intensive study of Eskimo life occurred to Mr. Jenness. He accordingly left his white associates and went off for the summer hunting season with a group of related families. Ikpuck, already mentioned, and Icehouse, his wife, had, we learn, adopted the author into their own family, as their son. The narrative includes many human touches. Thus:

I lay back among the caribou skins after supper, using my sleeping-bag for a cushion, and listened to Ikpuck's account of our day's adventures. A careless movement of my foot upset a teacup, emptying its contents into one of our best robes. Icehouse sprang up indignantly. "You miserable wretch!" she exclaimed. "Do you think you are lying on sealskins? See what you have done. You have ruined our best robe." I cast an apologetic look at Ikpuck, who sat in the opposite corner. A faint smile flickered over his face, and his left eye gave a perceptible wink. Poor Ikpuck. Icehouse intercepted the wink, and, transferring her wrath, heatedly upbraided him for his indifference, while the old man silently hung his head. But her anger gave way to laughter as she helped me to scoop up the tea, and the incident became only a standing joke.

During a blustering snow-storm that swirled and eddied about the camp for thirty-six hours, we read on:

The wretched windbreaks behind which the Eskimos crouched for shelter blew down in five minutes. My tent alone stood firm. It was admirably adapted for one man, but a trifle small when Ikpuck and Icehouse shared it with me, as they did from now until autumn. Small or not, it was the only shelter that presented itself. While the men were building low walls of snow-blocks, and roofing them with sticks and skins into the semblance of dwellings, the women and children huddled inside my tent, one on top of another, and on top of Ikpuck and me, until the blizzard outside would have seemed a zephyr had we been able to reach it. But the door was blocked by a solid wall of humanity encased in fur, and the back of the tent was sewn to the floor-strips. Like bees in the centre of a hanging swarm, we almost suffocated; but we were warm.

Efficiency expert says 4,000 tons of coal are wasted per year in blowing railroad locomotive whistles. But not altogether wasted. Think of all the auto wrecking companies that would go out of business if there were no whistles to inspire reckless drivers at level crossings.

A Sport All Could Enter

AGILE CHAMPION AT THE "AMPHIBIAN RODEO"

The Pride of San Joaquin, with a leap of 3 feet and 6 inches, won the "Amphibian Rodeo," held in Angels' Camp, Calif., with fifty-one frogs jumping and many spectators cheering them on. Inset, the winner.

Quick Recovery From World War

Professor Shotwell Finds Economic Gain Surprising in Europe and America

Made Carnegie Research

"The economic recovery from the World War is a more surprising historical fact than the World War itself, and is in many ways a more important one." This surprising statement was made in an interview by Professor James T. Shotwell, Director of the Division of Economics and History of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, in discussing researches he has been conducting ever since the war ended as to its economic effects in all the European countries and the United States.

Dr. Shotwell pointed out that the war itself had not quite taken Europe by surprise. It had been long anticipated and prepared for. But as the war progressed there were no economists or serious thinkers anywhere in any land who had any glimpses of the rapidity of recovery from the appalling catastrophe. He said:

"The results of the economic survey which the Carnegie Endowment has been making in the different European countries indicate a degree of recovery which shows that modern society is capable of standing economic destruction far beyond what anyone had thought possible in 1914, or even in 1919. Europe had naturally suffered enormous losses, and yet in spite of all the destruction of property the standard of living of the working class is higher now in most European countries than it was in 1914.

"This does not mean that all classes have been able to hold their own, but the working class has definitely improved its wage standard and conditions of living. This improvement is not caused by the war, but has happened in spite of the war. All of which shows that there are forces at work in modern industry which are revolutioninzing the basis of living.

"The causes for the improvement lie in improved business methods, in scientific management, mass production and an increased technical skill. All of this has taken place with very little regard to politics and much of it in spite of the most reactionary and uneconomical political programs. The question whether it will continue or how much it may be counted upon is one which any historian would be very slow to answer. In view of the mistakes which have been made in all previous guesses as to the capacity of European civilisation, but Mr. Gilbert's optimistic report of Germany's capacity to pay shows that the world is still upon the upward course."

Dr. Shotwell said that the scientific researches of the Carnegie Endowment constitute the largest attempt that has ever been made to answer the question: "What does war actually do to the economic processes of modern living?" The answer is an emphatic negative so far as war is concerned, but it has to recognize at the same time that modern civilization has acquired a capacity for adjustment and an economic strength which are almost incalculable. The fundamental attack upon the war system, therefore, must remain a moral one, for the one irreparable destruction is in human life itself, with the consequent retrogression in moral outlook.

Two new volumes have just appeared in the vast collection of the economic history of the World War which Dr. Shotwell is directing, dealing with the effect of the war upon Norway and Denmark. An exhaustive series of monographs on Sweden appeared some time ago. A study of these volumes shows how deeply the neutral nations were involved in the blockade and economic struggle of the war.

In almost everything except the actual fighting in the field the neutral countries of Europe participated like belligerents. Norway's shipping, its supplying of fish and its oversea commerce were practically taken over by Great Britain and the economic history of Norway determined from London, Sweden, lying between Germany and Russia, offered a much more difficult problem and the effort of England to check the shipment of its ores to Germany was the cause of very serious disputes.

Wild Animals We Have Met

Musca domestica, otherwise known as the house fly.

The house fly, children, is easily domesticated and makes an excellent pet in the pantry.

However, the house fly has a habit of wandering out of the house at times. Frequently it is captured by the municipal fly catcher and the owner is hailed into court. For this reason, you should not delay in putting up your screen windows.

Of course, when fly fanciers go on picnics, they prefer to take their own flies with them. They can easily be transported in a jar of jam or a bucket of salad.

The first open-air convention of flies has been announced for Aug. 1. Flies will be there fro mall parts of the country.

Efforts are now being made to secure the attendance of as many baldheaded men as possible at this event, so that the flies may go roller skating.

There is even some talk of holding a "Be Kind to Flies" Week.

First Knut—"I told her there was a fool in every family." Second Ditto—"What did she say?" "She asked if I had been an only child."

Beginning the Auld Licht Papers

In my spare hours I was trying journalism of another kind and sending it to London, but nearly eighteen months elapsed before there came to me, as unlooked for as a telegram, the thought that there was something quaint about my native place. . . . A few days afterwards I sent my mother a London evening paper with an article entitled, "An Auld Licht Community," and they told me that when she saw the heading she laughed, because there was something droll to her in the sight of the words Auld Licht in print . . . but let the truth be told, when she read that first article she became alarmed, and fearing the talk of the town, hid the paper from all eyes. For some time afterward, while I proudly pictured her showing this and similar articles to all who felt an interest in me, she was concealing them fearfully in a handbox onthe garret stair. And she wanted to know by return post whether I was paid for these articles just as I was paid for real articles; when she heard that I was paid better, she laughed again and had them out of the bandbox for rereading, and it cannot be denied that she thought the London editor a fine fellow but slightly soft. . . .

Now my mother might have been discovered, in answer to certain excited letters, flinging the bundle of undarned socks from her lap, and "going in for literature"; she was racking her brains, by request, for memories I might convert into articles, and they came to me in letters which she dictated to my sisters. How well I could hear her saying the lines: "But the editor-man will never stand that, it's perfect blethers."—"By this post it must go, I tell you; we must take the editor when he's hungry—we canna be blamed for it, can we? he prints them of his own free will, so the wite is his."—"But I'm near terrified. If London folk reads them we're done for." And I was sounded as to the advisability of sending him a present of a lippie of short-bread, which was to be her crafty way of getting round him. By this time, though my mother and I were hundred of miles apart, you may picture us waving our hands to each other across country, and shouting 'Hurrah!" You may also picture the editor in his office thinking he was behaving like a shrewd man of business, and unconscious that up in the north there was an elderly lady chuckling so much at him that she could scarcely scrape the potatoes.—James M. Barrie, in "Margaret Ogilvie."

Italian firm has presented Mussolini with a handsome new automobile. Il Duce's foes, no doubt, hope he will try to drive down main street in Venice.

Cities on Stilts

European architects sometimes seems to be more actively engaged with architectural questions that directly concern New York and Chicago than are our own city planners. There is the stimulating Le Corbusier, for example. In his architectural magazine, Esprit Nouveau, he suggests startling buildings to serve new purposes and also to obviate congestion of the streets. Not for him the old Greek question of the relative merit of the beautiful and the good. Beauty must be logical. Hence his adoration of the machine and its flashing rods and wheels, the very embodiment of geometric accuracy and mathematical logic. A dwelling must serve its purpose as admirably as an engine. To build it in the suburbs, and therefore to be compelled to travel to the city and back every day—can such illogicality be excused in this mechanically logical century?

Le Corbusier answers by advocating even denser populations and a further exploitation of the skyscraper. If we can work on the thirtieth floor, we can also live there and even higher, he reasons. He brushes aside the argument that one inhales a new energy in the dust-free air of the suburbs. Dust? There is none above the seventh story. Working and living in the same towering structure becomes a mere matter of stratification. We work in offices and shops up to the twentieth story, let us say; we live from the twentieth to he fiftieth. Our dwellings are the peaks of architectural masses where winds, uncontaminated by whirling dust and the odors of the streets, blow as freely as in the open, and where roof gardens save us the physical effort of descending to the ground to wander in grassy parks.

And what of congestion in the streets, rought about by this piling of more and more stories upon one another and packing them with humanity? Le Corbusier meets the issue squarely. Build skyscrapers on 20-foot stilts of steel and concrete! The French architect Perret has made a similar suggestion, and so has the German, Birkenholz, whose globular house on piles was one of the sensations of the Dresden City-Planning Exposition. At once all traffic problems disappear. Bury gas mains, water pipes and sewers? Le Corbusier scoffs at this additional evidence of our inability to think in terms of practical engineering. Carry the conduits in the air, he admonishes. Suspend these veins and arteries of a city from the stilts, so that repairing a drain need no longer be a major operation conducted in the streets.

To such a revolutionist our household furniture is an anachronism. Elephantine armchairs and davenports, cumbrous four-poster beds—what have they in common with the efficient motor and the electric refrigerator, both models of logical planning? So Le Corbusier must needs furnish his skyscraper home in his own fashion. His chairs, tables, beds, seem wildly futuristic—all cubes, prims and cylinders. Yet there is engineering and architectual method in this seeming madness. His geometric household is curiously economical and practical. Its fantastic furniture takes up little space. It serves its purpose, and, what is even more important to its designer, it attunes us to the orderliness, precision and rhythm of the new beauty that he sees in the machine.—Editorial in New York Times.

Easy To Build

An outdoor fireplace that is very simple to build an dthat does not spill the coffee onto the flame at the crucial moment nor yet smother the blaze is described by A. Neely Hall in the July issue of "Child Life Magazine.

"Dig up grass sods to form a fire pit four inches wide at one end and twelve inches wide at the other end, and place the sods, inverted, at the sides of the pit. The narrow end of this fireplace will support a frying pan. Iron bars or lengths of pipe may be placed across the wide end to support pots and kettles, or a crane."

Sauce For the Goose.

There was another man who was hen-pecked.

His wife cornered him one day and said: "I'm sick and tired of hearing you refer to the car as your car. Hereafter I want you to call it our car. I've got a half interest in everything you own."

That night he said to her, "Please, won't you patch our pants?"

S'MATTER POP—By Payne

The Same Difference.