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 pattem sonitu quatit ungala compum."

"Pamakalawillnilittooloolka," 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 reported 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 ourselves 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 spirit, of which he was the mouthpiece spoke infallible truth, and whether they proclaimed me innocent or guilty the verdict would carry credence everywhere.

Polaiyak returned from the snowhuts 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 back ground. Over in one corner stood Cockney, our English cook, who had been quietly watching the performances. 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 tetcup, 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.

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.

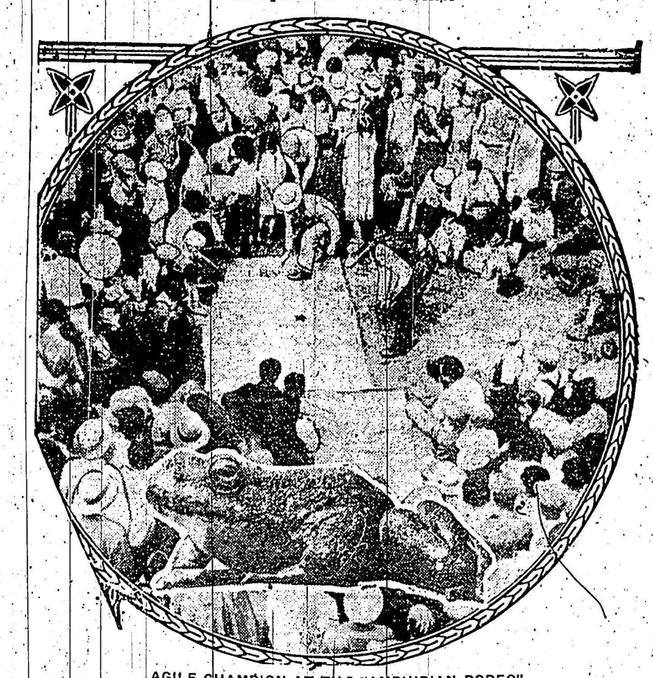
Have a Heart

We look at it this way: After drilling down through several layers of cream, rouge, powder and what-not, the poor little mosquito deserves those few drops of blood.

Might Help

Sir: I don't know whether or not the mint is looking for suggestions from the public, but why doesn't it try printing dollar bills on fly-paper?—J. Fuller Gloom.

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.

Farm Notes

Hints on Curing Tobacco

The tobacco crop enters perhaps the most critical period when it reaches the stage for curing. Not only has it to be harvested at the correct time, but it has to be carefully handled and so spaced in the curing barns as to avoid damage from over-sweating or too rapid drying. When the curing is in process the condition of the crop has to be carefully watched and as soon as the edge of the leaf has turned brown and when the mid-rib has so wilted as to become supple, the process of ripening has to be hastened by increasing the ventilation. A card of instruction on air-curing tobacco, issued by the Tobacco Division of the Experimental Farms, contains a series of useful hints for the guidance particularly of those who have had little experience in the growing of this important crop. This card, which is obtainable from the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, urges the importance of an uniformly good quality, which it is stated ensures a steadier market for the crop.

Tobacco Quality Depends on Curing

Tobacco, even of the best varieties, may be ever so well grown, but the value of the crop depends much on the manner in which it is cured. Not only must the tobacco plants be well matured, but the crop must be carefully handled to avoid injury by bruising and then it must be so spaced in proper curing barns as to allow a good circulation of air through and among the leaves. There are some other precautions that are necessary to avoid too much sweating during what is termed the "browning" stage. The Tobacco Division of the Experimental Farms has issued a hanger for the guidance of tobacco growers, especially beginners, giving hints on the handling of the crop, particularly after it reaches the curing barns. This hanger, which can be obtained from the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, gives advice on what to do when the weather is exceptionally dry and also during long wet periods at the time of harvesting. Under this latter condition it is recommended to raise the temperature of the barn to about 90 degrees by means of charcoal burners, oil burners, or open fires of some smokeless material. If more favorable weather the ventilators must be operated so as to avoid too rapid drying.

The Sap-Sucking Insects

Some of the most troublesome insects of the garden take their food in the form of juices which they suck from the leaves and tender stems. These include the plant lice, white flies and scale insects. Poisons usually used for insects will not kill these sucking creatures which can be attacked successfully only by applying a spray to their bodies. Mr. Arthur Gibson, the Dominion Entomologist, in his new bulletin on "Insects of the Flower Garden," recommends three principal mixtures, kerosene emulsion, whale oil soap, or fish oil soap and tobacco extracts. The kerosene emulsion is the most difficult to prepare and the method of doing so is clearly explained in the bulletin. The soap preparations are used at a strength of one pound to four gallons of water for brown or black aphis and one pound to six gallons of water for green plant lice, so frequently seen on rose bushes. The tobacco extracts are offered in seed stores and sometimes in other stores in the form of nicotine sulphate, otherwise known as Blackleaf-40. This is effective when applied at the rate of about two pounds to forty gallons water, or in small quantities, two teaspoonfuls to a gallon of water with a little soap added. Mr. Gibson's bulletin, No. 99 of the Department of Agriculture, which is free, describes practically all of the insects that trouble a flower garden and gives illustrations of the insects themselves and of the harm they do.

Importance of Pure Tobacco Seed

The larger tobacco growers in Southwestern Ontario have learned from experience the necessity of using only pure seed of high germination test, and preferably from northorngrowers and acclimatized stock of the proper varieties. The Tobacco Inquiry Commission instituted by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, discovered in their recent investigations that a small proportion of the growers, most of them beginners, have failed to appreciate the importance of using only the best class of seed. In consequence of this, according to the Report of the Commission, which is now ready for distribution by the Director of Publicity, Department of Agriculture, a too high percentage of the crop has shown a mixture of varieties and types which is detrimental to the general quality and value of the crop. Many of the older growers are attempting to produce their own seed and are careful in selecting vigorous parent plants, typical as to variety, and properly bagging the seed heads in order to guarantee the purity of the seed therefrom. Others, on the other hand are producing seed in the most careless manner, not making selection of individual plants nor bagging the seed heads. It is little wonder, says the Report, that some of the crop of these growers is of mixed and indefinite type. The Dominion Experimental Station at Harrow is doing useful service to the industry in producing fine seed of the most suitable varieties, which is distributed direct to farmers and also indirectly through the tobacco processing companies.

Poison For Insects

Practically all plant insects that live by eating the leaves can be destroyed by poisoning. In his new bulletin No. 99 of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, "Insects of the Flower Garden and Their Control," Mr. Arthur Gibson the Dominion Entomologist, recommends both liquid and dry applications. When Paris green is used, 4 ounces of Paris green and half a pound of fresh lime are sufficient for forty gallons of water. Where only small quantities are needed a teaspoonful of Paris green and the same quantity of lime are the proper quantities for a pail of water. For dry applications a pound of Paris green should be mixed with 20 pounds of land plaster, slaked lime, or other perfectly dry powder. This preparation should be dusted on the plants early in the morning while the dew is still on. Arsenate of lead is in some ways preferable to Paris green because it does no injury to the foliage and will not wash off easily by rains. The powdered arsenate of lead is recommended in the bulletin to be used in the strength of two pounds to 40 gallons of water. When the paste form is used 4 pounds is the proper quantity to 40 gallons of water. For small garden use one tablespoonful of the paste arsenate of lead to a gallon of water is about the proper strength.

Poultry House Flooring

Cement flooring for the poultry house has the merit of durability and it does not harbor vermin, but many poultry keepers complain that it gives trouble in winter and spring on account of being continually damp. At the Charlottetown Experimental Station the cement floor was given a coat of roofing paint but it did not reduce the dampness to any appreciable extent as the litter soon became damp and unfit for use almost as quickly as where the floor was left without treatment. In another house a wooden floor was built and laid in sections two inches above the cement. This treatment, according to Mr. J. A. Clark, Poultry Superintendent, in his Report for 1927, was very effective, the section remaining dry and requiring cleaning only about half as many times as the other sections of the same house that had the cement floor only.

Issued by the Director of Publicity, Dom. Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont.

To the North Sea

Far out the sea at rest!
Gulls stalking in the sedge;
Peace guides with quiet zest
The silvery sunray's quest
To the horizon's edge.

On the dike grazing sheep;
And waving grain's dull brown;
While in the sky's blue deep
Soft clouds serenely sweep;
And evening closes down.

The tide now rolls shore-wise,
Softly, on silvery sand.
Freely the gulls arise,
And with resounding cries,
Mount skyward o'er the land.

Into the mirrored flow
The pale sun sinks to rest.
A sweet and peaceful glow
Envelops high and low,
And gilds the wavelets' crest.

—Hans Heyck, in "Der Turmer."
Translated from the German by E. M. Cordsen.

No Easy Method

For the failure of the older economics when applied by business men to their problems, business men should partly blame themselves. They have wanted to follow one index as a guide. Already there is grumbling at the multiplicity of facts available, and one has held a conference to see if just one indext cannot be devised to save executives the trouble of thinking too much. They might as well ask their physicians for one pill to prevent all diseases.

Controlling business will be a continuous and headachy process. The failure of pre-war business guides should be considered as a warning. No method of success will ever be found to supplant ceaseless and hard study of all the facts available. From a more thorough study of this bewildering era, new theories, explanations and guides will be developed. In the meantime, new wine should not be put in old bottles.

Beginning the Auld Licht Papers

In my spare hours I was trying journalism of another kind and sending it to London; but nearly eight 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 feeling 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 kept concealing them fearfully in a bandbox 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 pencilled letters, flinging the hundred and undarned socks from her lap and going in for literature"; she was cracking 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: "The editor-man will never stand that; it's perfect blethers."—"But this paper it must go; I tell you; we must take the editor when he's hungry—we canna be blamed for it, can we? he writes them of his own free will, so the waste is his."—"But I'm near terrified. The London folk reads them wi'se dees for." And I was sounded as to the advisability of sending him a present, a tipple of short-bread, which was to be her crafty way of getting home him. By this time, though my mother and I were hundred of miles apart, you may picture us waving our arms to each other across country and shouting 'Hurrah!' You may picture the editor in his office saying he was behaving like a sheep in business, and unconscious that in the north there was an old lady chuckling so much at him that she could scarcely scrape the potatoes."—James M. Barrie, in "Margaret Ogilvie."

The Responsibility for the Great War

The immediate responsibility for the Great War hinges on the question whether Germany did or did not incite Austria to issue the ultimatum to Serbia, and whether Germany advised Austria to reject Serbia's reply. In the symposium, is printed, with the letter from Austrian Foreign Minister Leopold Berchtold, Chief Counselor of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Ministry, Count Alexander Hoyos, Legal Counselor of the Austrian Foreign Ministry, Dr. Friedrich von Wiesner, categorically deny that Germany influenced their demands or decision to attack Serbia.

Corroborating these affirmations, the magazine prints statements from Kaiser Wilhelm; the former German Foreign Minister, Gottlieb von Jagow, and the former German Under Secretary of State, Alfred Zimmermann, explicitly confirm the Austrian statements.

Professor Harry E. Barnes, who spent last summer in Europe investigating this question, joins the Austrian and German Ministers in absolving Germany of having influenced Austria's decision to attack Serbia.

Dr. Michael T. Florinsky, of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, who has also been studying the question in the United States and abroad, takes precisely the opposite view, and declares that the records confirm the facts that Germany gave Austria a free hand, thus encouraging her in her aggressive policy toward Serbia; and that the German government's responsibility for Austria's course of action is overwhelming.

Easy To Build

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

"Dig up grass sods to form a pit four inches wide at one end and twelve inches wide at the other 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 grill."

Need More Be Said?

In July I go sailing
In a boat that needs bailing.

Garb of Other Days

By some transmutation of epochs, a modern Londoner could project himself into the fourteenth-century city his eyes would be confronted with scenes whose quaintness indicates the far a moften childlike mentality of our ancestors. . . . The first thing to attract the wayfarer's attention would be the gaudily colored dresses of the men and women, lending to the street a touch of brilliant color reminiscent of the Orient. There would see men of the better class sporting parti-colored hose from the knee to the waist, the violent contrast in tint of each leg producing a grotesque and bizarre effect. The combinations most favored were black and white, blue and white, and red and black. At one time a contrast in hose affected by city officials was gaudy to bastard! The upper part of the body was covered by a short cote often trimmed with fur, with long hanging sleeves, and many were the colors favored for this garment. Besides such colors as green and red, we hear of medley (a mixture of hues), ray, giving a striped effect, applebloom, the precise shade of which must be left to the imagination. The waist was worn a girdle made of wool, leather, or linen thread, sometimes with "latten," copper, brass, or steel, or in the case of the wealthy, with gold or silver. The use of lead, pewter, or tin for this purpose was forbidden. In the absence of pockets the pouch or purse, often made of velvet, was suspended from the shoulder by a strap. . . . The flowing articles of apparel were worn by a gown made in an array of colors, as extensive as was the coat, and with a hood to match, which could be thrown back upon the shoulders. Caps, however, were a favorite form of headgear, and they ranged from beaver caps lined with scarlet or green velvet for the nobility, to half red and half green, caps of black, blue, red, and russet for ordinary folk, down to the black shaggy caps known as "hures" for the common people.

In the latter part of the fourteenth century many extravagant fashions were brought over from Eastern Europe by the train of Anne of Bohemia, the queen of Richard II. These included the long-toed boots which after a time grew to such extremes that they had to be tied to the knees, and the extraordinary custom of cutting the cloth into small pieces and merely sewing them all together. William Langland, the author of "Vision of Piers Plowman," says that it would take seven men and six weeks to sew all these together in sufficient quantity for a suit of clothes, and would at times the value of the cloth. These fashions are referred to in a poem of the period as "Clothes and pyked schoone." The sleeves of the gowns and the hoods of clothes eventually became so long that they often trailed the floors of the city, although the position they occupied and the prevented their lying with the dignity of the nobility in excess of dress, were not without reason toward the display of a slovenliness of garb which in days would be considered in keeping with a proper gravity of demeanour. Stow thus describes the dress of a sheriff of London in the fourteenth century: "His hair cut by his ears and curled; a lit forked; a gown, girt to him, to his feet, of branched damask, wrought with the likeness of flowers; a purse on his right side, hanging by a belt from his left shoulder; a hood about his neck covering his shoulders, and hanging back behind."

The ladies of the period affected equally gaudy clothing, wore a deal of fur, and were particularly distinguished by their headgear, in which and to other newly fashions, Stow remarks: "Also women used high attire upon their heads, piked horns, with long veils, and rode on side saddles." The example of the Queene brought this fashion into fashion for before, women were used to ride like men." But the dress of the middle class had its delightful contrast of colors, relieved by the richness of color, must have exercised a charm unsurpassed in any age, may judge by the description of the young wife of a carpenter in the pages of Chaucer. She wore a kerchief of silk, a snow-white smock, many a gusset, a white collar, and her head a white cap with long ends. From her girdle hung a purse studded with brass nails, and decorated with green tassels. Her shoes were laced high and tight.

Coming to the bright colors of the upper position nobles, gentry, merchants, chantries and merchants—we observed the sober habit of the lawyer, the physician, the priest, the man, consisting of a plain long preaching from the neck to the feet, buttoned closely at the sleeves and wrists. And for back ground the great throng of workers, the poor, dressed in suits of russet, with which all the colors of the superior classes mingled to form a bright and kaleidoscopic picture.—Charles Pendrill, in "London in the Fourteenth Century."

A Game For Rainy Days

A game for rainy days is a fine game for Jean to play on rainy days. Two fans are used to fan a square of tissue paper to goals. Place two books on about a foot apart an dcall one goal. Then mark two starting lines six feet from the goals with the yardstick, and place pieces of tissue paper on the lines. When the word is given each tries to fan his paper to the goal first.

Flip Khut—"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."

The Same Difference.

SMATTER POP—By Payne