

pect that it would have the invaluable free advertisement of police persecution.

GRACE ISABEL COLBRON.
Berlin, Germany, Oct. 9, 1901.

AMONG THE DOUKHOBORS IN CANADA.

"And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and water o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On a wild New England shore."

The Doukhobor settlements in the undulating prairie lands of eastern Assiniboia, Northwestern Canada, are the sequence of their immigration to Canada after long and terrible sufferings for conscience' sake at the hands of the Russian government. When at last the czar, yielding to the appeals of influential sympathizers with these persecuted people, permitted their departure from his dominions, this "band of exiles," numbering some 7,000 souls, embarked in four large steamships from the eastern extreme of the Black sea for their long voyage to St. John and Halifax. The vessels were chartered and funds contributed through the London and Philadelphia Society of Friends on barely ten days' notice—a testimony to their world-wide sympathy with the oppressed. After this unprecedented pilgrimage across thousands of leagues by sea and thousands of miles by land they reached their destination, where, by persistent labor in the face of difficulties known only to the pioneer, they have at last been enabled to establish their homes and their "faith's pure shrine." Here it was my privilege to visit them, and in some degree to come to know them.

Wild sunflower and coreopsis shone bright among the prairie grass, and the bracing Assiniboia breeze fluttered the papers from the tent table, as on one Sunday morning we sat chatting and resting. The sweet, rich notes of a Russian hymn floated to us on the breeze. Stepping to the tent door we could hear the low rumble of wheels on the trail, and soon a team came trotting around the willow bluff. A man and two women in a farm wagon drove up and alighted, making impressive salutations. We were to go to their house. We said that we would go after dinner, but were told that dinner was waiting for us at their place. In the back of the wagon was a seat placed lengthwise, covered with an oriental rug, and the wagon-box was filled with hay. Such preparations won the day, and we hurried for our

hats, while bright satisfaction shone from the Doukhobor's eyes.

Driving past the fields of grain and flax, we noticed near the poplar bluff groups of small, hive-like structures made of branches, and some of them partly covered with sods. These were the first temporary Doukhobor shelters. Beyond the poplars and willows we come to the homes of to-day. On each side of the village street is a row of snug, warm houses built of logs and plastered; the roofs are of sod, and a low chimney of sun-dried brick rises from the center of each house. One is a bath house, where the villagers enjoy a weekly Turkish bath. In front of each dwelling is a little garden, with nodding cultivated sunflowers and vegetables, and to the right and left of the village are the larger gardens. This village not being near a river, each house has its own good well with a tall well-sweep. The stable is attached to the house, and behind that are the beautifully trimmed stacks of prairie hay.

As we pass through the village the people bow to us, the men lifting their caps with much ceremony. Their costumes are bright and picturesque. The dark flat-topped caps of the men have a red piping around the crown and patent-leather peaks. Shining white, full-sleeved shirts bag into loose folds around their waists and meet the trousers of wonderful cut, also gathered at the top. Almost any garment would look well set off by the long Russian boots, the soft leather wrinkling about the ankles. Their coats and waistcoats fit to the waist, and the former have a long, gathered frock of more than 18 inches from the waist down. Buttons are used, but only for ornament, as the actual fastenings are hooks and eyes.

The women's shoes are also of Russian leather, low shape, showing well-turned ankles in wonderfully knitted stockings. On their heads they wear bright caps, over which they put handkerchiefs, tied under their chins. "Gassets," or sleeveless coats, cover their bright "waists." Their skirts are also of some bright color, and are caught up in front to show the fine, home-woven linen underskirt, with its red and white border. Their aprons are specially fine, with two or three bright strips and lace across the bottom.

The Doukhobor meal begins with

tea, bread and salt, then vegetable soup, fried potatoes, pancakes of excellent quality, and eggs. Other dishes are cheese cakes, pie crust served in many fantastic shapes, fresh sweet turnips, radishes, onions and sometimes fruit. The guests sit down and the members of the household wait on them, merrily exchanging thoughts in broken English and Russian, eked out by signs.

The interior throughout is finished in yellow plaster, made from the clay that lies underneath the rich black Assiniboia soil. Their houses have four or five rooms, the largest compassed about by a seat, which is quite broad on one side of the room. On this, each evening, some of the beds are made, a thick rug being first put over the boards, then a big feather-bed, fresh white sheets, square pillows, and a quilt. All this is neatly folded and put away during the day.

At the end of the broad seat, in the corner, is the big brick oven—a picturesque feature of every Doukhobor house. They display much taste in oven-building, using sun-dried bricks. At the other side of the room is a small, high table. The floor is of smooth-trodden plaster and earth, kept beautifully clean by sweeping with green bunches of prairie "broom."

After thanking our hosts for the dinner, we are invited to rest on the broad seat, with our feet dangling in the air or resting on wooden footstools. Some of the villagers sing as they sit around the table, which has been cleared of everything but the homespun linen cloth. The singers seem to think only of the hymn or chant, and the others listen attentively. It is curious but very beautiful music. Outside the deep-set window the sunflowers move in the breeze, and the sun shines in, enriching the beautiful colors in the costumes, and in contrast bringing out the soft, wonderful shadows of the interior.

During our summer's visit we slept many times in these houses. Early in the morning the family would be astir, though quietly, and by the time we were dressed there was generally a row of children, washed and ready for the day, reciting the commandments, psalms, and other portions of Scripture. It is a pretty sight, as they stand, their attention on the recitation and their faces full of earnest thought. The mother or grandmother, who has been busy in the adjoining room, listens the while, and presently comes in; she bows, the bow is returned by the line of little ones, a few sentences are

said back and forth, and then off go the children.

Family affection is very strong among the Doukhobors, and the standard of morality is high. The old people receive the greatest love and respect, and often have their sons, grandsons and great-grandsons living with them. The average family consists of four or five children.

In some districts the Doukhobors live in a community, in others each have their own gardens, stock and fields. The strong bond holding them together is not tribal, but rather arises from similarity of belief. Their Sunday village service is held at day-break in the largest room in the village, and is very impressive. It continues for about two and a half hours, the men and women standing on opposite sides of the room. The service consists in recitation of Scripture, chanting, and then greeting each other with the holy kiss. The men greet the men and the women the women. The men wear a fine woven woolen sash of many colors, and the women wear a curious white knitted head-dress, over which is arranged a dark red silk handkerchief.

In all the villages are good blacksmiths and carpenters, and the women will show with pride the heavy winter coats spun, dyed and woven by themselves in Russia; also linen table-napkins, very long and narrow, which serve for a number of people.

Thus far the great problem which confronts the settlers has been to utilize the material at hand for immediate necessities. Their pioneering arrangements are so thorough and ingenious there is no doubt that they will use the larger conveniences of this country with the same skill as they come within their reach.

After having sojourned in scores of Doukhobor villages and hundreds of their homes, I believe that we have as important lessons to learn from them in Christlikeness as we have to impart. When we consider what these people have suffered through persecution, exile and actual martyrdom for conscience' sake, and the fact that there is scarcely a family among them unrepresented by a father, brother or son still in Siberia, we need not scruple to extend to them the hand of Christian fellowship.—Miss Nellie E. Baker, of Kingston, Can., in *Missionary Review* for August, 1901.

The land owner is always careful to charge for every advantage connected with the land he wishes to sell or rent. Pure air, fine scenery, good water, even

the rainfall, have their values calculated and charged for. But the following "for rent" advertisement from the London Morning Post is unique and probably reaches the limit in enumeration of advantages: "A rock built, crenelated castle, buffeted by the Atlantic surge, at one of the most romantic and dreaded points of our iron-bound coast, in full view of the Death stone; shipwrecks frequent, corpses common; three reception and seven bedrooms; every modern convenience; 10 gs. (\$50) a week.—Address," etc.—Wilmington (Del.) Justice.

Anglo-Saxon (old-fashionedly)—But what, pray, is the difference between "the Koran, tribute or the sword," and "the Bible, indemnity or benevolent assimilation?"

Anglo-Saxon (progressively) — Oh, the Koran and the Bible are not in the least comparable, as to literary style! —Life.

Only children are unaware that when honest criticism is strangled, a republic is dead. It has become a despotism. Without free and open discussion of Buchanan's policies, Abraham Lincoln would never have been elected. And these people are not even honest—they mean only that everyone shall be estopped from criticising their man; but they will feel perfectly free to criticise the other man if he gets in. Such are made particularly to be the easy raw material of despotisms. The only free man is the man who dares to think and dares to let his neighbor think.—Land of Sunshine.

"He thinks he's popular, eh?"

"Does he? Why, whenever his name appears in the paper he fancies the public reads it this way: 'John (cheers) Henry (applause) Muggin (loud and continuous cheering).'" —Philadelphia Press.

BOOK NOTICES.

Of "Collectivism and Industrial Evolution" (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Translated by Charles H. Kerr), the author, Emile Vandervelde, member of the Belgian Chamber of Deputies, says in his preface: "We have here tried to explain in as clear and concrete a form as we could the main lines of the collectivist conception." In this effort he has succeeded, but not to the credit of that conception.

At the outset he declares that our law accords to certain persons a power by which they may, without personal labor, assure themselves an income. This income, continues the author, is given by society to those who are favored by the juridical organization. One might infer from that that he would suggest the repeal of the laws which grant this unjust "power." But not so. He proceeds, quoting Karl Marx approvingly, to argue that private property was originally equitable. "This form," he quotes, "equitable in itself,

of private property, in which the laborer was the free proprietor of the means of labor operated by him—the peasant of the field that he plowed, the workman of the tool which he used ingeniously—this form, we say, excellent for its own time, conforming to justice," etc. But Mr. Vandervelde utterly fails to perceive that nothing save the legal "power" he has already referred to prevents the continuance of that "equitable private property" which "conforms to justice." Though seeing clearly that "all causes which tend to increase the value of land, tend also to cause a divorce between property and labor," and that "from the moment this separation is produced, the exploitation of the laborer begins," he nevertheless lays the whole social difficulty at the door of private capital. Coming to the question of distribution, he recites various socialist proposals on that point, asserts his intention to face the matter squarely, fails to carry any one of the proposals he cites to a conclusion, and finally gives the riddle up in these words: "To sum up, then, it is impossible to formulate a principle of distribution which shall be universally applicable to all stages of social evolution." Not content to rest at this point, however, he continues the argument until competition—limited competition, it is true, but still competition—is invoked where socialistic formulas are conceded to be incompetent.

The book has truly accomplished its purpose. It has shown "collectivist conceptions" to be indefinite, absurd, empty. It has done more. It has shown how densely the vagaries of socialism and evolution may befog a mind normally as acute as Mr. Vandervelde's.

JOHN Z. WHITE.

The Public Leaflets.

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The following pamphlets have been issued:

1. *A Business Tendency* (from THE PUBLIC of September 10, 1898).
2. *That Favorable Balance of Trade* (from THE PUBLIC of October 22, 1898.) Out of print.
3. *Nero-Then*, by E. J. Salisbury (from THE PUBLIC of November 12, 1898).
4. *Department Stores* (from THE PUBLIC of November 12, 1898).
5. *The Remedy for the Evil of the Trust*, by the Rev. Robert C. Bryant (from THE PUBLIC of June 24, 1899).
6. *Monopoly and Competition* (from THE PUBLIC of August 19, 1899).
7. *Documentary Outline of the Philippine Case* (from THE PUBLIC of May 19, 1900.) Out of print.
8. *Assassination and Anarchism* (from THE PUBLIC of September 14, 1901).
- 9.—*Australasian Taxation in Colorado* (from THE PUBLIC of August 31, 1901.)
- 10.—*Landmarks of Liberty* (from THE PUBLIC of September 28, 1901).