

opinion whether a month in jail serves them right or not. As I understand it a decision had been given by Judge Hanecy in the Chicago gas case in favor of the corporation, and the American commented freely on it, going to the length of saying that the gas people knew they could reckon on the judge and bet on higher prices of stock accordingly.

Judge Hanecy declared that this was not necessarily his final opinion—though it was several months ago and no other action has been taken since—and cited them for contempt of court in an action still pending.

They asked for jury trial and didn't get it. They asked for change of venue and didn't get it. They swore they supposed it was a final decision and that didn't help them. The court found them guilty and sentenced them and told them furthermore that the case was not appealable and read them a moral lecture on the dignity of the court.

It may be a deserved punishment. A man or a newspaper is responsible to the courts for what he says and for any harm that is done by his saying. If these people have tampered with the dignity of the court, a month in jail is not a bit too much.

But I can imagine a case in which the methods followed by Judge Hanecy would work greater injustice than any comments the American ever made or ever could make, and would cast a blacker stigma on the courts than any tirade of the vilest sheet that was ever printed.

Suppose instead of a pure and spotless jurist like Judge Hanecy it had been a rotten judge, creature of some unscrupulous corporation—Tammany, for instance. Suppose instead of a righteous decision upholding the law it had been a rotten and iniquitous ruling. Suppose instead of the American's contumely it had been a dignified rebuke of official favoritism. What would such a judge have done in such a case?

He would have done exactly what Hanecy did.

What—we can imagine such a creature shrieking—they dare to impugn MY motives? I'll show them. And he hales them before himself and is the prosecutor, judge, jury and executioner. And there is no appeal.

Under such a system, Mrs. Dillingham herself would be prompt to qualify for a jail sentence, for I have

heard her speak her mind freely about some of the practices of the police court of which she read in the New York Evening Post during the last campaign against the wicked tiger.

If a man is accused of stealing a ham, nobody is allowed to sit in trial upon his case who is likely to have a bias against him, and the courts often hold that a man is biased who has already heard one side of the case. A near relative of the aggrieved party would not be allowed to be one of 12 to pass upon the facts.

Here the aggrieved party himself constitutes himself the whole 12 and the judge besides.

A ham is a tangible thing and even a prejudiced man can be convinced, if he is middling honest, that the accused did or did not steal it. If the facts are clear there is no evading them.

But respect or disrespect of the court—that is largely a mental attitude. Hearst and his crowd say they meant none. They are just as competent to judge as Hanecy. Suppose the culprit was to say: Not guilty, and that settled it—what kind of a trial would that be?

Just exactly as good a trial as when the accuser says: Guilty, and that settles it.

No judge is allowed to sit in a case where he is an interested party. Is Hanecy an interested party in this case? Vastly more than if somebody had snatched his purse. If the American attacked the sanctity of the court, it attacked much more his judicial character, far more precious to the judge than his purse.

If Hearst and his crowd were accused of printing badly drawn pictures in gaudy colors, they could probably be convicted of it. If they were accused of twitting the Chicago Gas company with disagreeable facts, they could undoubtedly be convicted; they would insist on being found guilty. If they were accused of attacking rascality in high places the indictment would lie. That is, Mrs. Dillingham, it would be true, for the law has a queer way of expressing itself. But the people whose pictures were printed, the corporation whose methods were disclosed, the rascals they exposed, would not be proper judges of the enormity of the offense.

The constitution says a man may not be put in jail without trial by

jury. And with all its faults the jury system is a palladium of our liberties and the bulwark of our free institutions. Judge Hanecy says the constitution is effective except when they impugn his dignity.

His dignity is such a rare and delicate plant that only arbitrary, despotic, tyrannical methods can keep it intact. He can't trust it to 12 average men nor even to a brother on the bench. Nobody else can estimate it at its proper degree of rarity. It might get scratched or tarnished.

If it was referred to a disinterested committee of the public it would leave it subject to the errors of human fallibility. Judge Hanecy is infallible and that is why an appeal in this case would be vain and frivolous. It would be tantamount to questioning his infallibility.

The decision is therefore not to be questioned in any wise. Only I would hate to live in New York under Tammany jurisdiction if the Hanecy infallibility is to be assumed by every scallywag who manages to ensnare roguery in ermine.—John Stone Pardee, in the Argus, Red Wing, Minn., November 17, 1901.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMEN AND THE POLICE IN GERMANY.

For The Public.

Progress for women in Germany has received most important assistance during the last week from a most unexpected source, from the Prussian police, namely. But we must add that it was quite unintentional on the part of the police to aid the movement; on the contrary, it was through the action of the police authorities in the effort to prevent the women from having their say openly which led, as all such police intervention invariably does lead, to a widespread advertising of and interest in the work the more progressive women of Germany are doing. A women's convention usually passes off here with little noise and less interest on the part of the general public; but the congress of Progressive Women's Clubs, held here last week, have to thank Herr von Windheim, the police president, that all Berlin took an active interest in their doings and their treatment on the part of the said Herr von Windheim.

The congress, a meeting of delegates from the women's clubs of a more progressive character all over the country, had met twice before during the past six years in a small hall of the house of parliament, with the permission of the house committee, and with no interference of any kind. But dur-

ing the two years which have elapsed since the last congress, important things have happened. The Berlin club "Frauenwohl," which takes an active interest in all public matters that concern women, came into conflict with the police a little over a year ago, over a particularly repulsive criminal case which aroused public interest in that portion of the police force which has the regulating of a certain class of women as its especial province. The club "Frauenwohl" made public notice of horrible conditions existing under the very eyes of this "Sittenpolizei," and even aided and abetted by it. The almost incredible fact was discovered to be true, that girls of 11 and 12 years of age were entered on the police lists as licensed prostitutes. Public indignation over these revelations was so great that the chief of the Sittenpolizei was obliged to tender his resignation. His superior officer, Herr von Windheim, the head of the entire police force, endeavored to shield his subordinate, and denied the truth of the charges. But Frau Minna Cauer, the president of the club "Frauenwohl," acting in behalf of the club, met his denials turn for turn with proofs that were irrefutable. Since that time Herr von Windheim has had no particular liking for "progressive women" and none at all for their leader, Frau Cauer. And to add to his disgust, about a week before the congress a sharp article concerning the police in general and Herr von Windheim in particular appeared in a radical paper, written by Clara Zetkin, the prominent social-democrat woman leader. This article, which contained accusations undeniable and disheartening for the police, is supposed to have been the straw that broke the camel's back, and to have aroused Herr von Windheim's slumbering resentment into the flames of active hatred.

The house of parliament in Berlin is considered a bit of neutral territory for all the confederated states of the empire, and therefore, as a realm where the Prussian police has no authority. Now the Prussian police is very strict as to the enforcement of its rule that no meeting of even a semi-political character shall be held in Prussia without the presence of police officers in uniform. Meetings held in the reichstag are exempt from the rule, under the old law of the immunity of parliaments. The Progressive Women's Clubs had, as aforesaid, had full permission to hold their congresses in the reichstag building, where they would have had no objec-

tion to the presence of police in plain clothes, if insisted upon, but where the presence of a uniformed policeman is prohibited by law. The necessary announcement of the meeting was made to the police, with a full list of subjects treated at each sitting, and the congress was advertised to be held on the mornings and afternoons of October 3, 4 and 5, with evening meetings on the 4th and 5th.

Three o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 2d, Frau Cauer received by telephone the message that the meetings could not be allowed, as subjects of a political character were treated, which could not be done without the presence of uniformed police, and as uniformed police were not allowed in the reichstag building, therefore the congress could not be held there. Frau Cauer drove at once to headquarters, but found nobody in authority, although she went from one office to another until ten o'clock that evening. The next morning she was out again at eight o'clock, and finally succeeded, through the intervention of a subordinate, in receiving the assurance that the meetings would not be disturbed. On Thursday, the 3d, the morning meeting was held, but those who assembled for the afternoon session found the hall closed, and heard that the police had succeeded in enforcing the prohibition. The committee sought another hall, and, having found it, announced at once, at five in the afternoon, that the meetings should be renewed the next morning at ten and the next afternoon at four.

Now, there is a police regulation in Prussia that every public meeting shall be announced to the police authorities 24 hours at least before the hour set. The announcement at five p. m. for a meeting at ten a. m. and at four p. m. the next day was, therefore, technically not sufficient for this law, because in the one case only 17 hours and in the other only 23 would have elapsed between announcement and meeting. But it must be remembered that the congress had been properly announced, and that the present announcement was merely a notice of the change of hall. But it suited the police authorities to adhere to the strictest letter of the law, and only the extra evening meeting on Friday could take place. The committee was forced to put the entire remaining programme onto the list for one day, and speakers and audience were at work from ten in the morning until six at night on Saturday, October 5.

It goes without saying that the au-

dience which assembled to greet the much harassed congress on this, its last day, was many times larger than the number assembled in the reichstag on Thursday before the trouble with the police became known. The really excellent speeches and the encouraging reports of work done were thus made known to hundreds who would otherwise never have thought of visiting the meetings of the congress.

To place the matter before the public, Frau Cauer called a public meeting for the evening of Monday, October 7, and the large hall chosen was filled to overflowing with a large and enthusiastic audience, which listened with attention to speeches by Dr. Anita Augspurg, Members of Parliament Albert Traeger and Klopsch, and the socialist editor and speaker, Herr von Gerlach. Dr. Augspurg, a prominent member of the committee of the congress and one of the first women lawyers in Germany, told the entire history of the conflict with the police, and promised that the clubs would appeal to law to demand redress from police authorities.

Dr. Augspurg threw the blame, as did the other speakers, on the absurd and antiquated German coalition laws which demand the presence of police at every public meeting, and which prohibit the political clubs from taking women members, as well as allowing women to join in a political debate. Until this last important restriction is done away with the women of Germany labor under a disadvantage in even the most unpolitical work for their own sex which women of other countries cannot understand. For those who heard the excellent speeches delivered during the meetings of the congress there can be no doubt that the women of Germany are awaking to a sense of their possibilities and responsibilities, but until they succeed in repealing the law that prohibits for them any participation in political life, even to the joining of a club of semi-political character, their work has a disheartening (Sisyphus) character.

Herr von Gerlach congratulated the Women's Clubs on their trouble with the police, as a sign of their growing importance. Police interference in Germany, he said, had come in the public mind to be a diploma of maturity. It was a sign for any progressive movement that it had grown in importance sufficiently to be dangerous. The woman's movement had not been considered of sufficient weight before, but from now on there was every pros-

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