

chisement because it is the forerunner of the disfranchisement of white wage-earners—because the more the elective franchise is restricted the easier it will be for combined and organized wealth and monopoly to govern; and it also favors it because it promises to give the party control of states in which hitherto it has had a merely nominal existence.—Dubuque (Ia.) Telegraph.

A PLEA FOR PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

For The Public.

The election is well over, and we are gradually settling back to the consideration of matters of still more practical politics. This being the case, I would like to commend with as much force as possible a notion of method to all reformers.

We all know how difficult it is to make even one convert to any advanced economic idea. One reason for this is that people in general do not care to trouble themselves deeply about anything. Especially do they not wish to bother about others' suffering, having enough of their own, or being safely out of its reach, as the case may be. Often, however, we find those who would really be willing to consider new theories, but who say to us that there is no use in doing so. The theories may be good, but they are not practical now. They have not enough adherents to command majorities. In some far future they may be worth while analyzing, but not now. Therefore, why spend thought upon them?

Thus we fail to attract interest which we might have easily, if anything less than majorities were useful in our legislative system.

This condition would not alter to one of much greater propagandic ease were we to have direct legislation by the people, though that would be of benefit. We had really a popular vote upon imperialism lately, though complicated by other issues—mainly bread-and-butter ones. What we need most is not so much that the people may be readily divided en masse to deliver a majority verdict upon some issue they have already made up their minds about. We need far more that all political creeds which any portion of the people believe shall have the means of being held up before the nation as forcefully as the numbers of those believing them warrant. In other words, we need the representation of our ideas in our representative bodies. We do not have it. Majorities only are represented, because majorities only can elect.

Let us take, for example, the state of Missouri. Probably two-fifteenths of the voters in the state are prohibitionists. I am not a prohibitionist, but I think that under those circumstances they should have two of Missouri's 15 representatives in congress. If not, why not? But they have absolutely no representation in congress, because they have no majority in any one district, and consequently vote for persons and policies they do not like, thereby swelling the influence of such policies to their own discomfort. The single tax men in Missouri are one-fifteenth of the voters. But they must vote for something they only partly believe in, and have no representation that is quite fearless and outspoken, because their mouthpieces are more indebted to others for majorities. The republicans of Missouri are a very large proportion, but have usually two representatives out of 15, because the districts are arranged to give a small majority in each against them. Possibly the socialists in the state could cast one-fifteenth of the vote, being numerous in the cities and labor unions. But instead of perhaps two prohibitionists, one single taxer, a socialist, five republicans and six democrats, the congressional delegation of Missouri is more likely to be two republicans and 13 democrats. Does anyone call this representation? It is nearer misrepresentation.

Not only is congress not a miniature of the nation as it actually stands, but this fact reacts upon the nation's units, and they will not take an interest in a new idea because it will not count. What is the consequence? We have two large political bodies, each naturally ultra-conservative because needing a majority. In order to get that majority there must be a highly organized machine, delicately responsive to central management, and therefore peculiarly fitted for oligarchic control, which is susceptible to corrupt influences, and finds it easy to work through them. The people are compelled to choose between these two parties or nothing.

With proportional representation, on the other hand, we should have at once probably half a dozen parties, each of which would have at least a voice in the affairs of the country. Machine politics would immediately become less powerful. There would be no parties so large as now. Probably the tendency would be for parties to multiply and become comparatively smaller. They would combine upon issues strictly of the moment, which would, of course, still be decided by majorities. Upon theoretical questions there would be a

willingness to consider, a responsiveness, and therefore a progressiveness not possible while minorities are unrepresented. For any sound reform there would be hope, for it could obtain a hearing, not as now, by stealth and skillful maneuvering, but by its own few adherents, responsible to their electors. Of course what is true of the nation and congress, is also true of states, cities and their representative bodies.

This political reform, like all political reforms, is only a means to social and economic reforms. But without democracies instead of monarchies, or without real representation instead of unreal, social reforms are slow coming. Moreover, we can much more easily bring about a political reform than an economic one—remember the Australian ballot laws. Personally I am very sure I can make 20 converts to proportional representation to one, for instance, to the single tax. These 20 can do likewise. I rarely find a man—not one in 30—who will disagree with the proportional representation idea. More than half will disagree with direct legislation. More than nine-tenths will at least withhold opinion on the single tax. Are not these considerations very strong arguments that all who champion minority ideas should combine upon definite propaganda of proportional representation? It would soon be followed, I think, by opportunity for its gradual introduction.

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AMONG THE DOUKHOBORS IN CANADA.

Probably most have heard more or less of the Doukhobors. This Russian sect of uneducated peasants has been suffering persecution at home for a century and more because of the fact that its members abjured the established church and condemned war and military service. But it was not until about 13 years ago, when universal conscription became the rule, that their troubles became unbearable. These inoffensive people, who have charmed all who have met them by their simple piety and kindness, were banished from their homes and exposed to all kinds of hardships. At last, some influential Russians stirred themselves on behalf of these oppressed peasants and obtained as a great favor from the czar permission for them to leave the country at their own expense. They had but little of their savings left after these years of sorrow, and it was necessary for the quakers of England and America to

come to their aid, and largely through their assistance some 7,000 of these peaceable people have been transported to northwestern Canada, 600 or 700 miles beyond Winnipeg. Here they were placed in an unsettled country upon the open prairie some two and a half years ago, with the necessity upon them of providing shelter and food for themselves before the long cold winter set in. They set to work with determination, and already they are beginning to feel at home in their new fields and houses.

The few settlers who had occupied these regions before the Doukhobors came did not know what kind of people they were, and thought they might prove to be lawless and dangerous. One ranchman, who was about to make a journey and leave his wife alone in his house, just at the time of their arrival, went to the Doukhobors and by signs with his gun threatened them with death if they came near his ranch. The morning after his departure his wife heard a knock at the door, and went with trepidation to the door, expecting to be assaulted. There she found a Doukhobor woman who smiled at her, for they could not understand each other's language, pushed her way in, took the milk-pail, went to the barn and insisted upon milking the cow for her hostess and doing other household work for her. She had taken this practical method of showing their goodwill. This lady and her husband are now among the strongest friends of the Doukhobors. They have no children of their own and would be glad to adopt a Doukhobor child, but these Russians love their children so that, notwithstanding their poverty, not one child in all the settlements can be secured.

These people are anxious to become Canadians and to be able to communicate with the Anglo-Saxon settlers around them. Knowing this, two ladies of Kingston, Ont., Mrs. Varney, a quaker, and her young cousin, Miss Nellie Baker, determined to establish a little summer school at one of the new Doukhobor villages on Good Spirit lake. They arrived at their destination after a long journey, early in July of this year. Mrs. Varney had already passed the summer of 1899 there, conducting a dispensary for the Doukhobors, who have no physicians among them. They pitched their tents near three of the Doukhobor villages, a small tent for their residence, another for the dispensary, which was under Mrs. Varney's charge, and a third, 20 by 20 feet, for

the school, over which Miss Baker presided, and for which work her studies at Queen's university had fitted her. Mrs. Varney had won the affections of the villagers last year, and they were not slow to send their children to the new school, some of them arriving before the ladies had unpacked their luggage.

Miss Baker's report of her experiment, which has just been made to the Canadian commissioner of immigration, shows what difficulties she encountered. She found herself confronted by a tentful of boys and girls with none of whom did she have a single known word in common.

"By signs and motions," she says, "I got them seated in rows on the prairie grass of the tent floor, and holding up a pencil, said: 'One.' I could not detect any apparent comprehension. Then taking up another pencil, I said: 'Two,' and added a third, 'Three.' Still no response, and my heart sank somewhat. However, I decided to repeat the method, and as I said 'One,' I noticed a look on a boy's face that told me he knew I was counting, and I saw him turn and speak to the others. Almost instantly they understood, and soon, repeating after me, counted up to ten."

From this beginning the course of teaching proceeded. Some of the pupils walked five miles to school and five miles back every day. Miss Baker carried on this school for 6½ hours a day and for 5½ days a week, and as almost the entire time was occupied with oral teaching, some idea may be formed of the arduous character of her work. She was naturally tired when the hour to close came, but the children were never tired. The favorite method was object teaching. They learned the divisions of time from a watch, to count money from coins, and so on. The children had a natural taste for figures, and at the end of the two months during which the school was open the older children had succeeded in getting through one-half of the multiplication table, and some of the more advanced pupils were in the second reader (Canadian). In writing, she declares that some of them equaled or surpassed the teacher. The children were anxious to have tasks assigned to them to prepare at home, and never were satisfied with the amount of such tasks; they always wanted more. Their clothing was scrupulously clean and picturesque as well. "Of their needlework and embroidery," Miss Baker adds, "I am speaking of that done at their homes by the girls of my school, their handiwork is simply

wonderful. For this purpose my handkerchiefs were taken, and soon returned, beautifully worked."

At first the Doukhobors did not know that Miss Baker's work, like Mrs. Varney's, was entirely voluntary and unremunerated. When they found it out they sent a committee to her to offer her some compensation, although they were in need themselves. When she declined it they told her that they thanked her "all the day and all the night."

Some of the older boys, who did not know a word of any language but Russian at the beginning of July, can now, after barely two months' teaching, correspond with Miss Baker in "fairly understandable English."

It is worth while to quote Miss Baker's remarks upon the general character of the Doukhobors. She writes:

"The dignified courtesy and hospitality extended to us in more than a score of their villages, the manly bearing of the men, the delightful sympathy and affection with which they regard everything connected with their homes—an estimation of the home that has little to learn from, and possibly something to teach to, even Anglo-Saxons—their dwellings that already surpass in comfort and cleanliness those of any other class of settlers excepting those from older Canada and Great Britain, all testify to the desirability of the Doukhobors as settlers, who will, I believe, soon make good Canadian citizens. It does not require very keen perception on the part of one having had a welcome into hundreds of their homes to be assured that this is a community living up to high moral standards and holding tenaciously to the simple tenets of Christian faith. Of their day-break services of a Sunday morning, their impressive intonation of the Scriptures, their beautiful singing and harmonious chanting of hymns one could write chapters. They sing much of evenings in the villages and going to and returning from work afield. A favorite chant, freely translated, runs as follows:

"You tell me, stranger, where you are going.

With the hand safe in my Saviour's,
I will go over the mountainside and valley,
Over fields and prairies I will go, my friends,

To see the heavenly spring wild flowers;
I will go after Jesus
Over the hard sand, and the Lord God be with me.

He leads us on to Heaven
In his paths of righteousness,
Straight, straight to the Kingdom of Heaven."

A little story will add a touch to this picture of a noble people: A lady

living 20 miles from one of the Doukhobor villages wanted a girl for a servant. A young girl went to her on trial for a month, but at the end of the period she promptly returned to her home. Her employer came after her, wishing to keep her, but on no account would the girl go. Urged to give a reason, at first she only replied that she "could not," but finally she said: "I cannot go back; my mistress did not love me." This little story throws a flood of light on the servant-girl problem. It is love that the Doukhobors want in life and which they freely give. It was love that prevented them from learning to kill their fellows in the Russian army, and it was their too great love that made the Russian government force its best subjects to leave their native land. It will be Russia's loss and Canada's gain. If they can only teach us on this continent the folly and sin of war, the joy of loving even one's enemies, and the impossibility of doing it with bombshells, their long pilgrimage and their years of hardship will not have been in vain.—Ernest H. Crosby, in *The Christian Herald*.

THE OLDEST OF LIVING THINGS.

Clifford Pinchot, the forester of the department of agriculture, has compiled a pamphlet on the big trees of California, which has just been issued from the government printing office. It is handsomely illustrated with a number of fine pictures of the great trees, showing their size as compared with that of other conifers. Mr. Pinchot presents the following salient facts regarding the big trees:

"The dimensions of the big tree are unequaled. Its age makes it the oldest living thing. The majestic beauty of the big tree is unique and world-renowned. It exists only in ten isolated groves on the west slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains and nowhere else in the world. The Mariposa grove is the only one of consequence which is completely protected. Most of the scattered groves of big trees are privately owned and are, therefore, in danger of destruction. Lumbering is rapidly sweeping them off. Forty mills and logging companies are now at work wholly or in part upon big tree timber. The southern groves show some reproduction, through which there is some hope of perpetuating these groves. In the northern groves the species hardly holds its own. The big tree and the smaller coast redwood represent a surviving prehistoric genus of trees once widely distributed over the globe.

Mr. Pinchot says that before the glacial period the genus of big trees, called sequoia, flourished widely in the temperate zones of three continents, and Europe, Asia and America each had its share. But when the ice fields moved down out of the north the luxuriant vegetation of the age declined, and one after another the different kinds gave way until only the big trees and the redwood survived. These trees have come down to us through the vicissitudes of many centuries, solely because of its superb qualifications. Its bark is often two feet thick and almost noncombustible. The oldest specimens felled are still sound at heart and fungus is an enemy unknown to it. Yet the big trees have not increased their range since the glacial period, and have just managed to hold their own on the little strip of country where the climate is locally favorable.

The finest of all groves, the Calaveras grove, with the biggest and tallest trees, came into the possession of a lumberman on April 1, 1900; in short, the majority of the big trees of California, certainly the best of them, are owned by the people who have every right and, in many cases, every intention of cutting them down for lumber. Many of the notable trees in Calaveras grove are 300 feet in height and 20 to 23 feet in diameter. The Stanislaus, or South Calaveras grove, contains 1,380 big trees. The Mariposa grove has 125 trees over 40 feet in circumference.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

AN UP-TO-DATE JOKE FROM PUNCH OF OCTOBER 17, 1900.

Hostess—What do you think of our game pie, Mr. Brigson? We rather pride ourselves on it, you know.

Brigson (nervously anxious to please)—Oh, thank you, it's very nice indeed, what there is of it. What I mean to say is, there's plenty of it—such as it is! (Awful pause.)

Mrs. Brown—I always thought the British would win in the long run.

Mrs. Smith—So did I; I said right along that all they needed was tact.—Puck.

"You ought to take down that sign! You sold me some of those 'fresh mixed nuts' the other day," the indignant customer said, "and they are not fresh mixed nuts at all. When I took them home I found they were all old and strong."

"Nevertheless, ma'am," replied the man who kept the establishment, "that sign is a-going to stay right where it

is. I mix those nuts fresh every few days, ma'am."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Visitor—Ah! What a picture of innocence that child is!

Mother—Dear me! I hadn't noticed! Gertrude, what have you been doing?—Puck.

England cannot well complain of French enthusiasm for Kruger. In times past she gave warm welcome to the exiles of Poland, feted Kossuth, glorified Garibaldi after his failure to capture Rome, sheltered and aided the exiles from France after the coup d'etat of 1851 and gave hospitality to the men who later attempted the life of Napoleon III. with an infernal machine. England has sympathized, in fact, with all kinds of liberators except those who have tried to liberate their countries from herself.—*N. Y. World*.

"Oh, pa!"

"What is it, little Fred?"

"Why, pa, jes' now, out on th' avenue, I seen a autermobeel have a fit!"—Puck.

The world tends more and more in these piping times to divide itself between those who own Standard Oil stock and those who don't. It is not an equal division, and it grows less equal every day as more and more of the earth passes under the Standard Oil dominion.—*Life*.

"Don't tell me that worry doesn't do any good!" exclaimed Mrs. Fret. "I know better. The things I worry about don't happen."—Puck.

BOOK NOTICES.

A plan for abolishing the use of money is proposed and elaborated in "Business Without Money" (Chicago: The Cooperative Press, 370 Dearborn St.) by William Henry Van Ornum, Ph. D. The plan requires for realization neither political action nor great organization, but can be started upon a small scale. Dealers in

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