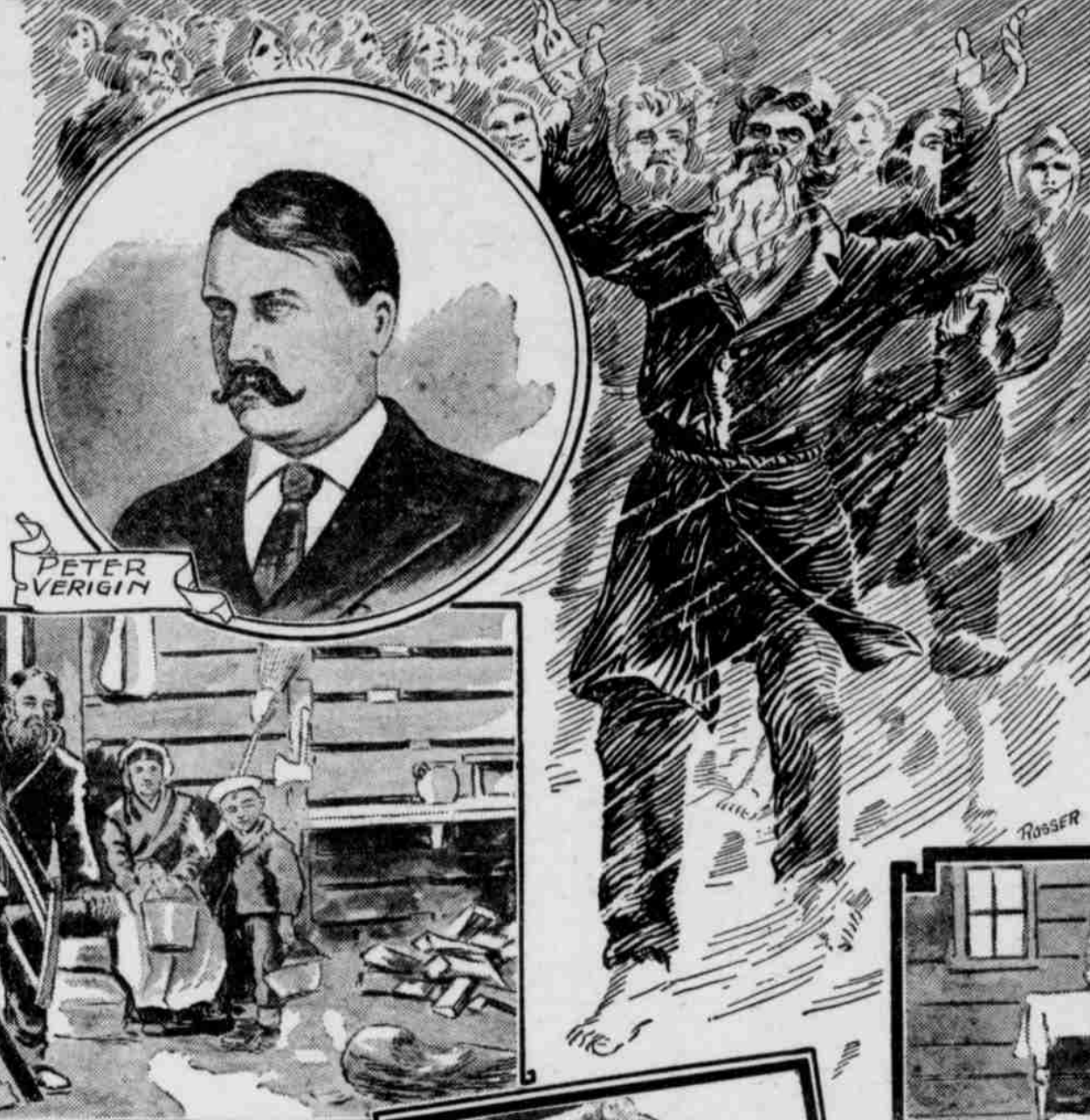


DOUKHOBORS BY DANIEL P. WILKS MAKING GOOD

CANADA has put her official stamp of approval on the Doukhobors.

A late report of the Canadian interior department is devoted entirely to this "Christian Community of the Universal Brotherhood," as the Doukhobors call themselves. In it are embodied the results of a careful official investigation that was provoked by the flood of adverse criticism during the last ten years against these "Spirit Wrestlers" ever since they first settled in western Canada. Its obvious purpose is the indorsement of the Doukhobors as citizens of the Dominion and the discouragement of any further attempts to malign them.

The report shows that instead of being "gold-bricked" by the Doukhobors, Canada really got an excellent body of citizens when she brought the "Douks" over to this



PETER VERIGIN



A DOUKHOBOR FAMILY

side of the Atlantic. For years the "Douks" were looked upon as a joke and Canada was laughed at and ridiculed, but now there is a different tale to tell. Most of the stories that brought the immigrants into contempt were based upon the doings of a small minority of the communists, religious zealots whose fervor led them into extravagance of conduct such as could be explained only by mental derangement. These zealots went naked in the middle of winter on pilgrimages through the snow in search of the Messiah. They would not work and they would not sanction work by others. They even turned loose their horses, cattle, sheep and hogs (given to them by the Canadian government), because they didn't believe that horses or oxen should be made to toil for man or that sheep or hogs should be eaten by man.

The majority of the immigrants, however, were industrious and painstaking and had little sympathy for the fanatics. These industrious ones have built up the community property until now the Doukhobor colonies are among the best in the Saskatchewan country. They are as deeply religious as ever, and they cling to their old Quaker-like customs tenaciously, but they no longer are looked upon as a problem by the Canadian government and there will be no more talk of dispossessing them from the magnificent domain they occupy.

The Doukhobor has made good.

The first shipload of Doukhobors left Batoum, in Asiatic Russia, in January, 1899, bound for Canada, and by the middle of that year more than 7,000 of them had settled in the far northwest. Now the number of these peculiar religiousists in Canada exceeds 10,000.

The creed of the Doukhobors is somewhat vague in many details. The principal points of their belief, however, are these: There is one God: the Holy Trinity is beyond comprehension. They do not believe in praying in temples made with hands, and say that all the ceremonies of the churches, being useless, were much better left alone. Luxury in food or dress is condemned, and going to war, carrying arms or taking oaths of any description are forbidden. Their mode of life is strictly communistic, all laboring for the common good. They are abstainers from alcohol, and tobacco, and, for the most part, are vegetarians.

For many years the Doukhobors lived in the neighborhood of Kief, in what is called "Little Russia." In the reign of Alexander I, they all were banished to the Wet mountains of Georgia, in the Caucasus. There they lived for many years among the half-savage Mtschetsians, who have been the rulers of that region for centuries. The crisis in their fortunes came in 1887. A universal conscription was declared throughout Russia. Every healthy adult male was ordered to be ready for service in the army.

For the next three years the Doukhobors were persecuted unrelentingly. There were innumerable banishments, imprisonments, floggings and tortures that cannot be described, but the Doukhobors were immovable. Their condition was pitiable in the extreme when Count Tolstoy and the Society of Friends in England came to their relief by raising funds for their emigration to Canada.

There was little difficulty about obtaining sufficient land at little price for the 7,000 Doukhobors who came to Canada during the first year. Each male over 18 years old was allowed to take up 160 acres subject to a payment of \$10, which was three years deferred. The Dominion government also gave a grant of \$5 to each man, woman and child, who reached Winnipeg before June 30, 1899.

The region where these Russian exiles have

made their homes is in the provinces of Assiniboia and Saskatchewan. Their total holdings are between 600 and 700 square miles of splendid land for agricultural purposes, now in the heart of the wheat belt. When the government allotted this land to them, ten years ago, it was considered by experts too cold for wheat, but since then the grain belt has moved northward several hundred miles. The Doukhobor lands to-day are worth anywhere from \$15 to \$40 an acre, according to location, which would make their total market value considerably more than \$10,000,000.

If it had not been for the forbearance of the Canadian government, however, the Doukhobors might have lost their land through their own stubbornness about obeying the laws. They received their land under the terms of the Canadian homestead act, which, among other things, requires that the person who takes up a homestead shall reside on it until he "proves up." Now the solitary life of the homesteader has no attraction for the Doukhobor, with his age-old fondness for village living. The result was that the Doukhobors, instead of remaining on their homesteads, established themselves in a string of villages, between 40 and 50 in number, that sprawl across the plains for a distance of 100 miles northeast of Yorkton.

In due course the government gently reminded the Doukhobor leaders that their people were in danger of losing their homesteads through their failure to live on them. The stolid refugees paid no attention to the warning, and, in the end, they had their own way. The powers of the Dominion decided to let them hold their land and live as they wished.

This is not the first concession the Canadian government has made—and it is not likely to be the last. Not long ago a movement was started in certain quarters where the hostility to the "Spirit Wrestlers" was marked, to urge the authorities to make all the men take the oath of allegiance to King Edward. As it is one of the cardinal principles of this religious sect that they shall take no oaths of any description, doubtless the instigators of this enforcement of one of the Dominion's laws regarding alien settlers hoped that they would move and leave their lands open for purchase at a low price. The government knew the Doukhobors probably would refuse to take any oath, partly on account of their belief and partly because they would fear that it might lead them at some time to be forced into military service. Therefore, the authorities forbore to press the matter of the oath of allegiance, but contented themselves with intimating to the Doukhobor leaders that his majesty King Edward VII. would take it as a personal favor if the "brethren" would come around when they found it convenient and promise to be good subjects. This plan is working fairly well. Something like 800 of the able-bodied men in the various communities have taken the oath voluntarily during the last 18 months. This has been due almost entirely to the influence of their leader, Father Verigin.

Peter Verigin has been the greatest power among the Doukhobors for nearly 25 years.



A TYPICAL DOUKHOBOR

For 15 years he was an exile in Siberia, together with six of his brothers, but they all were released finally, and reached Canada about six years ago. His followers almost defy him, as they had his great predecessors who ruled like the kings or prophets of old during the time that the sect sojourned in Russia. During his long exile he became a firm convert to the theories of Tolstoy, and 13 years ago wrote an epistle to his followers which is made up chiefly of passages borrowed verbatim from Tolstoy's "Kingdom of God Is Within You," and containing in particular one long passage from that book—a quotation of Tolstoy's translation of the Declaration of Sentiments which William Lloyd Garrison drew up in 1838 for a Peace convention held in Boston. This epistle is part of the sacred lore of the Doukhobors. It contains no acknowledgment of the fact that it was taken mostly from Tolstoy. There probably are more people in Assiniboia and Saskatchewan to-day who can repeat the long passage from Garrison's declaration than there are in the United States who ever heard of it.

The disturbers among the Doukhobors belong to the reactionary or fanatical element, and these made themselves felt to such an extent before Verigin arrived in Canada that at one time there was serious talk of bundling up all of the thousands of Doukhobors and shipping them out of Canada—no one cared much whither. At that time it was considered that the czar had played a colossal joke on Canada by letting the 7,000 odd Doukhobors leave his realm, and it was a matter of congratulation among the Canadians that the 10,000 or more who stayed behind in the Wet mountains of the Caucasus were too stubborn or too fearful to emigrate.

It was this fanatical element that was responsible for the "pilgrimage in search of Jesus" in 1902. These fanatics belonged to the Yorkton colonists and professed the belief that the use of animals as beasts of burden was unscriptural and that Christ would soon come again in person. They set free nearly 500 animals—which were caught by the authorities and sold back to the more sober-minded Doukhobors. Meantime some 600 men, women and children set out across the snow-covered prairie, where they expected the Messiah to meet them and lead them to evangelize the world. They were poorly clad, they were without food, except such as they could get from charitable people on the way, and their

only shelter was the winter sky. Some went bareheaded and barefooted, and all rejected leather footwear. Many went crazy and a few died from exposure.

The most startling feature of a portion of this mad pilgrimage, however, was that a small portion of these Doukhobor zealots, not content with throwing off their outer clothing, denuded themselves entirely "to show nature to humanity, and how man should return into his fatherland and give back the ripened fruit and its seeds," they said. In passing through many of the Doukhobor villages this naked band were driven out by their co-religionists and beaten with twigs until the blood ran. At night in the rain and snow and wind they clustered into one heap and lay on the ground, one on another, for warmth. Strangely enough it is said that none of them was seriously frozen. This strange march continued until 28 of the unclad ones reached Yorkton, where they were met by the mounted police and were arrested. Three months' imprisonment was their lot. After they were released all but ten of these 23 nude marchers abandoned their curious beliefs and went back to work. These ten attempted another outbreak, destroyed some of the brethren's crops and burned some of their machinery, but finally were subdued and imprisoned once more. The next year there was another attempt at a pilgrimage, but by that time "Father" Verigin was in control and it amounted to nothing.

About the time that Verigin came into the full powers of leadership a movement was set afoot to persuade the government to take back the largest part of the original grant to the Doukhobors. Those behind the agitation claimed that the community had more land than it ever would be able to use, and that a part of the holdings ought to be made available



SPINNING

for other and more profitable settlers. "Father" Verigin at once saw that it was "up to" the Doukhobors to make an adequate defense, and he set about it in a characteristic way. At the fall meeting of the community nearly \$100,000 was set aside to be used for buying new land immediately adjacent to the Doukhobor reservation, and all talk of cutting down their holdings ceased forthwith.

Another evidence of the quality of Verigin's leadership is to be seen in the system of elevators and granaries that is found in every center of population in the community. The Doukhobor farmers are thus under no compulsion to sell their wheat and flax the moment it is harvested, but can hold it for weeks or months if necessary. Within the last two years a system of flour mills also has been installed, and the export of flour is beginning to be a considerable item of profit. Plans are afoot for a narrow gauge railroad to connect the various villages of the community. They already are connected by private telephone lines. In each village there is one immense granary or a modern elevator. All the farm implements are owned in common. Much of the machinery used in cultivating the soil is of the most modern type obtainable, steam plows being numerous.

As a class the Doukhobors are a big, tall race, fair-haired, with the flat noses that are peculiar to the Slavs. Each household holds its religious service at four o'clock every morning. They have no civil courts, but settle their differences in a religious way, based on their interpretation of the Scriptures. There is said to be no crime among them. They are famous throughout Canada for their live stock, and will pay almost any price for the finest blooded breeding animals.

To the Touch of Love

"We have two Mary Wallaces here," said the morgue keeper. "Funny thing, too. Both brought in to-day. You'll have to bring somebody with you who can see—somebody who knew your wife—before she can be identified." The sensitive features of the man contracted with sudden pain, and his dull, roving eyes sought the direction of the morgue keeper's voice. His stick tapped before him on the flagstone as he moved a step nearer.

"That isn't necessary," he said. "I—I know Mary among a million! She has the softest hair—"

He extended a hand; the slim, dextrous fingers moved gently, caressingly. The morgue keeper understood. He hesitated a moment, and then grasped the blind man's sleeve. "Come!" he said.

They walked through the office into the rear apartment. The air was chill and the blind man shivered. The keeper released his arm and there was a sound like a drawer being pulled out. "Here," he said, rather gruffly.

He caught the visitor's hand again and guided it to an uncovered face. The blind man started at the contact, so cold was it. Then his fingers wandered swiftly over the marble-like countenance, and finally rested for just an instant on the dead woman's hair.

"No, no!" he said. "That's not my Mary."

The drawer was closed and another pulled out. The visitor groped his way forward. The instant his fingers touched the sharp-set features of the dead woman his own face was transfigured. "Mary! Mary! I have found you, dear," he whispered. "How thin your poor face has grown. How cold you are."

His fingers strayed to the harsh, thin hair of the corpse, hovering there caressingly. "But the softest hair—the softest hair," he murmured.

BURGLAR CAUGHT BY AGED WOMAN

SHE FINDS HIM RANSACKING ROOM IN HER HOME AND PITCHES INTO HIM.

GIVES HIM MANY BAD BUMPS

After Very Lively Fight Mrs. Gates of Chicago, 62 Years Old, Overpowers the Man and Sits Down Upon Him.

Chicago.—Mrs. Mathilda Gates, who is 62 years old, has to her credit the capture of an alleged burglar, whom she literally "sat upon" when she found him at work in her home at No. 1111 Honore street.

When Mrs. Gates appeared in Judge Himes' court to give testimony against Joseph Murphy, 45 years old, arrested on a charge of burglary, she told the story of the capture simply and modestly, but its outlined details brought the whole courtroom to attention and gained a compliment from the judge.

Later, in her home, Mrs. Gates recounted her adventure at greater length, and went through a pantomime of the scene with a vigor that showed her to be a dangerous proposition for any burglar.

"It all happened at noon," said Mrs. Gates, who is of a hale, jovial appearance and has few gray hairs. "I was just getting ready for dinner and was in the dining-room on the basement floor. Two carpenters had been at work in front and they had left the door unlocked. All at once I heard the sound of some one moving about in the front room and I thought it was my daughter.

"I walked into the front room—this one—to find out if it was my daughter. At the threshold I drew back, for there was a poorly dressed man bending over the sideboard. He had opened the drawer in which we keep the silver. I didn't say anything. I didn't give him a second's notice. I just grabbed him by the chest, like this, and pushed him back."

Mrs. Gates illustrated the action by snatching the front of her own waist with a strong grip.

"I pushed him so hard he fell on the floor with a bump. He struck out his



Sat Right Down Upon Him.

flats and wrenched himself free from my grasp. Then he jumped to his feet. But I was not through with him yet. I stooped way down and caught hold of the bottoms of his trousers. I gave both legs a hard pull and down he went again! This time he fell against the window frame and cracked a pane. Once more I got him by the chest and pushed him over. He sprawled across the floor and his head suffered a fearful bump.

"He fought himself loose from me and got up. He reached for a rear pocket, but failed to produce a revolver, and then I was sure he didn't have any."

"The burglar next tried to run away from me, but I didn't intend to let him go. He backed out in the entry way and there, by good luck, lay a big carpet rolled up, for we are beginning our spring housecleaning. He tripped over this carpet, and as he fell I ran forward and sat right down upon him."

"I began to scream. Oh, how I screamed! The parrot all the time had been flapping around the room and calling 'Mamma! Mamma!' The bird now set to shrieking louder than ever. It seemed as if no one would ever come. At last a man living across the street came to my aid. He saw I was on the burglar and I got up. I wanted to summon the police, but I didn't want to leave my neighbor alone there with that burglar."

"Pretty soon the two carpenters, who had been to lunch, came back, and I turned the burglar over to the three men. I hurried to the drugstore and telephoned to the police. When I got back they had the burglar out in the front yard and two of them were sitting on him. Then I realized that the danger was all over."

Mrs. Gates lives with a daughter by her first marriage, Miss Albertine Benson. The young woman, who was away at the time, confessed that she would be "dreadfully" afraid of a burglar.

DIFFERENCE IN THEIR VIEWS

Uncle Si Eggmann Discourses on Relative Sizes of Farms East and West.

"Yes, sir, gentlemen; that's a little difference between farmin' out west an' back here in Old Varmount," said Uncle Si Eggmann to the cronies around the stove at the Crossroads store, on his return from a visit to his brother in Dakota. "Now, out thar in the west they don't think they've really got a farm unless it totals about three or four thousand acres; an' if they air raisin' stock they speak o' 5,000 head as bein' a 'leetle bunch o' cattle.' An' takes 'em 'bout half a day to hoe one row o' corn, the rows air so long, an' they harvest corn an' wheat enough on one farm to fill our town hall. Now, that's a leetle different from what it is here in New England, where we call 20 acres o' ground—a fourth of it graveyard—a couple o' dozen hens an' a rooster, six or eight keows, an' a rozberry patch, a farm! Yes, sir, gentlemen; that's a turrible difference between farmin' east an' farmin' west—a most turrible difference!"—Puck.

THE HEIR'S HAIR-MOVING.



Mr. White—It's no use, my dear, I shall have to have my whiskers off; baby is pulling 'em out by the roots.

Mrs. White—How unfeeling of you. It's the only thing that keeps baby quiet. Now you threaten to take the dear's enjoyment away!

Opposed to Slang.

Donald had been to Sunday school, and on coming home was asked what he had learned. The lesson was the story of Joseph, and the small learner was evidently very full of his subject.

"Oh," he said, "it was about a boy, and his brothers took him and put him in a hole in the ground; and then they killed another boy, and took the first boy's coat and dipped it in the blood of this boy and—"

"Oh, no, Donald, not another boy!" his sister interrupted, horrified. But Donald stood his ground.

"It was, too," he insisted. Then he added: "The teacher said 'kid,' but I don't use words like that."—Woman's Home Companion.

Fighting Tuberculosis.

Three large fraternal orders are at present conducting sanatoria for their tuberculous members. The Royal League, the first order to take up this form of work in the United States, has a sanatorium at Black Mountain, North Carolina. The Modern Woodmen have recently opened a sanatorium at Colorado Springs, and the Knights of Pythias, one at the East Las Vegas, New Mexico. The Royal Arcanum and the Brotherhood of American Yeomen will consider propositions at their coming grand councils for the erection of similar institutions.

Our Wonderful Language. "Out of sight in that gown, isn't she?" observed a gentleman in the balcony, pointing to Mrs. de Koltay, who occupied a front seat in one of the lower tier of boxes.

"Out of sight? Well, hardly. It strikes me it is the other way about," responded his companion dryly.

Which goes to show the elasticity of the American language, which says one thing and means another. It also shows—but, upon second thought, we must respectfully but firmly decline going into any further details.—Bohemian.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. W. L. RICHMOND, M. D., President, National Association of Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Cure for constipation.

Practical Derivative.

Teacher—Now, children, who can tell me what "obedience" is derived from?

Pupil—From gettin' licked, Miss.

If You Have Common Sore Eyes, if lines blur or run together, you need PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

The surgeon is ready to slash any old thing—except his bill.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

Men, like tools, are useless when they lose their temper.

