

There is a central "office" keeping tab of each man and woman's share and the amount of "rations" drawn. All food over and above the amount required to feed their own people is put on the market and sold, so that we are sharing in the profits of the labour of these community-dwellers indirectly. The money received for their crops is taken care of by the central office and credit given to each member. So that if a Doukhobour desires for any reason whatever to leave the community and become an "independent" he is at liberty to call at the "office" and collect his share, and settle wherever fancy leads—east or west.

There are a number of these independents at Glade and Thrums and elsewhere in the West, and judging by the appearance of their small farms they seem to be doing very well on the soil. But of course in renouncing the "community life" most of these independents have also given up other tenets of the faith. Some, for instance, are no longer vegetarians but are meat and fish eaters. They no longer deem it a sin to take life for food and they own firearms. Peter Veregin, speaking of the independents a short time ago said, "These men have fallen away from the faith, eat meat, carry firearms and they should be conscripted".

But the Doukhobours who have become unfaithful to their religion are so few as to be practically negligible. "Once a Doukhobour always a Doukhobour, seems to fit "The Clan", a condition of affairs which proves that the great majority are very happy in their life together. The women and children have happy, beaming faces, which is a pretty good index that "all is right with their world".

Their "community life" is really a great asset to the entire country in this time of food scarcity. The work

which together they have accomplished could not have been done by individuals in so short a time because of the proposition of labour. The Doukhobour farms play into each others' hands. When the wheat on the prairie farm of Saskatchewan is ready to reap, the men come from British Columbia to lend a hand with it. Children of the Doukhobours are early taught to work or perhaps what is better, allowed to join their parents or older playmates in whatever work happens to be going on. In this way work becomes a pastime to the little hands.

All Doukhobours are of very gentle natures. Their courtesy to each other being based on the belief that as the spirit of Jesus dwells in all, even the child, the very youngest among them is entitled to a courteous hearing at all times, the child being trained by its parents not to take advantage.

For the same reason in conversation they never interrupt each other but listen patiently to what each one has to say, a practice which, to say the least, gives them very nearly faultless manners, and, of course, great force of character. It is customary for the Doukhobours, over the evening meal, recalling Russian scenes and friends, to burst into song—hymns in the Russian tongue—hymns that soon fill the big living-room or "Church", that every twin-house boasts, and swelling, float through the valley on the evening air like some sweet and plaintive litany that is at the same time a chant of victory—the victory of the Russian peasants who, coming to this country with nothing except pure hearts and an infinitive knowledge of wheat have "made good" in the wilderness and in so doing have themselves in turn become an "asset" to Canada, their foster-mother in this her time of need.