



Dinner-time

her beans or flax or potatoes or the crops of fruits and calls attention to the late season or the size of the apples, the prospective picking of peaches. She is a product of nature, she takes it for granted you love the things of the earth as every true woman should. In her talk she meets you on big universal subjects out of the nature-book which she knows by heart and if you have allowed yourself to stray away even in thought from "the simple life" here is the moment when you feel ashamed and when some of our conventionalities show up in their true light. It took

the thunder and lightning of Mars to convince the world that farming—plain everyday farming is the finest business the world affords, that the man or woman who doesn't produce something of a food-nature from the earth is a parasite. Hence the moment you meet the Doukhobour woman—strapping, athletic, alert and graceful—you find yourself looking at the strong face and hands and you say to yourself, "Here is a life that counts, here is a woman who can *do* something, not one who plays at it, inquiring of the fashion books what she shall wear when going a-hoeing."