

until dark. In this leisurely way they accomplish a marvellous amount of work and save their horses into the bargain.

Some of the positions, such as those of blacksmith, carpenter, and engineer, are held for life; but the majority of them are only temporary. The storekeepers and the Commissioners are appointed annually; the stable-boys are appointed monthly; and the plowmen are changed almost daily. No one position is higher than any of the others. The Commissioners are no higher than the stable-boys or the plowmen; when their term of office ceases they return to the plow or the carpenter's bench, where they came from. Just as a man is chosen to be an engineer on account of his engineering ability, so a man is chosen to be a Commissioner on account of his business or organizing ability. The position of Commissioner is merely on a par with the position of engineer or blacksmith.

In the settlements near Yorkton there are about forty-five of these community-villages. That is to say, there are in the neighborhood of 8,000 to 9,000 Doukhobors settled on a solid block of six townships. Once a year an Assembly is held of all the Doukhobors at the village of Varoca, very like the ancient "ekklesia" of the Athenians. This Assembly elects the four Commissioners, who are deputed to manage the business of the Doukhobor Trading Company. In it the Doukhobors decide on all matters of public policy. They determine the number of suits of clothes to be bought, what stock is to be bought, what implements are necessary, from whom they shall buy this steam plow and that binder. Everything from dollars and cents to religion is brought on the tapis and discussed. One after another the men of light and leading get up on the Pyx and thresh a question out. And then, when everyone else has spoken, Mr. Verigin rises (as though reluctantly, you fancy how) and propounds his view of the matter under discussion; and his view invariably prevails. It is the case of Pericles and the Athenian Democracy all over again; extreme democracy culminating in one-man rule. For in his Olympian calm, in his inscrutable magnificence of character, even in his trick of speaking last in the Assembly, Mr. Verigin is a second Pericles; and he rules the minds of the Doukhobors as Pericles ruled those of the Athenians.

The merits of the Doukhobor Communism are many and obvious. Under it men can live in peace and pleasaunce. There is no overlapping of labor, no murderous competition; all is placid and irresistible co-operation. But its main defect is that its democracy is a delusion and a paradox and a snare—if that is a defect at all.

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Enter the Rhodesian

During last month the ancient university town of Oxford opened its gates, and strangers from the ends of the earth walked in—some to possess, others to be possessed by it. The former will derive little good from their stay. They will take over with them their idea of a liberal education—the idea that is in the mind of so large a percentage of University of Toronto students, of hearing all the lectures they possibly can and then rushing home to an in-

cessant grind. They may see their names in the "Times" as having taken some stately degree, and to such friends as read that paper, seem very important. As far as the Varsity is concerned, and all that word stands for at Oxford, they will be nonentities and will have about them as much of the Oxford stamp as some American who goes through a personally conducted European tour.

The others, those who go to Oxford to be possessed by her charm, those who learn to love her, those who will grieve to leave her,—they will be the successful Rhodes scholars. They will not grasp, perhaps, some of the elegancies of tutorial Greek verse, but they will gain something of the solidarity of English life without forfeiting anything of their own brisker methods.

It would be impossible to present any sort of adequate contrast between life at the University of Toronto and life at Oxford within the space of a few columns. But the contrast is as striking as if you walked out of a boiler factory into a cathedral. The Rhodes scholar will be struck with the amount of leisure that enters into an Oxford day. By leisure must be understood time not devoted to study of the curriculum kind. In the place of routine work, however, a man gets an intimate contact with the mind of his fellows. This is what the sightseer fails to appreciate when he sees the half-filled lecture rooms or hears the droning voice of a second-rate lecturer echoing through some stately but empty halls. Here might be pointed out, parenthetically, one of the greatest advantages an Oxonian has. He makes choice of his own lecturers. He is not forced by the fear of a roll call to listen to some automaton giving a réchauffé of an antiquated text book. He knows, too, that he will not be examined by the lecturer whom he slights. Consequently it is his to take the good and leave the indifferent.

But the contact of mind that replaces a good many lecturers, two or three of which are considered a good day, may be carried to an extreme. Genial neighbours will lie on the newcomer's lounge until three a.m. discussing cricket, philosophy and the green-room,—that is unless he is rude enough to turn them out. But nature will find a remedy, and oblivious of the chapel bell and the frequent knockings of his "scout," sweet sleep will hold him till the hour of ten next morning.

Nine o'clock lectures in Oxford are a thing unknown, or, more correctly, unnoticed. They do not fit in with ancient custom and are patronized only by a few anaemic "does" (American co-ed). There are one or two quite immemorial customs that it interferes with. Primarily the pleasure of doing "dirty roller." This consists in walking in one's sleep at 7.30 or 8 a.m. from the bedroom to a class room, affixing one's signature to the list, and then tearing back to the dear bed that is still warm. It requires some little practice to do this without waking, especially since the rule has been made that tie and collar must be worn at roll-call. Student ingenuity, however, has overcome this difficulty by made-up tie and collar with elastic attachment.

The other admirable custom is "brekker." For consumption of food this meal puts a Roman banquet on a par with a pink tea. It usually begins with a huge basin of oatmeal that would