

ders over the psychology of misery be condemned and executed for telling his thoughts.

#### THE DOUKHOBORTSI IN SIBERIA.

The Public has recently stated that William Dean Howells, Bolton Hall, Ernest H. Crosby and Isaac N. Sellgman, of New York; Jane Addams, of Chicago; William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston; Rev. George D. Boardman, of Philadelphia, and N. O. Nelson, of St. Louis, are assisting Tolstol in locating in this country a Russian sect known as Doukhobortsi, or spirit wrestlers. This sect, founded in 1750, has suffered Russian persecution for 100 years. The following account of the recent sufferings of some of these brave people in Siberia is taken from the Manchester (England) Guardian, being written by "a Russian correspondent."

That the remains of the Doukhobortsi have been allowed to emigrate from Russia, and that 1,126 of them had actually reached Cyprus, was stated in the press some time ago. Those who knew the story of these Quaker-like people and their sufferings (through which in three years one out of four have died) for their adherence to the Christian principles, hailed this news as indicating the complete delivery of the martyrs. But they hardly knew that all the Doukhobortsi of the conscription age were carefully excluded from the permission to leave the country. They had to go into exile to the remotest wilderness in the extreme north of Siberia for the period of 18 years, i. e., the terms of Russian military service (both actual and in the reserve). In 1897 the first party of them, 35 in number, was sent under escort from Tiflis (in the Caucasus) to the Yakoutsk province. Their families were not allowed to join them. News from Yakoutsk, which is the chief town of the province, travels very slowly. But the province itself covers an area nearly 13 times larger than Great Britain and Ireland, and the Doukhobortsi were exiled to a region hundreds of miles distant from that town, with which it has but casual and rare communication. No wonder that information concerning the journey and settlement of the exiles reached us only recently.

Of the 35 who originally left Tiflis four died before they reached Yakoutsk, a fifth being not able to proceed further, as he was in the last stage of consumption. This is not to be wondered at, notwithstanding the splendid build of the Doukhobortsi, as they were regularly tortured by hunger, flogging and beating day after day in the "disciplinary battalion" to which they were confined before their exile. One of them thus came to his death in the battalion. On September 3-15, 1897, the party, consisting of 30 prisoners,

left Yakoutsk. They possessed about three pounds each of their own money. At Yakoutsk they were told they would be allowed three pence a day per man, but that with the New Year that allowance would be stopped, and that they must not expect a farthing more from the government. It must be understood that they were on their way to a mere desert, so that all necessaries had to be bought in Yakoutsk before starting. Thus the miserable pittance allowed to them, to have any real value, should have been paid them then and there in full. As a matter of fact they received (altogether) an advance of ten pounds only. It was with the greatest difficulty that they contrived to get from the government the gray cloth suits to which every prisoner in Russia has the unquestioned right. It is refreshing to notice that the local merchants, though far from being very soft-hearted people, proved to be kindness itself compared with that soulless machinery the ruling imperial officialdom; they sold their goods to the Doukhobortsi at 50 per cent. below their usual prices. With this beggarly equipment this knot of courageous people started for the river Notora, a tributary of the Aldan. \* \* \* All their supply of food consisted of ryebread, salt, and a small quantity of "lapsha," a kind of home-made vermicelli. This boiled in water constituted their only warm meal during the day. At midday they had another meal, consisting of ryebread, salt and water only. They had no breakfast at all. \* \* \* Only the invalids were permitted by the local police officer to pass the nights in the station-houses, the rest of the exiles having to sleep practically in the open air. Yet these men marched on, singing hymns to keep their courage up, and exhibiting such untiring endurance and manliness that the superstitious drivers (Yakouts) explained it by the presence of some "great wizard" among them. \* \* \*

Finally, while some three miles from their destination at the mouth of the Notora, sailing became altogether impossible because of the ice. Fortunately some Toungouzs (natives of another pagan tribe, and far more generous in disposition than the Yakouts) came to their rescue and removed the luggage of the exiles to their place of settlement. This is a regular wilderness. The nearest Russian habitation is at a distance of over 60 miles; even the semi-nomadic natives cannot be found nearer than 20 miles. Tired, half-starved, but not heartbroken, the Doukhobortsi set to work at once. The Toungouzs had in that place an old

abandoned hut. This was repaired, and in three or four days the newcomers had already added a new room to it and made an oven, and in a week they ate new bread of their own baking. This was only made possible by the splendid physique of the exiles, their unswerving spirit and their habit of co-operation.

The old Toungouz who afterwards related his impressions of what he saw of their work, thus expressed himself: "Now I have at last seen regular Russians; I understand now why Russia is wealthy!" What a bitter irony! If he had only known that the rulers of Russia exert themselves to deprive their country of these Russians!

Seeing that the Doukhobortsi had to carry everything themselves, the Toungouzs protested, and made them a present of a bull with a sufficient store of hay to keep him alive over the winter. "Why, it is not proper," they said, "that man should have to carry logs and stones; God created bulls and horses for that."

All this information dates nearly a year back. How they contrived to live through the winter we do not know yet. We know only that another company of the Doukhobortsi, 50 in number, was wintering in the province of Irkoutsk, waiting to be sent to join the first party as soon as the authorities would decide the point. More exiles will follow, no doubt. The latest news of the original 29 settlers was that they complained of the inadequacy of their store of food and of the scarcity of books, and that they longed to be able to bring their families over.

#### LIFE ON SIX DOLLARS A WEEK.

This is the true story of how one girl in Chicago lives on six dollars a week. She stands behind the glove counter in a State street retail store and I had had a customer's acquaintance with her many months before she told me how she manages to make both ends meet so neatly. An article in a paper describing the luxury a young woman might enjoy on \$30 a month had attracted my attention and I plucked up courage to show it to her and ask her opinion. She read the clipping in the slack time at noon and handed it back to me with a smile. "I don't believe the person who wrote that piece ever tried living on less than \$15 a week," she said. "I could write a true article about how to live on six dollars a week, but it wouldn't sound so good as that does, and there isn't any money left for concerts or books. It is funny, but all those articles speak about laying aside money to improve the mind, while we real

people generally have to get along with an evening paper and a vaudeville show once in awhile."

She was neither flippant nor cynical in her observations and I asked her if she would mind telling me just how she did make ends meet.

"You won't use my name?" she asked, with the laywoman's usual suspicion of a newspaper person. When she was assured that nothing but her facts would be used she said that she was perfectly willing to tell "how she did it."

"I guess you'll have to give me some paper, for I can't very well use my checkbook," she said. "Of course, weeks vary and if I am going to buy anything like shoes or a new dress I calculate a long ways ahead. Now, first is my room. Another girl—she's in the underwear department—rooms with me, and we get a real good room for \$2.50 a week, that makes my share \$1.25. It is in a real nice good neighborhood on the West side, only a block from the cars. By going into a poorer neighborhood perhaps we would save a little on room rent, but if you don't live on a decent street you get a bad name for yourself. In our room we've got a good bed, a washstand, bureau, two rocking chairs, a table and a gasoline stove with two burners, for we cook our own breakfasts and dinners. We've got quite a large closet, for our room is the big back one in an old-fashioned basement house, and we can keep all our groceries out of sight. But I'll tell about our cooking after awhile.

"First, I'll tell you about the regular expenses that I have every week of my life and always have to count on, for neither me nor Milly—she's my roommate—has any folks that help us at all. There is always the 60 cents for my car fare, for when you stand all day in a store you can't ever walk home. Then, as we can't cook things that we can carry for lunches, we have to allow ten cents a day for lunching at some cheap place. This makes my expenses \$2.45 now, doesn't it?" she said, putting down the car fare and lunch items below the room rent.

"Now, we use about ten cents' worth of gasoline a week, buy one five-cent loaf of bread a day and for 15 cents a week the woman who rents us the room lets us have about half a pint of milk every morning for our coffee. Half of these expenses for me makes 30 cents, and we try never to allow the rest of our things to cost more than 95 cents apiece each week. Of course, sometimes we get kind o' reckless and spend more than we ought to on a meal, but we generally get scared and save some-

where else before the week is out. Now, just last night, Milly bought 15 cents' worth of ham for dinner, when we really didn't need it. Eggs are about the cheapest and most filling things to eat, and we know about 25 ways to fix them—still they always taste like eggs.

"If we had more time we could do better with our cooking, but we have to hurry around to get downtown by half-past eight at least, and lots of times we are too tired to care much at night. We drink a good deal of coffee and sometimes we have cocoa. Liver and sausage are the cheapest kinds of meats, for there isn't any waste to them, and we don't buy many vegetables except potatoes. Sometime we get five cents' worth of grapes or plums from a peddler in fruit season, but we feel that we can't afford to spend much money on eating things that aren't more filling. That word doesn't sound very nice, but you know what it means. Laundry is awfully expensive here in Chicago. We wash our own handkerchiefs and stockings and such things, but when we wear shirts and waists and linen collars you can't keep your laundry bill much under 25 cents a week, and sometimes it runs up quite a good deal higher. Let's see, adding \$1.25 a week for our board at home and 25 cents for laundry brings my expenses up to \$4 a week."

"That leaves you \$2 for clothes and incidentals," I said. "That is \$104 a year."

The saleswoman laughed. "It sounds pretty well when you count it that way," she answered. "But when it dribbles along and you have to spend it in small bunches it doesn't seem so much. We girls who clerk in the stores have to be much better dressed than the girls who work in shops and factories. The managers would very soon let us out if we got too shabby.

"I always wear black clothes. Sometimes I get awfully tired of the dark old things," she continued, looking down in some disgust at her somber gown and black apron, "but you can piece out and put different skirts and waists together better if they are all black. Right in the middle of the summer I wear dark shirt waists that have some color, like dark blue or gray, but now I have gone into my winter uniform. I generally buy clothes ready made. It is cheaper than having a dressmaker and I haven't time to fuss with them. Once I tried to make a skirt at nights and I was so cross to the customers from want of sleep that I pretty near got discharged.

"This black woolen shirt waist is just new; it cost me \$2.10, and I expect it

will last me until Christmas, then I'll have to get something else, for we rub through clothes here behind the counters. My skirt I wore all summer, but I had to rebind it the other day, and that cost 35 cents. I never pay more than \$2 for my shoes, but I can't get them much cheaper, for I have to have them comfortable when I am on my feet all day. Then lately I got me a new felt hat. Thank fortune, that was only 75 cents at a sale. I buy the cheapest kind of stockings, and a good many times they are more hole than stocking. I have got to get a new cloak this winter, and that will be a pull. Still I have saved almost \$5 toward it and it must not cost over \$7. But it's the little things that count up against me—collars and gloves and umbrellas and rubbers and hairpins. I go without veils and I don't have a new necktie more than once in three months, but it seems like something is always breaking or wearing out that I must replace."

"But when you are sick?" I suggested.

The face of the girl clouded. "That is the worst of it all," she exclaimed. "I don't dare to get sick. Why, last winter I had an awful cold, and just two little bottles of medicine cost me \$1. And then the dentist scares me almost as bad. People are always talking about saving for a rainy day, but it's awful to go without things you need for fear you'll need them worse some other time. I always think that I'll begin to save \$1 a month or something like that, but somehow it always slips out of my fingers."

"But what do you do to amuse yourself?" I asked.

"Well, on Sundays we generally spend the morning patching and mending our old duds, and sometimes in the afternoon we go out to Garfield park in the summer. Neither me nor Milly have anybody who takes us out, so we go together. About once a month we go to a vaudeville show, in the 20-cent seats, but we don't feel that we can afford it very often. Then we each of us buy an evening paper and read that at night. Once in awhile we get a book out of the public library, but we haven't much time for reading.

"That's where my \$6 a week goes," she said, handing me the paper on which she had jotted her standing expenses. "But there are a lot of girls that aren't near so comfortable as Milly and me."—Raymond Maxwell, in Chicago Chronicle.

Great Britain has accepted an invitation to take part in a conference with European powers to consider measures