

take it." His brown eyes beamed on me then, fortified by his own high resolve.

We got the school and permission came from the Department and Mr. Vander was duly called for by one of the trustees and was taken out, the ten miles to his school. Mr. Vander's term of employment was exactly two weeks. The youngest girl came over to tell me. Her tone was one of complete detachment; she was the perfect reporter who gave the facts, uncolored by her own opinions.

"My father has returned. He will not go back."

I went over to interview the unwelcome prodigal.

"I left your school," he said in his most melodious voice, "not without regret. My reasons were entirely psychological, and you, being a Canadian, may find them difficult to understand. The people in that district are too utterly ignorant. I could never hope to reach them."

"You went there to teach the children," I said. "And if their parents are ignorant, that is all the more reason that their children should be taught. I know the people out there, and they are good decent, hard-working people. I'm sure they were kind to you and willing to give you the best they had."

He settled himself more comfortably in his chair and bowed his head.

"Mr. Vander," I went on, "you should try to grow up and assume some responsibility. You left that school because you wanted to come back to that easy chair where food and lodging are provided by your wife's efforts. Have you no pride?"

"Pride!" He caught at the word eagerly. "Yes, madam, I have pride. I have pride of ancestry, nationality and tradition. I am proud of my heritage of English literature and if you and my wife will refrain from interrupting me I will take you into my confidence. I