

wieners, stuffed to the limit by machinery.

Muck-rake the college and the professor; they can stand it! Some years ago a notorious muck-raker tried it. But it was apparent that he had followed the trail of political and commercial skunks for so long that he could not smell a violet when he came across one. Muck-rake the scholar; he will only smile. But don't "survey" him. Your crass theodolite and sextant will kill the spirit of learning. He is willing to pay every other price you exact for the luxury of his chosen existence, but he won't pay this price. Because he can't. This is not merely extortion; it is murder. You may exterminate, but you cannot measure, scholarship by the methods of commercial Bolshevism.

After all, the professor's relation to the world is reciprocal. If the world wants scholars, it must pay for them, and the price is cheap in currency, but exacting in spiritual values. He must be let alone. He is willing, in turn, to pay

the price of his luxury, a very great price as the market-place measures values, but he is content to pay it. For he deals in precious utilities. He is even hardened to the spectacle of seeing a rambunctious and megaphoned athletic coach paid twice or three times the salary, and a hundred times the acclaim, received by the profoundest scholar. For he knows that this is merely one of the evidences of the perversion of values of the civilization of the golden calf. He dreams on, in the great hope that his own country will some day exalt its savants, as do the French, who have learned, by dramatic experiences, to value the subtler utilities of the spirit, and for whom, therefore, the actinic sunlight of wisdom has turned the starch of materialism into the sugar of refinement.

When all has been said and done, the ultimate optimism of mankind lies in the fact that there will always be a handful of men, of philosophers, poets, professors, who are willing to lose the whole world, and yet possess it. "For the poor always ye have with you."

A SONG IN SUMMER

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

WHEN the days are on fire from the lamp of the sun,
And the long afternoons heal the heart with their peace,
I dream of a time when my life will not run
On these highways of joy where the flowers increase.

Oh, I think of a day when the clouds will drift by
In lordly procession above yonder hill,
While I shall be sleeping beneath the hushed sky,
But dreaming, still dreaming, though lying so still.

Yet well I shall know of this pageant of green,
This splendor that thrills through the wide, aching world;
And see once again what my glad eyes have seen,
When June's splendid banners are proudly unfurled.

The pomp and the glory of summer I'll know;
I shall see the moon rise on the crest of the hill;
And I shall be happy when soft the winds blow,
And smile in my sleep, though I lie there so still!

THE "VENDOO"

BY MARY ESTHER MITCHELL

ARLINDA CRAWFORD, tall and gaunt, stepping along the road which stretched solitary and indeterminate in the foggy atmosphere, drew her coat collar closer about her neck and pulled her damp and clinging veil from her moist face.

"I declare," she exclaimed to herself, "I didn't remember it was so fur! It 'll be a mercy if it don't rain 'fore I git there. I wish to goodness I'd got somebody to bring me over!" There was a note of peevishness in her exasperation which betrayed the habitual attitude of the abused.

At that very moment the creak of wheels caused her to look around, and an old wagon, drawn by a white horse, drew up at her side.

"Want a lift?" inquired the driver.

The dilapidated vehicle groaned and gave under Arlinda's weight as she clambered onto the muddy step, and in her effort to preserve her balance she was precipitated into the seat with considerable violence. It took her a moment to regain her breath sufficiently to pour out her gratitude.

"All right, all right!" acknowledged her benefactor, cutting her thanks short. "Ain't this the dumbest spell? I don't know when there's bin a reel clear mornin'. It 'll burn off, I reckon, but it's mighty hard on the bones to start in every day soaked. I say gov'ment better let liquor alone fur a spell an' give us some dry-weather laws!" This bit of wit so cheered the speaker into his native good humor that he chuckled.

"You don't reely think it would do any good, do you?" asked Arlinda, in a tone carefully modulated to give no offense while it deprecated.

She had put aside her limp veil and

the driver's mild blue eyes met an entirely serious gaze. He stared at the long, serious, unhumorous face for a moment, a trifle disconcerted at having his innocent joke returned to him unopened, but his curiosity got the better of his chagrin.

"Bin in these parts before, ma'am?"

His companion made no answer.

"Ain't canvassin' nor nothin'?"

"No, oh no," returned Arlinda, hastily.

"No harm intended," assured the man. "I guess it was thet black bag made me think so. Some reel nice women go out on the road. Gosh! they can git me, every time! My wife says, 'Lonzo Rawson, you're softer 'n butter!'" He struck his knee in gleeful reminiscence. "I take it you're headed fur the vendoo?"

At the mention of her companion's name, Arlinda gave a swift, startled glance at the face by her side. The eyes under the shaggy brows met hers without a gleam of recognition and she regained her composure.

"Well," she admitted, "I thought I'd take a look. I'm feered it 'll be over 'fore I git there."

"Scott! thet needn't trouble you. It 'll last all day. Thet house 's full to bustin'. Them folks never give away much 's a pin's wuth. Ever know any of them?"

"I've—seen some of them, years ago."

"They warn't much fur mixin'. Kept to themselves, old folks an' all; helt thet they was better 'n the common. Nobody 'ain't hed a charnce to git inter the house fur I dunno how long, an' now the women folks are fair crazy to see what's there. My wife's consider'ble put out