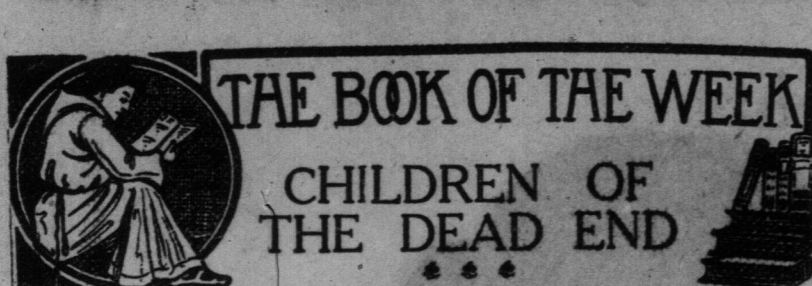


THE BOOK OF THE WEEK



CHILDREN OF THE DEAD END

By PATRICK MCGILL

THESE ARE two classes of writers whose books appeal successfully to readers. The first, with imaginative power and sympathetic insight, is able to interpret and describe for us "how the other half lives," and to do so with such fidelity that we feel the truth of it. The second class, which has far fewer exponents, is comprised of those who have actually lived in the ordinary course of existence, and whose books are the result of the experiences which are theirs.

Books which give these personal records we call "human documents," and it is thus that an experienced reader would designate "Children of the Dead End," by Patrick McGill (Macmillan Co.), without even knowing anything of the antecedents of the narrator, for in its very simplicity, in its very spots of rawness, the actuality of the life it pierces thru and gets you with a grip that nothing but the "real thing" has the power to do.

Winter in a glen in West Donegal, Ireland, is the opening atmosphere of the story, and the immediate background is the wide open hearth of a small Irish cabin which sheltered a family, rich in numbers but poor in aught else. Poverty, religion, and superstition seemed to share about equally in the lives of the people of the glen. "Sometimes my mother would tell a story," recalls Dermot Flynn, the narrator, "and it was always the same old story of a red-headed man who had a herd of goats behind him, and a salmon tied to the tail of his coat, and he was a beggar, in fact, he was the Irish progenitor of the modern bogymen, and a distant cousin to the Black Douglas, whose name inspired terror into the hearts of the children of Northern England. From our introduction to the family we go on to more superstitions and customs, a chapter of them after this ilk: "If my father met a red-headed man when he was going to market, he would turn home. To meet a red-headed man on the highway is very unlucky."

THE CORSIAN OUTRAGE. DERMO'S career at school was very short, and ended in what he called the Corsian outrage. It was a hot day, and the master was in bad temper. The lesson was geography. Handling the heavy pointer to Dermot's desk, as far as Dermot Flynn, point out Corsica," Dermot declared his ignorance of the whereabouts of Corsica.

"Teach you!" roared the master, and he proceeded to do so by tweaking the boy's nose. The pointer was heavy, and it was in the boy's hand. "I raised the pointer and struck him across the face," says Dermot. "The master dropped as if dead, and the boy rushed from the school. Dermot went to work at harvest at sixteen, a day, occupation which was much more to his liking than going to school."

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EDITED BY DONALD G. FRENCH

Poetry Competition

NO. 2—COMETITION ON "A.E."

Give your explanation of the following poem "Warning" by "A.E." First prize, a copy of "Collected Poems" by "A.E."; second prize, a volume of poems in the Golden Treasury Series. Answers received up to June 5th. Result of competition published June 14th. Address all contributions: Literary Editor, Sunday World, Toronto, and mark envelope "Poetry Competition—A.E."

Warning. Pure at heart we wander now: Comrade on the quest divine. Turn not from the stars you brow That your eyes may rest on mine.

Pure at heart we wander now: We have hopes beyond to-day; And our quest does not allow Rest or dreams along the way.

We are, in our distant hope, One with all the great and wise; Comrade, do not turn or grope For some lesser light that dies.

We must rise or we must fall: Love can know no middle way; If the great life does not call, Then 'tis sadness and decay.

ANSWERS TO NO. 5—UNREKNOW-ED (Watson).

First prize goes to Miss Lillian Leverage, Carrying Place, Ont.; second prize to Miss L.K. Hoffmann, Toronto. A great many excellent answers were received, but some contestants erred on the side of brevity, others on the side of prolixity. The following are the winners of the various prizes.

First prize: "Unreknowned" is a tribute to the silent heroes of the past, and reminds us that no great enterprise has ever been accomplished by a single individual without the aid of brave followers who were content in the knowledge that they had done their part well, altho the world did not applaud them. Lillian Leverage.

Second Prize Answer. THE poem "Unreknowned" is a tribute to the silent heroes of the past, and reminds us that no great enterprise has ever been accomplished by a single individual without the aid of brave followers who were content in the knowledge that they had done their part well, altho the world did not applaud them. L.K. Hoffmann.

Third Prize Answer. Mexico: The Wonderland of the South; by W.E. Carson. A survey of the country, its people, its resources, cities, scenery and political condition. (Macmillan Co.)

The Wayfarer's Library: Reprints of lighter modern literature. Volume just issued: Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog"; Conrad's "Twixt Land and Sea"; and Bennett's "Grand Babylon Hotel"; "Chaplain of the Fleet," by Besant and Rice; and two volumes of essays, one by G.K. Chesterton, and one by G.K. Chesterton.

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YEATS ON GHOSTS.

Lying Spirits—Hypnotizing Ghosts—Ghost Begging Clothes. THE author of "The Celtic Twilight," the famous Celtic poet, in an address to the London Spiritualist Alliance, "this week," and he answered it in the negative, mindful, no doubt, of the fact that the inhabitants of the spirit world have never before the example of the late George Washington.

"Lars cannot be so much more numerous in the next world than in this world," said Yeats, who was asked the question, "Do you believe in the existence of the spirit world?"

"I have no doubt," he said, "that the inhabitants of the spirit world have never before the example of the late George Washington."

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