

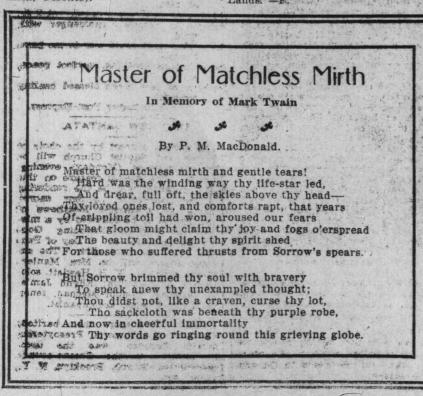
The Head Coach Football as a a book full of inspiration like duces a book full of inspiration like "Deacon" Kingsland is a college athlete who shows himself fair and fearless under all circumstances. Tak-ing fils vacation from a trul circuit, his first, pastorate, he dats as head-coach for a college football team. Here he runs up against the influence of dif-ferent, college fraternities," and his fearlessfiess fit opposing all factions and his skill in building up a success-ful boetball team, are the main motives of maxwe, and interesting tale. ("The of MLAve, and interesting tale. ("The-Head Coach," by Ralph D. Paine: Mc-Leod, Miren, Toronto, Canada).

The Red House Let a young man drop off the train Ine Red Figure drop off the train into a strange fown, seeking a young lady of whom he knows nothing, in order to ask her to reconsider her re-fusal of the suit of the young man's friend let him find the family of the young lady one hated and feared by the community, surrounded by a mystery which he at once feels com-pelled to intravel this is the situa-tionweached in the first chapter of this

Tom McInnes is the eldest son of Senator McInnes, late Governor of British Columbia, and a brother of Hon. W. W. B. McInnes, late Governor nameached in the first chapter of this The unravelling of the mystery tale. gives the reader a merry chase for his money. There is little time to wait to consider the possibility of such things happening as do happen in this mystifying concatenation of events. He was born in 1867 at Dresden, Kent mystifying concatenation of events. It's a brain-twister for the reader and County, Ontario, educated at Trinity College, Port Hope; High School, New

for alboost every one of the participa-tors up to almost the last minute. ("The Ref" House on Rowan Street." by Koman Doubleday: The Musson "Co., Toronto, Canada).

Old Wives Tale A leisurely tale Behring Sea Claims Commission in 1896. In 1897 he was appointed to the you with its naturalness, but Jacks the dramatic tendency of the modern novel so much that you may almost break into the story anywhere. It describes three generations of middle-class Eng-lish life, portraying it with a realism. Fisheries Commission. From 1902 to three generations of middle-class Eng-lish life, portraying it with a realism and detail that one wonders why it does not become tedious-but it does not it is a companionable story. You may enter into its spirit as much or as liftle as you will. Consider it a panorama and look at it or away from it as you wish. Take it as real life and let the characters engage your deepest sympathies-take it anyway you like, you should enjoy it. ("The Old Wives' Tale," by Arnold Bennett: McLeod & Allen, Toronto).



ou as you try to follow the combination of reckless exaggeration and seri-ous fact in books like "Is Shakspere Dead"? or even in descriptive works like "Innocents Abread" and "Roughing It." Insight Into Realities The qualities latypical of American

TOM MCINNES.

humor-irreverence, exaggeration and absurdity-are fully exhibited in Mark "dominated and subordinated by the in-sight into the realities of life. The strength of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" lies not in their humor—tho that is apparent and plen-tiful enough—but in their portrayal of real boys and real life in the early days of the Middle West. That "Tom Sawyer" was never al-lowed to grow up is probably due to

lowed to grow up is probably due to the fact that his creator felt him to be so real that he wished to keep him so. Rudyard Kipling tells us in his "Interview with Mark Twain" that he became so emboldened as to ask if we were ever going to hear of Tom Saw-

were ever going to near of Tom Saw-yer as a man. "I haven't decided," quoth Mark, getting up, filling his pipe, and walk-ing up and down the room in his slip-pers. "I have a notion of writing the sequel to "Tom Sawyer' in two ways. In one I should make him rise to great of the Yukon Territory. His parents were Canadian born, his father being honor and go to Congress, and in the other I should hang him. Then the friends and the enemies of the book could take their choice." Ripling protested, saying that to him, at least, Tom Sawyer was real. "Oh, he is real," replied Mark. "He's Westminster, and University of To-ronto, taking<sup>2</sup> his B. A: degree in 1889: In 1893 he was called to the bar of British Columbia, was secretary to the

the only boy I have known or recollect.' Choosing His Best

There are some of his books which we might very well have done with-out—the books that are palpably ir-reverent—such as "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," but this and similar works are but the result of that American type of humor which is iconoclastic in its attitude toward legend, toward tradition and even toward more sacred matters. Then, too, we need not disguise the Then, too, we need not disguise the fact that much of the exaggeration and absurdity which passes as humor, is regarded so simply because Mark Twain said it. Read again carefully "Innocents Abroad" and "A Tramp Abroad," and see if this is not so. Of course, there is that frequent undercurrent of something deeper, again and again, but there are, decidedly, passages in which the old "jollying"

spirit of Tom Sawyer stands out un-relieved by any higher motives. Let for the pure laughter of the spirit. us not be blinded hero-worshippers. This is the doctrine that George Let us take these for what they are Meredith put philosophically, and in worth. Suffice it that we have an the abstract, and which Mark Twainworth. Suffice it that we have an abundance of material of real merit which we can appraise more truly be-which we can appraise more truly be-which we can appraise more truly be-at ourselves and our show world. Whether or not we have the right to burnerist's vision of the

Mississippi"

The Man Himself There is much of the man revealed in his writings. His tales of boy-life are drawn largely from his own boyhood experiences. "Life on the Mississippl" tells of his pilot days; "Roughing It" gives his experiences in apprehend the world and life with the feat, and death, we may always have the Nevada sliver mines; "Innocents Abroad" describes his travels in Eu-rope and the Holy Land, and his per-sonality shows itself in many of his faculty of the Genuine Comic Spirit.' Indubitably Mark Twain taught us "blithely to brave the blackest night." other writings, so that even when treating of the Bacon-Shakspere controversy he declared himself to be Popular Fiction. The latest summary of best sellers as compiled by the "Canadian Bookwriting his autobiography. And when we have appraised his man" is:

tion.

humor at its proper value, we see be-hind it a man, cheerful and courage-1. Kingdom of Slender Swords, H. hind it a man, cheerful and courage-ous, kind and companionable, and above all honest and sincere. As one critic said of him recently: "While Samuel Clemens has jested more tre-mendously than any of his contem-poraries, he is perhaps the sincerest Montgomery.

the second secon not. "The Soul That Sinneth."

Humorist's Function-

regard the humorist's vision of the

"The Soul That Sinneth." In my brochure. "The Religious Function of Comedy." I went to con-siderable pains to orient the idea that the writer of tragedy is commit-ted to emphasizing the Biblical max-im, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." The function of tragic drama is to paint, in lurid colors, the pic-ture of the consequences of folly and sin. And the last word of tragic drama is the doctrine, "There is no room for repentance." But observe that the tragedian is

but observe that the tragedian is thus looking at life just as he sees it from this side of the world. His vision is narrowed. It happens that we cannot see beyond the grave; we simply guess that if folly and sin, as they do, bring about inevitably spiri-tual death, this ends all and there can be no room for repentance and salva-

no doubt. It seems the older I get the The writer of comedy, or the hu-morist, on the other hand, causes us to laugh at the vicissitudes of life, more I need my boys, and the closer winter draws about me the more I whiter draws about me the more 1 need those fancy-jaunts thru the old-en, golden summertimes." Makes Last Trip. \*\*\* He has made his last trip with his boys down thru the olden fields pecause, with profound instinct, his

because, with profound instinct, his vision comprehends the meaning of our poor, fuille, human conduct. He sees that we who take ourselves so seriously, and pathetically, are a part of a great spiritual universe, and that, right-minded, we can laugh at ourselves, because the Deity himself must be regarding his children with the amusement which contains in it-self genuine pity for human folbles and fraitiles. In short, the writer of comedy, or the humorist, is aiming to and moon-painted waterways and one can picture those boys piloting their dear, old white-haired playfellow accross the play-ground of Evermore. "See lads, the old moon is spilling silver on the face of yonder wood. Suppose you ship oars and we'll watch it for a time."

comedy, or the humorist, is aiming to tell us that our God is a kindly God, "There's a grander picture being and the tragedy and pain of life are, painted for you farther on, Play-fel-

as the musicians say, "resolved" in the Deity's own universal harmony. low." "All right, boys, but keep to the golden track. Those tree-shadows are chill and grip me. I will sleep but you must wake me when we come to the flat-lands where the frogs and the The philosophers use a Latin phrase, "Sub specie acternatis," to distin-guish the human or finite from the Deity's point of view. Translated, the phrase means, "seen in its total night-birds are singing."

night-birds are singing." "Yes, Play-fellow, we will wake you, never fear. The wild things will be singing and the wild gease will be flit-ting low above water. We are taking you into harber. Play-fellow; are takrelations thru eternity." A Show World. The late Mark Twain was no mere jester no mere cynic or satirist. He was attempting to tell us that this is show world, and that if we could

you into harber, splay-fellow, are tak-ing you into harbor." "Aye lads,—into harbor. Into the light and the quiet. But you must wake me,—if you need me \*\*\* I know every snag, every shallow on this old stream and if we run aground but see sub specie acternitutis-all conduct and life in their total relations-we should find in clicumstance and fate, in virtue and folly, and even in our own defeat and death, room

And so the boys piloted him into harbor.

i strate a second a second
TO A LOW COMEDIAN.
Across the garish stage, in paint-
Across the garish stage, in paint
ed guise,
I watched thee frolic forth thine
As if forgetful save of thy
As if forgetful save of thy
strange art -
And, serpentining, earn the jaded
eyes
Of men thy specious spectacle
supplies
With gilded, gay grotesqueries to
start
The Hours' leaden feet. But in
my heart
I wept; for I had caught, with
swift surmise,
The sad, self-slaying mystery of
thy mirth
And riotous, reveiry. While song
of Earth,
Their high-born hopes laid low,
fall faint, or hate
The longing Life that knows no
sweet respite.
Thou flauntest thy rollicking in
the gruesome face of Fate
And teachesh men blithely to
brave the blackest Night."

J. D. L. , in "Preludes."

is what he told me about "his boys." | legible hand that is the star

 the banks av shnew.
 An' the western shky has an amber tinge, when the sun sinks low.
 What d'ye say, alanna, it's good to live?
 Ab, thrue. Ah, thrue. It's grand to watch for shpring, dean, wid the shildher an' you. LOOKIN' BACK.

water. But what impressed me most is what he told me acout "his boys." His boys, how his tace lit.up and his eyes danced as he told me about them, and as he pictured upen to me, the British civil offices. The O'Contor is and the use of the Norman invasion, and princes after wards in the ancient kingdom, but the claim is broken "now," and the last head of the hours, seven lives back form our poet, was beheaded by Crombel of the hours, seven lives back from our poet, was beheaded by Crombel of the hours, seven lives back from our poet, was beheaded by Crombel of the hours, seven lives back from our poet, was beheaded by Crombel of the hours, seven lives back from our poet, was beheaded by Crombel of the hours, seven lives back from our poet, was beheaded by Crombel of the hours, seven lives back from our poet, was beheaded by Crombel of the hours, seven lives back from our poet, was beheaded by Crombel of the hours, seven lives back from our poet, was beheaded by Crombel of the hours, seven lives back head of the hours, seven lives back from our poet, was beheaded by Crombel of the hours, seven lives back from our poet, was beheaded by Crombel of the hours, seven lives back from our poet, was beheaded by Crombel of the hours, seven lives back from our poet, was beheaded by Crombel of the hours, seven lives back from our poet, was beheaded by Crombel of the hours, were confiscated by Charles II, and given to without me. They keep me young and the wind, roughing it, you know, or we dritt down a great, wide river in an old, if at-bottom boat that sets all the moon-rippies aquiver. Sometimes we linger about deep, quiet pools and lieter to the fish splashing. \*\*
"It's all fancy, of course, but old men are fanciful and all old men take trips the same as I take them I have in odoubt. It seems the older I get the more i need my boys, and the clear the original Scots, be-

Original Scots The Irish are the original Scots, be-ing so named from an ancient Kerry queen, Scota. The Scots from Ire-

queen, Scota: The Scots from Ire-land, under Fergus, son of Eric, set-tied in the highlands of what is now Scotland, in 493, Fergus being chosen the first king, and becoming the an-cestor and founder of the present Scot-tish race, all the Kenneths, Malcolms, Wallaces, Bruces and others being his descendants. He died at Carrickfer-gus, ten miles from Belfast. The Irish were known as Scots up till the eleventh century, after which the name became permanently attached to Scotland. It is said that the Scots

Kelt in Canada

name became permanently attached to Scotland. It is said that the Scots will keep the Sabbath and anything else they can get. It is a background like this, however and wherever it comes from, that makes the poet. Mr. O'Connor is a plain toiler as he describes himself, engaged in the prosaic work of the railway mail service, between Bridge-burg, where he lives, and Goderich, but he is inspired with a love for Canada, in whose greatness and fu-ture he believes, and he is a faithful lover of Eirinn. He is a humble worker, he declares, in the cause of the general uplifting of humanity to a knowledge of all things good and pure.

pure.

Kelt in Canada "Canada is a wonderful country," he says. "I am glad to belong to its public service. Few people think how the Keltic race dominates our common country, three-quarters of our people belong to the Keltic stock of the Scottish, Welsh, Manx, Cornish, Irish, Breton and French-all of com-mon origin." mon origin." Mr. O'Connor has reached the half-Mr. O'Connor has reached the half-century mark and has been a writer for half that time, but his contribu-tions are for the most part fugitive. We are glad to present a few of these to readers of The Sunday World. WATCHIN' FOR SPRNG.

WATCHIN' FOR SPRNG.
Oh, Mary, come out in the sunshine an' see the wondhers, dear;
The shnow has almost gone an' the shky is blue an' clear,
An' the bulbs are pushin' their green tops out av the ground.
While. a gurglin' robin is filling the air with sweet sound.
Down at the ind of the garden the rhubarbs' little red heads
Are peepin' out at the sunlight from their cold dhark winter beds;
The lilac buds are swellin' an' sparrows build in the eaves.
An' the wind is having a frolic, machree, wid last year's leaves.
The duck and geese are flyin' in vees over the say-bound river,
Wid a swish av wings as they pass, makin' the soft air quiver.
A hundert av little sthrames run from

me heart is full av mem day Av the dancin' water in old Carrig Bay, An' the little white-washed cabin on the Wid the scint av hawthorn on the air Faith, I can't forget the aigle in the sky, Or the cuckoo callin' when its mate was or the bulk seal roarin' fa An' the old Danish rath where the bits play. ve mind the oak, near the so Do ye mind the oak, near the school-house door, Where ye carved our names in the day

An' the gable-ind wall where ye won

GARRETT J. O'CONNOR.

and in 1

From that tormentin' villain McCall; Do ye ever think of that bright April When we walked the strand ay the su bay, An' ye coaxed an' teazed me in the su

glow 'Till, troth, me own mind I didn't kn An' the white-haired Soggarth who, grand day, Gave us his shmilin' blessin' in chapel grey? Fifty years ago! Eythen, we're grey

But our love, alanna, will ne'er grow c. For the little bit av heaven across

An' the glintin', dancin' water in Carrig Bay.

MAKIN' HAY IN A MEDDA

The wonderful movin' pictures in the city t'other day, Brought back the days of childhood an' stole me heart away, There was dear, dirty Dublin an' Blarney Castle, too, An' cuttin' turf in a bog-a beautiful,

beautiful view?
beautiful view?
The streets av Cork's own city, an' cab-ins thatched with straw.
With cows aitin' the shamrock in fields that I once saw.
An' while I was watchin', breathless, wid never a word to say.
There came a movin' picture of a colleen makin' hay.

Makin' hay in old Ireland, under the soft

A HARMLESS NOBODY "He did not have an enemy," I heard a

Makin' hay in old Ireland, under the soft blue skies'
But faix. I felt fike a bosthoon whin the tears came to my eyes.
Isn't it quare now, naybor, that one's eyes should'get that way.
At a simple little picture av a colleen makin' hay.
Oh, 'twas a beautiful medda, wid haw-thorn hedges round!
I could almost smell the clover, spread out upon the ground;
I could nearly hear the cuckoo, callin' so blythe an' gay.
As it flew across the medda where the girl was makin' hay.
There were other pictures, naybor, but none so sweet an' grand.
As makin' hay in a medda across in the dear old land.

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Fritzi aspend d'sevi lness, litzbur overed Dz. Pe

"He did not have an enemy." I heard a neighbor say
Of a pioneer villager laid to rest the other day.
He did not have an enemy! Ah, then, it seems to me,
That, in a strenuous world like this, a nobody was he:
For he who fights impurity, graft, pres and each mean sin
And helps the poor oppressed folks more liberty to win,
And, following in the wake of Christ, combats each infamy.
Can't earn the foolish epitaph: "He had no enemy."