

April 2, 1924

the neat appearance of the "potted lamas" which they observed near water-driven prayer-wheels. They were cone-shaped lumps of grayish-white clay about four inches high, and were formed by grinding up and compressing a lama's bones, which in this way "keep indefinitely and can be transported as easily as a rock specimen."

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

READINGS IN ENGLISH SOCIAL HISTORY FROM PRE-ROMAN DAYS TO A.D. 1837. Edited by R. B. Morgan. The University Press, Cambridge, England. 16 shillings.

A picture of Britain and its inhabitants, presented by extracts chosen from writers beginning with Strabo and ending with Washington Irving and Sydney Smith. A thick book, but not a heavy one in either sense; a fine book for casual reading.

POETRY

SKYLINES AND HORIZONS. By DuBose Heyward. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

The Horizons of Mr. DuBose Heyward's slender volume are those of the South Carolina low country; the Skylines, those of the Great Smoky Mountains. In several poems about old Charleston he expresses, gracefully and fervently, a natural rebellion at the encroachments of modern ugliness; and it is easy for the most practical of Northerners or Westerners—even though feeling more than a suspicion that Mr. Heyward rebels at modernity itself, ugly or not—to sympathize with his passionate devotion to the ancient city erected in the past by—

Statesmen and dreamers, workers with taut sinews,
Who builded Beauty here and called it home.

But it is the highland, not the lowland, poems of Mr. Heyward which really haunt the memory; they possess power, poignancy, and beauty, and often interpretative or dramatic value as well. "The Yoke of Oxen," "The Mountain Girl," "The Mountain Woman," "The Mountain Graveyard," and others of the little group bear the test of reading and re-reading. In all but one the poet himself speaks for or concerning the mountain people. In that one, "Black Christmas," a swift, deadly simple tragedy of feud is compressed into less than twenty lines, put into the mouth of a mountain wife. Even further compression cannot destroy its quality:

An' a year gone by, an' with every-
thin' thet still
An' never once a Galloway on our side
the hill—
Oh, I was glad this mornin', when Dal
hollered up to me



Generations of travelers in Europe have seen women washing clothes, like the woman in this illustration, on the banks of rivers.

Shall the river work— or shall you?

Too many women, abroad, are still washing clothes like this.

They go to the river. Our American rivers are being trained to come to us. Water-wheels drive electric generators—thus water is supplied to your home, and electric current runs the washing machine which has banished so much toil.



Back of every great step in woman's progress from a drudge to a free citizen has been some labor-saving invention. Back of most inventions in electricity's progress from a mystery to a utility has been the research of General Electric Company scientists and engineers.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

To sen' the younguns runnin' to help
him fetch a tree—
I watched him drop the saplin' with a
single stroke
An' the snow all whirlin' round him
like a shinin' smoke
While the younguns tumbled an'
laughed an' sang:
Then someone shouted sudden—an' a
rifle rang.
Now the folk are gatherin' to bring
him from the shed;
An' I got to stop denyin' that my man
is dead.

Books Received

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY
RESTRICTION ON IMMIGRATION. By Edith M. Phelps. The H. W. Wilson Company, New York. 75c.

RUSSIA AND PEACE. By Fridtjof Nansen. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

SOURCES AND DOCUMENTS ILLUSTRATING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By S. E. Morison. Clarendon Press, Oxford. \$3.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY
OASIS. By Gertrude Bone. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.

REVELATION OF GOD IN NATURE (THE). By Rev. C. J. Shebbeare and Joseph McCabe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.



Robust Men Like

BAKER'S COCOA

The cocoa of high quality.



Baker's Cocoa is invigorating, stimulating only in the sense that pure food is stimulating, it has a delicious flavor and aroma, is a great addition to meals and a wonderful between meals stay.

MADE ONLY BY

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

MILLS AT DORCHESTER, MASS., AND MONTREAL, CANADA

Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free

Does your face sting after shaving?

MEN never look forward to the morning shave, but they need not dread it if they use Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream. This cream is more than a rapid beard softener—it cools and soothes the skin and heals bothersome little cuts. Takes the sting out of the closest shave, and leaves the face soft and refreshed. You don't need a lotion. Recommended particularly for a tender skin. If your druggist cannot supply you send 50 cents for the jar that contains six months of shaving comfort. Or send 2c stamp for sample.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
272 Tenth Street,
Detroit, Mich.

Also
Windsor
Ont.

There
is Comfort
In Every Jar



The Mail Bag

When Steam and Bill Were Young

WE of the old day square-riggers talk with a queer longing of the days that are done, and remember wide sea ways which, once well known to the keels of our sailing ships, are in these days become as lone as they were in the days before Drake and the Dons trailed on them. It is strange to remember those black and frowning foreshore rocks by the eastward point of Staten Island, some ninety-eight miles north and east of the Horn, and to think that the summer and winter months go by while never a stretch of storm canvas, never a sea-lashed bow, staggers away to the southward, seeking a good offing, a chance to come up to and about the cold corner that we used to hate and to dread so.

Three years ago there came to my home one evening a quiet little man who, introduced to me by a friend, sat in silence, and apparently very disinterested, in an easy-chair while we others talked. It was then over twenty years since I had been at sea. When my wife chanced to move the table lamp, and its ray fell upon a photograph of a fine four-master with her topsails reefed to a Cape Horn blow, he leaped to his feet.

"Where did you get that?" he asked, in surprise, and added, with an intense tone in his voice, "I used to know that ship."

"That was taken off the Horn," said I, and added, "I was with her."

He stood, voiceless, gazing at her noble top-hamper, at the great seas that broke all about her.

"Did you ever know a clipper called Province?" he asked.

"Yes," said I, "she lay alongside us, in Oregon—somewhere round twenty-two years or so ago."

"My heaven, man; I believe I remember you—we used to go ashore together!" he cried.

Brought together quite by accident in a tiny inland village where no one knew anything whatever of the life we used to lead, we sat and talked till the daylight came again.

He had in his pocket an "extra master's certificate," and had served all through the war in steam. But the war, the dreary horror of man's foolish battlings, were all forgotten that night. We said never a word of steam; but talked unendingly of the world as it used to be in the day when we were boys, each ambitious to sail his own good ship, each imagining that there would always be the

same world as the boyish world we sailed in.

We remember those hard days, those ill-fed ships, those weary periods of torturing calm upon the line, which were to be so soon followed by the insensate savagery of snow-laden hurricanes, as men who are grown to manhood, who are coming toward old age, recall the faces of the kind women who were good to them as little children. Our world was then filled with glammers of romance. The very ships we sailed were part and parcel of the sea herself, their canvas sisterly amid low driving clouds, their mastheads glittering, gilded, unashamed in the sunshine of wonderfully lovely days.

We recall evenings when crews sang on the main hatch, when fiddles and creaky concertinas played for naked feet to dance. In those days newspapers meant naught to us. Politics were things as much out of our ken, as much devoid of interest, as to-day are the spring-time plans of the cave men to a modern dairy farmer. We lived in a world that had no bearing on us, no bearing that we recognized.

I went to sea two days after the declaration of the war with Spain, and arrived, under sail, on the other side of the world weeks after that war's conclusion.

The old sailing-ship man was something akin to the turtle, the seal, or the whale himself.

A glamour that we did not understand lay over our days. We cursed not seldom the hardships of our life yet were unable to leave them.

When to-day we seem to speak scornfully of the modern seaman and his craft, it is but the inexpressible yearning for our youth that we utter.

Now and again I meet by chance some old deep-water man. They all say the same. The hardest of them, the men in whose faces one can see no sign, in whose tones there seems to linger no regret, all say, after a little while of talking,

"There was no life like it."

Not many months ago I took a journey by auto stage, beside me a severe old patriarch with a drooping white mustache. We said not a word for over three full hours. Then, while passing the creek at Oakland, where lie a few old-time ships, he grunted, and I spoke.

"Tough old hookers," I said.

He flared at me, as though I had insulted something, and said nothing.

"I was in company with *that* ship," said I, "on the night she lost her mate and all his watch overboard," pointing to Star of Russia.