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Ohio State Engineer

Title: The Bookshelf Speaks

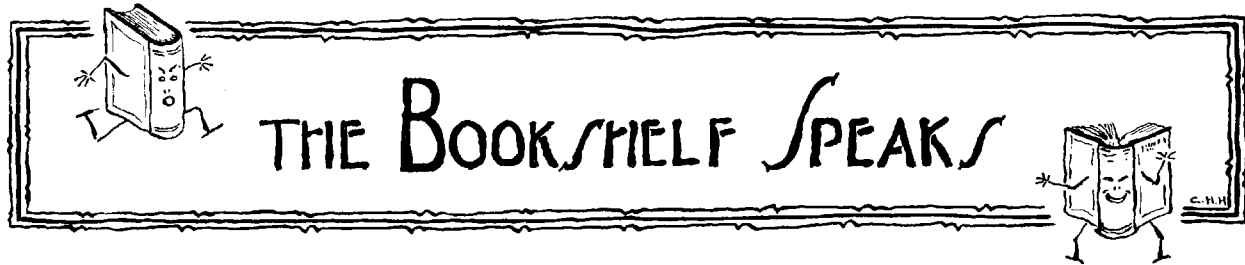
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AN interesting account of life on the western range where little incidents are big events in the lives of men and horses is Smoky, by Will James. The author has presented the life of the pony, Smoky, in such a manner that the reader feels as if he were looking at the world through the eyes of a horse.

Smoky's colthood days were spent on the open range in company with a band of other wild horses. Clint, a cow-boy bronco-buster, fell in love with the horse and gently tamed him to the will of man and taught him the ways of a cow-pony without breaking his high spirit. Stolen by a half-breed Mexican, who abused him, Smoky finally escaped, but his brain was poisoned and his heart had turned to hate for man. The next six years were spent with a rodeo where he earned the name of "The Cougar," because of his ferociousness and ability to throw all who attempted to ride him. With advancing age, his fiery spirit died and he was sold from the rodeo to be broken into harness. Here Clint, who had searched constantly for his wender horse, found Smoky and took him to a ranch to spend the rest of his life in peace.

The plot of the story is rather weak, but holds interest to the end. Will James must have had a vacation when he wrote this book, as it is written entirely in cow-boy lingo which evidently observes no rules of diction, spelling or punctuation.

If you desire an unbelievably stark picture of the world war, read *FIX BAYONETS!* by John W. Thomason, Jr., Captain U. S. Marine Corps. The author has the ring of truth in his story of the profane, blustering, hiking marine. A few examples will illustrate.

Characteristic of the war, the Leatherneck's first worry was for his stomach. A French cow, about to be sacrificed to the gourman god, was saved by a colonel who stopped the slaughtering detail. But men must eat, so the cow was led into a woods being heavily shelled by the Boche. The result was a full belly and a clear conscience for the Leathernecks.

The story is of the First Battalion, Fifth Regiment, United States Marine Corps, and the principal engagements in which they took part. The first was at Champillon, where they received their first taste of German lead and American corn willy, and then the charge at Soissons, made with thinned ranks and green replacements. Replacements, always replacements, the objective being Blanc Mont which was taken with tremendous loss but with the indomitable esprit d'corps which takes American troops where others fail to go. A night raiding party next with endless fighting and long, forced marches with empty stomachs.

An infantry colonel was wakened one night by an orderly reporting that a company of marines was surrounded by the Germans in no-man's land. The colonel, upon realizing the tragedy of the situation replied, "Is that so? Well, I feel sorry for the Germans."

Hostilities ceased with the signing of the armistice and the marines became a part of the Army of Occupation guarding the Rhine. Here they were received by sour-faced Boche who gave them cognac because they had been ordered to be hospitable. The past and future source of power of the Germans was noted and aptly expressed by one marine who said, "Say—you see all those kids, all those little square-heads! Hundreds of 'em, I'll swear! Something's got to be done about these people. I tell you, these Boche are dangerous! They have too many children."

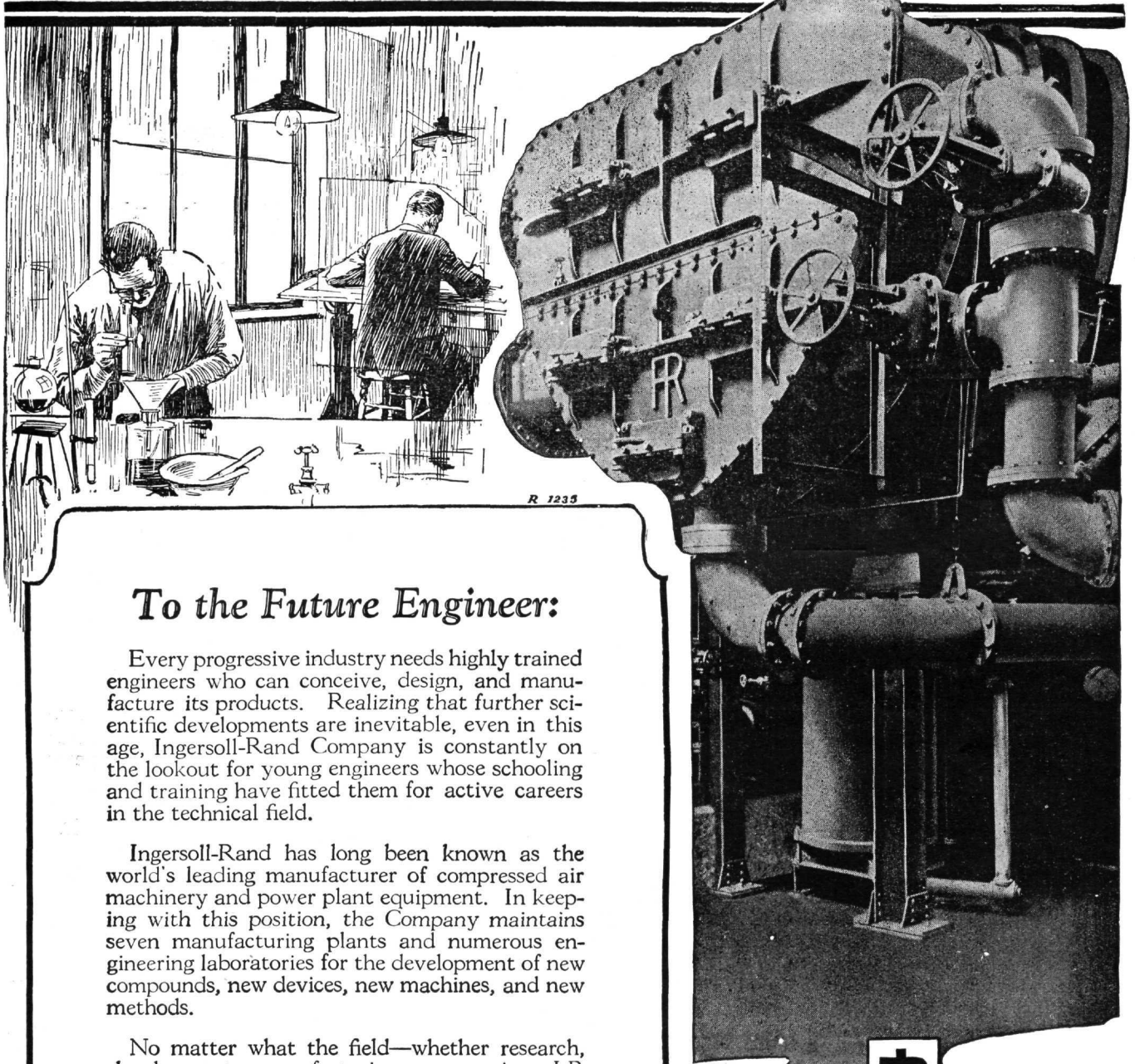
Innumerable sketches of striking poses and situations, drawn by the author on the field of battle, give graphic pictures of incidents occurring thruout the story.

USELESS HANDS by Claude Farrere is a realistic and prophetic story of economic conditions at the close of the twentieth century. Assuming that science, population and economic conditions will have developed as much in the remainder of this century as they have in the past, the author has pictured a gigantic wheat combine called the Siturgic which is perfect except for the human element.

James MacHead Vohr, Governor of all people and worth eighty billions of dollars, owns the Siturgic which supplies bread and all wheat products to the three Americas. The Siturgic is controlled by a representative system of engineers and foremen who are responsible to a smaller Board of Councillors who in turn are advisors to the Governor. Led by Pietro Ferrati, an ex-member of the Board of Councillors and half-brother to Andrea Ferrati, who took his place on the Board, the workmen cause a number of minor accidents to occur in the mills which decrease the production of the Siturgic.

Miss MacHead Vohr, daughter of the Governor, and possessed of all the qualities commonly attributed to the daughter of a Governor, is secretly in love with Pietro and openly courted by Andrea. Torn between loyalty to her father and love for Pietro, she reveals to Pietro some of the dangers confronting him that have been made known to her by Andrea. The workers, their demands refused, declare a general strike, which means famine for the three Americas. The strike would have gained its purpose but for an invention by George Torral, an eccentric wizard, and the forethought of the Governor. This invention is a

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his daughter and Andrea, who the Governor knows are in the mob pleading with Pietro to withdraw before it is too late.

Besides being an interesting story told in a style appealing to the engineering mind, it is a fore-warning of a possible future menace to the laboring class. It is the fulfillment of the Marxian prediction of the displacement of labor by machinery and the concentration of capital in a few hands. Our present day economic principles teach us that the long time effect of displacing men by the installation of machinery is a good effect, but to the open mind this book may serve as an indication of future trouble.

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(Continued from Page 18)

machine-hand which can, by proper adjustment, do any of the operations of the human hand necessary to run the machinery of the mills. Twelve thousand of these machine-hands had been previously ordered and secretly manufactured and were ready for instant installation. The mob's reaction to this frustration of their plans is to destroy the machine-hands. Here again the wizard Torral defeats their purpose by means of an invention. It is a death ray which kills and completely disintegrates the body of any living thing upon which it is directed. Thus, upon the order of the Governor, the entire group of workers of the Siturgic is wiped off the earth, along with

Fingerman: "My girl said this poem of mine caused her heart to miss a beat."

Editor: "Rejected. We don't want anything that will interfere with our circulation."—Michigan Technic.

1st Prof.—I call my eight o'clock French quiz, the Pullman class—three sleepers and an observation section.

2nd Prof.—Very apt. I call my nine o'clock Cicero the pony express.—Nebraska Awgwan.