

SKETCHES OF FACT AND FICTION BY CARTOONIST BRIGGS

WONDER WHAT A MOSQUITO THINKS ABOUT

HELLO - HERE'S A FIND! THIS IS A BRAND NEW HEAD TO ME - AND I DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER MOSQUITO ON IT.

I'LL START DRILLING AT ONCE - THIS OLD PARTY IS ASLEEP. THANK GOODNESS-IT WILL GREATLY FACILITATE OPERATIONS.

I JUST BELIEVE I'LL START ON HIS BEEZER AND SAVE THE BIG PASTURE FOR THE FINISH. GEE-EE THIS IS A DISCOVERY. ON SA-BEE-EE.

SOME PROBOSCIS! BELIEVE ME-E-E-EE-BOY YOU ARE GOING TO GET IT GOOD-IT'S A SHAME TO DO IT BUT I'M FEE-E-E-EELING BLOODTHIRSTY. BELIEVE ME-EE-EE.

WOW! HE GAVE ME AN AWFUL FRIGHT WITH THAT SNORT! I THOUGHT SURE HE WAS GOING TO GET ME-E-E-EE.

WELL I GUESS I'LL TAKE THE TOP FIRST, WHILE I'M UP HERE. I JUST ADD THIS TYPE OF MAN - I ALWAYS FEEL SO REFRESHED AFTER WARDS-EE.

HERE'S HOPING HE DOESN'T WAKE UP - I'LL DRILL JUST AS PAINLESSLY AS POSSIBLE - NOW STEADY IN SHE GOES - M-M.

I KNEW IT! GEE WHIZ I NEARLY GOT CRUSHED - I'LL BE BACK.

WONDER WHAT SOME HEAD WAITERS THINK ABOUT

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THE CROWD THAT COME IN HERE LATELY. I MUST CULTIVATE A MORE HAUGHTY LOOK.

THE PEOPLE WITHOUT DRESS CLOTHES MUST BE MADE UNWELCOME. I SHALL INFORM THEM THAT THEY MUST HAVE TABLES RESERVED.

IT WON'T DO TO MAKE ORDINARY LOOKING FOLKS FEEL COMFORTABLE - BESIDES THEY SPEND SO LITTLE AND ARE A WASTE OF SPACE.

- I AM HIRED TO GIVE THE PLACE A DIGNIFIED AND EXCLUSIVE AIR - SOME PEOPLE ARE PRETTY LUCKY IF I ALLOW THEM TO ENTER. I SHALL HOLD THE BEST TABLES FOR THOSE WHO APPRECIATE ME.

THERE COMES SOME FOLKS THAT WOULDN'T LOOK GOOD SITTING AT OUR TABLES. I SHALL ASSUME MY MOST FORT-BIDDING EXPRESSION.

- AH - THEY LEFT AND RIGHT GLAD I AM. I AM REALLY A GREAT HELP TO THE MANAGEMENT. - SOME PEOPLE I LET CALL ME BY MY FIRST NAME.

HERE COMES MR. AND MRS. VANDERCOIN. MOST CHARMING PEOPLE. I'LL SMILE UPON THEM - THIS ASSURING THEM OF MY FRIENDSHIP AND GOOD WILL. IT HURTS TO SMILE BUT IT MIGHT PAY ME.

I SHALL GIVE THEM ONE OF OUR VERY BEST TABLES. MR. VANDERCOIN GAVE ME SOME MONEY - BUT THAT IS NOT THE REASON, OF COURSE, FOR MY SHOWING THEM EXTRA ATTENTION - OH NO-NO.

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT

DO YOU TO DOODY DO DOODY DO DOODY DO

NOW MORTIMER DO BE CAREFUL! DEAR ME I DON'T SEE WHY YOU HAVE TO HAVE SUCH DANGEROUS THINGS AS THAT WILBUR HOOP BACK HERE

THE GIANT - BRIGGS

IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST REGULATED GOLF CLUBS

I TELL YOU I'VE GOT A GOLF DATE - I'VE NO TIME TO TALK OVER HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS NOW - SOME OTHER TIME

I'LL GO WITH YOU - IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE

WHAT'LL WE HAVE FOR SUNDAY DINNER? I'M TIRED OF CHICKEN

OH - M - SUIE YOURSELF FOR!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT OUR BILL FOR MEAT WAS LAST WEEK

I'VE GOT TO GET A NEW COOK - TEENA WASTES TOO MUCH OF OUR FOOD BILLS ARE TERRIBLE

DON'T FORGET WE'VE GOT A DINNER DATE FOR WEDNESDAY - I'LL HAVE YOUR TUGS AND BILLS PASSED - SHALL I?

19TH

**BOOKS**

**Christopher**, by Sir Oliver Lodge, 32 Illustrations, George H. Doran Co., New York City.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the distinguished English scientist and steadfast believer in the survival of personality after the change we call death, was a personal friend of the young Welsh officer, the late Second Lieutenant George Christopher Percival Tennant, the interesting subject of this volume. Sir Oliver is also an intimate friend of the Tennant family.

This book is one of tender, surprising interest, with the wood portrait of one exquisite personality whose memory must suggest a dainty, refined rose, rather than a young man.

Christopher—Second Lieutenant Tennant, as we may venture to call him—was a high type of the educated English gentleman. He came from what in Britain is called "the upper classes," the people of refinement, culture, education and possessing the easy comforts of inherited lands or wealth. In short, a class that doesn't have to bother where the next meal is coming from.

There is much in this book about Christopher's mother and his little sister Dorothy, who died in babyhood—but little about his father. Christopher was a nephew of Lady Stanley.

In his eloquent preface or introduction our learned author writes interestingly of the blessedness of survival after death, and that death is only a promotion to a happy sphere or condition where we shall be welcomed by loved relatives who have gone that way before. But in this book of 299 pages there are only a few references to this acceptance of personality after death. Perhaps our author may have felt that this topic was too intimate to be discussed at length.

The message is all Christopher's, his life, actions, letters, opinions, babyhood, school days, college experiences and army life.

Christopher's family stock was aristocratic English, and his birth Welsh. There was an extraordinary intimate tie between his baby sister Dorothy and himself. Mrs. Tennant's pet name for Christopher was "Cruft."

Christopher's boyhood letters, sent home from school, particularly from Winchester, have fascinating interest. They reveal the refinement of a boy who was almost too much of a flower for this practical world, but a real boy for all that. When one of his school-mates made a joke about Baby Dorothy, it is related that there was a fight there and then.

As a youth Christopher showed quite an aptitude for the classics, and it was

would wish to say" to her, and to re-lease grief as a disturbing element. The mother also promised to hold herself in a receptive state to receive his messages from spirit land.

The Politics of Industry, by Glenn Frank, 11.50. The Century Company, New York City.

It is easy, but injurious to public welfare, to write a wild, inflammatory book as a cure for social and industrial unrest of our day. But our author does not make this mistake.

Mr. Frank, who is associate editor of the Century magazine, takes a calm, constructive view of the political process, which may seem dry, but it is informing and beneficial.

There is a clear necessity that, in this day of unrest and reevaluation, the leaders of American business and industry face fresh problems with fresh minds," writes Mr. Frank. "The real center of social authority has so far shifted from politics to industry that the tone and temper of our national life are more nearly determined by the way the business and industry of the country are conducted than by the way the government is conducted. The statesmanship or stupidity of business men is of more social significance than the statesmanship or stupidity of politicians.

"The recognition of this fact brought an interesting task into my hands. During the past year it has been my assignment and my pleasure to try to interpret the mind and attitude of the more forward-looking business and industrial leaders of this country, in relation to the social and industrial unrest and the pervasive spirit of change that marks our time. I have concerned myself not with the rank and file but with those anonymous liberals of the business world—the men who may perchance be the pioneers of a new order of business and industry. I have tried to catch their spirit rather than quote their words. This volume is the result."

The following chapter headings indicate further the nature of the book: A nation of improvisers; the background of reconstruction; anonymous liberalism; the politics of industry; business statesmanship.

What is the medicine or cure our author offers to cure industrial ills? He likes co-operation—or the scheme by which capitalists and employes buy stock by which they share equally profits and losses of the business—but does not get over-enthusiastic about it. He likes the policy of the International Harvester company to institute shop committees throughout that industry, as being a start in industrial democracy.

It is argued that this latter plan, to adjudicate business disputes, is better than the old scheme by which the company's management lost valuable time in struggling with workers.

A more democratic organization of the relations of industry, it is thought,

will not only serve as a preventive against bolshevistic tendencies, but will make material headway toward an answer of the plea for more realistic policies.

Better business statesmanship is liked which is organized along the lines of truly representative government that takes adequate account of the legitimate interests of employes, employa and the consuming public. Such a plan, it is pointed out, will obviate the necessity, both apparent and real, for political interference with business and industrial processes.

Mr. Frank even goes the length to state that he may soon see a series of co-operative sovereignties in certain industrial fields, with the political government acting as their correlator. Boards of arbitration composed entirely of employes—as instanced in the case of the Fliese co-operative association—are favorably regarded. In most cases, a majority of the entire board decides a case, except in cases of dismissal or increase of pay, where a two-thirds vote of the entire board is necessary. To date, the board referred to has passed upon nearly 1000 cases, one-half of which have been decided in favor of the employes and one-half in favor of the firm.

A Handful of Aussys, by C. Hampton Thorp, John Lane Company, New York City.

Sergeant-Major Sharp is a New Zealander, and is a member of the fighting force that Australia and New Zealand shipped to Europe to fight the Hun.

His book is racy, modest, and amusing. He deals exclusively with Australian troops—or Aussys as he calls them—and he gives pen-pictures, in most favorable light, of these interesting and redoubtable worthies.

"A Handful of Aussys" is notable among current war-books from the reason that it is the first to reach the reviewing desk, telling graphically and in story-fashion just how Australian troops behaved when they battered the German battle lines in France. That is the book's chief merit. Provokingly enough, our author concludes his story just as the Aussys reach the front battle-trench—and are about to go "over the top."

So intimately does our author take us into the lines of these Aussys, that before long we begin to feel a personal interest in the doings and sayings of such happy individuals as Long's, Dora, Hungry, Snow, Bussey, etc. In reporting the conversations, much Australian slang is used, and on comparing it closely, one is reminded of its similarity to cockney dialect heard in London.

The first chapter pictures the embarkation of the troops from Australia, and the rest of the story is devoted to training camps in England and France. The most notable chapter is 17, in which is reported a conversation between an English hostess and an Aussie named Billum, in which Billum tells her the difference between the

ordinary Englishman and the Australian.

On page 117 is another conversation between an Englishman and an Australian, in which the latter takes the usual opportunity to boast Australia. He lauds championships held by Australians.

"You take swimming," he would say, "look at the records of Barney Ekeran, Annette Kellerman and Fanny Durack. Hard to beat, eh? Fanny's record over 440 yards in 8 minutes 39.4 seconds. And in amateur rowing you've got Cecil McVilly, and Brooks for tennis. Then we got a fair crowd of good swim and rough riders."

"Only that in Australia we are more independent, mate. Most everybody's as good as the best bloke, an' it strikes some of the fellers that to give in quickly rather than get crimed is a sign of me—An' we don't take so much for granted as you blokes do. It's much harder for us to stoot every officer we see than it is for you, cos we sorter feel we're as good as some of the daps that wear stars, an' you blokes seem to remember to get crimed on parade or on duty, an' our officers whan we see them, but this everlastin' stootin' in the streets get us fair marked."

Reunion in Eternity, by Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, LL.D., George H. Doran Co., New York City.

There is in this book of 295 pages, with its numerous stories, much comfort for those who have lost by death, loved relatives. Our author states his belief in immortality.

In strictly orthodox manner, our author gives these conclusions:

"That faithful souls pass in dying to the immediate presence of Jesus Christ. That they are, as Bishop Gore says, 'cleansed and enlightened and perfected.' That they are carried into the heart of their desire in immediate reunion with their beloved who have gone before. That they wait in peace for the second advent, the resurrection, the judgment."

Night Bombing With the Bedouins, by Robert Beebe, Lieutenant, Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston.

The "Bedouins" were so called because the members of that section of fighting armies were natural wanderers who were also night-bombers and made daring excursions over the German lines, along the French front.

The story, with its numerous anecdotes, is sufficiently exciting to please the most critical.

Our Common Course, by Sir George Adam Smith, George H. Doran Co., New York City.

Sir George Adam Smith is vice-chancellor and principal of the University of Aberdeen, Scotland, and honorary chaplain in the territorial force of the British army. His two sons were killed in the recent war with Germany.

This book, of 256 pages, consists of

inspiring and courageous addresses delivered by our author in this country during the recent war. His tourney included more than 22,000 miles, by rail. These addresses on serious and thoughtful subjects on "The Moral Aims of the Allies," "Britain's Part in the War," "The Witness of France," "Courage and The Sources," and others, are both profitable and pleasurable to read. A high-class book.

**ILLITERACY IS DISGRACE**

Nearly 10,000,000 Americans Can't Read or Write English.

According to the best estimates, about 10,000,000, or more than one-tenth of our population over 10 years old, cannot read or write English—a number greater than the whole population of Canada—greater than the whole population of the south in the civil war; greater than the combined populations of 18 of our states. And of this number, fully half can neither read, write nor speak English. In some cities, such as Passaic, N. J., or Fall River, Mass., these strangers number a sixth or more of the population.

If this enormous population, alien in speech or literature or custom, were merely "a population," merely living among us, that would be one thing to think about. But all of this 10,000,000 are also working among us, trying to build some kind of life for themselves. And in so doing, they have brought themselves into closer relationship with us than we are often willing to admit, even if we are aware of it. More than 88 per cent of the people who make our steel and iron, more than 72 per cent of those who make our clothes, more than 85 per cent of those who refine our sugar, are foreign born. And nearly all of them cannot read or write English, and at least a quarter of them cannot read or write their own language. Six hundred and twenty thousand of the million who mine our coal are foreign born, and 465,000 of these come from non-English-speaking races, with but the slightest ability, if any, to read the English language.

**557 Killed in Munich Riots.**

MUNICH, June 12.—Five hundred and fifty-seven persons were killed in street fighting during the communist insurrection from April 30 to May 8. The casualty lists report that 38 government troops, 186 red guard troops and 377 civilians were killed and 993 wounded. One hundred and eighty-six were executed, of which 42 were insurgents and 144 civilians.

Hut taxes and certain customs taxes are collected in gold at par in Mozambique, Portuguese East Africa.

**Life Restored Artificially Lasts 16 Hours.**

Massaging Heart That Has Stopped Described by Surgeon.

Dr. T. C. BOST describes in the Indian Medical Gazette of Calcutta how he actually massages the heart to restore its beating. After explaining how he makes the necessary incision to expose this vital organ so that the whole hand can be inserted into the thoracic cavity, Dr. Bost describes the act of massaging the heart as follows:

"The hand is passed upward, the thumb behind the sternum and the fingers embracing the entire organ in the pericardium. The thumb compresses the right auricle and ventricle, and the base of the heart is effectively massaged. No vessels are injured in making the incision. The liver and stomach, even if prominent, offer no obstruction, nor is the pericardium in danger of being opened. During the massage the parts can be pressed round the wrist of the operator so that air is not sucked in, and there is no tendency to collapse of the lungs."

Dr. D. J. Harries describes in the same publication how he successfully massaged the heart of a victim of chloroform poisoning. The patient collapsed before the operation was begun. The anesthesia was complete. The heart had ceased beating. After making the incision, then with the left hand over the cardiac area externally, and with the right hand over the surface of the cardiac portion of the diaphragm, Dr. Harries submitted the heart to a series of rapid squeezes between the two hands at the rate of about 60 to 65 a minute. After the tenth compression the heart started beating. It went on for 30 beats at the rate of 90 to 100 a minute and then stopped. The squeezing was repeated, and after the fourth compression the heart again started beating—at first very irregularly, and stopping at intervals for two to three seconds. After about ten minutes of this irregularity, the heart beats and pulse started alternating, and the circulation continued until the onset of the final collapse preceding the patient's death 16 hours later.

During these procedures, Dr. Harries was impressed by the fact that the heart could not be felt through the diaphragm when it was not beating; but as soon as it commenced to beat, the cardiac impulse was much more distinctly felt than the apex beat on the chest wall. The color of the mucous membrane of the larynx was restored after three to four beats of the heart, whereas the color of the peritoneum returned only after a dozen beats.