

Blighty! "What Hopes?"

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Mr. Empey's Experiences During His Seven-Months in the First Line Trenches of the British Army in France

The battle of the Somme was still raging. I had been hit by three rifle bullets, one through the left cheek, the other two through the left shoulder, while engaged in a trench raid for prisoners, and was on my journey to Blighty. I remember being carried down a flight of steps and placed on a white table in a brightly lit room, a doctor and a sergeant bending over me—a delicious drink of ale, then the whispered word "chloroform" something like a gas helmet being placed over my nose and mouth, a couple of long, indrawn, gasping breaths, a rumbling in my ears; then the skyline of New York suddenly appeared. This was quickly followed by the Statue of Liberty shaking hands with the Singer building; a rushing, hissing sound in my ears, like escaping steam, and then—blackness.

sunny smile on his face, which made me feel a little ashamed at my resentment, answered: "Naw, you ain't wounded, myte. You just appened to fall down in the bloomin' road and one o' those blinkin' tanks crawled over you." This rather frightened me, and in a pleading voice I asked: "Please tell me; what is the matter with me?" The stretcher bearer leaned over and read from a little tag pinned to my tunic: "G. S. W. left face—(two) left shoulder. Cot." Then he carried on: "Hit means that you 'ave a rifle bullet through the left side of your clock (face) and two bullets through your left shoulder, and that you're a cot case, which means that you won't 'ave to bloody well walk. Two of us poor blokes will 'ave to carry you on a stretcher. You sure are a lucky bloke; pretty cushy, I calls it."

gan conversing among themselves. The main topic was—"Blighty—What Hopes?" Each one was hoping his wound was serious enough for him to be sent to England. The stretcher bearers were being pestered with questions as to what chance the Tommies had of reaching their coveted goal. I believe they all envied the man under ether, because, with a left foot missing, he was sure to be sent to Blighty. A sergeant major of the Royal Army Medical corps entered the ward. The medical men promptly stood at attention, except one or two who were taking care of serious cases. The sergeant major ordered: "Get this ward in shape. The M. O. is coming through in five minutes to inspect cases and 'clear out.'" The medical men went from cot to cot, carefully smoothing out blankets, tucking in loose ends and picking up "rag ends" (cigarette butts).

THE BOYHOOD OF GROVER CLEVELAND. The forerunner of the Cleveland family in this country was Moses Cleveland. He came to our shores from Ipswich, England, reaching New England on or about the year 1635. Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, was descended from Aaron, the second son of Moses Cleveland. The father of Grover Cleveland was a minister, the Rev. Richard Falley Cleveland, and his mother was Miss Ann Neale, of Irish descent. Stephen Grover Cleveland was born on the 18th day of March, 1837, in Caldwell, New Jersey, a small town not very far from Newark. His father was at this time pastor of the Presbyterian church in Caldwell. He had a salary of about five hundred dollars a year and a very large family. The name of Grover was given to the minister's son in honor of a former pastor of the church, the Rev. Stephen Grover. As the boy grew older his first name seems to have been forgotten, and he was known only as Grover, "Grove," as the boys called him. He lived several years in Caldwell and then his father accepted a call to a church in the small town of Fayetteville in New York State. This town was about ten miles from Syracuse, and was an attractive place for a young boy of the country at that time. "It was a great country for a boy to grow up in. It was not in any sense new, and some of the houses had moss on their roofs; but there were plenty of genuine log houses back among the hills whose owners had not yet become so entirely forelanded to build framed, white-painted dwellings with green blinds, such as might be lived in by men whose farms were nearer the market. It was not a new country, indeed, but it was very young and it was growing tremendously."

THE HAPSBURG HOUSE—RUDOLF, THE FOUNDER. No family has furnished so many sovereigns to European peoples, no family has ever reigned over a great empire for so many years, and probably no dozen families combined have ever furnished so many worthless kings and emperors as the Hapsburgs. Ever since their robber founder, Rudolf I, stepped from his castle of Habichtsburg (Hawk's Nest), on the Rhine, to the throne of the Holy Roman Empire in 1272, his descendants have, with one or two exceptions, and excepting the Luxemburg interregnum, misruled the empire of which Austria has nearly always been the central State. Both as emperors of Germany and Austria and as kings of Spain they have as a rule been haughty, incompetent, extravagant and imperious, with ingratitude as their chief characteristic. Old Rudolf made a bluff at reforming when he was elected Emperor by the aid of his friend, the Hohenzollern burgrave of Nuremberg, ancestor of the present Prussian Kaiser, who was also a robber, as his name indicated, Hohen-high-zollern atollery, or high tollhouse keeper, the said tollhouse being a castle on the Alps, where his ancestors held up merchants on their way from Switzerland to Nuremberg. Rudolf decided to close up the robber barons on the Rhine, and what they collected by force Rudolf subsequently collected by taxation and thereby earned the credit from his historians of being an honest emperor, something rare, apparently, at that time. Since Rudolf introduced the Hapsburg family to history there have been twenty Hapsburg Kaisers of the Holy Roman Empire, six Hapsburg kings of Spain, a dozen Hapsburg grand dukes of Tuscany and hundreds of dukes, archdukes, counts and princes of other States, all living on the public purse and spending money like water. Of all that great crew of royal grafters not more than half a dozen have deserved more than a line of mention in history, unless the blood-thirsty tiger, Ferdinand II, and his bigoted son, Ferdinand III, who conducted the thirty years' war, are deserving of more than mention. The only Hapsburg monarchs who have been remembered with respect are Maximilian I, Charles V, Ferdinand I, Maria Teresa, Francis II of Austria, and old Franz Josef. Of most of the others, like General Cuarter's Indian, it might be said, "the good Hapsburgs were dead Hapsburgs." Charles V was responsible for the 80 years' war which freed Holland and brought England and Holland to the front as leading maritime nations; Ferdinand II was responsible for the 30 years' war, which reduced Germany to such a terrible condition that it took 200 years to recover. Maria Teresa has always had the reputation of being the silver lining to the dark cloud of Hapsburg domination, but even she was an expensive luxury to her subjects. In his history of Germany, Menzel shows the haughty bearing of the Hapsburg monarch, the extravagance of his court and the imposing dignity of the crown. Says Menzel: "During the reign of Charles VI, father of Maria Teresa, the emperor was beheld with distant awe as being superior to other human beings, surrounded by a court consisting of no fewer than 40,000 individuals, all of whom aided in the consumption of the public revenue. There were 266 chamberlains, he looked after numerous festivals, processions, etc., which consumed an enormous revenue, which the people had to furnish. "Half of Vienna fed from the imperial kitchens and cellars—that is, the court half. Two casks of Tokay were daily reckoned for softening the bread of the Empress' parrots; twelve quarts of the best wine were required for the Empress' night-cap, and twelve buckets of wine for her daily bath. "The people were degraded to the lowest condition of servility. The oath of allegiance to the Emperor declared, 'the light of Heaven is obscured by your Majesty's illimitable splendor. The universe is not spacious enough to be the scene of such events when your most faithful and obedient estates reach the height of their happiness by casting themselves at the feet of your Majesty.'" One wonders how such a worthless, faithless, ungrateful line of monarchs could rule over a great people so many centuries, and even the statement that Austria was necessary to the rest of Europe, first, as a vanguard of Christianity against the Turk, and secondly, as the representative of Catholicism, does not explain the necessity of maintaining in power the Hapsburgs, who were never accused of a wise act and rarely of a generous one, and who have for centuries been noted for ingratitude. If in their last desperate struggle to maintain their position against the advance of progress they are buried beneath the tidal wave of democracy, the peoples of the polyglot empire they have so long misruled may contemplate with complacency the end of an unexplainable reason permitted to outlive a century their fellow-misruled, the Bourbons, and who during all that period have ever been a barrier to the happiness of their subjects.—Thomas B. Blynn.

FARM NOTES. "Don't treat lightly the boy who sells 'hot roasted peanuts' at the ball park. Peanuts are a splendid food, cheap and nutritious." The United States Department of Agriculture says so. —The British breeds of sheep amply demonstrate the possibility of obtaining large yields of wool and meat from the same animals, and with both flocks of the future will develop still further upon a wool and mutton basis. —While the labor required by sheep raising is continuous, it is not heavy, and if properly supervised and made interesting by financial return can well be performed by boys incapable of other kinds of farm work. This fact should be given consideration in many sections where farm labor is scarce. —The Belgian hare is one of the best rabbits for table use. It weighs more than most breeds, develops rapidly, and the quality of the meat is superior to all the others. The Flemish giant is a Belgian hare bred exclusively for large size, with the result that the meat is coarser and less delicate in flavor. These characteristics are considered by some persons as desirable, but this is largely a matter of individual taste. —One of the best and cheapest ways to control weeds on farms is to keep a flock of sheep. In addition to controlling weeds without cost, sheep will render a profit by producing nutritious food and wool, and will assist materially in meeting demands on the nation for meat and wool production. If weeds are not permitted to grow and develop leaves they will die, but it would require a great amount of hand labor to keep most weeds under control by this method. Sheep will keep the weeds down and the more weeds they eat the less will be their cost of upkeep, and the greater will be the supply of feed released for other stock. Many rough or permanent grass pastures that require mowing can be kept clean by the use of sheep, while at the same time the carrying capacity of the pasture is increased. —There should be 100 hens on every farm in the United States, declares a recent publication from the office of the Secretary of Agriculture. And we should obtain 100 eggs from every hen. With approximately 6,000,000 farms that would mean 600,000,000 hens and 60,000,000,000 eggs per year, according to the calculations of the writers, who then add that the number of eggs constitutes a military resource not to be ignored. One hundred hens on every farm is not a particularly big contract. There is hardly a farm in the United States but could support that number of hens practically on its waste materials and without materially added cost. One hundred hens to a farm is considerably less than the average number of hens to a farm in many of the better poultry-producing sections of the country. It is an average that could easily be maintained in the sections of the country where the average per farm is now lower. One hundred eggs from every hen, while far below what could be obtained with proper encouragement of fowling, is considerably more than the average egg production the country over. —Nearly 17,000 samples of seed were received for test last year at the seed-testing laboratory of the United States Department of Agriculture in Washington, and 11,349 samples at the five branch laboratories maintained in co-operation with State institutions. All of these samples were examined to determine the quality of the seed and the presence of adulterants. The enforcement of the seed-importation act has served to prevent many shipments of imported seed, unfit for seeding purposes, from being distributed in this country. Among these shipments were several pounds of red clover seed were prohibited entry on account of the presence of weed seeds and dead seed. Approximately one-half of this was reclaimed in bond—the weed seeds and other refuse removed being destroyed, while the seed of good quality was allowed to go into the seed trade. The other half of the prohibited red clover shipments was rejected because it contained so much dead seed as to be of practically no value for seeding purposes. Three shipments aggregating enough seed to sow 16,000 acres at a normal rate of seeding, contained no seed which could be expected to grow in the field. Because of the difficulties of trans-Atlantic shipment, imports of almost all kinds of seed have fallen off. Canada bluegrass from Canada and winter rape from Japan being the only two items of imports which have exceeded those of the previous year. —The milk of the Jersey is rich in butterfat, frequently testing about 5 per cent. Where butterfat is produced for market, the Jersey is unsurpassed, as her cream is highly colored, making it especially suitable for a fancy trade. She is an economical feeder, producing considerable butterfat in proportion to the feed she consumes, and will thrive when confined in a corral on a small farm or when allowed to range at will on a ranch. Owing to their rugged, vigorous condition, the Ayrshires are especially adapted to rough, hilly farms. They have been bred under favorable conditions until they have acquired more rugged constitution than most refined breeds. For milk and butter qualifications, the Ayrshires stand between the Holstein and the Jerseys, and are excellent general purpose cows. The Guernsey is similar to the Jersey, has richer milk and more highly colored butter; it is also larger, making a fair animal for the butcher, when well fattened. Shortorns, Red Polls and Brown Swiss cows are more of the best kind than they are for milk. Nature intended these breeds as beef-producing animals. In general it will be noticed, each breed has its special qualifications, and the selection of a particular breed depends upon the individual farmer's requirements. As a rule, one cow out of every four is not worth keeping; she is merely a boarder. All such should be gotten rid of as soon as known. It is a good plan to make a test once a month.



"What's the Matter? Am I Wounded?" a bloomin' map of Frawnce; 'e wants to know where 'e is." "Awkins, across the way, answered: "Tell 'im 'e's bloomin' well in Sam Isaac's fish 'ouse down Tottenham Court Road, awlatin' for 'is order o' fish and chips." This brought a general laugh from the Tommies opposite me and on my right and left. Somewhat incensed at their merriment, I retorted: "Quit your kidding; for the love of Mike, have some sense. What's the matter? Am I wounded?" The stretcher bearer, still with the

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