## Blighty! "What Hopes?"

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

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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 lighted 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 mies and medical men. 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.

I opened my eyes. I was lying on a stretcher, covered with blankets, in a low-roofed, wooden building. Across the way from me was a long row of stretchers, each stretcher hölding a wounded Tommy, some lying flat, others propped up by folded blankets. Others were sitting on their stretchers tenderly caressing an arm bound up with white bandages.

Occasionally a stretcher, reclining on which was a muddy and bloody soldier, would be carried down the aisle by two stretcher bearers. This stretcher would be placed in an open space in the row opposite.

I could hear a hum of conversation all about me, and as my brain cleared snatches of it became intelligible.

My right hand seemed to be in a vise. I could not release it. Squirming in bed, which sent a sharp, shooting pain through my left shoulder, I tried with my unbandaged eye to see ding my wris

A Royal Army Medical corps man was sitting on the floor at the head of my stretcher, and had my wrist in his grasp. He was about twenty years old, and looked dog-tired; his chin would gradually sink to his chest, as if he were falling asleep; then he would suddenly start, lift up his head with a jerk, and stare around the room. Pretty soon his eyelids would slowly close. I gave my arm a tug and he quickly opened his eyes; then across his face flashed a smile. To me it appeared like the sun rising from behind a hill at daybreak. That smile sent a warm glow through me. I believe that right then I was in love with his boyish face. Then he opened his mouth and, as is usual in such cases, spoiled it all:

"Strafe me pink, but you do tyke your own bloomin' time to come out o' chloroform, 'Ere I've been, bloody well balmy, a 'oldin' your bloomin' pulse."

Out of the corner of my mouth I asked him:

"Where am I?"

Still smiling, he hailed a stretcher bearer across the way.

"I sye, 'Awkins, this blighter wants



"What's the Matter? Am I Wounded?"

a blocmin' map of Frawnce; 'e wants to know where 'e is."

'Awkins, across the way, answered: "Teil 'im 'e's bloomin' well : Sam Isaac's fish 'ouse down Tottenham Court Road, awaitin' 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

me feel a little ashamed at my resent- main topic was-"Blighty-What

ment. answered: "Naw, you ain't wounded, myte. wound was serious enough for him to You just 'appened to fall down in be sent to England. The stretcher the bloomin' road and one o' those bearers were being pestered with quesblinkin' tanks crawled over you."

This rather frightened me, and is a pleading voice I asked: "Please tell me; what is the matter

with me?" The stretcher bearer leaned over my tunic:

"G. S. W. left face—(two) left shoulder. Cot." Then he carried on:

"H'it means that you 'ave a rifle clock (face) and two bullets through inspect cases and 'clear out.'" 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."

I asked him if the wounds were good for Blighty.

He answered: "Yes, you're good for Blighty, and I'm a-thinkin' that they're good for a discharge. That left h'arm o' your'n will be out o' commission for the rest o' your life. Your wife, if you've got one, will bloomin' well 'ave to cut your meat for you, that is if you're lucky enough to get any blinkin' meat on the pension the Top 'Ats 'ome will 'and you."

A feeling of pride surged through me. In a hospital of wounded soldiers a severely wounded case is more or less looked up to, while a man with a superficial wound is treated as an ordinary mortal. I could read respect, perhaps intermixed with a little envy, in the eyes of the surrounding Tom-

The door at the end of the ward opened. A howl came from the cot at my right, and a gruff Irish voice shouted:

"Close that damned door. You bloomin' hospital men have no sinse at all. Here I am, knocked about by a shell, and the likes o' youse puts me in a bloody draft. It's a good thing we have a navy; with the likes o' you blokes in the army, we certainly need

A snicker went up from the patients. Then a Tommy on my left answered this outburst with:

"Bloody nerve, I call it. 'Ere 'e is, a' covered with blankets, and grousin' about a little drawft, and not many hours back 'e was lyin' in a bloomin' shell 'ole, with the wind a-blowin' the whiskers off 'im, and 'e a-prayin' for stretcher bearers. I'll wager a quid 'e belongs to the Royal Irish Rifles."

The man on my right retorted: "Naw, I'm not in the Royal Irish Rifles, but I belong to a good outfitthe Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and I can lick the man that says they ain't."

Just then, from a corner of the ward, came the voice of a stretcher bearer: "Jones, get the M. O. (medical officer). Hurry up—quick—this poor bloke's a-goin' west."

The man holding my hand suddenly released his grip, and rising to his feet hurriedly left the ward. A dead silence ensued. I tried to turn in the direction from which the first voice had come, but the sharp pain in my shoulder warned me that it was use-

In a few seconds the door opened and I could hear low voices down in the corner. I could see the Tommies around me intently gazing in the direction of the voices. After a few minutes the door opened again, then closed, and Jones came back. I looked up at him and he solemnly nodded.

One more son of Britain had paid the toll of war.

My unbandaged eye suddenly became cloudy and misty and a hot tear rolled down my cheek.

The door at the other end of the ward opened and two stretcher bearers entered, going in the direction of the dead man. Pretty soon they left the ward, carrying a stretcher, on which was a still form covered with a blanket. The Irishman on my right

was repeating to himself: "Poor bloke, poor bloke; he sure done his bit, and it won't be long before he'll be pushin' up the daisies somewhere in France. And before this war is over, there'll be lots more in the same fix.'

One of the Tommies, in an effort to be brave, addressed Jones:

"What's 'is nyme, Mike? What battalion is 'e from?" Jones answered:

"James Collins, a lance corporal out of the Royal Warwicks; five machine gun bullets through the right lunghemorrhage."

The door opened again and two stretcher bearers entered, carrying a Tommy, his head lying flat, and a smell of ether pervaded the ward. We knew it was a case from the Pictures (operating room). The stretcher bearers placed him on the right of the

Irishman. Jones now left me, and, getting a little white basin, went over to the new arrival. The Tommies turned inquiring looks in his direction. Answering these glances, he read from the tag pinned to the tunic of the patient: "Shell wound, left foot-amputa-

Then and there I knew that I had lost my prestige.

In a short while the form on the stretcher began to mumble. This mumbling soon turned to singing; that Tommy sure could sing! He must have been a comedian in civilian life, because the Tommies were soon roaring with laughter; so was I, as much as my wounds would permit. Harry Tate, the famous English comedian, in his palmiest days, never had a more appreciative audience. After a while the singing ceased, and the Tommies be- | reward."

Hopes?" Each one was hoping his tions 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 and read from a little tag pinned to 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. bullet through the left side of your is coming through in five minutes to

The medical men went from cot to cot, carefully smoothing out blankets, tucking in loose ends and picking up "fag ends" (cigarette butts). The sergeant major left.

In about ten minutes the door opened again and, with a smart "shun" from the sergeant major a dead silence reigned in the ward. The medical men all came to attention, then the doctor entered, followed by a clerk and a R. A. M. C. sergeant. He stopped at each cot, carefully read the tag on the wounded man occupying it, passed a few remarks which the clerk jotted down on a pad of paper, and as he left each wounded soldier he made a cheering remark to

When he came to me he asked: "Well, how are you feeling, my lad?" at the same time stooping over

"Hum-three rifle bullets; well, my lucky fellow, it means England for I could have kissed that doctor. Then he passed to the Irishman on

my tag.

my right. Stooping over him, he said: "How are you, my lad?" The Irishman answered: "I'm d-d sick and I want to get out of here; I want to get out of here.

out of this draft. Every tin minutes they're openin' and a-shuttin' that The doctor, with a wink, turned to the R. A. M. C. sergeant and said:

"Shrapnel, left foot, knee and right breast. I see no reason why this man won't be ready for duty in a couple of days." The Irishman, with a yell, an-

wered: "Dooty; how the h—l can I do dooty when I can't walk?" The doctor answered:

"That will be all right, my lad. We'll fix you up with a cusl job at brigade headquarters, pounding a typewriter." The Irishman, with a groan of dis-

gust, addressing nobody in particular, sighed: "Out since Mons, and I end up workin' a bloody typewriter at head-

of oaths came from the Irishman:

"Poundin' a — typewriter at headquarters; just like the bloody British army; what in h-l do I know about one of those writin' machines? Just my luck. Why couldn't that shell have hit me in the hands. But I s'pose if I'd lost my bloody hands they'd made a tight-rope walker out o' me. Win this war-what hopes?" The Tommies were eagerly questioning each other:

"What did he sye to you?" "Are you good for Blighty?" "He marked England on my tag!" "What does base hospital mean? Does it mean go West. He returned to his moththat I'm to stick it out in this bloody mud while you blokes are a-goin' to Blighty?" etc.

Pretty soon a stretcher bearer entered, carrying a little oblong green box, which, we all knew, contained cigarettes. He was greeted with a chorus of:

"Gimme a fag, mate; I'm all out. Come on, chum, don't forget me. That's a good fellow. Let's have one.

Pretty soon every Tommy who was able had a lighted fag between his lips, and a sigh of content went up as he inhaled deep drafts of the smoke. I certainly enjoyed mine. The sergeant major again entered.

The medical men came to attention. In crisp tones he ordered: "Get the convoy for England ready. Look alive; the ambulances are ex-

nected any minute." The stretcher bearers entered, bustling about, and the ward was in an uproar. Then, outside, could be heard the chugging engines of the waiting

ambulances. As each fortunate Tommy was carried out the more unfortunate ones, who were to be left behind at the base hospital, bravely wished him a "Good luck, mate; give my regards to Trafalgar square. Be careful and don't lose your watch in Petticoat

lane. Give 'er my love." As I was carried through the door the cold air sent a shiver through me and my wounds began to pain. The effect of the chloroform was wearing off. Outside it was dark and confusion seemed to reign supreme. Lanterns were flashing to and fro and long lines of stretchers could be seen

moving toward the ambulances. I was placed in an ambulance with three others. A rasping noise as the gears were shifted, and with a jerk the ambulance started. That jerk

made me grind my teeth. But I was happy in the thought that at last I was on my way to that longed-for heaven, Blighty!

—The truly wise man always has "respect unto the recompense of the

sunny smile on his face, which made gan conversing among themselves. The THE BOYHOOD OF GROVER THE HAPSBURG HOUSE—RU-CLEVELAND.

The forerunner of the Cleveland 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 lost sight of and he was known only as Grover, or "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 little town. Of the character of the country at this time we read:

"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 sufficiently forehanded 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, while in no other part of the United States was there a greater degree of mental activity. It was said that more politics, such as they were, and more religion, such as it was, could be found within twelve miles of Salt Point than in the District of Colum-

The boy Grover entered the common school of the town. There was an Academy in the town and it was the ambition of all really ambitious boys to enter the Academy as soon as

possible.
With Grover Cleveland the will to do a thing was paramount to actually bringing that thing to pass, and when he had once made up his mind to enter the Academy it was certain that he would do so. He was only eleven years old when the great desire of his heart was realized and he became a student at the Fayetteville Academy. He was a student in the best sense of the word, and he had entered that Academy "for business."

With nine children in the family, and the minister's salary small, it became necessary for the boys of the family to earn an honest penny as soon as possible, and at twelve years of age Grover became the youngest clerk in the town. He entered a gen-eral store, where he was kept busy during the day and in the evenings he Society of his church. Grover entered a good preparatory school in Clinton and had his eye on Hamilton College in the town. He had to earn more money and he went back to the clerkship in the store in Fayetteville, where he remained two years working who looked after numerous festivals, hard, studying when he could and processions, etc., which consumed an saving his money in the hope of a college education. When he was sixteen years old his father died and he had not only himself, but his widowed rial kitchens and cellars—that is, the mother and some young brothers and

sisters to think of that there was any opportunity for him in New York and he decided to ed for the Empress' 'night-cap,' and er's home and borrowed twenty-five dollars from a man who had confidence enough in him to loan it to him on his personal note, and the boy and a companion started for the West without being at all sure as to where they would locate. When they reached Buffalo, young Cleveland walked ten miles to the large stock farm of cle was so pleased with the push and apparent ambition of the boy that he made him a good offer to remain on the farm. Grover Cleveland had by this time decided that he would like to become a lawyer, and his prosperous uncle came to think that his hustling young nephew would succeed in about anything he undertook. Through the influence of his uncle young Cleveland entered the office of the law firm of Rogers, Bowen and Rogers where he soon made it evident that he "meant business" and would probably develop into a good lawyer. That this prophecy was verified the world If in the

knows. It was not an easy victory, but the boy who won out had three essential traits of character. They were constant industry, high courage and unfailing honesty. Nothing will carry a young fellow farther on the road to success than these three traits of character. They helped to carry Grover Cleveland to the White House as the twenty-second President of the United States.—Ex.

A Lesson from the Birds.

Among the birds there seems to be an understanding of community life and sociability. They stick together in their pleasures and in their journeys and in their troubles. This is especially true of the sea birds. They always respond to the cry of distress from one of their number. If one is shot, the gulls, snipe and plover will circle around the spot until the fear of death finally drives them away. If a wounded snipe is found, its friends will bring it food and guard it from all enemies until it can fly again. The little wood birds are the same. They quarrel among themselves sometimes, but they always band together in case of danger. The presence of large hawks or crows is heralded by shrill calls, and all within the danger radius get together and fight like little

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DOLF, THE FOUNDER.

No family has furnished so many overeigns to European peoples, no family has ever reigned over a great empire 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 Rome 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, incompe- fact should be given consideration in tent, extravagant and imperious, with many sections where farm labor is ingratitude as their chief characteris-

Old Rudolf made a bluff at reforming when he was elected Emperor by the aid of his friend, the Hohenzol-lern 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, appar-

ently, at that time. Since Rudolf introduced the Haps-burg family to history there have been twenty Hapsburg Kaisers of the Holy Roman Empire, four Kaisers of the Austrian 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 Custer'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. workin' a bloody typewriter at headquarters. Stick me in skirts and I'll
go as a manicurist."

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the continued his studies at home. Afte As soon as the door closed a string ed a position with the Home Mission 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,

enormous revenue, which the people had to furnish. "Half of Vienna fed from the impecourt half. Two casks of Tokay were daily reckoned for softening the bread The ambitious boy did not think of the Empress' parrots; twelve twelve buckets of wine for her daily

bath. "The people were degraded to the condition of servility. The lowest 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 obedihis uncle to make a visit. This was the ent estates reach the height of their the end of his going West, for his unhappiness by casting themselves at 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 in-

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 a race of rulers, who were for some unexplainable reason permitted to outlive by a century their fellow-misrulers, the Bourbons, and who during all that period have ever been a barrier to the happiness of their subjects. -Thomas B. Blynn.

One More Sucker.

Jenkins, who had gone to the shop that sold everything, happened to no-tice, while the assistant was serving him, a sovereign lying on the floor near his foot—a whole, round, golden

sovereign! Quivering with excitement and glancing cautiously around to see that no one was watching him, he dropped, quite accidentally, of course, one of his gloves on top of the coin. Then, bending, he proceeded to pick up his glove; but the sovereign did not accompany it. The elusive coin still remained where it was upon the floor. He made a second attempt to get hold of it, but with the same result.

"Good evening, sir! May I be allowed to show you a bottle of our famous liquid glue? As, no doubt, you are aware, its sticking powers—"

But Jenkins had fled.—London TitFARM 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 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 ba-

-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

-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 cheanest 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 nu-tritious 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 oth-er 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 cattle-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 sec-tions of the country where the aver-age per farm is now lower.

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 institu-tions. All of these samples were examined to determine the quality of the seed and the presence of adulterants. The enforcement of the seedimportation act has served to prevent many shipments of imported seed, unfit for seeding purposes, from being distributed in their original condition. Among these shipments over 675,000 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 recleaned 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 unsur-passed, as her cream is highly colored, making it e pecially 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 a more rugged constitution than more refined breeds. For milk and butter qualifications, the Ayrshires stand between the Holstein and the Jerseys, and are excellent general purpose

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 fatted. Shorthorns, Red Polls and Brown Swiss cows are more of the beef kind than they are for milk. Nature intended these breeds as beef-produc-ing animals. In general it will be noticed, each breed has its special qualifications, and the selection of a particular breed depends upon the indi-

vidual 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