

and black, and to have those colors just where we wish in them, continuity of use of the most suitable fowls to produce given results will in time, I think, secure the ideal of the Standard of Excellence as interpreted by Magrane. Choose continuously dark, spotted, and mixed color Brahmans as breeders, and the opposite will be the result.—If “like will,” even in a limited sense, “beget like,” who can limit the progress toward perfection?

“Waterloo” says: “being unable to teach, I was anxious to be taught.” Who does he imagine can be competent to teach the experienced writer of the criticism, prophecy, and assumption of knowledge exhibited in the first and second paragraphs of his No. 7 article, his statement in the third paragraph, that he is “unable to teach” notwithstanding.

My friend, J. L., it will not pay either you or me to be captious; we cannot help each other, nor can we help others by harshly expressed opinions, or by severe replies. I have, without intention, offended you; you struck back in bad temper. I have explained and tried to show you how unconsciously a man may have the fault he condemns in others. I shall not enter into acrimonious controversy, but will hold myself responsible to do you justice by making recompense, if I have injured your feelings by misunderstanding you, or by replying too severely to your remarks. You will, by reading the American poultry journals, find that I have never been “non-committal on the question of under-color.” I hold with reference to any point required by the Standard, or contrary to it, that “like begets like”—not a perfect image without variation, but a likeness to that by which it was produced, sometimes inferior to the parents, sometimes superior.

In reply to your last paragraph in No. 7, I would say that the “heavy and light artillery” I have to bring to bear on “Waterloo,” will be perfectly harmless, as the ordinance consists of light and heavy Brahmans, some having light, and some dark under-color; the four families I use for breeding being distinguished for some desirable qualities, and these are amalgamated by using breeders from each as experience and necessity requires. Our system of breeding satisfies us because the results are to our mind, and consistent with the theory of “like begets like,” and to an extent proportionate to the persistence of the breeder in continuously selecting with reference to the results desired.

We raise Brown Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, and Brahmans on the same system. Last year we raised over six hundred chicks on our farms, and this year we have so far about four hundred of those varieties. Our fowls rank as high as any, and this year distinguished breeders are hatching eggs from

our stock, and from the stock of other breeders who are famous for their success, to test the qualities of each, and the result will be made public. I have no fear for my chicks because I know their family characteristics for years past, and I hope that you will be constrained to acknowledge that I have decided views on under-color and all fancy points.

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Notes from Waterloo.

No. 8.

The poultry fancier is often greeted with such remarks as “How can you take up your time with such trifles as chickens?” and an answer that will be satisfactory to the querist is often hard to find; yet nearly all will admit that amusement and recreation, relaxation from the care, worry and vexation of business or labor is not only advisable but necessary, and certainly no more innocent and healthful recreation can be found than in the care of poultry, pigeons, cage birds, or animals of some kind. And in the evening, surrounded by his pets, watching their development, noting their peculiarities, faults or beauties, in feeding and caring for them, the artizan forgets his toil, and the merchant his ledger and bank account.

To the young, especially, the care of pets is not only pleasant but is also valuable training, for as they require to be regularly attended to, it forms and encourages habits of regularity and order, fosters a spirit of kindness and gentleness, and stimulates reflection and inquiry that will prove valuable in after years, whether these years are passed in the work-shop or the counting-house, on the farm, or in the senate chamber.

It is a matter of surprise that so few farmers, or their sons, are fanciers. And surely if the mechanic or business man, living in a town or city, with only a few feet of space, can and does succeed in raising fowls, the farmer, with plenty of out-buildings and scope for runs, might be much more successful. “But,” they say, “We have no time for such things.” Yet they do not work as many hours the year round as the mechanic does; still the latter can find time to attend to his fowls, even although they require a great deal more labor than the farmer's do, on account of being confined.

Farmers complain that their boys grow up with a distaste for farm life, because it is dull and monotonous. Well, the remedy for this is simple and not very expensive: get a setting of eggs or a trio of pure bred fowls, and give them to your boy, to be his own property; subscribe for the REVIEW for him, and you will soon see him show a desire to understand about their care and management; and