

ANOTHER VIEW.

H. H. Collier, as a Poultry Judge.

There are some very narrow minded men connected with the poultry industry and evidently one or two of them have found their way into the Pacific Northwest. It seems to wear on their nerves if they see a brother fancier making progress. Their own advance is generally slow and they want everyone else to follow suit. As an illustration of this we noted an article recently in which Mr. H. H. Collier the well known Tacoma fancier and Secretary of the Tacoma Poultry Association was severely censured because he had dared to act as judge at the Washington State Fair. Let us have a look and see just what Mr. Collier's offense was. First he is charged with "not being a poultry judge and not an authority on scoring;" second the statement is made that, "Premiums awarded by an incompetent judge are valueless." In the first place as to Mr. Collier's not being a poultry judge. We wonder how that interesting fact was discovered and upon whose authority it stands. Who has the right to determine who are poultry judges and who are not? Evidently the men who selected the judge thought different and if they were satisfied that was the main thing. We have never seen any claim made by Mr. Collier relative to great ability along this line but we know for a fact that he has bred poultry for the last sixteen years, has made a careful study of poultry literature, was superintendent at the Alabama fair, and since coming to the Northwest has been closely identified with poultry matters, and in all fairness we can not see the slightest reason why he is to be belashed because at the request of a company of fanciers he judges birds at a show. As to scoring, he did not score a single bird; the judging was done by comparison and we presume well done too, despite any disgruntled people to the contrary. As to the statement that "premiums awarded by an incompetent judge are worthless" that of course is all right, but assertion is far from proof in this case, and until it is proved as applied to Mr. Collier it should have no weight with breeders. It is extremely doubtful if Mr. Collier would for a moment claim to equal the leading judges of this country but he may fairly claim the right to enter a show room at the request of the officials and judge by comparison or score card

every bird present and no one has any right to object until they can offer some proof of inefficiency. Even then Mr. Collier could point to the severe criticism that is often made against the awards of even the men with a "national reputation." We have closely watched the different papers Mr. Collier writes for but so far have seen no reference to the matter, he seems to prefer a dignified silence conscious that he is entirely right and quite within the bounds of all recognized poultry etiquette. He may not thank us for thus referring to the matter but it is only fair that poultrymen of the Northwest should see the other side.

●●●

WHAT IS THE MATTER?

DO YOUR HENS PAY?

EDITOR B. C. FANCIER:—The October number of B. C. FANCIER having been handed to me by my friend Mr. T. A. Duff of this city and having carefully perused its pages I desire in the first place to express my admiration of its excellent typographical appearance, and secondly of the good taste and enterprising spirit of its editor and promoters as manifest by the many good things with which it is brimming.

In answer to the query in October No. "What is the matter?" I feel constrained to say that in the opinion of your humble servant there is nothing the matter with the B. C. FANCIER at any rate, although there is doubtless something wrong with the "malecontent hen-man" who asserts in all seriousness that "there is no money in hens"—with eggs at forty cents a dozen; the verdict of such men would doubtless be the same if eggs were eighty cents per dozen. There is no sand in such men, they give up at the first obstacle that blocks their path, and their first failure is a complete Waterloo for them; *this* in the opinion of the writer is *what is the matter*.

In reply to the second query—"Do your hens pay?" I desire to say without vainglory that mine generally do, but am not unmindful of days gone by when the apparent multifarious intricacies of poultry breeding at times sorely tried my patience, and on some occasions loss instead of profit accrued at the end of the season, but being a believer in the old phrase "*labor omnia vincit*" and being withal of a somewhat obstinate disposition I have stuck to it for about twelve years with varying success; there have been disappoint-

ments and subsequent gratification, and that which at one time seemed complex and unfathomable is now as clear as day. That poultry raising is a profitable pursuit I am firmly convinced, when properly conducted by a man who puts his heart and I was going to say his soul in the work (the writer has cared for a feathered family of fifteen hundred members and knows whereof he speaks); and on the other hand I am equally certain that a man can lose all the money that he can put in it, unless he is a practical man, and not a mere theorist, and possessed of some originality and perseverance (lots of the latter), and puts the same vim into his work that would be expected in a successful man in commercial or professional pursuits. Poultry-raising when conducted on a sufficiently large scale to be termed a *business*, requires unremitting attention. Statutory holidays are practically unknown to the market poultry-man, but then if he is of the right stuff he does not mind that; he performs the thousand and one duties incumbent upon him during the hours of daylight and when old Sol retires for the day he secures his feathered wards against midnight marauders, and then seeks the companionship of a brother breeder and "talkshop" all the evening with a vivacity that simply astonishes the laity. The topic never becomes stale or threadbare; with him it is an inexhaustible subject. Such is a practical "dyed in the wool" poultry-man. That such devotees make poultry pay is unquestionable, many are doing so today and many more will do so in days to come.

At some future time I may have something further to say on the subject.

Faternally yours,

T. A. WILLITS.

Toronto, Ont.

●●●

CHANGE OF DATE.

The Nanaimo Society have changed their date to Feb. 12-14. Sharp Butterfield the well-known Canadian judge has been secured, and that fact alone will go far toward making the exhibition a success. Last year's record will be another big help. Next month's FANCIER will have full particulars.

.....At the last exhibition of the New England Light Brahma Club held in Boston, Mass., Mr. G. V. Fletcher the owner of the first prize hen refused many offers made for her, the highest of which was \$150.