

**Shorthorns and Holsteins.**

While it was not my intention to decry Holsteins, my letter was intended to correct certain extravagant claims made by the breeders and partisans of Holsteins, but more especially to elicit, if possible, the testimony and experience of those who were unprejudiced and who had no object in booming any particular breed. My attempt in this respect, so far, has proved unsuccessful, although it is to be hoped, in the interest of the farmer, that it will yet bear fruit. Mr. Smith, in his letter, contained in the September number of the *ADVOCATE*, is apparently annoyed because I contradicted his quotation from the Consular reports, which, he says, was founded, as to the item in question, on information furnished by Mr. James Long. Passing over the contemptuous manner in which he refers to me as "one who styles himself Observer," beyond reminding him of the old proverb, "Lookers on see most of the game," I would first of all point out to Mr. Smith that my assertions are not unsupported, but that I give chapter and verse for my authority, two of them being of a very early date indeed. In the next place, Mr. Long is a well-known authority, but he could have no personal knowledge of the matter, and his information could only be acquired through means which are open to any one. I will again restate the question: From all the information available there was from time immemorial a superior race of cattle in Yorkshire and Durham, and that this was a very ancient race, is confirmed by a sculpture of a cow on Durham Cathedral, which was erected in the tenth century. We have information that some Holsteins were imported into Yorkshire, and also to some other points on the east coast of England, which were probably crossed with some of the cattle there; but that the result of these crosses was the origin of the present Shorthorn there is not the slightest proofs, any more than there is in the allegation that the present Holstein is the descendant of crosses from the Shorthorns which were introduced into Holland. But, on the other hand, we have the opinion of Culley, one of the oldest writers on live stock, that the black-fleshed cattle were the result of bad crosses from Holland, an opinion which is confirmed by the article I quoted from the *London (Eng.) L. S. Journal* of a much more recent date. Mr. Smith says I try to leave the impression that "Holstein milk is not good." He can find no such statement in my letters. The impressions I sought to convey were (1) that, as a rule, the milk was not rich, and that, although there were, as in all other breeds, some very superior animals, the rank and file, as far as dairy products were concerned, would not average above the Shorthorn grade, while in beefing qualities they are below the average; (2) that, although we were favored with test quotations of prizes won in other countries, Holstein breeders have not, so far, chosen to enlighten the public by similar opportunities of judging for themselves in Canada. Mr. S. goes on to say that every one now admits that Holsteins are the best milkers in the world, except a few such persons as myself and Stockman, yet recent occurrences would indicate that some Holstein men would have to be included in our minority, for although there were several herds of Holsteins present at the last Industrial Exhibition, and also entered for the special silver service

offered by the *FARMER'S ADVOCATE* as a competition between the dairy breeds, they were all, without exception, withdrawn from the competition. Surely the Holstein men's hearts must have failed them, and they must have lost their boasted faith in their cattle! As Mr. Smith may wish my impression as to the milking qualities of the Holstein confirmed, let me refer him to the results of the British Dairy Farmers' Association for the past ten years successively, of every animal exhibited at its annual dairy show:—119 Shorthorns averaged per diem 43.13 lbs. milk and 3.70 fat; 31 Shorthorns averaged 44.80 lbs. milk and 3.81 fat; 7 Holsteins averaged 34.26 lbs. milk and 3.26 fat. Again, the Director of the New Hampshire Experimental Station, in comparing the products from different breeds, says:—"Holsteins produced per cow 59.71 lbs. milk and 2.07 lbs. butter, the cost of milk being 85½ cts. per 100 lbs.; Shorthorns gave per cow 61.41 lbs. milk and 2.61 lbs. butter, cost of milk being 81 cts. per 100 lbs." Does this look as if the Holsteins were the best milkers in the world?

OBSERVER.

**Judging at Our Shows.**

Now that another season's shows are over, it may not be amiss to discuss the vexed question of the judges. This is always a very important matter to the fair committee, and much more so to the exhibitors. Seldom does any show pass without more or less grumbling at the decisions, and it must be confessed that too often there is some ground for these complaints. On the other side we have the "kicker," who never lets a show pass without being before the directors with some complaint of unfair treatment, and who, unless (by fair means or foul) he captures the bulk of the awards, roundly abuses the judges and all their connections. Directors should secure the very best judges available. They should be honest men, knowing in the ring neither friend nor foe, and experts in the classes they undertake to judge. Such men are not easily procured; directors cannot pick them up on short notice—expert men, who know what an animal should be in the class, and who know that animal when they see it—men who know the standard for the breed, and can fairly value defects and variations from that standard, and give each its true place. In some classes men who know the type are abundant, in others very scarce. There may be a great many who are well up in Shorthorns, and few who know just what a Hereford or a Holstein should be. A man may be an expert on Durhams and be quite useless as a judge of Galloways or Guernseys; and yet directors frequently err just here, and because a man is reputed as a breeder and judge of one class, put him on as judge of quite a different class. He is almost sure to be a failure and worse than a novice, because he always gauges by the standard of his favorites; there should therefore be judges for each class. A man may be an expert on standard-bred trotters, but that is no reason why he should be put to judge everything in the horse line, from ponies to Percherons. For some years past the Clydesdale Association have named a few of their members as expert judges. If the breeders in other lines would adopt this plan, it would be a guide for directors in their selection. The Shropshire breeders in England, many years ago, selected judges and kept them on year after year,

till they built up the type of sheep they were aiming at. Some favor a single judge, others think two with a referee much preferable; others, again, try three judges, two of which act together in turns or by lot. The Highland Society, of Scotland, have lately adopted a plan of nominations by the exhibitors. All the exhibitors for the three past years in each class having a vote, and the recommended judge, having the most votes, being first choice by the directors. In the past, men have been appointed judges who were very far from being experts. Men have gone into a ring, as judges of one of our beef breeds, who did not even know the name of the cattle he professed to judge, and who had never before seen an animal of the kind. Standing, some years ago, looking at a pen of Cotswold sheep at one of our large shows, the writer was asked "are them Soupsheers;" being answered in the negative, he enquired where the "critters" were, and in conversation said he was to be a judge, and he duly assisted in placing the awards. Then we have the professional expert, who is ready at anytime to judge anything or everything that can be found at a modern fair. He is always there, and always judging. One fair he is on Ayrshires, and the next on Southdowns or Leicesters. Next he will be on apples or colliers, and before a week is over will be at draught horses or hens. It is all the same to him, he is ready for anything. Many experts are no use as judges, they do not get past favorites. If an animal comes into the ring nearly related to one they have had, it is sure to be well to the front in their opinion. Some are even accused of looking more at the owner than the animal, and this when the men are trying to do right. At a recent fair, where three judges were acting, they were all agreed as to the animal to be placed first—an outstanding winner; for second place there was a scramble, and on comparing notes it was found that the one from the section to which the judge belonged was his favorite for second place. The judge in the ring should know neither friend nor foe, but that is not enough. To the exhibitors he should be known in this light—be to them above suspicion. It is unpleasant for an exhibitor to send his animals before a judge a near relative of one of his rivals, or before another who has shown special animosity in business against himself, or has accepted favors from a rival. These things are continually cropping up. Numerous instances could be given of trouble arising from these causes. This year, in an important class of cattle at a leading show where three judges were appointed, it was found that two of these, from different parts of the country, were near relatives of an exhibitor. Last year objection was made to a judge who had purchased stock from an exhibitor, never paid for it, and been sued by the seller. This year a single expert judge on a large class placed the bulk of the prizes on animals he himself had purchased for the exhibitor. It is not alleged that in any of these cases the judges were dishonest, but they were not the men the directors should have put in the ring. That judges should be honest men need not be enlarged upon. The contrary class, unfortunately, are sometimes found at a show. It is intensely irritating to an exhibitor to know or believe that his opponent has "fixed" the judges. This, of course, is the worst possible case, happily now becoming rare. Let us hope it will soon be, by the care of directors, quite a thing of the past.

D. M. C.