

any value in my views they will take root somewhere, and do good, and that's what I am after. You, Mr. P., as a lawyer, know that it generally takes more than one man's testimony to make conclusive evidence, yet you ask me to prove that extracting from the brood chamber is the cause of foul brood. Will you prove that it is not the cause? Mr. P. says my views on the subject are new to him, or words to that effect and this encourages me in the belief that the best of us sometimes overlook important facts, which it brought to light and not discussed, but examined impartially in the interest of all concerned, we would not be floundering so much, but would get right after a while and make that substantial progress which it is only possible to make when conceit and prejudice give way to common sense and business. The trouble is we sometimes herald a new idea or theory too hard, and people are so constituted that they don't like it that way, and the rebound that is sure to set in sends it back in our own face, making us mad and everybody else sad. I have tried it that way, just for the sake of experiment, but it doesn't pay. I want to quietly say that the day ain't far distant when we will look back on our present way of keeping bees with a wondrous smile—a sort of gruesome one. This will be called the child's rattle box age. A state of things fully as ludicrous always exists in any trade or profession in its infancy, religion not excepted. The day was when people were tortured in order to make them Christians. There was not much love about it. I have got a boy that is over six feet tall, and seventeen years old, that I whipped once when he was small in order to make him good. I never whipped him any more to make him good, but to-day he loves to make my slightest wish his law. No, this forcing business in any direction don't pan out very well, and I think the sooner we quit it the sooner we will be out of danger of being forced into ugly conditions ourselves. "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." Brother Pond, I don't intend even to try, to prove, explain, or tinker with the problem of what disease is, or how it looks—there's enough of that "jingshang" on the market already. It seems strange that so little has been said about the prevention of foul brood. Boys, you can see something is wrong, and as a cure for the disease has been found, now let us earnestly seek for the true cause of the disease. We may not all find the cause at once, but some one may hit something that may help another to find it. I have thought for a good while that foul brood is caused by breaking nature's laws.

"We cannot an indulgence gain
From some renowned M.D.,
To break Nature's laws, escape the pain,
And evade the penalty."

Them's my sentiments, boys, and I think they'll strike water in a dry time. You just go to diggin' on my claim, and I'll sort of guide and watch ye. First figure out how many opportunities the frame hives present the general mangler to destroy his bees. Second, how much mangling is done by general manglers. These are the two trunk lines, but their branches are many—a few of them are. Was nature ever forced without loss and resentment? Is mangling according to nature? Does the extractor mangle the brood? Does nature wink at the abuse of modern inventions—do bee trees suck in smoke and split open and ride in an extractor—do breeding animals do the same—can you think of any living thing as young and immatured as bee larvæ that would not be killed by even exposing it, much more by receiving a cold blast at lightning speed with centrifugal force in an extractor—would half-hatched hen's eggs continue to hatch after such a ride—would even fresh eggs do it—could chickens stand it—could you stand it—would you like to have your pet dog whirled? Because bees are little can't they feel, and aint they as easy, or more easily injured than larger animals—aint disease the result of mismanagement? Can you rob the larvæ with the extractor and have it live—have all the starved bee brood and larvæ in the country been seen by you, and its management under your observation, if not then how do you know that some of it has not produced foul brood? Does not the extractor make war on the bees and create famine for the larvæ by throwing out the larvæ food, besides injuring it, and are we not taught that pestilence always follows famine, or what is this pestilence if it is not foul brood? Can you make a pestilence to order by starving your bees or yourself? If not, is that a sign there is no such thing as pestilence, or that it does not come through that very channel by a long chain of events. Does the queen know best how fast to spread brood, or do we? Are 'bee trees painted and puttied air tight so as to give bees rheumatism, or that nameless disease as it is called, or did that whirl they received in the extractor while in a larvæ state throw their brain all to one side so that they can't walk straight—shan't we name that disease Nature's kick? Do bees in bee trees have disease of any kind—are bees in bee trees run on the cog wheel lightning express—"flipatlop" plan—because electricity, fire and water have become our friend—can you fool around their band wagon without getting hurt? Do you expect to subdue and fool nature, or turn her out of her course in any shape? Brother Pond, I have answered you as most Yanks do by asking questions. Now I earnestly hope that you and all who are interested in the welfare of our industry will take this matter in hand, not for the sake of argument, or to try to prove that I don't know much, for I have long ago found out about that, but for the sake of the perpetuation of our favorite pursuit. I hope the above questions will be answered.

JOHN F. GATES.

Ovid, Erie Co., Pa., May 27, '92.