

all there was to it. Now, the difference between the droll Mark and the aforesaid bee-man, is that the one yelled because he wanted to, and the other didn't yell because, though he wanted to, yet he didn't want to.

The gritty bee-keeper (who is a "true grit") neither runs away from his bees nor yells, and saves his prestige and credit. But his "best holt" is to be prepared on occasions for contingencies, by having a well-charged smoker at his side, and a handy veil and mittens in his pocket. In most cases the smoker will be sufficient, but in a desperate strait he can whip out his veil and gloves, put them on, and stand his ground to the last. It is certainly a mistake for the bee-master himself to run away from his bees (or yell) except to save his life.

We now come to the bee-journals—to the editors, indeed, for of course a bee-journal is largely what its editors makes it. It's a pity we have so little time and space left for our friends, the editors. Still, they do not need much, as they speak well for themselves—and of themselves—an' wi' hirplin lear an' clismaclaver they speed their glaikit quills. That they are great men in the kingdom of beedom nobody will deny. Still, only outside in the bee-yards (when they happen to see one), but inside—in that inner *sanctum sanctorum*, sacred to all editors, where they play Sir Oracle, and grind out all manner of bee-paragraphs, and bee *bon mots*, and bee-editorials, as well as homilies, exhortations, sermons and other literary curiosities too numerous to mention—where they cast out into the waste-basket whatever doesn't suit them, and print what does suit them—where they curtly decide to shut down on the discussion just as it is becoming interesting to their readers, just as the sparks of truth and light begin to fly out from the friction of minds and the clash of thoughts—in short, just when "the fur begins to fly"—where they decide that this discussion has gone far enough, and that it must be stopped "right here" (with emphasis)—all because the editor, in his superior wisdom, thinks it ought to be stopped, whether any one else thinks so or not;—where they soft-soap this "brother," and gush over that "friend," but "sit down" on the other fellow, and deny him a hearing—in that inner retreat where these erudite editors correct the bad spelling and bad grammar of sundry correspondents, who, like Josh Billings, "have talent but can't spell," and where they likewise correct good spelling and good grammar and make bad out of it (no joke that, but an actual fact which indicates an amount of self-complacency and self-suffici-

ency which hardly anybody but a bee-editor could carry gracefully.)

Still, these editors are mostly good and clever fellows, and "know the side of a barn," or of a bee-house, when they see it, and we may well have philosophy enough to overlook their follies and foibles—their conceits and their mistakes. No doubt they do as well as they can, and in some cases that is saying a great deal, while in others it is not saying much.

I do not wish to pick any quarrel with or unduly disparage any of these editors. Far be it from me, for "are they not all honorable men?" Still, I ask no quarter from any of them. I would certainly like to see them with a little more editorial courage and independence, and with less provincialism and a less fear of Mrs. Grundy before their eyes. With one or two exceptions they are evidently afraid to criticise each other as occasion may demand, and profess greatly to love each other, and no doubt they do, for "two of a trade," you know, always agree (over the left).

When an editor allows his own whims and prejudices (which ought to be strictly personal to himself and private) to influence him as an editor, he makes a mistake. When he coolly draws his quill through the sentences which do not suit him in the manuscript of a correspondent who is quite responsible for his own utterances, and knows, perhaps, as well as the editor, what he ought to say in the premises and what he ought not to say, that is a mistake. When he attempts to correct a grammatical sentence and succeeds in making it ungrammatical, that, too, is a mistake.

But we all make mistakes in one way or another, and all, perhaps, live in "glass houses." Nevertheless fire away your stones. I am particularly partial to the intellectual encounter—the friendly clash of arms—and am, I think, wide open to correction and conviction on every question outside the hard figures of arithmetic and the grim facts of mathematics.

The bee-journals and reviews are, on the whole, doing useful and excellent work, and, some of them giving treble value to the ordinary bee-keeper for his money. Furthermore, we must give apiarian editors credit for great industry and perseverance. They work without let up—perhaps for small profits—and do their best as they see it. None of us can do more.

This paper, essaying, as it does, to point out many mistakes in others, may itself, from the stand-point of this one and that one of you be full of mistakes, the principal one of which is perhaps, the length of it. I thank you for your patience

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