

What are we going to do about it, brethren? go on the warpath with knives and tomshawks? pull out the axle pins of the car of progress, and break the axle? What shall we do? Shall we think to restore matters by scattering seeds, and introducing new honey plants? Where shall our new honey plants find a place to grow, pray tell, when the commons and pastures are all under plough? Shall we find a honey plant with vim enough to grow in the farmer's cultivated fields in spite of him? If we find it, will we be wicked enough to introduce it? If we are wicked enough to introduce it, will not the dogs of the law be after us? In regard to botanical efforts of all sorts, I think the faith of intelligent apiarists is getting weak. We have accomplished but little, and that little is spoken against; and in the immediate future we are likely to accomplish still less.

Is it giving away seed of alsike and buckwheat that we will place our hopes upon? Too costly; and our profits, either present or prospective, are not equal to the requirements. Moreover, while one beekeeper can largely increase the amount of buckwheat raised in a particular neighborhood, beekeepers as a whole cannot very largely increase the buckwheat average as a whole. The laws of demand and supply are going to regulate that in spite of us. And immense areas of country find buckwheat a plant which yields very little honey, save in exceptional years and at long intervals. In regard to alsike, matters are on a somewhat different basis. Alsike reciprocates with common clover—the more alsike the less clover—and it could be very largely increased if an advantage could be proved. Where farmers find alsike much the more advantageous of the two they will raise it—but where's that, pray? The clovers are wanted mostly as manure plants—nitrogen traps—and alsike can hardly compete with red clover in the amount of roots which it furnishes to rot in the soil?

Shall we look to the red clover as our help, and hope to modify its tubes, and so secure its treasures of nectar? That scheme is indeed alluring, and my name has been associated with it more or less. But I for one am not getting on very fast; and I hear of no one doing any better. I have a clover that bees can probe to the bottom, but it almost totally refuses to bear seeds; and the seedlings, when I get them, most of them backslide and become mere ordinary clovers. Furthermore, we don't know whether the clover insects are going to hold the fort like the potato bug, or whether they will let up after a while. They seem capable of preventing any honey, or any bloom either, on the clover.

At best our hope from this source is slender and distant.

Then how about alfalfa? No go, is to be feared, for moist climates—grows poorly, and the blossoms have no honey in them. Shall we look forward to the time when public and private plantations of trees will have to be made, and try to have honey trees preferred? Long while to wait. When the time comes it looks as though the pine would be planted rather than the basswood and tulip, the oaks rather than the maples and gum trees, and the black walnut rather than the wild cherry. Agitation at the right time, by the right persons, might avail something toward having the right kind of trees planted; but how often is the proper time and the proper influence let slip! This anchor is rather too much like an anchor in Amsterdam, when the good ship is drifting on the rocks near by.

What else have to look to? There are the roadsides. We might get some basswoods planted along the roads if we tried hard; but not many, I fear, now the new methods have come in; be in the way of the farmers mowing-machine, and shade his border. "The blues," did I hear the editor say? Yes, this is a blue article; but when a fellow looks for a few moments through blue spectacles why not have them as blue as ever he can. You, Canadians, up there are one tribe, and we down here in Ohio are another tribe. Your tribe has not as yet suffered as much from the incursions of the "white woman" as ours has; but your turn is right at hand. She'll never be "asy" till she has the last honey weed exterminated and the last white clover supplanted by some better forage plant. And she'll hardly make haste to plant a basswood tree till she has the last old one down. There's no peace for us unless we flee to the mountains, where she cannot run her plough, else go to the alfalfa regions, else do—something desperate. Shall we do something desperate then? The "to bee" and "not to bee" seem a trifle inclined to hover around that question.

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What was Joan of Arc made of?—She was Maid of Orleans.

Why is the letter "B" like a hot fire?—Because it makes oil Boil.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* is responsible for the statement that "to collect a pound of clover honey sixty-two thousand clover blossoms must be deprived of their nectar."