

While we believe we have been about as successful as most folks in getting nice sheets of wax from our dipping-boards and in running them through the rolls, without having the edges cracking and breaking, still our boys have very often felt inclined to say "bad words" when everything was not just right, so that things worked on smoothly. If this "wrinkle" does turn out all that is claimed for it, and doesn't have any "set-backs" it will, perhaps, have the result of reducing the price of foundation. We have had just the same difficulty friend Root mentions with our dipping-boards. It seems that while the boards are perfect in every other way, yet sometimes they will get rough and uneven, and it seems exceedingly likely that this same application is going to be the remedy. We will try it anyway.

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FOR THE CANADIAN BEE JOURNAL.

#### Mr. Hutchinson's New Bee Journal.

**T**HE initial number of *The Bee-keepers' Review* only reached me yesterday (Feb. 2) owing to my having, for the present, a change of P.O. address. After a careful and critical perusal of it, I confess to a feeling of disappointment. The main feature of the new journal, according to the advertisement that heralded it, was to be "the reviewing of current apicultural literature." Well, the *Review* does not review. The only article of that complexion is the one on Simmins' new bee book, and, at the outset, the editor says: "Now, instead of reviewing this work in the regulation way, suppose we briefly mention some of the points that especially pleased us as we scanned its pages." The article is a synopsis of the Simmins' book, under two heads: First, what friend H. agreed with, and second, what he differed from. Now, the editor had advertised a journal that would review current apicultural literature, "in the regulation way," and the sample number fails to "fill the bill," or to attempt doing so.

I do not believe there is a bee journal editor on the continent of North America who has the moral courage critically and impartially to review "current apicultural literature." The spirit of the age is against it to begin with. A certain writer of note says: "Oak has given place to willow; everybody has grown limp. Out of the generality of limpness has come an admiration of it. A man cannot speak a plain word without being accused of bitterness; and if

he denounces an error or a wrong he is called narrow minded; for all must join the Universal Admiration Society, or be placed under ban and howled down." In this limp age the limpest people I know of, take them as a class, are bee-keepers. The coo of the dove is their native language. They slobber over one another, distribute taffy, and "brother" one another to a most ridiculous extent. No, friend H. the "brothering" wouldn't stand a "review" properly so-called. Better let the title of your journal continue to be a misnomer, than spoil your chances of getting a paying subscription list by handling a free lance of honest, outspoken criticism. It will take a bolder man than you to do that sort of thing.

I am also disappointed in the literary calibre of the *Review*. We were led to expect the *creme-de-la-creme* of apicultural journalism. The editor blows his own trumpet with a pretty loud "toot" in the introductory article. Mr. Heddon labels the *Review* in advance the fanning mill among bee-journals, which is to "winnow from the common mass" the "golden grains of truth." Mr. Baldrige commends the new comer in the same figurative way—great minds flowing in the same channel. The *Review* is to "get all the wheat from the bee-papers put in proper shape in just one." There are other "toots" from the editorial horn on page 6 and 7, proclaiming the super-excellent literary and other features of the new journal. And now, in all candor, is this initial number any better than a good average number of any one of our leading bee-journals? Is it absolutely free from chaff? It endorses the complaint that in other journals "too much is heard from the novice." Well, not a novice "peeps or mutters" in the *Review*. It is like a house that hasn't a baby in it, nor a boy with his jack-knife, nor a girl with her doll. Such a house may suit sour and surly old bachelors or "pernickety" old maids, but I prefer a house that has some young life in it.

I am further disappointed in the discussion of the special topics chosen for the first number. It decides nothing. It throws no new light on the subject. The word "disturbance" is used very vaguely. Generally it means just taking a look at the bees, which certainly is not disturbing them particularly. Raising the chaff cushion for a peep at an out-door colony, or taking a few moments' tour through the cellar with a light, is no disturbance of bees that are snugly hibernating. As to disturbance, properly so-called, the "doctors differ." Some think it very injurious, while others take the opposite view. On the whole, disturbance is discouraged.

I am one of those who consider the needless