

At first I had determined to answer Mr. Larrabee according to his folly; but I have changed my tactics; for I have since discovered that this is a case in which I must answer Mr. Larrabee *not* according to his folly. I will simply say,—"Mr. Larrabee, you're off your natural." You say "a trained scientist is of more value as an investigator than any beekeeper possibly could be." *Trained* to what? To hunt bugs in foul brood? Anyone can do that. I can find them in a dead pig; but it's no sign that the bugs killed the pig, or that that kind of bug is contagious. It is the filth in which they revel that is contagious. The bugs are wisely ordained by nature to consume the filth, for nature provides for emergencies of this kind and rules that the filth must be removed. It is science, is it, to boil and steep these bugs so that they won't catch the bees,—something after the manner of the city farmer, who advised an old friend to kill all the crows, as he saw them eating a cow they had just killed. It is science, is it, to keep filth in the hives, and chase the poor bugs around and kill them for trying to remove it. These bugs are in size as adapted to the brood as a crow is to a cow. You say a *trained* scientist is of more value as an investigator than any beekeeper could be. Oh, my! How so, brother Larrabee? He is not, unless he is trained in beekeeping. What is science,—is it not knowledge, truth ascertained, and cannot a beekeeper have it? You say your scientist first isolated a few of these bugs; that is, he chased them out and sort of corralled them, then he examined them, and having determined their character, he reviewed the methods of cure, etc. Then the bugs must have been sick, and he doctored them for an appetite. Your scientist says—(so you say)—that he would not be able to spot foul brood in an apiary, though he *thinks* he could under a microscope. Just about what I thought. Your scientist don't know much about bees or the apiary, but he thinks he could spot them one if they hid it under his microscope. So could anybody; but I don't believe in doing it

that way. Several years ago we had a very backward spring here, and for once my bees dwindled so that they could not cover and keep warm what brood they had started during the early warm spell. When warm weather came in earnest, I examined my bees very thoroughly, and found that foul brood had generated spontaneously, as my friends of whom you speak and I myself have claimed it would under peculiar conditions; and my bees were in a peculiar condition that spring you may be sure.

Now, Brother Larrabee, don't mistake what I say; for you may be accusing me again of possessing "*dictum*," though I am sure I never thought of owning such a creature. So again I say—mark well my words when I say—I had a quantity of *rotten, stinking, stingy foul brood* in my apiary. At that time I knew nothing of Brother McEvoy's method of treating foul brood, but depended on my knowledge of the wants of my bees. But it so happened that my mode of treatment was almost exactly like that of Brother McEvoy's. The disease has not broken out in my apiary since I cured it, and I used the same hives without disinfecting them. In fact, I didn't take the bees out of their hives, but united such as were too weak to build new comb. I then studied the nature of foul brood, studying my bees perhaps more than I did my books, as is my usual custom, and wrote concerning the disease. Brother McEvoy read my articles on the origin of foul brood, and no person was more surprised than I was when I received a letter from him informing me that my views on the foul brood question were correct. Of course, Mr. McEvoy had discovered the cause of and cure for foul brood many years before I had to deal with it in my apiary, and he has been very successful in his untiring labor of eradicating the disease; and for Mr. Larrabee to own, as he does in his article, that he knows comparatively little about the origin or cure of foul brood, yet is able to criticise such a man as Mr. McEvoy and others, shows a missing link in his chain of consistency. I am a true friend