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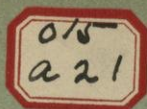
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—THE—

SOUTHLAND QUEEN.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE JENNIE ATCHLEY COMPANY.

BEEVILLE, TEXAS, : : : December, 1898.

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THE SOUTHLAND QUEEN.

Published Monthly. Devoted to the Exchange of Thoughts on Apiculture. \$1.00 Yearly.

Vol. IV.

BEEVILLE, TEXAS, DECEMBER, 1898.

No. 8.

The Rambles of Salyer and Aten. A Melon Eater.

(By J. B. Salyer.)

On August 15th Mr. F. L. Aten and myself boarded the I. & G. N. train at Round Rock for the South Texas Bee-Keepers' Association, at Floresville. We left San Antonio on August 17th, at 9 A. M. over the S. A. & A. P. R. R. for the home of the convention. On the train we made the acquaintance of Messrs. G. F. Davidson, of Fairview and L. Stachelhausen, of Cutoff, two of our leading bee men, and then we felt that our lots had fallen in easy places.

On our arrival at Floresville we were met by Mr. M. M. Faust and a host of other bee-keepers who had carriages in waiting to convey us to the court house where we met so many of our friends who for two days so learnedly and royally instructed and entertained us that we decided to remain the balance of the week. After partaking of the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Faust for two days we were taken in charge by Mr. & Mrs. G. F. Davidson, who live 14 miles west of Floresville where we arrived at 2 A. M. After enjoying a refreshing

nap we were aroused by the sound of the breakfast bell inviting us to the dining hall where there was a dainty breakfast of spring chicken and other nice delicacies. We then visited the Home Apiary of three hundred colonies of which I must say he has some of the finest Italians I ever saw. From there we went to the watermelon patch where my friend Aten, as usual, attempted to get away with all in sight. He started off with six large ones. After going about 30 yards he decided his load was too heavy and sat down and ate one. He then loaded up the other five and went on his way rejoicing. When he had proceeded about 20 yards farther he found his load was too heavy again and stopped and ate another one. He went through the same performance until there was only one left and when he arrived at the yard gate he was rolling that one. He rolled it inside the yard gate and then fell exhausted and exclaimed, where's my melons. After partaking of a sumptuous dinner we visited Mr. Davidson's out apiary, about 4 miles from home where he has some fine yellow beauties six of which came home with me. After

being royally entertained by Mr. & Mrs. Davidson for two days we left for the home of our friends Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Bell. After arriving at Mr. Bell's we found he had gone to Floresville. We visited Mr. Bell's watermelon patch and fearing our friend Aten would repeat the performance at Mr. Davidson's we left him to hold the team while Mr. Davidson and myself partook of some of the delicious fruit. From there we went to Mr. Faust's where we had the good fortune to once more enjoy a sumptuous dinner of ham and eggs and other luxuries of the season. From there we went to Floresville and took the train at 5 P. M. for San Antonio. We were very much disappointed in not meeting our friends Mr. & Mrs. Atchley at the convention and we are quite sure, judging from the way Willie conducted the convention, we missed a treat in their being absent. We enjoyed our trip so much we expect to be with you at Beeville next August and hope to meet all the members of the South Texas Bee-Keepers' Association and lots of new members and we want them all to come to the Central Texas Association at Milano.

Jonah, Tex.

Colonies with old Queens do not Start Many Cells.

(By L. L. Skaggs.)

TO THE QUEEN:—

My honey crop this year is about 45 lbs. per colony and of a very

fine quality. My extracted honey was so clear that you could have seen a dime in the bottom of a bucket filled to the top with it. How to extract fast with the novice extractor. Change both combs at one time, grasp one in each hand and at the same moment lift them out and change baskets with the combs at one and the same operation which reverses the combs without any turning of frames or baskets whatever. I can change two frames in the same time that it takes to lift one out, turn it around and set it back; in fact, I had rather change two than turn one. It is somewhat awkward at first, but it don't take long to get the hang of it.

If you want lots of good queen cells always select a colony that has a young and prolific queen—not over six months old. I find that bees that have old queens hardly ever start many cells.

Well, well, Earnest Root wants me to get a micrometer to measure the base of foundation to find out whether the bees have thinned it any. I will say this, there is as much difference in heavy foundation before and after the bees have worked on it as there is in a dollar and a dime. I wonder if he has to measure them to tell which is the thickest.

Click, Tex., Nov. 11, '98.

A Gallant Captain and His Jolly Crew.

(By Mrs. J. A. Webb.)

Well, my kind readers, I'll not deny my love for a good joke or a funny story: however that may be, I shall confine myself to honest facts in narrating to you a pleasure trip I took upon the beautiful, calm waters of the Nueces Bay; and it didn't happen a hundred years ago either.

Last winter, our friend Charles Atchley concluded he had rather be a fisherman than anything else, —though I think his appetite for fish had more to do with that conclusion than real love for the profession—so he followed the profession something near 6 months; and when he came home we believed he was a first class fisher-boy and sailor,—of course we only had his word for it—but none of us thought at the time, we would ever have a chance of testing his abilities in either capacity; but we never know what changes time will bring, nor how soon they are going to come. Well, at last we had a chance of testing Charles's ability as a seaman. We went to Corpus Christi on a pleasure trip and the next day after we got to our destination Charles asked us to take a boat ride with him. Amanda (or Manse, as we call her for short) and I had said we would not go upon the

water, but after being convinced that the water was not over 4 or 5 feet deep anywhere in it we accepted his offer to take us out for a sail. We had thorough confidence in his ability to land us safely on shore when we got tired of the sport, but we were sure he would play a prank of some kind on us before we got back again; we knew it would be the greatest fun to him if he could dump us overboard and give us a real bath of a kind we were not used to; therefore we did not like deep water.

Well, said Charles, after we were all in and comfortably seated, this is a nice little yacht we have now and the first thing to do is to name our crew—remember friends, he was the only one composing our crew that had ever seen a sail-boat before.

Well, said I, we will have to call you captain, and you may name the rest of the crew to suit yourself.

Alright, said he, here we go, I am captain, Manuel, (the printer) first mate, Nick, pilot, and you, Josie, (that's myself) shall be cook, and Manse,—well—let me see—Manse, I don't know that you are fit for much, anyway, so we'll just call you bottle-washer, for the want of a better name. There, mate, I guess you'd better sound now, and see how deep the water is,—3 feet. There, pilot, you can let that cen-

ter-board down a little as we get in deeper water. Do you understand, my boy?

Many such orders he gave in the next 2 hours, as we glided smoothly over the sparkling water, a mere ripple for a wave.

Say, captain, said I, it will be noon by the time we get back to camp, don't you think? Perhaps we had better start for the shore.

Who will second her motion? asked the captain.

I, I, I, said the rest of the crew.

Well, back we go, then, said captain—look out, there, cook and bottle-washer—Zip! the sail took us on the side of the head, as the boat made the turn—you are liable to lose your heads if you don't pay more attention to business. Well, of course we let fly a storm of abuse at him for not telling us sooner, all of which caused him to be in the elements of joy.

Look what you are doing, captain. Why don't you head for shore? asked I. We'll never get there as long as you go in this direction.

Ha, ha! laughed he; listen to greeny. You'd better go below, cook, and see if you can't rassel up something for us to eat, and learn to be a sailor by degrees. I thought anybody knew we couldn't go straight against the wind. Be patient a while now, and we'll make it all in good time.

Sing "The ship that never returned" as we go along, you gals, (excuse his grammar) both know it, so I'll tell you in time, excuses not accepted.

No, don't sing it, says Nick. If you do we'll never reach the shore.

O, shut up your head, cap'n, said I, unless you know what you are talking about, for I don't know anything more about that ship than "a little rabbit."

Neither do I, said Manse. I never had an introduction to that ship in my life.

Well, you are liable to receive one to it, or a ship just like it before very long if you don't sing it, said the captain. You know the song, don't you, mate, and will help them sing it?

Y-e-s, said mate. What is it I don't know?—except how to sail a boat, and I'm going to learn that art on this trip. See?

Ha, ha! laughed Nick; drop a nickle in the slot, if you want to see the 'possum trot.

Yes, said captain, but that's not singing the song I asked for, and every one of you promised to obey orders, before we started, and that is STRICTLY my command. D'you hear me?

Still we protested against the unfairness of such orders; but we knew well enough, there was no use debating the subject with him,

so we sang what we knew of it,—which was only one verse and the chorus—and every one, even to Nick, joining in the latter.

But it was not long till such orders as the following greeted our ears,—Here mate, take that pole and see what you can do with it; you saw the Mexican use it while bringing the boat to us.

What's that for? asked mate.

Why? You darn fool! Greeny! Can't you see we are in the current, and drifting at the rate of 40 miles an hour? Pilot, what are you doing? Sit there just like nothing was the matter. Why arn't you bailing water? Don't you see the boat is half full, and still running in, in a stream half as big as I am?

Yes, but you was to give the orders, said Nick; and if you see such a stream comming in, it's more than I can see without my spectacles on.

My God! mate, is that the best you can do? Take my place till I show you how to do this thing.—Then, after a space of about 5 minutes—Down with the sail; if we keep drifting this way, it won't take long to land us on the other shore.

WHAT other shore he meant, I don't pretend to know, but the rest of us chimed in with such expressions as these: "Let her go, Galliger!" "Murphy's dead!" "Come

here, cap'n, and I'll put a wet cloth on your head." "Better rock him to sleep, mother." "We'll start us a town of our own."

Well, said he, we are in a pair of fixes, and we've got to work like "Turks" if we ever get out of them. Pull up that center-board, Nick. My Christ, boy! If I was as slow as you and mate, I'd—here, hand me the rope and I'll fix it, and he gave it such a jerk that the rope broke, and down went the center-board.

Yes, says Nick, you've fixed it.

What's to be done now? asked I.

Throw the anchor, mate, said he, without heeding my query. Still drifting? Let me try it. Down with the stick, mate, and see if she drifts now. Yes, try it again. Solid this time.

Now, how about the center-board? asked mate.

It's got to come up from where it's at, greeny; was the reply.

Yes, but how? I want to know how it's to be managed, said mate.

It's got to come up, if one of us has to get under there and push it up. Nick, you can go.

Yes, perhaps so, said Nick; but I won't. Not if we stay here till Xmas. I don't see any use in all this fuss, no how. You know it's all a job you are putting up on us, and I'll tell you now, I won't be scared, I don't care what sort of a "prank" you play on us.

"Bravo," Nick, say something else: for I believe he spoke the thoughts of all our minds. The captain only laughed an uneasy, unmirthful ha, ha! After working at it a while, mate run a pole under the bottom of the ship far enough that captain could catch it from the other side, and they soon had the center-board raised into its place and fixed O. K. Then, up went the sail, the anchor was drawn in and the "tug of war" commenced once more, but with the same ill luck as before; we were drifting in the current, and down came the canvas again.

Girls, one of you give me your bonnet; I must signal for help. Josie, give me yours.

No, said Manse, take mine. It is white, and her's is pink; or at least mine WAS white, when I left home, and I guess it would look white this far away. So he took the white sun-bonnet and waved it in the breeze a minute or so, and handed it back, as he said, I fear no one saw that. Hand me your gun, mate, I must give the "ship in distress" sign, and he fired one shot.

What good will that do? asked mate. You're shooting away ammunition for nothing. If any one saw or heard it—which I'm sure they didn't—they would think you was shooting at birds.

Well, here! take your gun and keep your ammunition. I can stay out here as long as anybody else can.

Why, if you think we are in danger of having to STAY here, don't you go ahead and give the distress signal? You know mate was joking, said I, for I know HE is as anxious to see the shore again as any of us.

Well, hoist the sail and we'll try it again.

That sail was lots of trouble to Manse and I. We had to be on a constant "lookout" for it, and every time it came around we had to stoop over to keep from getting another head put on us. So at this stage of the game we stooped, tried to raise up a time or two and bumped our heads against the boom, so we sat quietly a few minutes without making any attempt at getting up. Nick peeps up under my bonnet with a broad grin on his face. I return the smile. After the lapse of a few minutes he takes another peep and says, Why don't you sit up? What is the matter with you, any how? The boom is out of the way. Are you crying or praying?

I was praying, said I, and I know we'll make it alright now. (That's no joke, either, and I expect the rest were sending up a little petition at the same time, or

else they revered ours, and inwardly said amen! to whatever it was, for quietness reigned supreme.)

What did you say? asked this inexorable pilot.

I said, Lord, make us thankful for what we are about to receive.

For God's sake! cook, what made you say that? Why didn't you say we were all of The Jennie Atchley Co. except you, and you was a mighty good friend to them, and hoped he was too, if he didn't belong to the Company.

We didn't try to restrain our mirth any longer, but let it come, full force.

Well, we are getting nearer the shore, said Nick, and if we go in a hundred yards of it this time, and Cap'n don't run ashore, "this chicken's" going to wade out and "light a shuck" for camp; for I'm as hungry as a coyote, and as thirsty as a dog, after a hard day's chase.

That's fine! said I. I like to hear you talk that way, for I know you'll take me on your back and land me high and dry, won't you kid?

Yes, said Manse, and then come back and get me.

Not if I know it, said he. Just try that game on me, and I'll fall down in the deepest place I can find. You can call it a high, dry landing, if you like.

Oh well, we don't care about being on the back of a chicken, any way, even if he DOES belong to the Game stock, said I.

I'll tell you what do, Nick, said Manse. You go for help, if you get to shore, and get some one to come tow us in. Tell them we are out here without a captain, and not one of us that ever saw inside a boat before, and we are all starving for a drink and something to eat.

No, don't tell them we are starving, said mate. They might think they'd have us to feed and would let us stay here rather than have us eating up every thing in the pantry.

No sir, you all may save your breath, said this tantalizing Nick, for I shan't do either; but I'll just have an artist come down, take a snap shot at you all and I'll fix up a nice little story about "The ship that couldn't return," and how all my crew perished from thirst and starvation in sight of land, and I'll make my fortune selling the pictures. See?

Well, thank you, dear; that is really kind of you, and a sight more than we thought you'd do for any one; but as it's The Jennie Atchley Company, I suppose we might expect THAT much of you any way.

Look out, girls, we are going to

turn again, said captain. I think we'll make it alright this time, and there is no use landing this far from port.

So on we went, every one as cheerful as if we were fresh from the dinner table, and guying each other almost unmercifully sometimes, and singing scraps of song, of which Nick's favorite was "I'll sail the wide seas no more," till at length we found ourselves once more listening to the same old orders from our captain—Down with the sail. We are in the current again, etc. etc.

Well, everything comes to an end sometime, but it seemed to us like there was no end to that journey on the water. At last we did get back near the land again, but we were just about in our same old track, and not a bit nearer the port from whence we started, but we all got off, anchored the boat and set out toward camp, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles away. We had not traversed more than 100 yards of the distance when we looked up and saw the Mexican coming "on a dead run" to get his boat, and as tired as we were, sure we thought, the angels sent him to our rescue. True, we were on land, but it was so muddy that Manse and I came near losing our slippers several times and were tired out, to the extent of taking a rest on the grass, just going that

little distance, and Nick began to whistle "Hot time in the old town" and was unmolested till our friend "Mexican" came up with us. After hearing the cause of our deserting the ship, he kindly told us to stay where we were till he could bring the ship round and he would take us safely back to port. So we all got on board once more and it didn't take one with eyes of experience to know that the "nice little yacht" was guided by a "master hand," for we skimmed over the water as swiftly as if wings had suddenly grown to us and we were flying home.

Truly, we were a happy set and felt very independent of our captain by now, and the endless fun we had at his expense would more than fill up a "SOUTHLAND QUEEN," for we showed him no mercy. But when our Mexican friend told us there was no current to be found in the Nueces Bay, we literally roared with laughter and as soon as we hit the landing Captain Charles struck a "bee line" for camp. We were met at the landing by the little ones, Leah, Rosa and Jack. They had come to see about us, and why we had not come to dinner.

We refreshed ourselves with a good drink of cistern water and wearily plodded our way along the R. R. track that ran close by our

camp; but we had not gone very far till we heard a familiar voice hale us off to the left, and on looking in that direction, halleluia! but it was a joyful sight that met our gaze, for there was the rest of our company in the spring wagon, coming to see what had caused our long delay and to take a pleasure ride on the water themselves.

That was not all; they had suspected something like "finding a hungry crew," and had thoughtfully brought our dinner to us—also a jug of water, and we fell to with a right good will. I am sure we have Mrs. Davis to thank for this treat, for I am equally sure the boys would never have thought of us as being hungry or thirsty.

Well, that was our first boat ride and we said it should be our last one with an unexperienced sailor, and we kept our word.

DICKEL'S THEORY.

(By L. Stachelhausen.)

A friend of mine had read in northern bee papers something about Dickel's theory and asked me to tell what this theory is and what I think of it. In No. 19 of "Gleanings" Mr. F. Greiner mentions this theory and thinking that the readers of THE SOUTHLAND QUEEN would like to know something about it, I concluded to write my

answer to the above question for that paper.

According to D'Zierzon's theory (parthenogenesis) the drones develop from unimpregnated eggs. These eggs may be laid by a fertile or an unfertile queen or by a laying worker bee.

One difficulty in this theory is, as yet, that we are forced to assume that the fertile queen knows that the egg to be laid into a worker cell must be fertilized, while in a drone cell an unfertilized egg has to be laid. The queen, it is assumed, has the power and the reason to fertilize the egg at will. Many prominent bee-keepers are not willing to suppose the queen has such an intellect and different mechanical explanations were given by different men. This subject would take the space of another article.

Another difficulty is that sometimes drones from a pure Italian queen mated with a black drone do not seem to be pure Italians, but bear the markings of hybrids more or less. (See "Cowan on the Honey Bee" page 147). This is easy to explain if you will read my article in THE QUEEN of Oct. 1898, headed "Queen, Worker and Drone."

These not fully explained facts caused Mr. F. Dickel, a school-teacher in Germany and at present editor of the "Bienenzeitung" to

advance the opinion that a fertile queen in a normal state of things will lay impregnated eggs EXCLUSIVELY and that after the egg is laid, it will depend on the different treatment of the worker bee, whether a male or a female larva will develop from the egg. We see, he is not opposed to the parthenogenesis in so far as he believes that eggs laid by fertile workers or unfertilized queens will develop to drones, but he is of the opinion that such drones are not capable of fertilizing a queen. A normally fertile queen, he thinks, involuntarily fertilizes every egg laid and afterwards the worker bees brush with their tongue a different kind of saliva on the egg and hereby the sex of the coming larva is determined.

A similar theory was advanced in 1891, by S. G. Lanfranchi, in Italy, but there the theory and the pretended proofs were promptly rejected by Dr. Dubine.

S. G. Lanfranchi as well as F. Dickel performed some experiments by which they were willing to prove their theory. F. Dickel goes so far as to assert that he transferred eggs from worker cells to drone cells and that drones developed from the eggs. He says that a queen may be raised from an egg which a fertile queen has laid into a drone cell.

It is a well known fact that

D'Zierzon's theory was a hypothesis till V. Siebold in Baron Berlepsch's apiary could prove that the eggs laid by a fertile queen into worker cells contained the spermatozoon, while those laid by the same queen into drone cells showed no seminal filament neither externally nor internally. By these researches the theory was proven as a fact and ceased to be a hypothesis. Leuckart afterwards found V. Siebold's observations correct. From the many naturalists who repeated these microscopic researches I will mention only Cheshire.

This fact is absolutely in contradiction with Dickel's theory, but it is very easy for Mr. Dickel to overcome difficulties of this kind. He simply kills them by an assertion. He said the drone eggs examined by V. Siebold were too old as that the spermatozoon could be found; they were already dissolved in the egg. This assertion is without any foundation, because V. Berlepsch, who delivered the eggs for examination to V. Siebold says expressly in his book (*Die Biene und ihre Zucht*, 2nd edition, page 86) the male eggs were exactly of the same age and from the same queen as a part of the female eggs in which the seminal filament were found. It is astonishing that nobody in Germany, as far as I

know, rejected in this way Mr. Dickel's assertion. V. Berlepsch's book can be said to be the classic manual of bee-keeping in Germany, was printed about 30 years ago and seems to be unknown by Mr. Dickel and forgotten by other bee-keepers.

For different reasons Mr. Dickel's theory is in contradiction with Schoenfeld's researches and opinions. For this reason Mr. Dickel attacked Schoenfeld too and he did this just as frivolously as in the above case. He simply perverted Schoenfeld's opinion to a complete nonsense and proved that this, by himself manufactured nonsense was in fact a nonsense. Schoenfeld's article is naturally of a scientific character and not every bee-keeper will carefully read them and many of them will not understand them at all. This facilitated the case for Mr. Dickel.

It is astonishing that this controversy could have so much space in German bee papers and that a man like Mr. Dickel could have any influence.

This was my opinion when I some days ago received the reports of the convention of German bee-keepers held at Salzburg, 4th to 8th day of September, 1898. There Mr. Freudenstein reported of researches made at the university of Marburg which proved:

1. That the eggs laid by a fertile queen are not fertilized.

2. That drones descending from unfertilized queens or laying workers are just as capable to fertilize a queen as the normal drones.

So we have a right to say, Dickel's theory is dead. The experiments by which Mr. Dickel was willing to prove his theory will teach us another lesson. All observations and experiments made expressly for the purpose of proving a prejudice should be taken with great precaution. Many delusions are possible for the unprejudiced observer, and a prejudiced one will many times see what he likes to see and will overlook that which is against his prejudice. Especially a man who misunderstands the plain writings of scientists and gives them a quite incorrect meaning can't be expected to understand correctly the expressions of nature, which are surely more difficult to decipher.

Converse, Tex., Nov., 1898.

This is the last month of the year and each of our subscribers that reads this will know whether they owe us anything on their subscription or not. If you owe us anything we will feel grateful to you if you will send us the amount. Who will send their remittance first?

Deep Hive Entrances and Their Advantages.

Written for THE SOUTHLAND QUEEN.

(By Louis Scholl.)

During the past as well as the season before I have been experimenting a good deal, but on account of this dry season I have not been able to pass judgement on all of the things that were experimented with.

The first was the deep entrance, and after putting it to a thorough test this season I must say that it has proved to be a success, with me at least. Being so well satisfied, I would not keep my bees through the honey season with the shallow or $\frac{3}{8}$ inch hive entrance. The entrance was enlarged to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch by the use of wedges. (common roof shingles split into strips $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide and placed on the $\frac{3}{8}$ inch strips on the bottom board, as per May, '98 QUEEN.)

When using the shallow $\frac{3}{8}$ inch entrance the bees had to settle in front of the hive and then run in, most of the time having to crowd around before being able to pass the ventilator bees; while with the deep entrance the field bees flew right over the ventilating bees and settled right on the frames without disturbing the bees that ventilated and saving time in crowding and

traveling. Then the deep entrances gave better ventilation and also gave the few bees that did ventilate at the very strong colonies a better chance to drive the fresh air into the hive.

This, I believe to be true, as I have proven it by lowering the entrances and how the bees would ventilate and before long it seemed to me as if all the bees would come out and hang out, as I had not been used to having that trouble when using the deep entrance. Of course, some of the strongest colonies would hang out in the hot evenings preceding a storm, but it was nothing like it was with the $\frac{3}{8}$ inch shallow entrance. And again, if I would lower the deep entrance, the field bees would come from the field, fly straight against the hive and run about in a surprised manner before entering.

Whether the deep entrance helps to produce more comb honey in the supers by conveying the field bees into the supers, as claimed by some I can't say just yet, not having had an occasion for a thorough test owing to the unfavorable season.

Later on I will write about other experiments, as with separators, sections, comb honey, supers and queen rearing, with which I have been experimenting of late.

Hunter, Texas, Nov. 26, '98.



Apiary of F. McBride.

Sketch of F. McBride.

Loaning Money Sometimes Proves Beneficial Even if it is Never Paid Back.

I was born August 30th, 1850 and am 48 years old. I am a mechanic by occupation and keep bees for pleasure, also for profit when it comes along. I have been a bee-keeper ten years. I started bee-keeping in an unexpected way. I loaned a friend money and to square accounts had to take bees in box hives which I transferred to movable frame hives. I have tak-

en as high as forty and seventy lbs. per colony. I have hybrid and Italian bees. I like them best. This year has been a remarkably bad year in this section. Too dry and blooms did not yield nectar. Spring flow no good. Fall flow is very dark and almost strong enough to walk. I have made some improvements which I will give later on. This will be a hard winter on bees in this section.

I am a reader of THE QUEEN.

F. MCBRIDE,
McGuffey, Ohio, Sept. 26, '98.

Believes in Keeping Ahead of the Bees.

Ladies and Gentlemen of THE SOUTHLAND QUEEN:—

When your northern readers get this issue of THE QUEEN, they will, we presume, feel the need of overcoats, while we down here in the West Indies will be in the midst of a very fine honey flow. We have read with much interest the different papers read at Omaha, especially so that sent in by O. O. Poppleton describing the *Campanula creeper*—we have it in abundance in Jamaica, and just now during the early mornings our bees come home looking like so many millers all covered with flour—Bro. Poppleton calls it “Christmas present.” Here in the British Colonies it is known as Christmas Gambol.” Botanically it is known as *Impomoea sidefolia*—see page 468 “Flora of the British West Indian Islands” by A. H. R. Griseboch, M. D., F. L. S. for a minute description of this splendid honey plant.

The very best honey plant or tree we have here is Logwood which comes into bloom in our locality in January. We have about 400 ten frame colonies with two supers each filled with 9 frames of foundation in a very fine location to catch the Logwood honey flow when it comes. We believe in

keeping ahead of our bees. We also have 50 hives ready for swarms, frames filled with foundation starters $\frac{3}{4}$ inch deep only, the two outside combs containing as much drone comb as possible. We find that the bees build very little or no drone comb in the remaining eight frames when drone comb is given as above described. We never use a smaller than 10 frame hive.

We have three queens running a race, each on 15 frames, which we are watching with much interest. One is an Atchley Cyprian, one a Pridgen straight five bander, and one a Doolittle three bander. Of course we have several of our own in the race, but these we will not report as it would look too much like getting a free ad.

We were very much interested in friend Pridgen's queen rearing half tone cut in “The Bee Keepers' Review,” as well as the one shown in “Gleanings” last month. I think the bottom bar, or “cell stick,” should have a bevelled edge so that when the cell cup is put on, one edge of the cell would actually touch the comb above the bottom bar, and this bevel you will notice gives the queen cell a natural tilt, about the same as if built on the side of the comb. In looking over the two half tone cuts under consideration I certainly think there is TOO MUCH WOOD BETWEEN

THE CELLS AND COMB. I know of course I shall be considered "cheeky" for criticising the work of your apicultural Dons, but if I can make them mad enough we may be able to get more good points from them.

I notice Bro. Tipper of Australia has an ad in THE QUEEN. Will you please tell me his International money order office? I owe him for his very fine paper, "The Australian Bee Bulletin" but cannot find out how to send him money. Can't you do something to Willie to make him talk some more on queen rearing? He has been as mum as a clam for a very long time. He certainly has many new kinks stowed away in that head of his if he could be induced to put some of it on paper for the benefit of the many readers of THE SOUTHLAND QUEEN. JAMAICA, Mandeville, Jamaica, W. I., Nov. 21, '98.

We suppose Mr. Tipper's money order office is Maitland, N. S. W., Australia. We have written Willie at Denison, Texas to send us something which will be in this issue. Yes, we want a report on ALL the race queens. Ed.

A Sudden Change.

Yesterday it was so warm I worked all day in my shirt sleeves, to-day it is only a little above Zero. The change was over 60 degrees in less than 12 hours.

E. T. FLANAGAN,
Belleville, Ill., Nov. 22, '98.

A Few Pointers About Who Will Make Good Bee-keepers and Who Will Not.

Written for THE SOUTHLAND QUEEN.

(By L. B. Smith.)

The older I get the more fully I become convinced that bee-keepers are borned and not made as some seem to think. This fact is fully proven to our minds every season. I know of bee-keepers that have been dabbling in bees for the past eight or ten years (and some of them having good locations too) that have not got enough honey to supply their families for one year, and still they will not subscribe for a bee paper nor will they get and read a bee book. Some of them would subscribe for a bee paper for one year and not read a half dozen numbers in the whole time and then order it discontinued saying they could not learn anything from those bee papers.

Still, they will spend their money for patent hives, (They call all frame hives patent hives) only to throw them aside later on and the poor moth miller is blamed for eating up all their bees. Do I think such persons will ever make bee-keepers? Not much. They are not built that way.

This convinces me that bee-keepers are borned and not made as some seem to think. I have my

first bee keeper to see yet that made a continued success at bee-keeping only for the dollars and cents there was in it.

If you expect to make a success of the business you MUST HAVE A REAL LOVE FOR IT. If you don't think enough of your bees to take and READ a bee paper, and read one or more of the many good text books that are published on bees, and then put into practice what you read, the sooner you get out of the business the better off you will be. You must read, study and even dream about bees if you expect to make a good bee-keeper. You might succeed after a fashion without the bee papers and books, but failure is sure to come sooner or later. I cannot call to mind one man or woman that was in the bee business ten years ago that did not take and read the bee papers and books that to-day has any bees, let alone make any money out of it, while those that have taken and read books and journals have most all had fair success, and some making good money at it. But the ones that are making money at it are not those that think bees work for nothing and board themselves and think all they have to do is to get a few bees in "patent hives" and sit in the shade smoking a pipe and grow rich. But the ones that are succeeding at it are the ones that

are willing to work, study and think, and mix brains and money in with the business. I think bee-keeping anything but a lazy man's job. But as I have said at the outset, I don't think it will pay any one to invest in bees and bee fixtures that hasn't got a real love for the business.

But I am sure too that there are many men and women that are not in the business that would make good bee-keepers if they were only started in the right way and to all such I am always ready and willing to lend a helping hand, and I believe I speak the sentiments of all true bee-keepers when I say this. But to those that will not read bee books and papers (when they have had the chance) and will stand around the busy bee-keeper and ask all kinds of silly questions such as, which lay the eggs, the drones or the workers? and which go with the swarms, the old or the young bees? and how many kings are there in a hive of bees? To all such I would say I am tired right now, and don't think it will pay any one to invest in bees that is not willing to read and find out these things for themselves. I would not discourage any one from asking all the questions they wish, but first get a good text book on bees and subscribe for one or more of the bee journals and study them and then you will find plenty of intelligent questions to ask without asking some of the silly questions as above. Lometa, Texas, Dec. 3, '98.

A Few Remarks.

Mr. Editor:—

I write to you to call your attention to some editorials in October issue of *THE QUEEN* where you say we are still having it hot and dry and we must have rain or our cakes all will be dough for 1899. Now this was copied into *The American Bee Journal* of the 17th inst. and without some explanation on your part will do this country great injustice as I see a good many beekeepers are looking southward for homes. Now this with your editorial in last issue where you mentioned the feeding of several thousand lbs. of sugar which will make people in the north go elsewhere seeking homes when if they could understand the fact that it don't take rain here in most places to make honey. While it is a fact that you feed your bees and have to have rain I don't think there is one single other place where there has been any feeding done, and I want to say now, as I have repeatedly said to you that the dryer it is the better it is for honey. I have been keeping bees here since 1885, and in '86 we had a rain on August 20th, and not another drop till May 9th, '87, and that was the best year for honey I have ever seen, and since that I have noticed that when it was extremely dry I have had

my largest yields of honey, although we have good yields with plenty of rain. We had here this spring a splendid honey flow in April, but on account of sickness did not get to catch it. Now will you publish some of these remarks with such explanations as you think proper in your Dec. No. of *QUEEN*.

G. F. DAVIDSON,
Fairview, Tex., Nov. 26, 1898.

Friend D.:—We have carefully read your letter and give it in this issue of *THE QUEEN* as you requested. Our explanation is this; We are all the time learning something. We have changed our minds about having beekeepers come here from the north, as we have had a good deal of experience in the last five years along this line. There is only one tree that thrives best in this Southwest Texas Country in dry weather, which is the mesquite, and for this tree we need winter rains and a dry summer; then a heavy rain about the time it begins to bloom blights it. All of our other trees and plants require more or less rain to make a good crop, or at least this is our experience. Now, to have people come here that are not accustomed to a drouthy country, they get so badly discouraged that they just sell everything for just what ever they can and go back,

which is a great injury to them as well as a great loss of time and money. Then when these people go back they give both the people and the country a bad name, which does not only damage this country, but damages those that come, and to avoid this loss to our northern friends, let us warn them that this is a dry and drouthy country, but in most years good for honey. Then those that come will not be so badly disappointed and will make good citizens, and if we can't get bee-keepers under these recommendations, let's raise them up here at home. We have felt real sorry for several good people that have broke up and come here, and then it turned out to be a dry season the first year and they got discouraged and went back at a great loss of time and money. If people can get fair yields of honey where they are, our advice would be for them to remain there, as it is expensive to move. However, if some will come anyway let us have this country pictured just as it is, or will seem to them. ED.

"Whew!" What a cold snap, and how it does hurt. The thermometer fell from 56 down to 26 above zero, in a few hours, yesterday, Dec. 9th, and to-day, the 10th, we have ice everywhere and the ground is frozen.

A Few Words from The "Tar Heel Man."

We have been hearing none too much from "Jamaica," and the "Tar heel man" has decided to ask him to take the floor.

We would like for him to tell us whether he succeeds in having queens mated from the upper story, as given in July QUEEN, when no honey is being stored. Possibly he uses an excluder between the brood nest and a super, and then another between the super and the nuclei boxes as described, as the young queens are from 9 to 18 inches above the old one, which may cut quite a figure in his success, and work better under adverse circumstances than having a single excluder.

Mr. Delos Wood, of Santa Barbara, California, tells in "Gleanings" how to secure queen cells by the wholesale, and queens of the best quality, by the honey producer who cannot afford to make artificial cell cups and graft larvæ, but the editor, in his foot note, does not agree with him, as he finds grafted cells much better to handle. Guess the latter has been turning about for something better than going back "to the good old way" of securing cells, as it has been stated that they lost trade by going back.

Mr. Wood recommends feeding

to induce the breeder's colony to swarm; hive the swarms on empty frames, and as soon as there is brood in several combs remove the queen, trim off the combs just below the just hatched larvæ, and the cells can all be saved as they stand out on the saucer shaped combs like one's fingers spread out, and are all ready to remove at once.

One thing I disagree with him on, is that the queens will be lighter colored reared on new combs. It seems to me that the work would be simplified by capturing the queen with any swarm that issues, and give the swarm a comb, thus trimmed, from the breeder's hive. Disfigured combs old or new can be given to the breeder from time to time for the purpose. The queen can be returned to the parent colony as soon as the comb of brood is given, and especially if the parent colony is removed and the swarm hived on the old stand.

By placing the brood between two empty combs, or combs of honey, and filling out with dummies, all the honey will be stored in the supers, which should be taken from the parent colony and given to the swarm at once, in the event they have been previously put on, but if not, supply some that the bees may have room to cluster and store. This arrangement works well in

having cells built by any plan, but unless the comb of brood is given, instead of prepared cups the bees will swarm out, if the queen is not kept caged in the hive until about night. Some of my best cells are built by swarms, and I have yet to learn an easier way to prepare them, save in having the cells built above an excluder with a laying queen below.

W. H. Pridgen,
Creek, N. C., Nov. 28, '98.

QUEEN REARING.

Why Everyone Can't Be a queen Breeder.

(By Willie Atchley.)

I do not think that I have anything new to offer, that will be interesting. I have taken note of all, or about all that has been said through the various bee papers for some time past, relating to queen rearing, introducing queens, rearing cells and introducing virgins. While I know it does not look well on the part of any one to use too much superiority, I trust my friends will permit me to speak plainly, and respectfully criticise some would be queen breeders, the names of whom I will not call, but I carefully read their writings in some of the bee papers, and if I am permitted to give my views and judgement, I will say they are not

judges of queens, and no person is fit for a queen breeder (When I say queen breeder, I mean rearing queens for the market.) who is not advanced far enough to be a good judge of queens, queen cells, and the general circumstances that surround the bees while cells are being built. A great deal has been said pro and con, about queens reared so and so not being as good as those raised so and so. For my own part, I care but little how a queen is raised, or at what season of the year she is raised, but if I am allowed to cast my two big eyes on her for a few moments I will tell whether she suits me or not.

The journals are full of such stuff about queens being no good that are reared by colonies where the queens are taken away, but if I can get to take away the queens, or select the cells after queens are taken away I would just as soon have queens reared by taking away queens from good colonies as any others, if there is a honey flow on. In my best judgement a person MUST be a good judge of queens and cells, then I am ready to risk his queens let him raise them as he likes and whenever he wishes to do so.

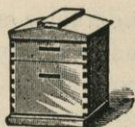
I remember one season we had an order about the first of May for about 100 tested queens, and at that time there was a good honey

flow on and all the apiary was in a flourishing condition, and we did feel a reluctance in dequeening that many good colonies, but we did it, and each colony reared its own cells, and by selection we procured several hundred fine cells for our nuclei and left one in each hive, and those queens were as fine a lot as ever we had, lived long, and were very prolific, and we could have given those tested queens to our customer and made money, as dequeening right at the beginning of a honey flow stopped swarming and by the time the young queens were laying the flow had slacked off, but such a honey yield as we did get from those bees. I know it won't do, as a rule, to depend on queens reared by dequeening, but to preach that all such queens are without value is not sound doctrine in my opinion. Some writers boast so high and heavy on natural swarming queens or those raised under the swarming impulse being far superior to queens reared any other way, and I must admit that most queens are good reared in that way, but the main reason for it is the bees are in good shape and doing well at such times or they would not swarm, and queens reared by moving the queens from good colonies while honey is being gathered are just as good and as profitable as those raised by natural swarming, or by any other method that I have ever tried, or at least that is my experience.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR SCHOOL.

Mrs. JENNIE ATCHLEY,
INSTRUCTOR.



The Jennie Atchley Co.:—

I received the two untested queens, the 29th day of July, 1898. I introduced them as per your directions and they are hatching bees which prove to be three band Italians and not Holy-lands which I ordered. Why did you send Italians instead of the Holy-lands that I ordered? I have the Italians and they are just alike, so far as I am able to judge, but as I am a beginner, you will please tell me the difference in Italians and Holy-land bees and pardon my assertion that the queens are three band Italians and not Holy-lands, but other men that ought to know say they are Italians.

JOHN M. ROSE,

Herald, Va., Sept. 2, '98.

Friend R.:—The queens sent you were pure Holy-lands, as far as we know, and while they do resemble Italian bees, they are quite different in characteristics and in color, they have an ash appearance on underside of the body, and the Holy-lands are some slimmer, and hind part, or the point, at the sting is more pointed, and as a rule they know how to use that pointed sting end more vigorously than the Italians do. We think you and your friends will change your minds when you go to manipulate the bees from the Holy-land queens. Please notice this next summer,

and let us know. We know that most people do not see any difference between the Holy-lands and Italians, but still there is a very marked difference.

I having purchased an old run-down apiary and intending to make a bee-keeper in every sense of the word if possible. So if it is not asking too much, I would like to ask you a few questions after telling you the condition of my bees. They are mostly Italians, but they have been hived by inexperienced boys and some of them have no frames at all and others have from 3 to 10, and they are all bridged and stuck together, so do you think I had better transfer them early in spring or not.

D. GREGG,

Bryan, Tex., Dec. 7, 1898.

Friend G.:—We would advise you to transfer your bees as early next spring as the weather will do, say about fruit bloom, or when settled warm weather comes, and when honey is coming in. You could leave them alone, as they are, until they swarm and then hive the swarms in hives with foundation or starters, and see that they build their combs straight, and then after 20 or 25 days after the swarm issued, transfer the parent colony, and you will have no brood to handle and the trouble and loss will be less.

As a number of our readers are desirous of knowing how we feed bees on

a large scale, we give below our plan of wholesale feeding.

We made a trough about 12 inches wide by 10 feet long by 6 inches deep, and made a float to fit the inside of trough just so it was loose enough to float with ease. We made the float out of $\frac{3}{8}$ inch stuff, with slats running crosswise of trough, leaving about a full $\frac{1}{4}$ inch between slats. Left a hole at one end of trough to fill up with when the bees had taken the feed out. The bees can take the feed from between the slats without getting into the feed, and even their feet don't touch the syrup, and there is no chance for the bees to get into the feed unless they crawl headlong into it, which they will not do, as they can get the feed without doing that. The frame material of float is about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches deep. The float lacks about 2 inches being as long as the trough, and a board covers that part, which has a hole in it for a funnel to pour feed through. We fed about 4000 lbs. of sugar syrup and honey mixed; two thirds sugar syrup and one third honey. We placed the feeder about two hundred yards from the apiaries, behind some brush, and you just ought to see them work. To get them ALL started to work at once we would prepare the feed trough first, and then pour a few spoonfuls of feed on top of

the frames of each hive, and in less than ten minutes they were seemingly crazy, but finding the feed trough soon, no robbing occurred.

While the bees were working on the feed, we could open the hives without smoke, or leave a hive cover off and no attempt at robbing. All in all, it gave an appearance of a big honey flow. We fed till each colony had sufficient stores to last till honey comes again, or till the time of year it usually comes. This is the best out door feeder we ever used, and 1000 lbs. can be fed from it in one day to 100 colonies, and as it comes so sudden, and closes the same way, the queens are not stimulated, and no unnecessary brood rearing is done. If the stronger colonies get more than their portion, and the weaker ones less, we equalize them the last day we feed. To prevent robbing, after feeding was done, we made the feed thinner and thinner, until there was scarcely any sweet about it, and the bees gradually stopped, till all was quiet.

At first you will think the trough too small, as the bees rush and push over each other so, but as soon as they get well to work, they get out of the way, and those going and coming give others a chance to load up and a trough the size of the one I described will be sufficient for 100 moderately strong colonies. It will not do to use any feeder in nor out of doors that will allow the bees to get their feet into the feed, as this soon gets them messed up till their work is very troublesome, and some get killed.

THE SOUTHLAND QUEEN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

E. J. ATCHLEY, - - Editor and Business M'gr.
...ASSISTED BY...

WILLIE, CHARLIE AND AMANDA ATCHLEY.

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BEEVILLE, TEXAS, DEC., 1898.

The National Bee-keepers' Union with the old war horse, Thomas G. Newman at the head, has won another victory for apiculture.

We do not think it hardly fair for

A. I. Root to talk about those great big 'tators when they are clear out of our reach, causing our mouths to water in vain, impairing our digestion, and causing general derangement of our systems.

There is no telling what the Roots will be at next, as we note that E. R. Root now has bees that store extracted honey, and we suppose his super is a 40 gallon barrel, or a 60 lb. can according to the high pressure of the season. American Bee Journal, page 692, Nov. 3, '98.

As this is the last number of THE QUEEN for 1898, we wonder tonight while we write this editorial, if there is a single home where THE QUEEN goes that is not happy. If such is the case we trust that the gloom may all be dispersed ere this issue reaches you, and we sincerely wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Wm. Cowan have just been called upon to weep the loss of their son and daughter, who were lost by the sinking of the ship Mohegan, a few days ago. Mr. & Mrs. Cowan recovered their children from their watery graves and buried them ashore. The sympathy of all beedom reaches out to these good people. Mr.

Cowan is the editor of the "British Bee Journal."

"The Bee-Keepers' Review," page 327, Nov., '98, has gone into the business of dealing in futures, and makes Cyula Linswik pay \$25.00 for a colony of Italian bees, 74 years hence. Now, if "The Review" gets into the future and corner business, and makes bees bring \$25.00 per colony 74 years in the future, those that have to sell at that time will be rich, and those that have to buy will be ruined.

In this part of the country the bees will likely be getting new pollen before the January, '99, QUEEN reaches you, so we feel that it is well to begin to rehearse some of the old warnings. As soon as the bees begin to rear brood, in the spring, better see that all colonies are well supplied with stores, as there are ten times more colonies, as a rule, lost in this southern country by spring starvation, than by wintering.

In our opinion, Dr. Miller gives as true an answer to the question, Will queens reared in September be as good as queens reared in May drones being present? as he ever gave in "The American Bee Journal," and this is his answer. That

depends on weather and pasturage. If the weather is cool in May, and there is little or no pasturage, queens will not be as good as those reared in good weather with good pasture in September, and vice versa.

The United States Bee-Keepers' Union has won a victory also, and there has been much courting in trying to get up a match between the two unions, but one says no and the other says yes, but as it takes two willing minds to make a trade, there has been no wedding, and we think it best for the bee-keeping fraternity that no match has been made, as now we have a kind of sort o' competition, and the adage runs, in union there is strength, but as it is, there is two unions and two strengths.

We have a good market for all the bulk comb honey that can be at present produced in southwest Texas, and if our friends will only put it up according to the requirements of our trade we will sell all that will be offered in 1899. We fell short of filling our orders this year by nearly 100,000 lbs., after buying all we could find in this country. Any of our friends that desire us to handle their honey will do well to correspond with us before time arrives to put on supers,

as we wish nothing except nice white bulk comb, put up in cans or buckets.

Some are wanting to know how to love their bees, as we spoke about loving bees some time ago, and to this we will say that love is a source of earnestness, and to love your bees is to be in earnest, and it matters not what your occupation is, you must be in earnest, or love it or you will most likely fail. Point out to us those that are in good hard earnest about their business, and we will point to that one and be safe in saying such an one will as a rule be successful, and that is what we meant when we said love your bees, be in earnest, or better let them alone.

We are going to try to do away with the production of section honey in this extreme southern country if possible, as every year some good hard working bee-keepers are suffering great loss from the destruction of their section honey while in transit. One of our good friends have just shipped a lot of section honey to Fort Worth, and the whole thing is smashed all into a mass of leaking and wasting ruins. The producing and shipping of section honey in this warm climate is not, and in our opinion, never will be a success, unless

shipped in car load lots, and the bee-keeper to go along with it.

We have had considerable complaint from purchasers of honey this year that the honey upon arrival was full of little red ants. We have discovered that the screw cap cans are not ant proof, neither the 1½ nor 8 inch caps, and steps should be taken by all that use these cans for honey, either comb or extracted, to place a packing in top of caps so as to be forced down on the top of spout hard and tight before the cap reaches the can, so as to be perfectly ant proof. We are now looking out for a better, more convenient, and cheaper package for bulk comb honey than the 8 inch cap 60 lb. cans. We will let you know what we will have to offer before the season for honey arrives again.

A writer in Gleanings claims bees do not like black, giving as one of his reasons that they sting his ankles when he has on black socks. — Bees have stung my ankles lots of times when I had on white socks, and when I have had on no socks at all. But say: Isn't a white bee-veil more comfortable and cheerful-like, too, than a black one? White does not attract the rays of the sun like black. Of course the face should be black, and of fine silk.—The Progressive Bee-Keeper.

Our Clubbing List.

We will club with THE SOUTHLAND QUEEN the following papers, which will be a saving to the subscriber in case both or all the papers named are wanted. The Modern Farmer & Busy Bee \$1.00. THE SOUTHLAND QUEEN \$1.00; both papers for one year \$1.40.

Gleanings and The Southland Queen \$1.75. Bee-Keepers' Review and The Southland Queen \$1.75. The Progressive Bee-Keeper and The Southland Queen \$1.35. Cash must accompany each order at the above prices. Address your orders to

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