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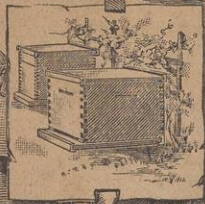
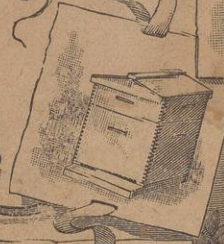
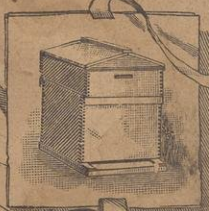
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DEC. 1900.



PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER

A JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO BEES, HONEY AND
KINDRED INDUSTRIES.



PUBLISHED BY

LEAHY MANUFACTURING CO
HIGGINSVILLE, MISSOURI.

MURRAY - HEISS - CLEV. O.

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The Amateur Bee-Keeper, (a gem for beginners), by Prof. J. W. Rouse; price, 28c.

Advanced Bee Culture, by W. Z. Hutchinson; price, 50c.

Manual of the Apiary, by Prof. A. J. Cook; price, \$1.25.

The A B C of Bee Culture, by A. I. Root; price, \$1.25.

A Treatise on Foul Brood, by Dr. Howard; price, 25c.

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The Progressive Bee-Keeper.

A Journal Devoted to Bees, Honey, and Kindred Industries

50 Cents a Year.

Published Monthly by Leahy Manufacturing Company.

Vol. X.

HIGGINSVILLE, MO., DEC. 1900.

No. 12

A Little Boy.

His eyes are filled with a serene light.
Upon his face the tints of childhood glow,
Glad with the joy of innocence, he might
Have posed for beauty's sculptor, Angelo.

Replete with happy fancies, little Hugh
Is fitting type of One whose cruel death
Gave man the key of Eden—He who grew,
God's little boy, in ancient Nazareth.

—Will Ward Mitchell.

The Youth's Companion in 1901.

The ends of the earth will be laid under tribute for the 1901 volume of the Youth's Companion. Statesmen, Diplomats, Travellers, Trappers, Indian Fighters, Cow-Punchers and Self-Made Men and Women of Many Vocations will contribute to the entertainment of young and old in Companion homes. Theodore Roosevelt will write upon "The Essence of Heroism." The Secretary of the Treasury will answer the question, "What is Money?" Frank T. Bullen, the old sailor who spins fascinating yarns of life at sea, will contribute a story. W. D. Howells will describe the relations between "Young Contributors and Editors." Paul Leicester Ford will write about "The Man of the Dictionary"—Noah Webster. There is not space here to begin to tell of the good things already provided for readers of the new volume of The Youth's Companion—interesting, instructive, inspiring—from the pens of famous men and women.

Illustrated Announcement of the 1901 volume and sample copies of the paper sent free to any address.

All new subscribers who send in their subscriptions now will receive not only the 52 issues of The Companion for 1901, but also all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1900 free from the time of subscription, besides the beautiful "Puritan Girl" Calendar for 1901 lithographed in 12 colors and gold.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
Boston, Mass.

Combination a Benefit and Not Wrong.

F. L. THOMPSON.

"Claiming that an organization for the purpose of the forcing up the price of honey was right. No, no!" "Away with such sophistry. "ALL such climbing is wrong. It is not based on JUSTICE. The only combination that can possibly be right, is a combination of ALL the people for the mutual benefit of ALL." "The remedy [combination] is no remedy." "Discrimination in freight rates, so that small honey-producers cannot secure as good rates as the carload shipper."—P. 304.

So we must assume that all action to MAINTAIN prices (keep them from being forced down lower than is just) is "forcing up;" that all organizations are necessarily engaged in forcing up prices; that ANY force (including resistance) is always and altogether wrong; and that retailing is as inexpensive as wholesaling. Why, isn't it wrong, then, for an INDIVIDUAL to refuse to sell to one party for a certain price, and then turn around and sell to another party who offers him a higher price? What is the essential difference between the action of individuals and of combinations? The combination has more power, to be sure. It differs in degree. How does it differ in kind? I thought individuals

could and did act just like combinations, whenever they had the power. I wonder what the author of those quotations would say if he were offered a cent a pound less than the market price for his honey. Would it be "Take it; I am not going to force up the price of my honey?" Many Colorado bee-keepers WERE offered less than the market prices this year; and many sold for less than the market prices. That was all right, no doubt, and just as it should be. For them to have been members of an organization selling only at market prices would have been wrong.

Right and wrong cannot be stretched in any such way as suggested. What is right is right, and what is wrong is wrong for all alike. When power is wrong, it is as wrong to leave a honey-producer at the mercy of a powerful individual, in the shape of a grasping commission man or buyer, as at the mercy of a powerful combination, in the shape of a railroad corporation. When power is right, it is as right for an organization of bee-keepers to buy up incorrigibly cheap honey in order to maintain just prices, and as right for them to hire a good business man to resist the bluffing of the wholesale buyers, as it would be for each one to do the buying and the standing off for himself. And as for "all such climbing" being "wrong", "the statement is inexplicable unless the maker of it is doing wrong not to sell his produce for whatever the buyers offer him.

And why SHOULD the small shipper secure as good freight rates as the carload shipper? In taking small shipments the railroad has to do business in a retail way, which is more expensive, in proportion, in labor and time, than by the wholesale, in carload shipments. We

may have grievances enough against corporations, but not even a railroad should be treated unjustly.

Mr. Aikin's claim "It is not a matter of monopoly, either in the sense of setting an arbitrary price on our product, or of keeping out of the field other and proper competitors, nor a matter of extortion, should have been squarely faced," and it should have been PROVED, in stead of merely hinted, that all organizations necessarily "force up" prices beyond what is just. That hint, or implication, or evasion, or whatever it is, is unjust. It is not in accordance with the facts. When left to individual marketing, honey does NOT follow the laws of supply and demand. When a farmer or small bee-keeper, who is not dependent on honey alone for a living, finds honey harder to sell than staples, such as wheat, in his particular locality, he sells cheaply. As there are many such persons, they seriously affect the markets, both local and distant. Yet that same honey, properly held (BOUGHT up, if necessary) and distributed, brings a higher price than the farmer's cheap selling-price plus transportation and distribution, and that without any cornering or other such manipulation; for there is any amount of legitimate competition, and always will be. These are facts, exemplified this year right in this state and neighborhood. And then we are told it is "wrong" to distribute honey in such a way as can only be done by co-operation; and it is implied that the proper plan would be to sell to local dealers for whatever they choose to give us, and let them pocket the difference between the low buying and high selling price (using cheap farmers' honey as a lever to secure that low buying price, WITHOUT ANY REGARD to the general demand for honey through-

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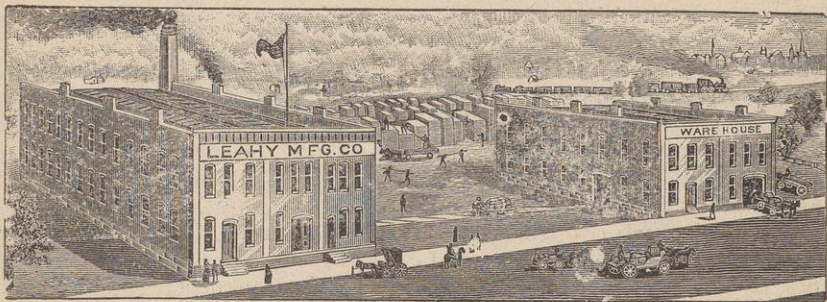
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MANY IMPROVEMENTS THIS YEAR.



We have made many improvements this year in the manufacture of bee supplies. The following are some of them: Our hives are made of one grade better lumber than heretofore, and all that are sent out under our new prices, will be supplied with separators and nails. The Telescope hive has a new bottom board, which is a combination of hive stand and bottom board, and is supplied with slatted tinned separators. The Higginsville Smoker is much improved, is larger than heretofore, and better material is used all through. Our Latest Process Foundation has no equal, and our highly polished sections are superb indeed. Send 5c for sample copy of these two articles, and be convinced. The Daisy Foundation Fastener—well, it is a *daisy* now, sure enough, with a pocket to catch the dripping wax and a treddle so it can be worked by the foot. Prices as low as conservative, considering the big advance in raw material. If you have not received our new catalogue, send for it at once. Sample copy of the PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER free. Address,

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out the country;) or, what is the same thing, handle such large amounts of honey that even a low profit mounts up, (leaving the high profits to be pocketed by the eastern distributors), so that they do not NEED to be interested in selling honey to eastern distributors for what the demand would permit them to pay, and use both the low buying and the low selling prices as a lever to secure a low valuation of honey. And that, by the way, is the practical working of the commission business in this locality. Either it has been indiscriminately defended of late, or eastern commission men are different from those here. A man buying to sell again must make his profit; he will at least not sell the goods for less than he gave, without a struggle; but a man selling on commission has nothing to lose. He makes a profit anyhow, no matter how low the goods are sold. It is to his interest to sell them cheap enough to MOVE them—that is the main thing—so as to get in another lot, and make a profit on it too; and it is not only to his interest to do so, but he does it, in Denver at least. Again and again we have been warned, in our local and state meetings, against selling on commission, by those who have done so. It would be strange if all this smoke had no flame. Such a lowering of prices is not in accordance with the laws of supply and demand. It is an artificial interference of the middleman. It must be stopped. The producer and consumer should have the MOST to say about what supply and demand are.

That "the only combination that can possibly be right, is a combination of ALL the people for the benefit of ALL," I emphatically deny. It is absurd on the face of it. Suppose the thirteen original states had said "We cannot get Canada to

combine with us, so let us allow the British to do what they want to, for it would be wrong for less than all to combine." If through timidity, conceit, jealousy, indifference, or other motives, some bee-keepers do not want to combine, it is right and proper for the others to let them go, and combine for their own benefit. This is so self-evident as to need no argument. If the real object of combination were to corner the market, then it might not be wise for less than all interested to combine; but as there is so much to accomplish legitimately that CAN be done by a part for themselves at least, such a consideration has no force.

"Oh, but that is not what I meant" perhaps the maker of that statement will say, "I meant that ALL bee-keepers are only a part of those interested—consumers are interested too." But, but, but—are we fighting CONSUMERS? No, sir. Why befog and misrepresent a plain issue? There are abuses and losses before the honey reaches the consumer. That is undeniable. We wish to correct those abuses and check those losses, for the benefit of all bee-keepers who will help, without adding a pennyweight to the burden of the consumer. Is anyone interested in these ends but producers and equitable dealers, aside from the authors of the said abuses? Then it is not wrong, but RIGHT, that only bee-keepers should form a combination to use FORCE in RESISTING wrong conditions in the honey-market; and being RIGHT, and BASED ON JUSTICE, the other fellow will not always be ahead. "Thrice armed is he who has his quarrel just." The only way in which consumers are affected, by such needed co-operation as greatly benefits bee-keepers, is when LOCAL consumers do not get so cheap honey in a year of

plenty at home and scarcity elsewhere, as when honey is equally plenty everywhere. But no one would call this injustice to make all consumers share alike.

I protest against this sacrificing and neglect of immediate duties in order to exploit a political theory. Perhaps those socialistic ideas about direct legislation and ownership of railroads are all right. Perhaps they will come in time. (I say "perhaps", for the subject is too complicated—all political issues are—to be disposed of in the dogmatic and popular style of stump speaking and stump writing.) Perhaps we ought to be thinking and discussing them in the proper way. But in the meantime we bee-keepers have problems of our own, which we must solve ourselves, or they will not be solved at all. Will any amount of direct legislation properly distribute our honey—find out for us where honey is not so plentiful; correspond; make us thoroughly acquainted with the honey market at a given time and place, so that when the buyer airily asserts there is plenty of honey yet—sixteen carloads in the rest of the state—we can positively assure him, and prove it, that there are not more than three, thus securing JUST prices; collect honey from fifty or more little apiaries, besides the "big ones," in one spot, rejecting all that does not come up to a certain standard, so that there is a solid inducement for the buyers to buy now and come again in the future, in the shape of READY and UNIFORMLY GOOD carloads; and secure prompt and adequate payment to producers—without risk, because the buyers must buy on the spot or an equivalent—in the shape of CASH, not part cash and part bills of freight and breakage and leakage and cartage; will direct legislation do this?

Shucks! Nonsense! Can we achieve the same benefit individually? Certainly not. But there is no need of ARGUING this. IT HAS BEEN DONE. Let anyone who thinks differently come to Denver, Colorado, and examine the evidence.

Mr. Hutchinson says something to the effect that an association is well enough in years of plenty at home and scarcity elsewhere, but that when honey is plenty everywhere it might not amount to much. The best answer to this is another fact, namely, that the year before our association was organized, which was a good year elsewhere as well as here, an informal union of a few bee keepers, selling by the carload, obtained twenty-five cents a case more than the rest did, and got CASH for it too. And why should they not? Whether honey is plentiful or not, it is an advantage to buyers to get their honey in a lump and have it all good, and they can and do pay for the privilege. The expenses of a traveling buyer are more than most people have any idea of; and an inducement whereby these expenses are largely saved is worth something. This is also shown by the fact that wholesale buyers always prefer buying of the commission houses to drumming up honey from individual bee-keepers. Even supposing a year so abounding in honey that no traveling need be done, the inducement of a wholesale and uniformly good supply is greater than that of miscellaneous lots. With proper management, no honey in any year, need ever be sold on time, but always for cash.

We are often told, and it is generally true, that honey is one of those commodities which it pays best to sell as soon as possible. This year was a distinct exception. Those who sold earliest (after most of the honey was off the hives) got

least. Those who sold within the last month (to-day is Oct. 21) got most. That honey-dealer who said he had never known a year when he could not get all the honey he wanted, no doubt knows better now. A few isolated localities, like Denver in Colorado and Vernal in Utah, obtained very good crops, but the crop of Colorado as a whole is only about average, and that of Utah is one-fourth a crop. With California and the eastern states mostly failures, and NOT a big crop from the central West, we may form some idea of the kind of year in which to be careful about selling too early. It is something to know it can occur, though rarely.

Denver, Colo.

Interesting Notes From A Beginner.

The following is a letter from a beginner. Thinking it may be of some help to some of our amateur readers, we publish it just as we received it:

I have just read "Comments on Handling Supers Instead of Sections." by F. L. Thompson. I am an amateur. Have only handled bees one season. Bought two colonies; have now six. Not having time to hive, some swarms left the place. As I only wanted a few to supply family, did not bother with those that were inclined to leave. But we have been selling honey all the time in sections since the fruit blossoms, and still have one full super. And this is what I want to say; that on two swarms we put two supers as soon as they were hived, and did not bother them for two weeks and then found all the sections in both supers filled and capped with as nice white honey as one would wish to see, which sold here at home for 20 cents per section. I can not understand why our bees should fill all sections at the same time—not one but what was straight and full. We had no starters, for we did not know there was any such thing. With my supplies I received some, and will use them the coming season. Our brood-frames are all full of nice straight combs: we did not take any honey out of the frames at all; only

sections; for we do not believe in fussing too much with bees. The swarms we hived were what we thought to be very large, there being not less than $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel of bees. Of course we do not put ourselves up as judges, for we have just begun, and from observing the methods of those all around us who fail, thought we would start a system of our own, and work on the lines of nature as near as possible. Our colonies are all strong with young bees. On warm days when they play out, it looks as if the bees were swarming. We made them a shelter at the north and cover with ship shap, with the south and east open. We are proud of our bees, and would not be without them again. I was afraid of sting but helped hive the swarms. Forgot my fear in the necessity of prompt action, and have only gotten two stings, and that was not while robbing or hiving, only by getting in the way when they were going to the field. They have one path, and I now avoid their right of way, and have no more trouble with them.

A. T. C.

Willow Springs, Mo.

We shall certainly be glad to hear from our friends at any time they care to tell us more of their bees.—ED.

EXPERIENCE AND ITS LESSONS.

R. C. Aikin.

(Continued from Nov. PROGRESSIVE.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

About Organizing for Business and Protection.—What General Government Does Not Do for Us We Should Do for Ourselves.

In preceding articles I discussed somewhat the necessity of co-operative work, combining of capital, organizing to better our condition in business affairs. In some of my arguments Friend Doolittle takes issue with me, pointing out that the remedy for our troubles is not organization and co-operation, but RIGHT VOTING and right laws. I

know full well that there is something wrong fundamentally that we need to ORGANIZE for PROTECTION, yet I think that even Doolittle must see that, from a business point of view, my argument is right. When an evil exists, we must not sulk and cease efforts. When a man has fallen into a pit, he must devise some way out, and not waste time talking about what caused him to get into the pit.

We are in business and moral conditions that demand that we do something to alleviate our pains, and there is the problem I have been discussing. There is not for one minute a reasonable excuse or argument why we ought not to have ORGANIZED and CO-OPERATIVE methods in our business affairs; the very conditions of a vast population scattered over the vast area of the United States demand that we have some protection by way of organization that is not now ours. I admit it is the BUSINESS of GOVERNMENT to supply the needs and protection, but since we have it not, I have discussed a method of present help, while we are building and working out the necessary public sentiment to right the fountain head.

Oh, that I could make each individual reader of the PROGRESSIVE to see what is wrong, that the selfish, penurious spirit that has taken possession of the people is at the bottom of the trouble. Politically we may judge of what is wrong if we but stop to think; one dominant party says gold and prosperity; the other says free silver; and the side that has the most money prevails. As a business man and for over 25 years in close touch with and studying political and business economy and practices, I feel that I am competent to speak of these things. I do know that morals are largely ruled out of business and politics.

The purity of womanhood, so we are told, has no place in the corruption of politics and business. The ministers of Christ and His church are told to save souls and keep out of politics and business. Those who would work reform of any kind are told you have no business in politics. Are politics and business so far removed from the citizen's interests and concern that he has no interest in the same? Is it possible that the elements of good are not needed to salt and season politics? Is it true that, "1, The branch of civics that treats of the principles of civil government and the conduct of state affairs; 2, Political affairs in a party sense, party intrigues, political contrivance and management," etc., needs not the moralizing influence of the church, or whatever is right and good?

Brethren, were we subjects of a despot, then would we be on a common level and have nothing to say; but we are SOVEREIGNS; your vote and mine make this government. Do we complain of bad laws? The fault is ours and the remedy is with us in our ballots. Are politics corrupt? The private voter is the VERY FIRST and PRIME cause of that CORRUPTION. Fellow-citizens and brethren, the source of government in this country is THE PEOPLE, and to admit our laws and the administration thereof are corrupt is to admit WE OURSELVES are corrupt. Were I a subject of a despot, I would keep silence and endure what I could not cure and was not responsible for; but I am a SOVEREIGN ruler in this nation, and "woe is me" if I call not my brother sovereign to his duty, and my servants, the legislators and administrators, to a performance of the work I have hired them to do and which they have even sworn they will do. But why do I reason thus?

Every reader KNOWS that we as a nation get just what we vote for ALL THE TIME, and will continue so just as long as we wink at wickedness, and worship the devil because he happens to be in my party. Brethren, every one to four years, WE have the power to better our condition. Bee-keepers can help themselves in business matters by co-operation if they WILL, and they can largely purify the civil corruption by their votes.

There is not a shadow of a doubt in my mind as to the duty of government to OWN and OPERATE all great public utilities, as railroads and all transportation facilities, telegraphs, telephones, the postal system, banking concerns, and all things pertaining to the currency. It is no argument to say the government cannot do this; it already handles the postal system and gives us a service that is fair and just to rich and poor alike, gives a great convenience and at a trifling cost, yet employs and feeds a multitude out of the income from the business. We know that a private corporation would never begin to give such service as the postal department does. Put every public utility under the control and management of the government, and it will be vastly more to the interests of the masses, and cause a more equal distribution and more economic administration.

Mr. Editor, this discussion is not just in the line of your journal, but when I see the ignorance of the masses, how they are hoodwinked into so many things, when I know that if the people knew what and where the trouble was, they would right the wrong—I say when I know this and yearn to reach the masses, but cannot, I feel that you will bear with me in touching at the foundation principles underlying all.

There is no questioning the fact that the people have many wrongs to contend with, and that they do NOT know where the trouble is.

Friend Doolittle hoots at my idea of our organizing to fight for our rights, and says no matter what we do we will be outdone by the enemy. O, Doolittle, Doolittle, where is your faith? Are you teetotally soured? Have you gone back on all your brethren till you have no "confidence" in them whatever? Have you forgotten the promises from our God that He will bless and keep His children? Every man who will give the matter honest thought, KNOWS, I say KNOWS, that it is the morality of the Christian religion that has brought us as many blessings as we have in this country, and in other countries where Christianity is dominant. If the Lord would spare that wicked city, Sodom, for even five righteous, He will spare this nation for the many thousands of righteous within her. I call on you, Friend Doolittle, to rise to the occasion and aid the bee-keepers to get together in confidence, to organize into a vast business body and on moral principles. Let us not say we are down, and down to stay, but let us rise in our might and assert our rights, and reign and rule where we should. Do not say we will be doing wrong to hold up prices by organizing. Who but Doolittle has all these years been talking that honey was too cheap, and now warns us against forcing up the price?

It is not good round prices that is to be feared; it is INEQUALITY. Could the bee-keeper, the fruit-grower, the general farmer, the stock-man, and all classes of producers, obtain good round prices for their products, and the administration of civil government, and of all public utilities, be just and equal,

and for the greatest good to the greatest number, prosperity and happiness, such as we have never seen in this country, would prevail.

But I think I still hear Doolittle crying against organizing; he has been uttering such sentiments right along. Friend D., and all the rest of the brethren, bee-keepers and others, I want to repeat again that it is the duty and business of government to look after the business interests of the subjects or citizens of that government and country. In this nation **THE PEOPLE** are the government if **THEY CHOOSE TO BE**, and the remedy lies in their (the people's) hands. It will take time and **MUCH WORK** to get to where we should be in civil government. It is the duty of the poor citizen (mark that I say **CITIZEN**, there is no subject in a republic—under a monarch there are subjects; in a republic, **CITIZENS**;) to cry aloud and set forth his need. He should push forward and demand his right, in speech and by his speech and **BALLOT**.

It is the duty of every man, rich or poor, to practice the morals you preach. You may be an infidel, or any grade of non-religious belief, but you, one and all, profess moral obligations to your brother. You are a moral reprobate and hypocrite if you do not live up to your profession and do what you can to protect your weaker brother. To the spiritual, those who profess Christ and both His **MORALITY** and His **spirituality**, a double duty is on you. The Master pronounced woe upon such who made loud professions and knew their duty and did it not. If you, brother in Christ, neglect your duty, you are both a moral and spiritual hypocrite. To us, one and all, here is our duty.

The civil organization has not done its duty, and because it cannot rise above its source, the common

voter. Let us put ourselves in right relationship to our brother by organizing into a grand co-operative business corporation to foster and protect our business. Civil organization ought to do it, but it has not, nor has nor will any other human power but ourselves. We all profess a duty to each other; let us no longer be hypocrites, but be honest. The quickest way to present and temporary relief is class organization.

But while we are about temporary organization, let us also work to bring about proper government protection to all morally legitimate business. In doing this, I appeal again to the manhood of the moralist and all who put their honor and self as the highest authority, and to the Christian professor to do for the honor of both self and God. My brother, you know what you should do. **Vote and work as you know, and search for the truth.** If you do not know what you ought to do, and will not stir yourself to find out, then for the honor of manhood and the interests of common justice, and for the honor of all that is right, stay at home, and let those who do have a sense of right and justice do the voting.

Doolittle says it is "justice" we want, and implies in his comments on page 304 of this journal, and elsewhere, that to organize means **MONOPOLY**. He knows that as he votes so he stands in this government as a sovereign. He imputes to you and me, fellow bee-keepers, that we are no better than the Standard Oil Company monopoly. He simply means that you and I are moral profligates, and that to organize means to put upon the suffering people another unjust monopoly, because no organization is better than its **INDIVIDUAL MEMBERS**. 'Tis true, brethren, no organization is

better than those of whom it is composed, and are we going to submit to Mr. Doolittle's charge that we cannot and will not form ourselves into a just corporation? I wonder that Doolittle will put his ballot into the same box with you and I, for fear he will be found in the company and aiding and abetting a monopolistic civil corporation. OUR CIVIL POWER IS JUST WHAT WE ARE AND WHAT WE MAKE IT.

I do not advocate private corporation because it is the best thing to do, but because government has not given the people the fostering care and protection it should, and there must of necessity be some substitute till we can accomplish that which is very much better and the proper thing, the full and complete oversight and government management of all great business interests. Let us then, bee-keepers, organize to better and systematically handle our business in all its details, even to the distribution of our products, and while doing this, work for the greater object, the complete and general governmental management of ALL kinds of business in every point where the general public is directly concerned. Then will be as much confidence in submitting the transportation of a car of honey as on a letter now, and as well a fair and equal payment of the expense by each and every citizen.

Loveland, Colo.

Recapitulation by G. M. Doolittle.

Based on a Fallacy:—Before attempting to write a word of recapitulation on this article of Bro. Aikin's, I have read it over three times to be sure that I "took it in," and if I understand his position, I can only think that it is based on a false foundation, and if so, all of his arguments count for naught. If we set up a "man of straw" and then pro-

ceed to knock him down, the knocking down may appear all right, but when he is down we find that we have no *man* there, and that all our efforts are wasted. Underlying his whole argument is the idea, which he evidently considers a *fact*, that each voter in the United States is a "*sovereign*." And notwithstanding his statement, "As a business man, and for over 25 years in close touch with and studying political and business economy and practices, I feel that I am competent to speak of these things." I am obliged to say that his studying must have been faulty, or he would have known that the voting masses of the United States are *not* sovereigns, and also that his assertion, "I am a *sovereign* ruler in this nation," has *no foundation* in fact. The Student's Standard Dictionary says a sovereign is "one who possesses supreme authority or exercises absolute control." Can Mr. Aikin or myself, or any reader of the PROGRESSIVE, claim that for himself, and claim it in fact? Let us see. Was Mr. Aikin allowed the privilege during the late election to vote for president of these United States? No. The talk about voting for McKinley, or Bryan, or Woolley, is a mere figure of speech. Only the successful *electors* can vote for a president. The people have no voice in the matter. Again, true liberty and sovereignty does not consist in the privilege of selecting our rulers, but in *being our own rulers*. Sovereignty does not consist in the power to select our sovereign, but in the power to be our own sovereigns. To be sure, the Declaration of Independence proclaimed the great truth of equality of rights among men. But the Constitution did not recognize this fundamental principle, but divided the people into the "masses and classes." The masses were denied all voice in making the *laws*; the classes, consisting of the *office-holders* only, were given full control in this matter. This did not provide for equal rights, or allow Bro. Ai-

kin and myself to be sovereigns, as it denies to us and to the great mass of the people *all* rights in the matter of *law making*, and conferred all rights upon a select class. The principle was *not* changed by the fact that the people were allowed to select this *class*. As the *fruit of this iniquity* in the fundamental law, we have all the corruption, poverty, misery and woe in our political life, and in our nation, which Bro. Aikin speaks about, and that from which no *bee-keeper* is exempt. Instead of a government by the *people*, we have a government by political parties; and in order that this government may be in the interests of the moneyed class, the corporations and the trusts, these institutions control the political parties, and through the political parties control legislation, so that the "my servants" of Bro. Aikin have become our *masters*, and rule with a despotism as complete as the autocrats or crowned heads of Europe. We bee-keepers have no control over their actions. We have no power to enact legislation. We have no power to prevent *unjust legislation from being enacted*. The common statement, as voiced by Bro. Aikin, that the American voters are the sovereign rulers of this country, and that their *will is law*, is a poetic fiction. The will of the voters is not law, and there is no way in which they can convert it into law. The people are disfranchised, and the only help for this *republic* of ours, and for us *bee-keepers*, is to *enfranchise* the people, so they can make their *will* law. When this is done, the people will then govern; each become a sovereign, because the people will make the laws. All government is necessarily by means of law. The *power* that can make the laws is the power that governs. A power that cannot make laws does not govern, and as long as the *people* cannot make the laws, it is absurd to say that the people govern the country. I have dwelt thus lengthy on this subject so that the readers of

the PROGRESSIVE, and Bro. Aikin in particular, can see that the masses are *not* sovereigns, and as they *are not*, Bro. Aikin's arguments are abortive.

The Results:—Bro. A. tells us "There is not a shadow of a doubt in my mind as to the duty of the government to *own* and *operate* all great public utilities as railroads, etc." But instead of owning these things, the result of our unjust system of class made laws, is to grant *special privileges* to the plutocrats owning and operating the railroads, the telegraphs, telephones, coal mines, oil wells, etc., etc., this resulting in the poverty of the masses. Poverty resulting from laziness is a crime. No man has a right to be idle, be he plutocrat or pauper. No man has a right to live in the world unless he is of service to the world. The world owes no man a living until that man by *his labor* has put the world in debt to him. The Bible says that he that *will not work* should not eat, and the one who provides not for his own is worse than an infidel. But the Bible does not condemn the man who is willing to work but is denied the opportunity. Poverty arising from drunkenness is a crime. A crime on the part of the drinker, a crime on the part of the seller and a crime on the part of the government which permits the sale. But the great all-pervading cause of social poverty, that poverty which befalls men in spite of their best efforts, is *monopoly*. The greatest monopoly of all is the monopoly of law making. A handful of men are given, by the constitution, special privilege of making all the laws and all the rest of the people are, by the same document, absolutely denied all participation. And every monopoly is founded on a *statute*, and owes its existence to *special privileges granted by law*, laws made through our representatives which Bro. A. would have us believe are our servants. A special privilege granted to one necessarily implies the

denial of a natural right to others. If it did not it would not be a special privilege. If the special privilege is of great value to the one, like the Standard Oil Company, it must be by the denial of the natural rights to multitudes. So a special privilege which enables one man or company of men, to accumulate millions which they have not earned, means the denial of thousands and millions of their natural right to what they have earned. A natural right is a *God-given* right, and the denial of natural right by grants of special privileges is a defiance of God, and wrong, and that continually. And we find as the result of these special privileges that

There are ninety and nine who live and die.

In hunger and want and cold,

That one may revel in luxury,

And be lapped in its silken fold.

The ninety and nine in their hovels bare,

The one in a palace with riches rare

They toil in the fields, the ninety and nine,

For the fruits of our mother earth;

They dig and delve in the dusky mine

And bring its treasures forth.

And the wealth produced by their sturdy blows

To the hand of the one forever flows.

From the sweat of their brows the desert blooms,

And the forests before them fall;

Their labor has built their humble homes

And the cities with lofty walls.

And the one owns cities and homes and lands.

While the ninety and nine have empty hands."

Monopoly makes poverty by taking from men the fruits of their labor without giving an equal return. It makes poverty by shutting men out from the opportunity to labor, so that they must either remain idle or surrender a part of their product as payment for the privilege of being allowed to labor. And, yet with all of this *wrong* before us, Bro. Aikin wants us bee-keepers to combine that we may force up the price of honey. Oh Aikin, Aikin, where is your faith in the right? Are you teetotally blind to the *right*? Have you gone over to the enemy of God and righteousness? Do you think that a

forcing up of the price of honey a cent or two a pound would be any less a sin than the forcing up of kerosene oil that much? Do you argue that it would only get even with the Standard Oil Company's dealing with you? If so, how about the poor miners whose children's mouths are now watering for your honey, and yet cannot get a drop of it because the miners wages are so low that they will not afford honey? Have you ever heard of the old saying "To steal a pin, it is a sin, to steal a 'tater', it is a greater, to steal a copper, it is a whopper?" If so you well know that a little sin is a *sin* nevertheless. Then, if we bee-keepers were all to come over on your side, do you believe a honey monopoly would at all compete with the special privileged monopolies, so that they would not "wax" us in the end? No matter where the miners and those less favored than we went to. Or do you think we can get our servants[?], the legislators to grant us a *special privilege* on honey? It takes *money* to buy a special privilege through. Oh Aikin, "don't let's think of it," but rather do right by working for direct legislation till *equal justice is secured*, even though we, like the Master, "have not where to lay our heads." Far better go down with the multitude under oppression, than to be one of the oppressors. I know the bee-keepers are being wronged in this present unequal race, brought about through special privileges granted to a few, but I would far rather have it so, than to wrong multitudes who are still more wronged than we are. But if you insist on this thing, dear Bro. Aikin, please remember, that it will be a *public sin*, and no man can escape responsibility for public sins of omission or commission. No man liveth to himself. Each is a part of the community and responsibility for the well-being of the community and the acts of the community. When God asks us about our brother in the slums and poverty, we cannot give the answer of Cain:

"For the deeds men do together they must answer to the Lord.

By our common, public life we stand or fall,
And your fraction of the sin of the country
you are in,

Is the sin that's going to damn you, after
all."

The Remedy:—It does not lie along Bro. Aikin's plans, that of combatting evil with evil, as he practically admits in his closing paragraph. But it *does* lie along the line of agitation, till Bro. A. and the majority of the people shall say by their votes that the *constitution of the United States shall be changed* to where *each* citizen shall become a *sovereign*, in fact and in truth, so that this government may truly become a government "of the people, by the people and for the whole people," through *direct legislation*. And to the man who has studied hard and dug deep along *all* lines of reform, this appears, *alone*, as the only remedy.

Standing Alone:—Bro. A. asks me, "Have you gone back on all your brethren till you have no confidence in them whatever." I have *all* confidence in my bee-keeping brethren, that they will take hold of the *right* when their eyes are opened to it. But just so long as they shut their eyes and persist in going wrong, then I am for the right though I stand alone. What would this world be today but for the great souls who were willing to stand for the right though they had to stand alone, and whose faith enabled them to see in the future the triumph of the right for which they so nobly contended?

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes.

They are men who *stood alone*,
While the men they agonized for
Hurled the contumelious stone,
Stood, and looking down the future,
Saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice
Mastered by their faith divine,
By *one man's* true faith to manhood,
And to God's supreme design."

And he who would be one of earth's heroes must be willing to stand alone. Stand for the right, though the crowd rushes madly by and jeers as it passes.

Stand for the right though the very men for whom he is laboring are the ones who hurl the contumelious stone. Yes, it is often discouraging. It is weary waiting year by year. It is hard to bear the taunts and jeers of those whose lives we seek to brighten. The right seems to move at tortoise pace while the wrong, sweeps on as though borne on eagles wings. We look back and see the old, old story. We see

"Right, forever on the scaffold.

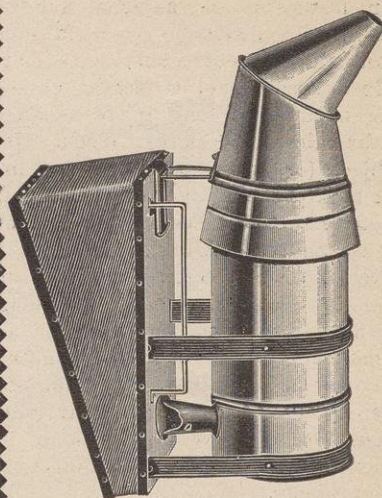
Wrong, forever on the throne;

But that *scaffold* sways the future;—

And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God, keeping watch above his own."

G. M. DOOLITTLE, Borodino, N. Y.

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The Cliff-Dwellers:

by

J. M. Davis, Spring Hill, Tenn.

HIGH up amid the cliffs of the Alps, at the head of the noted valley, Fenestrelles, was the stronghold of the most powerful and famous monarchy known at that date; and even now, many branches of this primitive kingdom hold the best sections throughout the peninsula southwestward.

In an immense palace hewn out of the heart of a towering cliff of beautiful, variegated Italian marble, secure from covetous neighbors, was stored the vast wealth gleaned from the mountain fastnesses and adjacent valleys, and in which dwelt the ruler, a fair and most beloved queen. She was a magnificent specimen of perfection, having descended from a long line of ancestry of the noblest and purest blood. Her subjects (or, more correctly speaking, her family, as this monarchy was conducted more on the principle of an immense family,) were in size and strength herculean, when compared with surrounding nations. They were long-lived, energetic and persevering in accumulating wealth; never wasting time that could be profitably employed, thereby adding to their already well-filled storehouses, while their more indolent neighbors were consuming their scant supply.

During a succession of years of famine, that so blighted that entire portion of the world, these industrious workers were enabled, by their superior strength and perseverance, to glean enough from the scant products of distant, and to their less hardy neighbors, inaccessible, heights, still scantily watered by the melting snow on mountain tops to keep their excessively large

stock of supplies from being exhausted, and were thus enabled to keep the monster famine from their door, while their neighbors were perishing by the million. The door of the palace was guarded by a cordon of valiant soldiers, ever ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of their well filled stores and their beloved queen.

Each soldier was armed with a deadly lance, many hundred times sharper than the point of a modern cambric needle; but notwithstanding this extremely delicate point, it was hollow and so arranged that the moment an enemy was pierced, a subtle deadly poison was pumped into the wound, which invariably caused convulsions and death.

As a safeguard every inhabitant was a trained soldier, and carried one of these deadly lances so sheathed that in their daily labor it gave them no trouble, but could be unsheathed in an instant, and wielded with deadly effect.

Upon a warning note from the guards, every adult member of the monarchy, was changed as if by magic, from a quiet laborer, into a fully armed and aggressive warrior.

Many of the weaker monarchies were overcome by marauding parties, and most effectively exterminated, and their supplies appropriated by the invaders.

The pillagers becoming more desperate as the famine became more general until it seemed that the whole world was transformed into a vast valley of death. Those not dying of starvation, were falling victims of the deadly lances, while trying to sustain life by pillaging neighboring kingdoms.

Several slight attempts had been made to gain access to the much coveted stores of our cliff dwellers, but their palace was accessible only through one door, and the ever watchful guards repulsed the robbers, punishing them severely for their brigandage.

One sultry afternoon, while all was quiet within, and the industrious in-

habitants were attending to their routine duties, the clarion notes of the guards sounded the alarm, followed immediately by the sound of a terrible conflict in front of the palace door. But unlike at Waterloo, there had been no unholly indulgence, and the hordes did not rush to meet the enemy in a semi-conscious, maudlin state, but every citizen quietly, but quickly deserted his civilian duties, and fell in line a warrior brave, and prepared to meet the most aggressive opponent. Every avenue and alley leading to the scene of the conflict, was filled with masses of troops hurrying at double quick to join their struggling comrades, rushing into the open space in front of the palace; the brave guards were found heroically combating with a countless horde of half-starved warriors, armed like themselves and trying to force an entrance. Bright lances flashed and the conflict became furious, many were hurled over the precipice, paralyzed by thrusts from the poisoned lances, hundreds locked in deadly embrace fell over the cliff, each still striving to plant his lance in the vital part of his antagonist. Still they came by the thousands, rushing over combatants who were writhing in death dealing clutches. Soon there was such a horde of the bandits striving to force an entrance that the doorway was literally blocked and they clambered over the struggling mass of combatants, fighting like demons. Those who succeeded in gaining an entrance were soon dispatched, a powerful charge was made by the newly arrived warriors and the doorway was cleared; with their immense strength redoubled by the excitement and fury of the battle, they handled their lances with deadly precision and the bandits were forced to retreat.

But they soon renewed the attack, though in a more cautious manner; and finally as the night approached, drew off, leaving thousands of dead and dy-

ing in the valley at the foot of the cliff.

The brave defenders of the palace suffered some loss, but it was comparatively small. During the night the dead and wounded were removed, and the palace put in the best possible condition to repel further attacks. After which the tired warriors sought the much needed rest, to prepare them to defend their treasures on the morrow, leaving a large guard at the door. Early the following morning, there was great activity throughout the palace, and a large force was stationed at the entrance. The former day's battle had taught the invaders a lesson not easily forgotten, and the remnant sought other fields of conquest. Many furious battles were fought with other invaders in defense of their valuable stores, and many thousand unfortunate robbers were hurled over the precipice, pierced by the deadly lances of the stalwart Cliff Dwellers.

Eventually, these conflicts became less frequent, and finally ceased, by the total extermination by famine and war of all the surrounding nations, leaving our Cliff Dwellers undisputed masters of this quarter of the globe; thoroughly demonstrating the theory of "the survival of the fittest," and the reward reserved for the persevering and industrious, during years of prosperity.

When at last the famine ended, and the land once more yielded bountifully, our Cliff Dwellers, finding themselves in possession of the entire country, increased, in both wealth and population rapidly.

Their much loved queen, at last began to show unmistakable signs of age; having spent a long and most useful life, faithfully, and lovingly attending to her royal duties, setting a beautiful example for her loving and admiring subjects.

On her daily walks, her subjects, or more correctly speaking, children, treated her with the utmost courtesy and kindness, pausing to ask of her

welfare, and to bring her the choicest delicacies obtainable, and ever ready to tempt her palate with some toothsome selection especially prepared for her.

Wherever she paused, she was instantly surrounded by a line of most respectful courtiers trying to anticipate her wishes, and anxious to hasten and comply with them.

It was with much solicitude and sorrow that these loving people saw that their beloved queen could not wield the sceptre much longer, and with hearts filled with sorrow, two choice daughters of her majesty were selected to be reared and trained especially to succeed their royal mother. As was the custom of these people, several princesses were prepared to succeed to the throne, so that if any accident should deprive them of one, they would have another in reserve. While these two babes were quietly resting in beautiful yellow tinted cradles of most exquisite workmanship and delicate texture, with beautiful cream colored couches, many admiring subjects as they passed, paused and peeped in at the sleeping beauties, often making an offering of delicacies, especially suited to the development of the royal infants. Everything that could be done, for the early and perfect physical growth of faultless individuals, was lavishly bestowed upon these all important royal babes. Good and attentive nurses were in constant attendance, seeing that nothing was neglected, and that both the scions of royalty were carefully watched.

In addition to these, a strong body guard of picked warriors completely surrounded them to see that no evil befell them. They grew rapidly, and soon gave promise of being perfect individuals, without a defect. Much to the sorrow of the loving subjects, regardless of their efforts to cherish and keep alive the dearly beloved old queen, they plainly saw that she was growing more feeble daily, and would

inevitably pass away very soon.

One beautiful, balmy May evening, as the sun was sinking, and throwing a golden halo over the mountain tops, and the gentle breeze was rustling through the sighing foliage, there came from the palace a mournful sound of lamentation. The sentries at the door showed great excitement, and as the foragers who had been away, returned, they rushed about excitedly and were to be seen standing face to face deeply agitated, inquiring about the sinking queen. Soon the news was passed from one to another in mournful suppressed whispers—"She is no more." With sorrow depicted on every countenance, they slowly mingled together, mourning and lamenting throughout the palace.

Around the remains of the beloved queen stood a mournful group, chanting the low, mournful song of their people, announcing the death of the royal one.

As she lay in state, silently and sorrowfully, her subjects came to take a last look at the royal dead, and with bowed heads passed on mourning as they went, and others pressed slowly forward.

After having lain in state as long as was the custom of these people, the loved queen was borne to her sepulcher by a mournful escort of distressed subjects, and tenderly placed in the royal tomb. Silently the cortege returned to the palace, where every inhabitant was in deep distress, and by the tone and actions, gave unmistakable proof of the genuineness of their sorrow.

It was many moons before the season of mourning was fulfilled, and the kingdom resumed its wonted activity.

Listlessly the people congregated about the palace, discussing the future of the nation—the further existence of which depended solely upon the successful rearing of one of the immature princesses.

Gradually as time passed, and the

princesses steadily developed, they began to attract more attention; the happy hum, and joyful notes were once more heard, and activity seemed to spring into new life, and commerce received a new impetus. Store-rooms were filled to the very doors, and the doors hermetically sealed. So crowded were the halls, with throngs of laborers, that it was with difficulty that they could pass one another as they brought in enormous loads of the rich harvest. Every crook and cranny was utilized for a store-room, and the golden harvest was rushed in and stored away with unusual rapidity. At last some of the wise heads recognizing that the kingdom had become too populous, and seeing that the bountiful harvest justified a portion of the people emigrating, and the building up of a colony occupying some of the valuable territory made vacant by the late famine, which was now yielding bountifully, and no one to gather the rich harvest, began to agitate the emigration of a large body of the people, under the leadership of the eldest princess, who would now soon be of the proper age to be crowned Queen.

Soon a large following joined these agitators, and hundreds of scouts were skurrying in all directions, looking for a suitable location. Quite a large body of stalwart, hardy, well equipped scouts ascended the mountains, but as they advanced, forage became more scant, the atmosphere chilly, and finally so very cold, that many, after enduring untold hardships, trying to find some pass through the mountain range, perished in the vain attempt. A few, of the more hardy, returned with the information that the tops of the mountains were one solid mass of ice and snow, and that the lands beyond were inaccessible. These poor fellows hardly survived long enough to make their reports, which was proof enough that to scale the mountains was impossible, and that this portion of the world was

most securely isolated from the remainder.

A few scouts, who were partial to their cliff stronghold, and the pure air that was so bracing at their altitude, made a thorough search among the cliffs for miles, finding many very fine deserted palaces, but none so well surrounded by beautiful forests, and with rich valleys in proximity, as was their marble palace, therefore they reluctantly made adverse reports.

The largest body of fleet scouts went to the valley below, they having heretofore found this the most profitable section to forage in; much of their wealth having been gleaned from these plains, they very wisely felt desirous to more fully explore them. Being swift, and anxious to make a good, but truthful report of their favorite section, they sped away beyond their accustomed haunts, and were soon surrounded by unfamiliar landscapes, and most beautiful, productive meadows. Keeping their course well in mind they sped on, relying on their accustomed ability to return to their home, by observing here and there a landmark. The entire face of the country was a perfect paradise; the atmosphere being laden with the aroma from the beautiful blossoms of the countless trees, and meadows which were a solid mass of luxuriant clover, with here and there an immense structure, indicating the occupants being some immense genii or giants. Orchards of beautiful fruit trees were in abundance; everything indicating a land of plenty. The glorious sun shining with unusual splendor added much to the lovely scenery, but having long since passed the zenith, was casting shadows obliquely, which was sufficient warning of the approaching night.

The fascinated scouts now began to wend their way back, feeling well repaid for their long journey and happy that they could report such a wonderland.

Their arrival and report, created

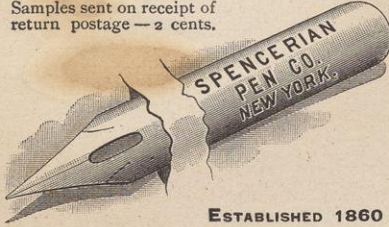
great excitement, almost paralyzing business. So eager were all those contemplating joining the emigrating party, to hear of this great country, thousands began the necessary preparations for emigrating and building a new home.

(To be continued in our next).

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ESTABLISHED 1860

A Tribute to S. P. Culley.

J. W. ROUSE.

It was with deep regret that we learned of the sad accident and death of S. P. Culley, for it is not only sad to hear of a violent death, but is much more sad for one not only to be taken off in the prime of life, while his family is deprived of his loving care and companionship. Bee-keepers have also lost one of their very best, and he also had the rare gift of being an interesting and good writer on the subject of bee-keeping. We used to read everything that we could find on bee-keeping, but do not read near all the articles that appear in the bee journals we take now; not that the most if not all of them have not real merit, also not that we know it all, but in many cases articles do not interest us, while they doubtless do others; but in looking over

our journals and finding the name of S. P. Culley to an article, we always read with interest and profit.

Then, again, Mr. Culley was a prohibitionist, and we know that it takes conviction, nerve and grit, to be a prohibitionist at this time, for we have just passed through the closest contested campaign we ever knew, and it seems to me that the liquor men have never had such a hold on the people as now. While there are multiplied thousands that see the great evil of the liquor traffic, yet so very many will not or do not seem to do but very little or nothing to try to stop it, voting with the parties that continue to perpetuate the great evil, so that it takes a man of grit to leave either one of the old parties and work and vote with the prohibitionists, the party that is so despised by so many. Others say that they do not want to lose their votes, and give many other frivolous excuses; but we are gratified to know that the prohibitionists gained from 50 per cent to in some cases over 500 per cent over previous elections; and its cause lost one of its best workers in the death of Friend Culley.

I do not know of Friend C.'s religious convictions, whether he was a church member or not. I think more than likely he was a working member of some church; but I do not think that all the good Christians belong to the different churches. Now, kind reader, do not get scared at this, for I appreciate a church member, if he is a Christian, but I would much rather have a good worker out of the churches than a drone in them. "By their fruits shall ye know them."

Bee-keepers and many others will remember with kindness Friend Culley, and we extend our sympathies to his bereaved loved ones.

Mexico, Mo.

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Sending Honey to Commission Men.

DR. C. C. MILLER.

So long as opinions vary so much on the subject, the last word can hardly have been said as to selling honey through commission houses. From the man who believes it foolish if not wicked to have anything to do with a commission man to the one who sends off all his honey to a distant market, consigning it to any commission house he happens to hear of, without knowing anything of the character of the same, and leaving his home market wholly uncared for—from the first name to the last, is a far cry.

Upon one common ground probably all may agree to stand, and that is that when one can sell his honey for cash in advance at a good price, he need look for no better way. When that can not be done, it is not so easy to agree what is the next best thing. Snags may be encountered in almost any direction.

When honey is sold at an agreed price, you know something about what you are doing. If it is sent to a commission man, you do not know what you will get for it. Of

course, you may limit him to a certain price, and say the honey must not be sold below that, but you are not sure that he will or can sell it for that price. If you set the price too high, your honey will simply lie untouched, while other consignments are sold at a lower rate. The commission man has two sides to please. He would like to get a good price, so as to please you; and he would like to sell at a shade lower than the market to please his customer. Of the two, which will he care most to please? As a rule, he knows nothing about you except through correspondence, while he meets his customers frequently face to face, and among them are those who are neighbors and personal friends. Will he not be more likely to look out for the interests of his customers than for those of his consigners?

But another, and a powerful influence, is at work all the time to make him earnestly desire to get the highest figure the market will bear. It is his own pocket. His pay for selling is a per cent, and the more he gets for the honey the larger the amount that goes into his pocket.

There are some who hold it as a matter of principle that the commission business is not right, in and of itself, and a man should stand up for principle, even if he is out of pocket by it. The man who holds this view says, "What right has the commission man to do business on my capital? Let him do business on his own capital. If he wants to deal in honey, let him buy the honey, and not ask me, a perfect stranger, to furnish him capital in the way of honey to do business with. As a matter of principle, if for nothing else, I do not believe the commission man should be encouraged."

But does this man carry out this same principle in other things? He

furnishes the team and plow with which the hired man plows his land, and does not say, "John, you must furnish your own capital to do business with; I don't think its right for you to plow with my team." The clerk in the store is doing business entirely with another man's capital, and no one makes it a matter of conscience to object to it. Indeed, if you take the ground that the commission man is doing business on other men's capital, and that therefore he should be suppressed, you will suppress a very large proportion of all that are generally considered honest industries. Carrying that principle to its legitimate extreme, I would say to the cobbler who mends my shoes, "I can't have you doing business on my capital, you must furnish your own shoe to mend."

No, in all these matters we don't talk about furnishing capital, but taking the common-sense view of saying, "There are certain services that I want, and it is right to pay a fair price for them." Why not use the same common sense in talking about the commission business? If you can get more clear money for your honey by sending to a commission man, it is all right for you to hire him to sell it for you, and it does not change the principle an iota whether you pay him so much a day for the work, or so much for every dollar he gets for you. If you think he cannot earn his money, then don't send to him. But don't talk foolishness. When you can sell your own honey to suit you, that's the thing to do; but when you can not, its wonderfully convenient to know that you can hire someone to do it for you.

Some have lost by sending to commission men about whom they knew nothing. But they might have lost more if they had sold out-

right to the same man. If you send honey to a rascal under an agreement that he is to pay for it on receipt, he may pay you nothing, laugh in your face, and go right on doing business at the old stand. If you send it to him on commission, it is your honey, and the money he gets for it is your money, and he can be put behind bars if he does not turn it over to you.

If your home market is overstocked, and you must depend on a distant city market, whether you make an outright sale or send on commission, the great thing is to be on the safe side and know something about the man you are dealing with. There are good men among commission men as in all honest callings, and as large a proportion of them may find their way to heaven. Find out who they are; and if you can't be reasonably satisfied as to their honesty, let them alone.

Marengo, Ill.

The Youth's Companion Calendar.

More thought and expense than ever before have been lavished on the Calendar which the publishers of The Youth's Companion will present to every one subscribing for the new volume for 1901, since it is to be a souvenir of the paper's 75th year. It is an exceptionally attractive Calendar, and has been designed and lithographed for The Companion exclusively. The central figure of the Calendar is an ideal portrait of a Puritan maiden of Plymouth, and the 12 colors in which the Calendar is lithographed reproduce the delicate coloring of the artist's original painting with perfect fidelity.

After the usefulness of the Calendar is past, the portrait of Priscilla can be cut out and framed and preserved as a beautiful household ornament.

This Calendar, which is sold to non-subscribers to The Youth's Companion for 50 cents, will be given to all new subscribers for 1901, who will also receive, in addition to the 52 issues of the new volume, all the issues of the paper for the remaining week in 1900 free from the time of subscription. Illustrated Announcement of the volume for 1901 will be sent free with sample copies of the paper to any address.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
Boston, Mass.

After a girl gets married she tries to look at an old maid as if she was some kind of a curiosity.—Ex.

Good Things in the
Bee-Keeping Press.
Somnambulist . . .



A NEW DEPARTURE.

For years neighboring bee-keepers have obtained from me small pieces of comb containing eggs from which they successfully raised queens yet I have been all this time, a numskull of such a superior degree, that the thought that these same bits of comb might be successfully transmitted to more remote friends through the medium of the mails, never succeeded in penetrating my obtuseness.

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelth; and thy want as an armed man." This selfsame style of napping robbed me of the laurels which might have been mine.

This is one of the many instances in which I am frequently and seriously questioning myself if I am not altogether one of the "might have beens;" at any rate, while I slept, along came one "Swarthmore" in *The American Bee-Keeper*, and tells of his success along this line in any but the gloomy manner his name might suggest. Here are some extracts upon which you can pass judgement:

Early in the season I began writing cards to all the distant queen-breeders throughout the land, about as follows, viz: "What will you charge me for four square inches of fresh-laid eggs in dry comb, from your finest breeding queen, packed in box and sent by mail—no bees?" Prices ranged from 25c per square inch down to 25c per four square inches. I am not prepared to state just now what I should consider a fair rate to pay for "Eggs by Mail."

Nor does he stop to tell us what effect this "turning of the tables" will have on the queen-rearing business?

"Every piece of comb sent arrived in good condition with but few eggs dislodged. From each piece I secured from eighteen to thirty fine cells and out of the entire lot only a half dozen were lost in mating and introduction. All the young queens were as strong and vigorous as any I ever reared.

I tell you, Mr. Editor, when the facts are all known and it becomes a general practice for queen breeders (and honey men too, as for that) to exchange eggs for the betterment of stock, it will be a BIG thing for apiculture in general. Don't you think so, too?"

Carniolans are, just at present, enjoying quite a boom. In the same number, (Nov.) H. M. Jameson, Corona, Cal., having received within the last two years Italian queens from six different breeders in the east, proceeds to draw comparisons.

"These queens were represented, in most cases, as being prolific, great honey gatherers etc. All have had a fair trial and so far have proven themselves utterly worthless as compared with the Carniolans."

They never leave their hives before sunrise and retire early. In the spring time they are slow to build up in time for orange or other early bloom. Some of these fair daughters of "Eetaly" will inxuriate the coming winter on Carniolan white-capped honey.

What are the Carniolans doing while these loafers are asleep? Well, I will tell you. In late winter or early spring they start a strong brood-nest on the north side of the hive, and when early flowers come, they are ready with a good force for work. When orange bloom and other great honey flowers come, they are there with a grand army. They go forth at break of day and work till night-fall. What Mr. Doolittle and others have written about Carniolans in no sense applies to these bees. See editorial comments in *Review* for August, on what C. W. Post, of Canada, has to say about Carniolans. As Mr. Post has it, it is absolutely true of mine. Editor Hutchinson says, "All of this illustrates the great difference there is in stock." Mr. Hutchinson should have used the word race in lieu of stock; but that would not be riding his hobby Swarming! The bees have shown no more inclination to swarm than have the Italians, though they have stored a surplus of fifty pounds or more to each colony over that of the others.

Gentleness! The Italians with me are extremely gentle, while the Carniolans are also

gentle, they are not so quiet and more inclined to fly from the combs and sting.

On the 4th of May last, we had a gentle rain throughout the entire day; the Carniolans were out at work the whole day, with not a yellow bee in sight. There was not a day last winter but these bees were at work, and consumed none of the honey stored previously.

Would this wonderful activity prove a commendable trait in a climate sufficiently warm to lure them out, only to find barren fields?

Here in Missouri we are frequently served with spells of such weather and sometimes to an extent that thwarts the depletion of the fat larders of the more sedate Italian sisters.

With one more clipping from the Bee-Keeper's editor we must pass on:

"The queen is the hub and spokes of the apicultural wheel. Continued success without good queens is impossible. Centered in her there is not only the question of ability to keep her colony up to the necessary standard of strength, but the whole responsibility for the numerous traits of character inherent in her progeny, which decides the fate of the enterprise."

And this is what "Ontario" has to say in the "Canadian Bee Journal:"

"There are three factors in keeping bees for a living: 1st, the pasture. 2nd, bees. 3rd, the man that is born adapted for the calling. Any of the above lacking, failure is sure to follow the venture. The number of colonies do not count much in producing a large crop of marketable honey. The pasture and the man count the most—the first is of more importance. I must say that to the man of the right stamp, the pasture good, the calling of the apiarist is no more risky than any other calling I know of."

The following collection of scraps were culled from the same practical "Journal:"

"Avoid quick or agitated movements in working among the hives, such as striking at flying bees, or drawing the hand back quickly for fear of being stung."

"To remove propolis from the hands rub well with lard, which loosens the propolis;

wash off the lard with soap and water and the hands will be clean."

"When the nozzle of your smoker becomes clogged and sticky with soot, squirt in with an oil can a few drops of kerosene oil and light with a match. In a few minutes the soot will be burned to a blister, when it can be readily scraped off with a knife, and your smoker will be as good as new."

"Rubbing a hot laundry iron over top cloths diffusing the propolis, is a preventative of bees gnawing them."

"To prevent wax from cracking when moulding into cakes, lay a board on the pans and cover over tightly with a cloth, so as to keep out all cool air. The air causes the surface of the cake of wax to contract sooner than the middle. A cake of wax is smaller when cold than when hot."

"By far the best way of dealing with robbers is to carefully guard against the beginning of the work."

"Honey poultices every two or three hours are recommended as a cure for erysipelas."

"HONEY LEMONADE—Lemonade sweetened with sugar has a tendency to increase thirst instead of quenching it. Fix the lemonade in the usual way, but sweeten with pure honey (extracted preferred.) This not only improves the quality of the lemonade but will quench the thirst and make the drink more refreshing."

SOME OTHER NEW DEPARTURES.

The renown of hot-cakes and honey is as ancient and as far reaching as civilization. Their use to the exclusion of meat, however, is a surprise; according to H. R. Wright it is an established custom across the big pond; here is his say, Gleaning's, Oct. 1st.

CHOCOLATE ROLLS AND HONEY.

"I have just returned from a European trip of three months. While it no doubt is not news to you, it was to me, that the staple and universal breakfast meal throughout the continent, with no exception, from Holland to Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Germany, and even in the hotels of London, consisted of the regular breakfast of chocolate, coffee, rolls and honey. Sometimes a marmalade would be substituted for honey. No meat is ever served for breakfast unless specially ordered.

With this breakfast our party, consisting of

4 people, thrived exceedingly, doing steady hard work traveling for three months, no one missing a meal, which seemed to me remarkable, as it convinced me that there must be more nourishment in honey than is commonly supposed. It was all extracted honey, and most of it would not compare favorably with our Northern State production in flavor, etc. The consumption of extracted honey must be very great there. I saw no comb honey."

Just how much Mr. Bee-Keeper is indebted to the time honored grid-dle-cake, for effecting sales of honey, will most probably never be estimated, yet, after all these years of faithful service, there are those, in Gleanings, who seek to divide honors with the breakfast grain foods, now so much in use.

Straws indicate which way the wind blows, and here comes one direct from Miller's stack, one he gleaned from "Martha's Management" in Chicago Record:

"If you have the exceedingly unaristocratic habit of sugaring your porridge, try a little honey on it instead of the sugar some morning. You will find it a great improvement on sugar."

So many influences tend cityward, could it be possible that the good Doctor is yielding in so far as to ape city manners?

Jokes aside and coming down to dead earnest, in a succeeding number we find the following, which is a point not only worthy of thought but of action:

HONEY FOR OATMEAL AND OTHER BREAKFAST GRAIN FOODS.

Mr. Root:—While at breakfast this morning it occurred to me that the bee-keepers of this country could do a good thing for the fraternity, not as bee-keepers but as individuals, by calling the attention of the manufacturers of cereal products such as rolled oats, wheat foods, grape nuts, and the like, to the fact that these preparations can be eaten sweetened with honey instead of sugar, and taste better than sweetened with sugar, and requesting these manufacturers to state this as a fact on their directions that appear on the packages of these materials.

Hundreds and possibly thousands of bee-keepers are using some of these preparations;

and these requests, coming from a number of parties, might induce the manufacturer to do this. This certainly ought to do some good towards increasing the market for honey. I say this ought to be done by the bee-keepers as individuals and not as bee-keepers, because if this subject is broached by the bee-keepers the manufacturers of these foods will simply consider that Mr. Jones "has an ax to grind."

I enclose a copy of a letter which explains itself. If you consider the matter of sufficient importance, please bring it before the readers of your paper.

WM. HAHMAN.

Altoona, Pa., Oct. 30.

Gentlemen:—I have been using your preparation ——— for breakfast for some time, and like it very much. I have lately tried eating it with honey instead of sugar, and enjoy it even more. As you are doubtless aware that honey is a far more healthful food than sugar, particularly for persons subject to disorders of the kidneys, I thought you might be sufficiently interested to call attention to the fact that ——— is very good sweetened with a good grade of extracted honey instead of sugar on your directions for the use of this food as given out by you on your circular and on the outside of the package.

[We have been advocating this in our columns for some time, and it is our practice to use honey in place of granulated sugar or other sweets on our morning grain foods. If bee-keepers will practice what they preach, and preach what they practice, especially preach, there is not a doubt that there will be a much larger consumption of honey on the table.—ED.]

When I started out I fully intended to get something from each one of the leading journals in this article, but have lingered too long in the alluring fields of those above given to permit of further roaming at this outing. As I despair of doing anything like justice to the remaining ones, I will conclude by offering a passing tribute to our much admired, yes, loved, contributor, S. P. Culley, who was so suddenly snatched from us and transferred to the higher life. Gleanings has to say of him:

"He was a clear, forcible writer, and was always intensely practical. I remember the time I first read one of his communications in manuscript. As I finished reading it I said to myself. "There is a man who has evidently

had a large experience," and as I glanced at the end to see who the writer was I could not remember that I had seen his name before; but from that time on I always welcomed his communications. He wrote so recently as Oct. 15, page 799; and this, or at least a part of it, was republished in the last issue of the American Bee Journal. He was comparatively a young man—only 40, just in his prime, and I am sure the readers of all the bee-periodicals will miss his familiar writings."

Also, the American Bee Journal:

"Mr. Culley was a recognized authority on bees in the section in which he lived, and his reputation had spread to different parts of the world."

Editor York goes still farther and gives a little insight to his personal character, in the following paragraph:

"In the pockets of Mr. Culley's vest was found a letter which he had written to his wife since his departure from his home. It informed her of forebodings which he had had during the preceding night, and hoped that she would be doubly guarded about the family during his absence. He said he had a feeling that some misfortune would befall him or his family. The letter contained many endearing terms ascribed to the wife and family, and wound up by hoping again that she would be very careful for her own safety".

Always solicitous for the welfare of others, he surrounded himself with hosts of friends who now, with his widow and family, mourn their irreparable loss.

Only a few days ago I came into possession of a letter written to Mrs. Culley, in which the writer says, "I had entire confidence in him and in his ability to give me instructions about my bees. I am now lost, as I have no one to give me the proper suggestions along as I shall need them."

And what did Mrs. Culley do but start out to find some one to take up this work? In her communication she says, "When I was a young lady I thought I knew something about bees, but of later years my husband's work proved me quite igno-

rant, and at present I fear I should not be able to give the needed information even if I possessed it, which I do not." She adds, "It was Mr. Culley's delight to answer all questions, but the last letter came too late." Noble woman, may friends rise as willingly to assist you over the rough places in life's pathway, and may you and all of us so live as to deserve the summons which doubtless your dear husband received, "Well done thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Naptown, Dreamland.

"The Cricket City"—Kansas City.

(The cheerful chirp of the cricket can be heard at all times in Kansas City.—Editor Leslie's Weekly.)

Where miles of waving silver wheat
And leagues of golden grain
And winnowed by the summer wind
And jeweled with the rain,
Between the rugged mountain tops
And burning desert sands,
Ehthroned upon a fertile plain
The Cricket City stands.

In every crack along the street,
Or crevice of the wall,
A glossy cricket finds a home
And pipes a merry call;
And even when the blighting frost
Has left the stubble white
He bravely lifts a feeble tone
To serenade the night.

For long ago, the legend runs,
From acres bare and brown
An elfin army clad in black
Came marching on the town.
It heralded with voices clear
The busy harvest morn
When Kansas City woke to wear
A crown of yellow corn.

Still minstrel-like from house to house
With plaintive songs they pass,
Or scrape their tiny violins
In tufts of dusty grass.
Good luck and plenty all the year
To every hearth they bring,
And fortune knocks upon the door
At which the crickets sing.

Through morning mist of amethyst
And evening's crimson fires
The Cricket City proudly lifts
The glory of her spires,
And this should be her coat-of-arms—
A Cricket in a field
Of bearded wheat and tasseled corn,
Upon a golden shield.

—Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

EDITORIAL.**The Progressive Bee-Keeper.**

A journal devoted to Bees, Honey and Kindred Industries.

TERMS: Fifty cents per year, in advance.

G. M. DOOLITTLE, }
WILL WARD MITCHELL, } Editors

To each and every reader of the PROGRESSIVE, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

E. T. Flanagan in the November Bee-Keepers' Review expresses himself as decidedly opposed to "chunk honey" as advocated by H. H. Hyde, of Hutto, Tex.

C. P. Dadant, who has recently visited his old home in France, and also made quite an extensive tour through Europe, is writing up his travels in a most interesting style in the American Bee-Journal.

In his article "Sending Honey to Commission Men," on page 373 of this issue, Dr. C. C. Miller gives some very interesting views in regard to this important matter. A careful perusal of this article will well repay the reader.

Robt. D. Norton, of Gazelle, Cal., writes under recent date: "Please send my PROGRESSIVE to Gazelle instead of Edgewood. I like the journal very much, and am always in a hurry to get it." This is but a sample of many letters we receive.

"Experience and its Lessons," which has so long been the special feature of this journal, is now continued in this issue for the last time. Were it not that readers, as well as other individuals, weary of the same name or the same ways of giving light or receiving it, we should much prefer to have had

this controversy continued much longer between Brothers Aikin and Doolittle. All through their discussions, their criticism has been of the pleasantest. They have imparted to the reader more knowledge of bee literature than can be found in any similar space extant on this continent or in the world.

Mr. F. L. Thompson, one of the PROGRESSIVE'S most interesting and versatile writers, after a summer at Morrison, Colo., where he was engaged in his chosen avocation, has returned to Denver, where he will spend the winter months.

Before our next issue greets you, 1900 will have passed away, and the glad new year will be at hand. May each of us profit by the mistakes of the past year, and strive in the year coming in, to steer clear of all that had a tendency to make success less sure. May it indeed be for all a peaceful happy New Year.

See inside the front cover page for premiums that we offer with the PROGRESSIVE, for less than the cost price for the two, but with this issue we have the grandest offer of all to make to our readers. We have recently made a bargain with the publishers of The Gentlewoman for 1000 subscriptions. The price of The Gentlewoman is \$1.00 per year, but to new subscribers who pay 50c for the PROGRESSIVE in advance we will have sent to them the Gentlewoman one year free. This is giving you \$1.50 worth for 50c. We make this same offer to old subscribers, who pay up their past dues and a year in advance. The Gentlewoman is an illustrated home paper and is especially adapted to the ladies.

The Page & Lyons Mfg. Co., New London, Wis., are sending out a beautiful calendar to their customers. It represents the moonlight harvesters, a

German scene, and one can imagine that he hears the harvest song as being sung by these beautiful women, as the shadows die out of the sky at the dawn of the day. We understand these calendars are to be sent free to all who ask.

The car of bees, which Mr. Culley was shipping to A. E. Brown, Havana, Cuba, when the sad accident happened, was taken forward by our business manager, Dr. Henry Miller, of East St. Louis. We received the following letter from him, dated Nov. 23: "After the bees had lain over here about a week, the R. R. Co., employed me to go on with them, and I experienced a very pleasant trip. However, going through Mississippi the weather moderated so the bees became quite restless, but the train men handled the car as careful as possible and when we arrived at the end of the Illinois Central R. R., they set the car where it was not disturbed for three days, when it was taken in charge by the Southern Pacific R. R., and taken across the river into Algiers and placed on the dock, where they were left over night, then ordered on the steamer, "Knickerbocker," bound for Havana. There were between 700 and 800 cars of corn, molasses, meats, dry goods and vegetables loaded on the steamer; in fact, she was ready to start before the bees were taken; they were placed forward just below the upper deck, in a very good position I think. It was amusing to see the colored men handle the hives, but they did it well and there were no accidents."

Hives All Right.

Please send me one of your catalogues as I gave the one I had away to Miss Millard, who wished to send for some hives. I think you will also get an order from a Mr. Belcher to whom I gave your address. The hives came all right and were very nice. I expect to send another order soon. Bees are in good shape at this time, but the weather is somewhat unfavorable.

J. R. COLVILLE. Coleman, Mo.

Wanted.

Agents in every county in Nebraska to canvass for a thoroughly reliable nursery company. We pay commission every week. Address,

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J. D. GIVENS, Lisbon, Tex.

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SURE HATCH INCUBATOR COMPANY, CLAY CENTER, NEBRASKA.

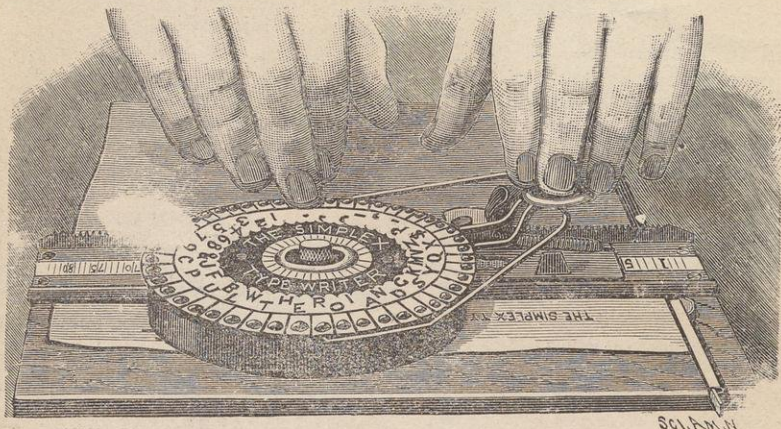
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Nothing is of greater importance than correct forms of correspondence, The "SIMPLEX" encourages practice, and practice makes perfect. Writing with this machine will be such jolly fun for your boys and girls that they will write letters by the dozen. This may cost you something for postage stamps, but the improvement in their correspondence will repay you

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It is positive in action, and each letter is locked by an automatic movement when the stroke is made.

It has no ribbon to soil the fingers.

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"I think the 'Simplex' is a dandy."—D. L. Tracy, Denver, Colo.

"The 'Simplex' is a good typewriter, and I take pleasure in recommending it as such."—B. F. Bishop, Morsey, Mo.

"I received the typewriter one hour ago. You can judge my progress by this letter. It is much better than I expected, and with practice I think I will be able to write very fast with it."—E. T. Flanagan, Belleville, Ill.

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Topeka, Kas.

Catalogue free.

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We have just taken in a second-hand foundation mill in exchange for goods. This mill has 2½-inch roll, the round bottom cell, of which the foundation comes off so easy, and from the looks of the mill, I do not think it has ever been used. The price of such a mill is \$30.00, and we will take \$18.00 for it on cars at Higginsville. This is very little over half price.

We also have one second-hand six-inch mill for making extra thin foundation, and one second-hand ten-inch mill for making medium or light brood. These are for sale cheap. Write for prices.

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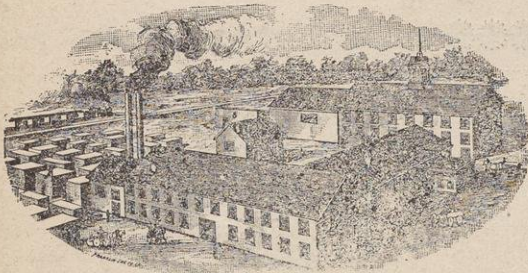
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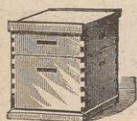
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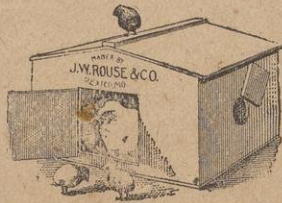
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