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The Nebraska Bee-Keeper AND IRRIGATOR.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO APICULTURE AND IRRIGATION.

Vol. 7.

YORK, NEBRASKA, OCTOBER, 1896.

No 10.

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rator between each row lengthwise, the same way as in the super; wedge up the sections and over the sections place several thickness of news papers, screw on the top, and ship by freight.

The paper pan in the bottom retains any honey that may leak from the combs, the cleats elevate the sections above such honey, and the separators retain in place any comb that may break loose from the sections without which sometimes an entire cross row is broken down, the first comb that breaks falls against the next on either side, causing two more to break until the entire row is broken down, but the addition of separators prevents this.

SELLING EXTRACTED HONEY—much has been said on the various ways of selling extracted honey, yet, an extensive field for the sale of extracted honey, it seems to me, has been neglected; I refer to the sale of honey in hotels, restaurants and boarding houses; nearly all serve pan cakes for breakfast and with it some brown, watery liquid, and the waiter tries to make up in name what it lacks in quality by calling it maple syrup, but more often it is to a large extent the health destroying glucose.

In a conversation with a hotel keeper wherein I mentioned honey, he answered that he could not get it in shape to use it, he said it was either in large cans, or granulated, and to get it in suitable shape for table use, the "help," would waste too much, and besides it is awful muggy stuff, if we could get a good article so we could set it on the table like tomato catsup or worcester sauce I should certainly supply my tables with honey.

Now, gentlemen, Nebraska can produce the "good article" of which he spoke, all we need then is the suitable shape, for that purpose we had made a low, long necked bottle usually called a decanter, these decanters

with corks cost less than any other glass vessel, they ship well either full or empty, and the numerous bee-keepers who now use them say, "they are just the thing" as they order a new supply.

BEE-ESCAPES and HONEY COLIC.—Aside from the great convenience of removing the bees from the surplus honey without destroying its snowy whiteness with smoke, the bee-escape assists in extending the sale of honey. But how? I will explain. Bees when irritated protrude their sting, on the end of it may be seen a minute drop of poison (foric acid) some of which drop on the honey and in some persons who eat this honey it produces what is frequently called "honey colic," to avoid this let the bees pass out on their own accord, without irritation, the honey will then be free from the poison named above, and may be eaten without any ill effect, assure your friend who says he dare not eat honey, that the honey you offer will not cause the ill effect, and if once convinced will be, perhaps, a good customer.

E. Kretchmer.

Red Oak, Iowa. Sept. 1.

Annual Address of E. Whitcomb.

Delivered before the Nebraska Bee Keepers Association, at the Annual Meeting.

Fellow bee-keepers,—We meet again, under far better circumstances, than those which surrounded us one year ago. After four years of a continued struggle against drouth and a lack of profit in the apiary, we are again in the midst of what promises to be one of the largest harvests of nectar ever stored in this State. Instead of the robbers and the dozens of reverses which the bee-keeper was compelled to contend, the apiary is ablaze with the busy hum of the bee as she darts to and fro with her load of honey.

The past years although unprofitable and discouraging, has taught us many valuable lessons, which in the future will be placed to the credit side of the ledger, as we press on to take advantage of the good things gathered at a time when every energy was necessary to keep us from going entirely out of business, and that of having second-hand implements for sale. While many have gone out of business in utter disgust, those who have endured to the end, now past, are receiving the reward always in store to those "who wait."

The coming meeting of the North American, to be held in our state next month, is a source of congratulation to every bee keeper in the state. This meeting has not been secured without considerable labor, on the part of your Secretary and others. We have an opportunity to give those who shall visit us from abroad, such a specimen of

Nebraska energy and hospitality, as viewed from the Nebraska apiaries, as has never been witnessed anywhere. While the people of the City of Lincoln propose to open their doors for free entertainment to our visitors from abroad, I would recommend that an exhibition be selected from our State Fair exhibit, and placed on exhibition on that occasion that shall not only do credit to ourselves but to the State. In addition to this every bee-keeper of the state should be present on that occasion fully determined to make that meeting a signal success.

During the past year nothing has been heard from the disease called "Foul Brood." This disease has doubtless run itself out in localities where it existed for want of material on which to longer exist.

You have doubtless noticed the action of your committee appointed on revision of premium list in this department. We are safe in asserting at this time that no State has given its bee-keepers a list of premiums superior to ours. This betokens the confidence that the State Board have in our ability to place before the public at the State Fair one of its leading attractions, of an industry, notwithstanding reverses, which has doubled in volume and interests for many years.

It is with deep regret that we note the demise of Mr. Allen Pringle, prominent as a bee keeper of Ontario. We often came in contact with this genial gentleman during the Columbian Exposition, where by his many acts of kindness he endeared himself to with whom he came in contact.

During our last meeting the splendid address of Mr. William Stolly of Grand Island on Sweet Clover as a honey producer on our prairies, awakened a great deal of interest in this plant, and many are giving it a trial with results that are very favorable. This plant should be encouraged in every waste place within working distance of the apiary.

I congratulate every member of this Association on their willingness on every occasion to promote its welfare, and the attractions of each successive exhibit, which has from year to year grown in magnitude, until we have almost surprised ourselves, and at this time it would be very difficult to determine just what Nebraska bee-keepers could not accomplish, when making an exhibit.

Bee Keeping in Nebraska has received an impetus this year which puts the occupation nearly back where it was previous to the past years of drouth and disaster. The man who had his honey dishes right side up this year "is strictly in it."

❖Thanksgiving.❖

PART ONE.

BY D. T. MOORE.

O! Yes thanks-giving time has come,
 When turkey are on the run,
 And chicken pies done to a turn,
 When great log fires sparkle and burn,
 And boys and girls make fun on fun,
 While scrubbing floors and working
 churns.
 Throw on the wood and punch up the
 fire
 And send the sparks up fast and high-
 er,
 For goodies, cakes and doughnuts
 brown
 Are heaped on every shelf around,
 And that broad board up, up so high
 Is loaded down with pumpkin pies.
 Ah! Who would not be thankful now
 For all the blessings of the year;
 For flowers of spring, fruit laden
 bough,
 Autumnal hopes unmixed with fear.
 Now here we all come home again
 Both boys and girls and women and
 men;
 Frank handsome boys and beautiful
 girls.
 Young manly lads and lasses with
 curls;
 All home again, grandfather and
 mother,
 All home again, sister and brother,
 All home again, beautiful sight,
 All home again, happy and bright;
 Now some have come from the wild
 west,
 And some beyond where mountain
 Crest
 Divide the skies and hold in store,
 Great fields of solid ice and snow,
 Which now and then with spud and
 roar,
 Descend and crash the plain below
 Jehovah pounding with his sledge
 Of snow and ice the rocky ledge.
 Another comes from far away

Where rivers meet the land-locked
 bay,
 Where men go down in ships to roam,
 The seas in search of wealth not home,
 And some have come from sunny
 climes.
 Where oaks and palms and clinging
 vines
 Shut out the sunlight from the vale,
 And hide from men the secret trail,
 Which winds through jungles here and
 there,
 From valley streams to hidden lair,
 Where beasts of prey are wont to howl
 In concert with the hooting owl.
 Yes here they come from far off lands,
 Where rivers flow o'er golden sands,
 And date palms grow 'neath sunny
 skies,
 And gorgeous sunsets feast the eyes;
 Now all are round the table spread
 With blessings of the passing year,
 Not all, the faithful mother said.
 Two vacant chairs were standing near;
 The one was father's; years before
 He died amid the battle's roar,
 Which fell on Shiloh's bloody plain
 He went but never came back again.
 Ah, I remember well the day
 He took the oath and marched away,
 With many neighbors all in line.
 With measured tread they stepped to
 the time,
 To music of the drum and fife,
 Until we saw them disappear,
 Beyond the hill all full of life,
 And hopeful that before a year
 The war would cease and all return;
 Not so, The years go slowly by,
 When battles rage and cities burn,
 To those who only wait to sigh.
 The other chair is vacant too,
 For one who bears his father's name
 Has gone to swell a whaler's crew
 Who sail the seas for wealth not fame,

For Joe the youngest child of all
 Had heart and mind both wild and free
 A soul that could not be enthralled,
 So fled from home to rove the sea.
 'Tis twelve long years, the mother said,
 Since he first left his home and bed,
 And some insist he's found a grave,
 And sleeps beneath the arctic wave;
 So many years have come between
 His going and the present scene,
 But still the mother's hope said, no,
 He is not dead, I'll yet see Joe.
 What noise is that? Be still and hark,
 Does some one call? It's Rover's
 bark;
 There's someone standing at the gate,
 Go John and see who there may wait.
 Nay, I'll go too, It may be Kate,
 My neighbor's girl; But bless my soul!
 Its someone standing by the knoll;
 Wha can it be a bearded man,
 With hands and neck and face all tan;
 He's tall and sttaight and handsome
 too,
 With hat and coat and vest all new,
 Down Rover, Sir, he will not bite,
 Do'nt be afraid; Now if 'twas night,
 I could not say perhaps he would,
 Come Rover, down, now do'nt be rude.
 You're very hungry, did you say?
 Well come right in, I can't say nay,
 To hungry men; We have one chair
 Not occupied, twas set for Joe,
 My wandering boy; I know not where
 He is today, not here I know;
 He was fifteen the day he left,
 For twelve long years we've been be-
 reft,
 And were he here to-day he'd be
 Just twenty-seven; now Ah me,
 You look like him, but you'r so tall,
 Why, he was weak and very small;
 Now take Joe's chair and eat your
 will,
 My boy is hungry too, or ill,
 Perchance wherever he maybe,
 On ice clad land or on the sea,
 I know he's thinking now of me,
 And dinner set for twenty three,
 O, how you do resemble him.
 And yet his face was like a girls,
 So smooth and fair, his body slim,
 It sets my old heart in a whirl,
 To see your whiskers long and fine,
 Your hands and neck and face of
 bronze,
 Reminds me of that sad old time,
 When father put his armor on
 And marched away all dressed so fine,
 In Army blue and buttons bright,
 And sword that gave a flashing light;
 Ah me, your face and eyes of blue
 Recall old times and make them new,
 And now, grand father, lift thine eye
 To Him who heeds the ravens' cry,
 And call for us his blessing down
 On young and old, on all around
 This table spread with food and cheer,
 And many blessings of the year,
 To Him, the High and Holy One,
 Who dwells within eternity,
 Creator of the earth and see,
 We raise our thankful hearts in prayer,
 And bless him for his daily care;
 He gives us food and clothing too,
 And health of body and of mind,
 And does with grace fresh hopes
 renew.
 By kindly acts which daily bind
 Our weary hearts in chains of love
 To him who rules in heaven above;
 And now Our Father, Mighty one,
 The orphan's and widow's friend,
 On earth as Heaven thy will be done,
 Be thou our guide until the end,
 And do thou send Salvation down
 On young and old on all around
 This home and goodly table spread
 With blessings of our daily bread,
 And make our hearts a fount of joy
 By sending back our absent boy;
 O bring him back with soul all clean
 From contact with this world of sin;
 Bless him who sits in Joseph's chair,
 The stranger lad, now on his way
 To home and friends and sitting there
 To break his bread with us today,
 Hear our prayer, Almighty One,
 For in the name of thy dear son,

We ask these blessings once again,
 And thine the glory be, Amen,
 Grand Father ceased the blessing said,
 Along the board from foot to head,
 From side to side, from young to old,
 Good cheer and comfort waxing bold,
 Filled every heart with joy untold;
 But through it all as in a dream
 The stranger sat amid the scene.
 And eyed the mother, heard her sigh,
 And seeing teardrops in her eye,
 He said, Dear Mother, wish me joy,
 Do you not know your long lost boy?
 The mother hearing, felt the thrill
 Of heart which made the pulse stand
 still,
 Exclaimed, Its Joe! My long lost Joe!
 "Bless God from all blessings flow!
 I knew, and do'nt care what you say,
 I some how felt he'd come to day.
 With trembling hand and peaceful
 brow,
 The mother poured the coffee now,
 For Joe had come, her absent boy,
 And added to the feast a joy,
 Before unfelt by young or old,
 For all were now withsn the fold;
 The feast continued, gibe and jest
 Went merry rounds; each did the best,
 The very best that could be done
 To chase dull care and awaken fun.
 As stately oaks are seen to bend
 And fall before the angry blast,
 So all things earthly have an end
 And feast days cannot always last.
 York, Neb.

A Pleasant Affair.

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On Tuesday Oct. 27th, Mr. J. M. Stilson, of our town, celebrated his 85 birthday. A dinner befitting the occasion was partaken of at the home by the family, representating four generations. J. M. Stilson and wife, L. D. Stilson, their son, with wife and four sons and daughter, C. L. Stilson, son of L. D. Stilson, with wife and two daughters, from Delta, Colorado, making a family reunion long to be remembered. Later in the afternoon the company was reinforced by the arrival of Mrs. Todd, son and daughter, A. J. Wilkins, wife and sons and daughter from town, where they all repaired to the new home of W. E. Stilson, a few rods away, to witness the marriage of Miss Martha Todd and W. E. Stilson, at 4 o'clock. After congratulations and a short visit, supper was served at the home of L. D. Stilson and wife, parents of the groom, the party breaking up in the early evening, making a historic day for the Stilson families.

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## To Our Readers.

Some explanation is due our patrons for the past non-appearance or the present appearance of this issue of the Bee Keeper.

As will be seen a part of this is dated for September. That part was printed on time but before completion a rush of work came to the office demanding immediate attention, when this was done, we decided to put October with the first and send them out Oct. 10th, less than a half day later came other orders for work calling for prompt fulfillment. Thus for nearly three months no time could be spared for the Bee Keeper, and our work in other lines equally pressing. Still with the rush and hurry of the past three months, and enough more to last until Christmas, we are not so fully enthused with the "returning tide of prosperity" as to buy another printing press, or enlarge the office, or take on very much "green help" in any of our lines of work just yet, or at any rate until some of our many friends whom we have carried on our list the past three and four years will hand in some of those cheap \$ we heard so much about during the campaign.

There will be no issue again until Jan 1st, so with this we wish you all prosperity and a merry Christmas.

## Try It and See.

Whatever may be said about the publications of Rev. Irl R. Hicks by those who do not fully understand the facts, there is no denying the truth that his paper and Almanac have come to stay. His splendid journal, **WORD AND WORKS**, is now entering its tenth year, largely increased in circulation and in every way improved, until it deserves the national reputation it has attained. His 1897 Almanac is now ready and is by far the finest and most beautiful he has yet issued. It contains 108 pages, including cover artistically printed in colors, and is filled from back to back with just what is wanted in every shop, office and home in America. One feature of the Almanac for 1897 is a series of 12 original, beautifully engraved star maps, with explanatory chapters, which could not be bought for less than five dollars in any work on astronomy. As Mr. Hicks has so correctly and faithfully warned the public of coming droughts, floods, cold waves, blizzards, tornadoes and cyclones, in the years passed, aside from the other varied and splendid features of his paper and Almanac, these considerations alone should prompt every family to subscribe at once for 1897. The Almanac is only 25cts. a copy, **WORD AND WORKS** is one dollar a year, and a copy of the fine Almanac goes as a premium with every yearly subscription. Write to **WORD AND WORKS Publishing Co.** St. Louis, Mo.