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NOV. 1, 1899.



THE PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER

A JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO BEES, HONEY AND
KINDRED INDUSTRIES.

PUBLISHED BY
LEAHY MANUFACTURING CO
HIGGINSVILLE, MISSOURI.

Entered at the postoffice, Higginsville, Mo., as second-class matter.

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I know what good queens mean to the producer, as well as how to rear them. Safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. No disease.

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We will send the Progressive Bee Keeper with

The Review (\$1 00) \$1 35
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Kansas Farmer 1 00 1 35
Home and Farm 50 75

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No bee-keeper can afford to be without a library of bee books. A book costing from fifty cents to one dollar is worth many hundreds of dollars to one who would succeed. Every beginner should have a book suitable for beginners, (one that will point out the road), and those more advanced will need something more scientific as a reference book. We will here give the names of such books as we recommend, and will be pleased to furnish you, sending them by mail at the following prices:

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.

Scientific Queen-Rearing, by G. M. Doolittle; price, \$1.00.

Langstroth on the Honey Bee, revised by Dadant; price, \$1.15.

Address,
LEAHY MFG. CO.,
Higginsville, Mo.

WANTED.

10,000 pounds of beeswax, for cash.

LEAHY MFG. CO., Higginsville, Mo.

PATENTS

Quickly secured. **OUR FEE DUE WHEN PATENT OBTAINED.** Send model, sketch or photo, with description for free report as to patentability. **48-PAGE HAND-BOOK FREE.** Contains references and full information. **WRITE FOR COPY OF OUR SPECIAL OFFER.** It is the most liberal proposition ever made by a patent attorney, and **EVERY INVENTOR SHOULD READ IT** before applying for patent. Address:

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Le Droit Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Kansas Bee- Keepers:

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We have a carload of "Hig-
ginsville" Supplies, at
manufacturer's prices,

◆◆◆◆
and are prepared to fill or-
ders promptly, and can
save you freight.

◆◆◆◆
Send all orders to

TOPEKA BEE SUPPLY HOUSE,

E. W. DUNHAM, Manager

106½ West 5th St.,

Topeka Kansas

Catalogue free.

Golden
Italian



Holy
Land

	1	6	12
Queens, untested in Mar., April and May.....	\$.90	\$5 00	\$9 00
Untested, June to Nov. 1.....	.75	4 00	7 50
Tested Queens.....	1 50	8 00	15 00

If you want two dozen or more, write NOW.
Satisfaction guaranteed. My '99 circular free.

E. R. JONES, Milano, Tex.

Please mention the "Progressive"

The Amateur Bee-Keeper



SEND 25 cents, and get a copy of
the **Amateur Bee-Keeper**, a
book especially for beginners, by
Prof. J. W. Rouse. By mail, 28c.

Address, **LEAHY MFG. CO.,**
Higginsville, - - Missouri.

300 Selected Golden Italian Queens.

Large and yellow all over, warranted pure-
ly mated, reared by Doolittle's method.
Queens by return mail. Safe delivery and
satisfaction guaranteed. Have eleven years'
experience. Price of queens, 75c each; 6 for
\$4.00, or \$7.00 per dozen. Order quick, as above
queens are young and will soon be taken.

READ TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. Quirin: Dear Sir:—

The queens you sent me turned out the yel-
lowest bees in my apiary. Are gentle to han-
dle, are large and well marked. Yours truly,
C. C. CHAMBERLAIN.

Romeo, Mich., July 10, 1899.

Mr. Quirin: Dear Sir:

The queens got of you last year are giving
good satisfaction—better than some untested
queens I paid \$1.00 for to breeders who will
sell for no less at any time of year.

EDWIN BEVINS.

Blockly, Iowa, July 5, 1899.

Address all orders to

H. G. QUIRIN, Parkertown, Eric Co., Ohio
(Money Order office, Bellevue, O.)

Bee-Keepers.

Four Reasons Why

Hyde's Strain of Golden Italians and Holy-Landers are Superior.

Beauty, Honey-Gatherers, Gentleness,
and Hardiness are all combined, to-
gether with all cells grafted and built
out in full colonies. We have no cheap
queens. They are costly as a gift.
Untested, either race, 75c. Tested,
\$1.50. Discounts on quantities. We
have years of experience in queen-
rearing and honey-production. Root's
goods always on hand. The Hyde-
Scholl separator, best out. 36-page
catalogue free. Motto: Prompt serv-
ice. Address and make orders paya-
ble to.....

O. P. HYDE & SON, Hutto, Tex.

The Western Bee-Keeper,

is exclusively devoted to Apiculture in the

A LFALFA REGIONS,
and to
ASSOCIATION WORK.

of all kinds among bee-keepers; and also gives
the main points of what the other bee-papers
are saying,

~Monthly, 50c a Year.~

C. H. Gordon, Editor and Publisher.

Room 47. Good Block. Denver, Colorado

"Higginsville" Bee Supplies at Kansas City.



Having purchased the good will and business of H. L. Miller, of Supplies, I will be in a position to furnish all Bee-Keepers' Supplies at Higginsville prices.

You will save freight by ordering of me. Write for Catalogue.



419 Walnut St.

C. E. Walker, Kansas City, Mo.



PRICES OF Bingham Perfect Bee-Smokers and Honey Knives,

Smoke Engine	largest smoker made.	per doz.	each
Doctor.....	3½ "	\$13.00—Mail,	\$1.50
Conqueror.....	3 "	9.00—	1.10
Large.....	2½ "	6.50—	1.00
Plain.....	2 "	5.00—	.90
Little Wonder.....	2 "	4.75—	.70
Honey Knife.....	wt 10 oz	4.50—	.60
		6.00—	.80

All Bingham Smokers are stamped on the metal, patented 1878—1892—Knives B. & H.

The four larger sizes have extra wide shields and double coiled steel wire handles. These SHIELDS and HANDLES are an AMAZING COMFORT—always cool and clean. No more sooty nor burnt fingers. The Plain and Little Wonder have narrow shields and wire handles. All Bingham Smokers have all the new improvements, viz.: Direct Draft, Movable Bent Cap, Wire Handles, Inverted Bellows, and are ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

☞ Fifteen years for a dollar. One-half a cent a month.

Dear Sir:—I have used the Conqueror 15 years. I was always well pleased with its workings, but thinking I would need a new one this summer I write for circular. I do not think the four inch "Smoke Engine" too large. Yours,

W. H. EAGERTY.

Corning, Cal., July 14th, 1896.

I have used Bingham Smokers ever since they first came out. Working from three to seven hundred colonies twelve months in the year. I ought to know what is required in a smoker. The Doctor 3½ inch just received fills the bill. Respectfully,

O. W. OSBORN.

Mt. Pleasant, Mich., Aug. 7th, 1896.

Dear Sir—Smokers came O. K. They are the best I have ever seen; sell like hot cakes. Respectfully,

WM. BAMBU.

With a Bingham Smoker that will hold a quart of sound maple wood, the bee-keepers' trials are all over for a long time. Who ever heard of a Bingham Smoker that was too large or did not give perfect satisfaction. The world's most scientific and largest comb honey producers use Bingham Smokers and Knives. The same is true of the world's largest producers of extracted honey. Before buying a smoker or knife hunt up its record and pedigree.

Please mention the 'Progressive.'

T. F. BINGHAM, Farwell, Mich.



The Progressive Bee-Keeper.

A Journal Devoted to Bees, Honey, and Kindred Industries
 Published Monthly by Leahy Manufacturing Company.

Vol. IX.

HIGGINSVILLE, MO., NOV. 1, 1899.

No. II.

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SONNET.

My friend, in other years, perhaps, when you
 Are looking backward for a moment's space.
 A kindly thought, an unforgotten face,
 Will unobtrusively pass in review.
 The face of one you earlier, younger, knew,
 Before you flitted from the old home place,
 And left behind sad hearts your love could
 grace
 With sweet content—a noble love and true.

Years may across our pathway sadly strew
 Sorrow and pain, with pleasure's gentle trace
 And love may come with quiet presence, too,
 Whose influence even death cannot erase;
 But oh, my friend, whatever you may do,
 You will remember—to forget were base.

—Will Ward Mitchell.

WAYSIDE FRAGMENTS.

Somnambulist.

WILL WARD, were you not slightly trespassing on my domain when you wrote:

And the dreamer somehow wonders
 If God's heaven, after all,
 With its glory, can be fairer
 Than Missouri in the fall.

Well, you placed it in rhyme, else I should have feared the necessity of putting up those unsightly notices, "No trespassing on these grounds." "Indian Summer in Missouri"—how happily described. That little poem ranks with the best. May the Indian Summer of our lives prove as delightful.

Mr. Editor, what's the matter with F. L. Thompson? Must have been born in the wrong sign of the moon! I've been watching and reading his creations since their first appearance along the horizon of bee literature, and have not failed to observe their brilliancy and rapid transit zenithward, but there, I do care to be styled a soft soap peddler. (I do hope I have sufficiently curbed my expressions of admiration to escape, if it is only by a hair's breadth.) You don't suppose (do you?) he will object to my agreeing with him, because I really cannot convince myself that I am wholly responsible for my mental make-up.

On page 243, August PROGRESSIVE, he says, "Try peddling awhile, and see if you don't come to associate softness and gentleness with the pronoun he, by learning to feel relieved every time a big rough man opens the door." Sounds very much as if he'd "bin thar."

O, the "haggling" that can emanate from within at this juncture! To those who are unfortunately compelled to overhear and endure it, is—well, not exactly crucifixion of the flesh, but it is of one's self-respect. And it is to be regretted that this sort of treatment usually is received at the hands of those well-to-do, the less pretentious buying more frequently, or if unable to buy, they politely inform you and do not consume your time (which is money to the bee-keeper along with the rest of mankind) in an attempt to insult. I am aware of the antipathy, which in many instances amounts to odium, that the cheap John pack peddler has well earned for himself, because by misrepresentation he has succeeded in forcing his flimsy, out-of-date, discarded odds and ends upon the unwary, and that, too, at two prices. Is there any difference between this jabbering foreigner with half idiotic, stupid, and oftentimes suspicious, aspect, staggering beneath this camel-like pack which you intuitively know to be an aggregation of all the flotsam and jetsam of mercantile creation, and which for various reasons, chief among which is the danger of infectious disease, you have a natural horror of seeing unloaded in your home—I repeat, is there any difference between such a character and the cleanly, pleasant-visaged, intelligent and business-like, though modest, person, who speaks your mother tongue, and who to all intents and purposes is your neighbor, and who offers for

sale nature's fresh and pure products direct from first hands? Undoubtedly it is due to the former character, and his ways and means, that selling by retail or peddling is held in such opprobrium. Can beekeepers or others selling the small products from the farm be classed with pack peddlers? Never!

But to return to F. L. T. On page 299, PROGRESSIVE, he touches on the vicissitudes of the veil in a sprightly manner, though he leaves the tale but half told. He tried the plan of "tucking a short veil beneath the suspenders, and found it much as I had expected, a torture." Why, the very picture of W. Z. H. with his laundered shirt front, looking so cool and comfortable, was almost enough to make one furious. "Few things are more wearing than a constant pulling and settling of a fiery hot and stifling hat-band when one is bending over hives on a blazing hot afternoon." This description is equally applicable to most veils as well as MOST METHODS of wearing the same. If constructed of too heavy or too close-woven material, heat and interference of the sight are the prime results, while if thin, light and airy as they should be, about the time you are beginning to congratulate yourself upon an acquisition, and before you are aware of any inadvertence on your part, some one or more of the busy explorers will take you "zip" on nose or mouth, thus telegraphing the intelligence that they have discovered a new route which has been to you hitherto unknown. Moral—Are you of an inventive turn of mind, try your hand on the development of the bee veil. "There's plenty of room on the top round."

On the same page, F. L. T. quotes someone as having referred to "loquacious paid writers" in a contemptuous manner, or as if it

was criminal to belong to that order. Allow me, pray you, to ask, if the journals did not employ "loquacious paid writers," where, oh, where, would they secure copy? And does being a paid writer, loquacious or otherwise, exclude one from possessing a few grains of common sense? On page 301 he asks, "How is one to express himself when he is consciously and earnestly sincere?" I should say, in the most sincere manner of which he or she is capable; that at least is my plan. So far we travel in the same boat, F. L. T., but on the next subject I beg leave to differ. You denominate words of commendation as indicative of some lurking weakness being possible or probable. Persons, like the qualifying words, adjectives and adverbs, admit of degrees of comparison. They do not all belong to the positive degree, but some belong to the comparative, while still others belong to the superlative degree, as there are good, better, best, people, as well as bad, worse, worst. Exists there a man who is so independent, so exalted even in his own opinion, or whose feelings are so obtuse, or so dead, that he has lost all feelings of appreciation, he is poor indeed—and God pity the poor.

Naptown, Dreamland.

BEST QUEENS, SECTIONS. ETC.

Ed Jolley, in American Bee-Keeper.

DR. MILLER says that queens from the first sealed cell are the best. My experience is that when a colony in normal condition is suddenly deprived of its queen, it will, in its haste to replace her, choose a larva that is too old to produce a firstclass queen. Queens from the cells that are sealed from one to two days after the first ones will be the better ones—queens that are in every way equal to those produced by nat-

ural swarming. The cells last sealed are apt to be on larvæ that are too old, so that neither the first nor last are as good as the "come betweens."

Nothing helps more to sell comb honey than nice, clean, white sections. It is always poor economy to buy second-class or discolored sections. The retail dealer will find readier sale for a poorer grade of honey in nice, clean, white sections than for fine honey in dirty or discolored sections. It behooves us, then, to use not only first-class white sections, but to arrange our supers so that the bees cannot get at the top of the sections. Most every surplus arrangement protects the bottom and sides of the section, but the top—the most important part to keep clean—is left exposed to the bees. When covered with an enameled cloth or quilt they are propolized to the section, and every time one lifts the cloth to note the progress of the honey, he makes room for the bees to plug in more propolis between the cloth and the section. By the time the cloth has been lifted a few times, there will be propolis enough on the top of the sections to give them a very untidy appearance, which no amount of scraping or cleaning can entirely remove. A bee space over the cloth is better than the cloth, but this, too, destroys the nice, clean, fresh lustre of new wood. I have been trying a plan this season, which so far has given good satisfaction. I put a piece of glass the size of the section crate over the sections. The glass laying flat on the smooth upper surface of the section leaves no room for propolis. It is not necessary to lift until the super is completed. You can look down through the glass, and through the interstices of the sections, see their progress without disturbing the bees with smoke, breath or air. I put cloth over the glass in some hives, and some without anything. The bees work equally as well in one as the other.

Franklin, Pa.

COLORADO STATE BEE-KEEPERS' CONVENTION.

That "irrepressible" Colorado State Bee-Keepers' Association will hold its annual convention November 27, 28 and 29, in the State House, Denver, Colo., beginning at 10 a. m. As usual, the State Agricultural College will assist us. Everyone should come loaded with ideas and subjects for discussions. Those who cannot come, should write soon to the secretary or president, and tell the needs of your locality, or what you want the association to do. The members will be the program. We know from experience that you will make a lively convention. Come everybody—there is sure to be a "hot time in the old town." R. C. Aikin, President, Loveland, Colo. F. Rauff, Secretary, Box 378, Denver, Colo.

UNPOLISHED PHILOSOPHY.

What's the use o' grumblin' 'bout the joys you never had?
Ain't you had a plenty anyhow to make you glad?
If life hain't been all sunshine, you've likely had your share.
Fer others has their cloudy days, an' so you see it's fair.

You wouldn't be so selfish as to want all sunny days
Yourself, when others had to walk in rugged, weary ways.
S'pose you did have sorrow, an' bitter tears 'ud fall—
You wouldn't want another, would you now, to had it all?

What's the use o' frownin' when it's easier to smile?
A little song o' gladness shortens many a weary mile.
If you git a little lonesome as you journey on the way,
Bearin' one another's burdens a good recipe, they say.

Do to other people "as you'd have 'em do to you,"
It'll help to scatter sunshine when a feller's feelin' blue.
Quit your way of grumblin' cause you can't see roun' the curve,
Life'll give you happy days; death, just what you deserve.

—Will Ward Mitchell.

TEXAS QUEENS.

Golden Italians, Adel or Albino Queens.

Dr. Gallup of California, writes Oct. 6, 1896: "The queens received of you are decidedly the very best honey gatherers I have in a lot of 30 stocks, and I have received queens from ten different parties this season." Price of Untested Queens, \$1.00.

J. D. GIVENS, Lisbon, Texas.

BEE STING CURE.

A sure cure for bee stings in about two minutes if applied at once. Will stop the pain and swelling. 25c and 35c a bottle. Send silver or money order

CHARLES CHANDLER,

E 12th Ave.

Emporia, Kas

Please mention the "Progressive."

Say! Did you know the Western Bee-Keeper has changed hands? C. H.

Gordon is now Editor and Publisher.

Wanted. Every bee-keeper, large or small, to send 15c for four months trial. Sample copy free.

47, Good Block, Denver, Colo.

COMMENTS.

F. L. THOMPSON.

COMPLAINTS are heard that the price of honey is not in proportion to its scarcity. We in Montrose county obtained a good price for our honey in comparison with former years, and had a pretty fair crop, too. The result is that a number are rushing into the bee-business or enlarging their little apiaries, and it is going to be a case of the survival of the fittest. Average crops, average prices, and the average work and skill required to get those crops, are sure to weed out some.

The last two years a buyer has come to this county and cleaned up

the product, shipping the honey himself, and paying cash for the honey when delivered at the car. The advantages of such a plan are considerable to all concerned. No leakage, no drayage, no commission, no waiting, no misunderstanding; the buyer knows what he is doing, and the producers know what they are doing. The firms who buy in that manner ought to be given every encouragement, so that this method of purchase may eventually become the rule and not the exception. It tends to place honey on the footing of a staple, like cotton or potatoes, which are largely bought in the same way.

While this is the tendency, yet honey is not something which can be forced up beyond legitimate supply and demand, and I believe all hints that bee-keepers' exchanges are for that purpose are unfounded. But WITHIN legitimate limits, communication between bee-keepers in different parts of the same state, or in adjoining states—direct, prompt communication, without waiting for honey quotations in the next bee-journal—is capable of doing much good in dollars and cents, and the lack of it is capable of causing much loss in the same denomination. We had an excellent illustration right at home this year. We knew what the bee-keepers around Denver and in northern Colorado were expecting and GETTING, and what they were fully expecting in Utah, by means of direct communication. When the buyer came, we told him we were expecting it, too; and we got it. Then he went into another county not very far away and bought honey for a cent a pound less, and came back and told us that if he had gone there first we would have had to be content with a cent less, too; and it is not impossible, if we had been as INDEPENDENT as the bee-

keepers of the other county were. I do not believe our honey was any better than theirs. Those bee-keepers lost hundreds of dollars by not being on their guard, and taking just a little trouble to correspond and look around and CONSULT. Of course no one blames the buyer for buying honey for as little as he can, under the present system of business. It isn't his lookout to tell the producers what he has paid for honey elsewhere. But it is our lookout to keep informed on what we are justly entitled to.

The buyer referred to went to all the principal apiaries, and personally inspected and weighed and bought much of the honey while it was in the honey-houses. Some, including all small lots, was inspected and weighed on the station platform. To go around in this manner involves some trouble and expense, more in some localities than others, and the firm which does so is to be commended for its enterprise. To be sure, all honey-buying firms ought to be encouraged—the more the merrier—the more buyers, the firmer prices; and this suggests that districts to which buyers do not as yet come MIGHT induce them to do so by setting a date at which all the honey for sale, if the total exceeds the minimum weight for a carload, should be brought to a certain station for inspection, where it can be stored for future shipment, if a sale is not made. Something like that is now done by the Colorado Honey-Producers' Association at Denver, only they have a regular warehouse, open twice a week for the reception of honey, where honey can be stored any time previous to the coming of the buyer, who consequently is not bound to a certain date. The members of that association do not have to bother with a personal meeting with the buyer, as the manager of

the association, who is paid for his services, does all the business for them.

To get my honey ready in time, I had to do some lively work at scraping sections, and this caused me to pity poor old corn-growing Missouri for her sweltering nights—for I arose at 12 a. m., so I could do the work in the cool part of the day's 24 hours, and Missouri, you know, has no cool part. The propolis flies off like glass when it is cool enough. The last night I scraped 448 sections between 12:15 and 7 o'clock, and ate a meal besides; but found it expedient to wear an overcoat.

I asked Mr. J. S. Bruce the other day whether he was using his section cleaner this season, and he said no, he had cleaned 700 the day before with a knife, but added they were not badly stuck up. He said that C. Davenport is correct in saying in the *American Bee Journal* that a tin rasp wears out soon and takes some time to prepare; but if he (Mr. Bruce) lived near enough to machine shops, he would think enough of his section-cleaner to get a steel affair substituted for the tin one, though he admitted that owing to the speed attainable by a knife when properly worked, many of the section-cleaners described in the journals are undoubtedly a waste of energy. He did not agree with Mr. Davenport in having the section rest on a thin board on a bench while being scraped. He holds the section loose in his left hand, grasping it about the middle of the upright pieces, so that it needs only one change of position during the operation. The scrapings fall on the floor, and are gathered up with a hoe at the close of the day's work. I have got into the habit of resting the section on a small board on a solid bench; but unlike Mr. Davenport, find no particular advantage

in having the section project over the end of the board. I use the board simply because it elevates the section above the scraping accumulations, which otherwise would interfere, and I keep the board clear by flirting off the scraps of propolis every few seconds with the knife. This method may seem inferior, as the section has to have its position change a number of times, and the scrapings have to be removed from the board; but the method one gets used to is often the best, and so it is with this. The point is, I suppose, any method will do which has by long practice become so automatic that every stroke tells, and every section, with machine-like regularity, goes through exactly the same motions as its predecessor. It is important to put a good deal of energy into scraping sections—go at it as if you meant something—but put the energy rather into the quickness and rapid repetition of the strokes than into their strength.

Mr. Wm. Muth-Rasmussen, in *Gleanings*, says he classifies his comb-honey according to the color of the honey, determining this by holding each section up to the light, and comparing it with a sample section. The buyer last year made a distinction between white and amber honey, and paid less for the latter; this year he dropped that standard entirely, and called all white COMB No. 1 and stained or water-colored No. 2. In fact, the color of the cappings seemed to be almost the only thing determining the grade. We have no dark honey. Then, too, he even put sections in the first grade that were not quite finished, providing the comb was white, in flat opposition to the Colorado grading rules. Color of cappings is something very difficult to describe, and the only way is to have sample sections to go by. I

think associations ought to keep such sample sections on hand.

The editor suggests that color cards be printed to indicate the grades of extracted honey. Later he correctly says that shades of opaque color cannot reproduce shades of transparency color. Mr. Muth-Rasmussen's idea was to have samples of the different shades in little vials as a standard. Neither of them seem to be aware that honey may grow darker with age; at least, alfalfa honey extracted the first season is water-white, with just a suggestion or leaning toward yellow if a large quantity is looked through; but the same honey, after it has stood for several months, is decidedly yellower. If this phenomenon is general in honey, it would not do to keep samples, and the only thing left is to study on some method of reproducing transparency colors. Do not artists paint pictures of vases of water and the like with fair success? Why not consult some artist who is a good colorist?

Mr. Hasty in the American Bee Journal thinks we hear progress sermons pretty often, and refers to the common and pestilent chap who wants the multiplication table to progress also—or at least divers other things which have reached, or nearly reached, the ultimatum; and says we are all in danger of forgetting, in this progressive whirl, that there is any such thing as ultimate truth. He ought to know that subject is one of my red rags. But as those remarks are mere assertions, with nothing of the nature of a proof, I can do no more than make counter-assertions. Mr. Hasty, you are an old fogey. We do not hear progress sermons nearly often enough. There are very few ultimate truths, but one of them is that progress is the very essence of humanity, and the repose in things

supposed to be ultimate the very essence of animalism.

"Thou mayst not rest in any lovely thing,
Thou, who wert formed to seek and to aspire;
For no fulfillment of thy dreams can bring
The answer to thy measureless desire."
—Lucy Larcom.

"Whether we be young or old,
Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
Is with infinitude, and only there;
With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desire,
And something evermore about to be."
—Wordsworth.

Montrose, Colo.

EXPERIENCE AND ITS LESSONS.

R. C. Aikin.

(Continued from Jul. PROGRESSIVE.)

CHAPTER XX.

CONDITIONS—HONEY FLOWS—MANIPULATION.

HERE we are again with "Experience and Its Lessons." Have passed through an exceptionally busy summer, so busy that 'tis hard to collect my thoughts to write or talk of scientific matters. I wish to resume the "recapitulation" where I left off in the July issue, but am still too busy to do so.

Have just read F. L. Thompson's article in the September PROGRESSIVE in which he, speaking of conditions in Colorado and in particular of two flows, June and August, and referring to the fact that I have counted but little on an August flow, thinks it exceptional that I do not have the 2nd flow. The intimation is that Mr. T. thinks I am mistaken. He says: "I have heard it asserted that the only reason Mr. Aikin thinks he has not an autumn flow is that by his plan of dequeening he has never had the force of bees to gather it." Friend Thompson, come and spend a summer with me, see the various hives and meth-

ods I employ, colonies unqueened, some with queens right along, some too weak when the first (June) flow comes to swarm, and do not need unqueening, but are good colonies by August, in short, colonies in all conditions, and then think if I would not know if a honey flow was on. I take it back, Friend T. Guess you did not believe that story that Aikin did have honey flows and did not know it—guess you know I have always been too much of an investigator to be fooled that way.

Well, I now do have an August flow—rather a July-August one, thanks to sweet clover for it—see my last article just following yours on page 274. Partly because of the changed condition I have largely ceased the unqueening—wanted bees for that later flow. I must, however, say amen to the main part of your statements, Friend T., as set forth in that article in regard to “western manipulation.” I have understood right along that Friend Doolittle did not understand fully the conditions here. My earlier years in apiculture were in a country much more like Doolittle’s than the alfalfa regions where I am now. I want to whisper in the ears of the PROGRESSIVE readers that it makes a vast difference whether your bees get some pollen and nectar almost every day from their first flights in spring up till the main flow, or whether they fly much all the winter, and in spring dearth of EVERY THING in the shape of feed almost to middle of June. Just think of your bees so scarce of pollen both in hive and field that they pounce onto a sack of bran, flour or similar substances, almost as they would a section of honey in time of a dearth. My first pollen comes from the cottonwood bloom about April 12th, but prior to that they hunt mills, feed boxes, horse troughs, any and

every place they can find a pollen substitute.

Alfalfa yields almost no pollen whatever, and during the honey flows HERE there is very little pollen gathered or to be had. To have combs overloaded with pollen is a thing I have never known in my present field. I sometimes think I would have much more rapid brooding in the spring if there was more pollen in the hives. Have seen many a colony that did not seem to have an available cell of pollen. I feed much “chop” to my bees every spring—in Iowa they would not be coaxed to use it. In my location pollen bearing plants are scarce, pollen in sections is never thought of and does not occur. The flora is changing, and what applied a few years ago does not now.

Right along these lines there is a matter I have recently spoken of that I will repeat—it will bear repetition. It is a quite well known fact that when bees are handling honey and have their sacs loaded, they feed the queen more freely. When a colony is in a semi-quiet state, that is, such a condition as prevails when there is NOTHING for them to do afield, brooding is very slow. Right through the first part of this month (September) bees are very quiet unless they get a taste of honey. Look into brood combs, and I find laying by the queens is very sparing. Were a honey flow in progress and the weather as warm as it has been to date, brooding would be almost double what it is.

The honey flow ceased August 20th, and now Sept. 18th I find the scale colony has lost 3 or 4 pounds, and while a part of the time there was enough to entice the bees out and keep them active, at no time since the stoppage of the flow has there been any perceptible gain. Now just think of a condition in

the SPRING where there is simply nothing for the bees to do but stay at home or else come back empty, and then guess how much difference there will be in the amount of brood reared as compared with a locality (or season) where both pollen and nectar are coming in nearly all the time. In the one case, the bees not having full sacs do not feed the queen so liberally—I SUSPECT same is true of the brood, too, and the result is slow progress in building up. In the other case there is greater activity, and nervous excitement, better feeding, more eggs developed and more bees grown.

It is not necessary that honey be coming from the fields to get the healthy, vigorous condition that stimulates brood rearing; it may be accomplished by opening honey causing it to run and necessitating the bees taking it up in their sacs, by placing honey in the midst of the brood nest, by putting honey very close to the entrance by turning the hive t'other end to or reversing frames and putting back end first, or any method of feeding or causing bees to handle honey. Our friend Doolittle used to tell us to put combs of honey behind a division board and have the bees carry it around where they needed it—near the brood.

Some tell us it is best to manage the bees on the let alone plan. If there is great abundance of stores, and so situated that the workers must move some of it out of the way of the brood, or for any other reason, or if nectar comes in somewhat most of the time, then the matter of manipulation may not make much difference; but in the absence of these conditions, frequent manipulation, causing the bees to load their sacs, may easily result in an increased amount of brood. Of course injudicious or

careless manipulation may do harm, but intelligent manipulation ought never to harm the colony and may do much good.

Considering these points as bearing on brood rearing, and remembering how in former articles I have urged that colonies should have stores in compact form ABOVE the cluster in wintering, you can see how a colony will winter better and spring better with that same compact condition. Years ago I thought it seemed that a colony with a hive FULL of honey did better than one with less stores even though the less stores were abundant for ALL needs. I have learned from these things that nothing is lost by having a plenty of stores in the hive, that a compact brood chamber with stores above is very desirable, and that manipulation may be very desirable to best results.

Study these things, and you will succeed better in the production of honey, both by better wintering and by better springing.

Loveland, Colo.

(To be continued in our next).

Recapitulation by G. M. Doolittle.

Chapter 20.—Such is the heading Bro. Aikin gives to this number of "Experience and Its Lessons." When I read that, my mind sort of wandered back over the past, and I remembered that it had been nearly or quite two years since "Experience and Its Lessons" was first begun in the PROGRESSIVE. Then I fell to looking over those two years to see what had been accomplished in my life during that time. I asked myself whether I was any farther advanced to bee-keeping lore than I was two years ago; whether I had been of any *real, lasting* benefit to the world for having lived those two years, and whether I was any nearer the New Jerusalem today than then. I will not

tell the reader just the answer I was enabled to make to these questions, but simply say in passing that I believe Bro. Aikin's part of "Experience and Its Lessons" has been of great help to the bee-keeping world, for both privately and publicly have I been told that the "light shining out from the lighthouse" of "Experience and Its Lessons," has helped many wayfaring mariners on the seas of apiculture to steer clear of the many reefs and sunken rocks which lay about the pathway of bee-keeping, as practically applied. I also wish to state that he only who can say that he has advanced along all lines, while looking back through the dim vista of years gone by, can write *success* upon the pages of time.

"Hard to Collect My Thoughts."—

This is what Bro. A. says as he starts out with Chapter 20. This set me to wondering if the great mass of those who read Bro. Aikin's article ever thought what it meant for a busy bee-keeper to snatch an hour or two away from their bee yard to sit down and communicate something worthy of a place in our bright bee papers of the present, and something which would be of benefit to the bee-keeping world when it appeared in print before them. If they never have, just let them go in from their apicultural work some day when they are the most pressed with work, and try the matter on, and unless I am mistaken, they will ever afterward appreciate what Bro. A. is doing for the apicultural world, and has done in the past. I know something of what such things mean. But say, Bro. A., you remind me of what once happened at my own house. A bee friend came several hundred miles to see me, and we had a splendid visit. At our accustomed family worship, after reading a portion of God's Word, I asked him if he would "lead us in prayer." His reply was, "I would prefer to join with you, for my prayers have gotten rusty." You see the point, don't you, Bro. A.?

I don't believe God wants a child of his to neglect the "throne of grace" so long that his prayers get "rusty," neither do I believe the readers of the PROGRESSIVE want you to do as you have done the past summer, neglect writing for its columns so long that you cannot collect your thoughts to tell us *monthly* of the good things you are continually "experiencing" in the apicultural field. Let me beg of you, dear Bro. A., that you don't allow yourself to get "rusty" any more.

"Largely Ceased the Unqueening."

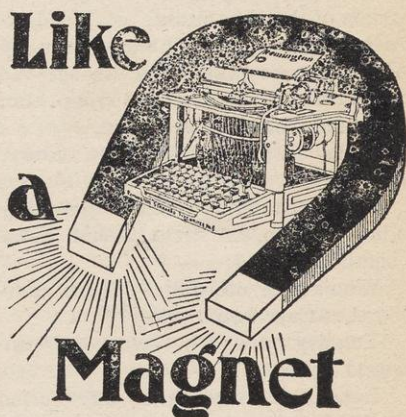
—That is what Bro. A. is telling us now, when less than two years ago, he was flaunting his "unqueening banner" in the breeze. Strange! And for the reason he, like Dr. Mason, is shouting, "*Locality!*" Well, all I have to say is that Doolittle has largely ceased unqueening, but instead of shouting, "*Locality! Locality!*" Doolittle is shouting, "*Hosts of bees when any and all honey flows are on, lots of section honey, and no swarming!*" and that right in the old locality where he has kept bees for the past thirty years. But as I do not have the thing fully perfected yet, I must content myself with this brief allusion to the matter, else I may be obliged to say later on with Dr. Miller, "I don't know."

Scarce Pollen.—Did the reader notice that "so scarce of pollen that they pounce onto a sack of bran, go hunting mills, peer into feed boxes, and dash into horse troughs" paragraph of about how A.'s bees act during the spring of the year? Such a state of affairs as that would place any apiarist in a condition where he could get the most fun "to the square inch" of anything I know of, especially if he were willing to expend a few dollars in "horse feed." I had such a season once, and the bees and I improved it by my making a shallow box about ten feet long and four feet wide, placing the same in a sheltered sunny nook, and pouring into

it some very finely ground "horse feed" (corn and oats ground together), together with some very fine planer shavings and about half as much fine wheat flour as there was of the horse feed. A little piece of comb and some scraps of propolis were put on some live coals, and the dish containing both set in the center of the shallow box, with a few drops of honey scattered about over the contents. An hour later that "sunny nook" was a sight to behold, and one of the most merry pleasant things I ever was allowed to hear and see. The air was full of dusty white bees just above the box, packing the contents from the box in their pollen baskets, while twice as many more were rolling about amongst the bits of shavings, oat hulls, etc., in such a way that no one could look on the sight without having every bit of "blues" they had ever experienced driven from them. Nothing in the bee line ever attracted visitors as did this, and the children just went wild with glee and delight while watching the bees "cut up their antics" in and over that box of feed. I will not dwell longer on the matter. I have explained enough so that anyone dwelling where pollen is not abundant, can do something to benefit their bees and give themselves lots of pleasure at the same time. I do not know that I can add very much to the latter part of what Bro. A. says. He makes it very plain, and he or she who thinks that as good results can be obtained by managing bees on the let alone plan, makes a great mistake. Beside, the person who wishes to so manage his bees will, as a rule, make a failure in any calling in life which they may enter into. Any life, which sees only *work* in the manipulation of bees, or only work and disagreeableness in an *active* life, is practically disqualified for anything which brings the greatest amount of good and happiness to the world. There is *no happiness* in a life of indolence. And with an active, progressive, happy life,

a life that sees *fun* in every move it makes, there is little need of Bro. A.'s precaution regarding "injudicious or careless manipulation." Such a life will use any failure of its own, or that seen in someone else, as a stepping stone toward something better, and as a "sign board" with one hand pointing down toward "never enter there again," and the other pointing upward toward "every failure can be so used that it will eventually result in success." Could the world be given *all* such happy active lives, in every intellect clothed with "flesh and blood," the millennium would soon be here, and such a word as "hard times" would no longer enter into the vocabulary of men. Therefore, an active, progressive, happy life is a thing which every apiculturist should be seeking after.

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



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A SUMMER IDYL.

BY ELLEN BRAINARD PECK.

This story began in the August PROGRESSIVE
CHAPTER VIII.

"She is beautiful, and therefore to be wooed,
She is a woman; therefore to be won."

JAKE'S wife prepared the breakfast the next morning for the travelers, and as soon as they had finished it, Jake appeared at the front gate with the two-seated surrey, for he had taken the trunks to the station earlier in the morning, when he had found great difficulty in preserving strictly the confidence entrusted to him, for until it was all fairly settled, Mrs. Dayton preferred the matter kept quiet.

Some of the inhabitants of Meadowbrook were even at that early hour up and about, as Jake drove through the town with the baggage. Spying him, one called from his back yard:

"Some of your folks goin' away, Jake?"

"Maybe," answered Jake, grinning as he drove on. A little further away a small boy cried:

"Who's goin' off, Jake? Alice married that Carrington feller?"

"You dry up, or I'll wallop ye," answered Jake.

"Land, Jake, who's goin' off?" cried a shrill female voice, as a rug, which was being shaken out of a window, was quickly drawn in, and a head poked out.

"I swan!" said Jake softly, "the women's gettin' arter me now. I'll make out I don't hear nothin'," and snapping his whip high in the air, he shouted, "Get up!" and went on down the street. "Shan't hev no friends left by the time I get these here trunks landed."

"Wall, now, he heard me good enough, an' I'll find out whose trunks them be," and Miss Perkins slammed

down the window, and putting on her bonnet and cape, wended her way swiftly to the station, and she arrived there almost as soon as Jake, who was lifting the second trunk onto the platform. Jake saw her coming, and groaned:

"There ain't no escapin' no-way—what be I a-goin' to tell her?"

"I see you a-goin' by, Jake, an' I wanted to know, ez Mis' Dayton an' Alice wuz goin' away, if they'd mind lettin' me hev their machine while they wuz gone, ef I took good care of it."

"Land! who told you *they* wuz a-goin'?" said Jake, looking innocently at her. "I s'pose you know Mis' Henry's brother is a-goin' away, didn't ye?"

"Yes," she snapped, "but I didn't know his initials was A. D. and B. D.—thought *D.* stood for *Dayton.*"

"Wall, so it does, so it does," he replied, "but Mr. Carrington, he—"

"Now you see here, Jake you needn't try to fool me. Mis' Dayton an' Alice is a-goin' somewhere, an' I expect it's to buy weddin' clothes."

"Wall, now, I never knew ez Alice wuz goin' to git married," he said, smiling at her a sort of propitiatory smile, as he edged his way from her toward his cart.

"I never see nobody who was so mysterious-like ez you be, Jake. Ennybody would think someone wuz tryin' to escape from justice, the way you act, an' I know Mis' Dayton wouldn't approve of no such doin's," and Miss Perkins swished her calico skirt down the platform, and whisked around the corner.

"Wall, now," said Jake, as he climbed into the cart, "she's mad. Plague on the woman, anyhow! She's sharp ez a razor, an' the words drops off her tongue like butter off a hot knife."

When Alice and her mother got into the surrey, Jake said:

"I expect the hull town 'ul be at the station to see ye off, fer Miss Perkins she's got her nose wedged in the matter, an' there ain't no shovin' on it out."

"I was afraid someone would see the

trunks and begin to ask questions. Dear me! I do so dread a crowd of curious people; but I suppose the world is full of them, and they are not all in the small towns."

"Cur'osity is nat'ral to women," said Jake.

"Probably," said Alice smiling, "as they are the daughters of men," which sally tickled Jake immensely.

True to his prediction, many people stood about the station, for in a New England country town the very winds seem to breathe your secrets into listening ears, for little can happen to one, at home or abroad, that an inkling of it does not reach, by some medium, interested hearers, at short notice. Miss Perkins, with a triumphant look at Jake, was there to greet them.

"Goin' away?" she queried politely.

"Yès," answered Mrs. Dayton pleasantly, but volunteering nothing further.

"Goin' far, to be gone long?" continued Miss Perkins.

"That depends," replied Mrs. Dayton.

"I presume ez far ez New York?" went on Miss Perkins.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dayton.

"Business, I s'pose? Widders hev to tek up the burdens," she said, throwing a mournful intonation into her voice.

To this, Mrs. Dayton merely nodded, and then said "Good morning" to several whom she knew, standing about.

But soon the train came along and bore Alice and her mother over the first miles of their long journey, and Miss Almira Perkins remarked as the train drew out of the station:

"Them Daytoneses allus wuz high notioned."

After Jake reached home he plodded about here and there, doing his chores, and Carrington, on his way to see Alice, although she had not answered his note, caught sight of him.

"Good morning, Jake," he called.

"Mornin'," answered the hired man.

"Ain't nobody to home. Didn't ye know it?"

"Why, no. Where are they?" asked Carrington.

"Land, Mr. Carrington, I'd like to tell ye furstrate, but ez it wuz something secret like, why I said I wouldn't say nothin' to nobody. Land! Is'posed of course *you* knew," and Jake, who in his quiet way had seen which way the wind blew, relapsed into a bewildered silence. Carrington stood still.

"She must have been very much hurt," he muttered, "and I must find out where's she's gone. You can tell me if they went by train, can't you, Jake?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, that part on't ain't no secret. They went 'long to New York, but how much further, that is to be unknown, leastwise fer a spell."

"Thank you, Jake," and Carrington strode along down the road toward the town.

"Thet's a regular women's trick," said Jake, commencing to hoe. "He must a done suthin, fer her to cut up sech a caper, an' now like enow he'll lose on her altogether, fer them counts is powerful sot arter money," and then looking at the three white hives, he said, "To think of all that 'ere time wasted."

In the meantime, Robert Carrington had been to the station and found out that Jake was right, and that the tickets had been bought for New York: and being possessed of that western characteristic, the power to do a great deal in a short time, he hired a wagon, drove to his sister's, packed his traps, said goodbye, and again mounting to the wagon seat, he soon reached the station, where he took the next train for New York. In the rapid motion of the train, and the changing of scene, there was some relief for the strain his mind had undergone the last twelve hours, and he said to himself:

"Wherever she is, I'll find her."

And after he reached New York, late

that afternoon, he left no stone unturned to find his sweetheart, for he sent messenger boys in every direction, to look at the hotel registers, and question ticket agents. Carrington had brought his man Jackson east with him, but the latter had remained in New York, as Carrington did not care to take him to Meadowbrook, but when Carrington reached the great city, he notified Jackson that he needed him, and it was due to the valet's shrewdness that the steamer was discovered which was to take the Dayton's to Paris.

CHAPTER IX.

"I seek, though the world divides us."

WHEN Alice and Mrs. Dayton reached the Grand Central Depot at New York, they wondered how they were going to know the gentleman from Paris. As they got off near the end of the train, they were about the last to pass through the gate, at the side of which stood a slim, dapper young man, dark, with elaborately waxed moustaches. He advanced quickly as they came near him, saying:

"Have I ze plaisir to address Madame Dayton?" and with lifted hat, he bowed deeply.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Dayton, blushing somewhat with embarrassment at the form of the greeting, "and this is my daughter."

Victor Le Baronne bowed still more deeply, saying:

"Charmed, lovely mademoiselle," and in truth he was totally surprised at the great beauty of Alice. They were soon seated in a carriage and driven rapidly to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where they were to have dinner and remain until it was time to go to the steamer. Alice had begun to feel very miserable, but kept up so as not to distress her mother, for she feared that the trip was going to be a trial to Mrs. Dayton, who had grown used to her

quiet country life. However, Alice was young, and enjoyed the dinner in spite of herself, while she could not but be amused at the elegant gallantry of young Monsieur Victor, who danced a constant attendance on them. But it was time, before they realized it, to start for the steamer, and soon they arrived at the pier, where all was bustle and confusion.

After Alice and Mrs. Dayton had gone to their stateroom, and the chill grey twilight of a cold spring day was settling over the city, and the lights were everywhere shining through the mist, a tall man in a long grey mackintosh, alighted from a hack which had been driven at breakneck speed to the pier. Behind him came his valet carrying his bags.

"Jackson," he said, "just hold on a moment till I see if I have made no mistake in my hurry," and he vanished in the crowd. He soon came back and said: "This is all right," and the man followed him onto the steamer. Carrington looked about him (for it was no other than our hero) and smiled to himself. "Bound for Paris, hey? Well, whatever put that into their heads? Of course there is something back of this, but I've made my last mistake in this wooing, and henceforth I shall be slow to anger. By Jove! it's a relief to have found her, only I must wait for an auspicious moment to reveal my identity. The hotel clerk said they were accompanied by a young Frenchman, who no doubt by this time has dared to fall in love with her, and I'll put a stop to that— Hello! there, I'm off again. Well, I must keep calm," and he proceeded to smoke a cigar and look over the rail at the finest harbor in the world. Soon the vessel began to move out of the dock, leaving a great crowd on the dock, and parting friends, relatives and lovers.

Alice at last had yielded to tears, and Mrs. Dayton, overcome with longing for her quiet little sitting-room, was

surreptitiously wiping her own eyes. Alice had written a letter to Jeannette, and posted it before she left New York, and a little note to Mrs. Henry, but not a word to him for whom she was now crying, all unconscious that on the upper deck of the steamer that same individual was wishing for her.

"Hello, Carrington, old fellow! where on earth did you come from, and *where* in the name of time are you going, when all the fellows out west are raising a howl because you are not there to arrange about the campaign next fall?"

"Glad to see you, Dickenson, but to tell you where I'm going is easy—straight to Paris—and I see no way now but to tell you my dilemma, so that you won't spoil a scheme I've in hand just at present. To explain matters in a nut-shell: I'm in love; the girl's on this boat, angry at me; doesn't know I'm following her, and I don't want her to, till I see a favorable moment to let her know."

Dickenson gave a long whistle.

"That's just what I said to the fellows in St. Louis, 'When it does hit Carrington, it'll hit him straight between the eyes, and he won't see right till the wedding takes place. Well, old boy, I'm yours truly in this campaign as well as in the one next fall,' and talking together, the two friends walked up and down the deck until they went to their stateroom.

"Mees Alice," said Victor, one day near the end of the voyage, "ze tall man in ze grey coat; I like not ze way he look at us. Hees eye is suspecious."

"I've never seen him looking at us; indeed, he keeps that collar up so high and his visor-cap pulled so low, I have never seen his face at all." She, however, now looked more closely at the tall figure which was standing, back toward her, and something familiar struck her about it. It reminded her strangely of Carrington, and sent a pang to her heart. This had been a sad voyage to Alice, and her mother

worried over her and longed anxiously to reach home again, hoping that through Mrs. Henry she might patch up this lover's quarrel; and while she sat on deck reading, or idling, or talking to some of the passengers, her mind continually reverted to the little home at Meadowbrook, and sighed to think she had no taste for travel.

CHAPTER X.

"Let all be well, be well."

WHEN the steamer reached Paris, Carrington told Jackson that his first duty was to follow the Dayton's after they landed and find out to which hotel they went. Carrington himself then went to the Hotel Chatham, 17 and 19, Rue Daunon, near the Place de l'Opera and Rue de la Paix. He did not know how long his stay would be, as it depended entirely on the Dayton's.

His chief desire now was to see Alice and to have a thorough explanation, and to apologize to her for his hasty interpretation of her conduct. Jackson returned about seven in the evening with a budget of information.

The Dayton's were at the Hotel Westminster, 11 and 13 Rue de la Paix, and very near to Hotel Chatham. The young Frenchman who brought them there belonged to a well-known law firm in the city; and their rooms were engaged indefinitely.

Carrington went to his room and dressed for an evening call. Alice had never seen him in full dress, he thought, as he pinned a carnation in his button-hole, wondering as he did so what course of events could have led Alice and her mother so far from the channel of their life.

"It has something to do with money, but should she inherit the wealth of the Indies, or become a very beggar-maid, it could not add to nor detract from her own sweet self," and so saying, he drew on his light overcoat, and car-

rying his hat and gloves, hastened down the broad corridor, and was soon upon the brilliantly lighted street of the gayest city in the world."

"How wonderful life is," he murmured, "and to think that after all I should propose to my wild rose, in this artificial city, so far from her own fair haunts."

When he reached the Westminster, he sent up his card, and awaited, deeply anxious, the result. Soon the servant returned and said:

"Will you please follow me?" and Carrington followed with a wildly beating heart.

The man at length threw open the door to a brilliantly lighted parlor, and as Carrington entered, he saw Alice, very white, standing almost in the center of the room. She wore a soft black dress in which he had never seen her before, which trained slightly. She wore her bright hair high on her head, and a bunch of violets at the front of her gown.

"Alice," he cried, as he went swiftly toward her, and folding her in his strong arms, kissed her, "Alice, let us have no more misunderstandings. but tell me that you will marry me."

"Robert," she answered softly, "is it truly you?" and lifting her eyes, which were wet with tears, said: "What could I desire to say but yes?"

"Since I followed you across the ocean to hear it," he answered tenderly, "my own, my sweetheart."

When Mrs. Dayton came in, she grasped Carrington's hand and welcomed him, a dear familiar face. Then he told them how he had followed them and found them, and that night before leaving, he said laughingly:

"So I am to marry an heiress after all."

"You do not mind, do you," she queried anxiously, "if you are not so well off as I? It can make no difference," she added.

"Dearest," he replied, "I loved you

for your own lovely self, and richer or poorer, it is all the same to me; for, my little girl, I have more of that not altogether desirable thing, called money, than I well know what to do with, but if we had been both as poor as church mice, our love would have been as great; but since God has seen fit to give us worldly possessions, you and I will try to use our talents in the best way and be faithful stewards."

"Yes, I have a great many charities that I have so often longed to undertake, but never could."

"And next year," he continued, "perhaps my little wife will go to Washington with me," and he smoothed her soft hair.

The settling of the Burton estate did not take long, but a short time was taken up by the Daytons and Carrington in visiting the celebrated galleries and churches and other places of interest in Paris; but after the home trip, it was with the greatest pleasure that the three alighted at the Meadowbrook station one afternoon, and saw Jake waiting with the surrey to meet them.

Alice was married in the little church in Meadowbrook, and a lovelier bride was never seen there before. She and her husband did not wish to take any wedding journey, but Carrington took his beautiful June bride straight home to St. Louis, whither Mrs. Dayton would soon follow them, but the little home in Meadowbrook was to be kept for a summer home.

Alice, after she had gotten fairly settled in her elegant new home, drove one day out into the country to see her husband's apiary, and she was carried away with delight at the beauty of it, saying that it exceeded far the apiary of her rosy dreams in those days a few short weeks back.

Jake now owned the hives of bees that had brought so much delight to Alice, and when she gave them to him, it was on the promise that they would always receive careful attention.

About six months after Alice's marriage, Jeannette and George Benton came to visit Mrs. Carrington in St. Louis, for they were on their wedding trip.

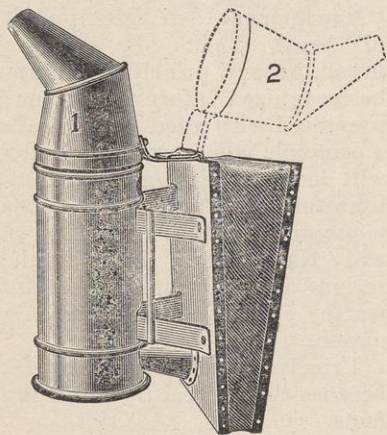
THE END.

You, We Mean.

You should not fail to read the story,

"Bee-Keeper Simon Buzz,"

by R. C. Alkin, beginning in the December issue of PROGRESSIVE. If you are not now a subscriber to the PROGRESSIVE, or if your time has expired, send us 50c. and we will mail you the PROGRESSIVE for one year. Remember, there are many other interesting features, in addition to the prize stories. You should not miss a number. Send in your subscription at once, and make yourself glad.



THE "HIGGINSVILLE SMOKER."

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Holden, Mo.

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LEAHY MFG. CO., Higginsville, Mo

MANAGEMENT and MANIPULATION.

S. P. Culey.

No. 4.

ON page 272, September PROGRESSIVE, Mr. F. L. Thompson says:

"We have let those short-flow folks dictate to us long enough. The other day I read an article in which a locality having one or two short flows was referred to as an "average locality"—just as if the south and west weren't in it enough to affect the average. With two flows, the first beginning June 10 to 15 and the last ending somewhere about August 20, with a not entirely barren interval of two or three weeks between them, this being the condition of thousands of apiaries all over the west proper, it seems high time that we had something else written about management than is applicable to white clover and basswood flows, and that the unqualified talk about "useless consumers" should be given a rest."

We want to emphasize the importance of the foregoing. We do not think eastern and northern bee-keepers wish to "dictate;" on the contrary, we think they deserve credit for having worked out the problems of scientific bee-keeping for their own locality. But the great, big, hard, cold fact remains that southern and western bee-keeping has problems distinctly its own—problems that southern and western bee-keepers can and must work out for themselves. Put it down that northern and eastern methods and ideas are not adapted to the west and south. Recognize this as a fact; it is important.

This same condition of things subsists in horticulture as well as in bee-keeping. Nine-tenths of our horticultural and apicultural books are written by eastern men, grown on eastern soil, or eastern clay or hard pan—men grand enough in their way, but whose writings are of little value to the west, simply because they know nothing whatever of western soil, climate, and other conditions. Their instruc-

tions are all right for a soil or a clay that must be fed before it can be tapped—where little can be taken out above what is put in in the form of fertilizer. But a soil as rich naturally as an eastern compost heap spread 2 to 6 feet deep everywhere, a condition that obtains in whole states of the west, is a thing they have never dreamed of. Therefore, if you follow eastern methods in horticulture here, you will have blighted apples and pears, and unfruitful plums, and cherries that never get ripe.

Now, all this prepares the way for the suggestion: Whereas the west and south present conditions and problems pertaining to apiculture, agriculture and horticulture, altogether different from the conditions and problems presented in the east; therefore, let us, the apiarists, horticulturists, etc., of the west and south, rightly and respectfully assert ourselves, have and hold our own ideas, support our own journals, (the PROGRESSIVE ought to stand for us,) write our own books, adapted to our own conditions and problems,—let's do that and more than that, "with malice toward none, good will for all," and with appreciation for our eastern brethren who have set us an example in this regard worthy of our respect and emulation.

On page 273 Mr. Thompson asks: "But why don't Messrs. Hyde and Culley give credit to Mr. Heddon? Pages 207 and 208 are Heddon manipulations, straight, and their hives are Heddon hives."

Our answer to that question will be given in full if Mr. Thompson will tell or agree to tell, Why was it the Heddon hive was smothered? why have its merits been kept in obscurity? We used the manipulation as given in our August article for years before we ever heard of

the Heddon hive. (We do not want any credit for that.) But whose fault is it that an invention of such merit as the Heddon hive has been kept dark and hidden, while hives with far less merit have been "boomed"? Mr. Thompson, furthermore, will please permit me to discuss principles instead of patterns. It is a fact that the Heddon hive was never mentioned in the A B C of Bee Culture till the late revision was published, and we have too much regard for accuracy to say it has received "honorable" mention in the late revision.

But what has all this to do with "Management and Manipulation" of bees? This: It suggests a broad, general principle which must be recognized before details can be presented with good and just effect; a principle which, when understood, will decrease frictions in apicultural literature and transform the present monotonous echoes of "Katy-did" and "Katy-didn't" into dignified, serious discussion and earnest study, worthy of the fraternity and of our pursuit.

Principles are more than facts, because they reveal the truth in the facts.

Higginsville, Mo.

HONEY JARS.

A good small package for retailing honey in is the square honey jar shown in the cuts. They are the cheapest and most popular small package we know of. We handle the Poudre Jar, which is made in three sizes, and packed 100 in a package. The prices are as follows:



5 oz jar,	30c for 10;	\$2.50 per 100;	weight 30 lbs
8-oz "	35c for 10;	3.00 per 100,	" 45 lbs
1-lb "	45c for 10;	4.00 per 100;	" 75 lbs

Corks always included. Neck labels for these jars 30c per hundred; 500 75c.

LEAHY MFG CO., Higginsville, Mo

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS,

Delivered by Hon. E. Whitcomb, of Friend, Neb., at the United States Bee-Keepers' Convention at Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 5-7, 1899.

ONCE again we have assembled from the west, north and the south in this beautiful City of Brotherly Love, in which American freedom began its flight. In the years that have rolled along, the busy bee has kept pace with the iron horse in her course toward the western sunset, and today she gathers sweet nectar from the flowers that bloom from every hillside, valley, glen, and far out on the prairies, and the breezes are wafted to the home of the honey bee from the shores of the Atlantic, the broad Pacific, and from the Gulf.

NOT A PROSPEROUS YEAR.

The year now rapidly drawing to a close has not been a prosperous one for our chosen avocation, and while a few of us have a good supply of the products of the apiary, the great majority are compelled to report rather light results. Following an unusually rigorous winter, a spring wet and cold, with a warm, dry summer, there is little else to expect save the complaint of light stores.

FOUL BROOD.

It is said that opportunities of some kind present themselves once in a lifetime to every man—to this, woman might be added—and to us the subject of foul brood has been the all-absorbing topic during the past season. While this disease has been thoroughly discussed pro and con, yet when one comes to tackle it, or to have it attack him, it is quite another phase of the argument. In my experience with foul brood this season I have learned that it readily yields to the treatment in which the colony is compelled to use what stores they have in their sacs for comb-building, and that it is not necessary to destroy either hive, frames or wax, as these may be so easily and thoroughly

renovated of all traces of this disease that in no case has it appeared in the apiary a second time after treatment.

RELATION OF BEES TO FLOWERING PLANTS.

The relation of the honey bee to flowering plants is a subject of importance. Experiments made by the government show the benefits of a thorough cross-fertilization of plants, especially of their own species. In-breeding was for a divine purpose forbidden, and in no case is this sooner to be observed than in plants and fruits. An All-Wise designer placed the nectar beneath the blossom for the sole purpose of attracting the honey and pollen gatherer thither for the purpose of cross-fertilization. Nearly all of our fruit blossoms are hermaphrodite—they carry both sexes within themselves—yet a great many are utterly incapable of self-fertilization, as in the apple, cherry, strawberry, and hundreds of others which I might name. In the strawberry, in order to produce a perfect fruit will require the separate fertilization of from one to three hundred, and the dark green masses to be found in almost any dish of strawberries are only evidences of imperfect fertilization. In the raspberry and blackberry every little rounded mass has required the visitation of an insect in order for fertilization.

The need of bee-keepers is to get into closer touch with the horticulturist, to convince him that we are his friends, and that when our bees visit his orchard and vines, not only we but he receives a benefit directly therefrom. The experience of Senator G. W. Swink, of Otero county, Colo., as stated at an informal reception given in the Apiary building at Omaha, is in itself a whole chapter in favor of the honey bee as a fertilizer of both fruit and flower.

In stating his case at that meeting, the senator said that as he engaged in the business of melon growing on the Arkansas, the crop was unsatisfactory.

No blossoms that came prior to the little prairie sweet-bee produced fruit, the crop was late, the melons deformed. A friend suggested that the trouble was in fertilization, and advised the honey-bee as a remedy. Advertisements were inserted in Kansas papers offering a free location, and free board, to the party who would locate an apiary in Swink's melon fields, and when I inquired the result, he said, "Why, more than four times the melons;" and now are located in those vast melon fields more than 600 colonies of bees, and the famous Rocky Ford melons are to be found in every western market. They fed the vast throng of people that visited the Trans-Mississippi last fall, including the bee-keepers of the United States Bee-Keepers' Association, who were present on that occasion, while the Indians lugged melons and danced until this Association was really in danger of being contaminated with the effects of the festive dance.

ADULTERATION.

Nothing that we have to deal with meets us so squarely in the face at this time as adulteration. Years ago Senator Paddock, of my state (Nebraska), took up the matter of enacting pure-food laws, but the adulterators rallied to its defeat in such numbers that it failed to pass. Congress has again taken up that question, and placed Senator Mason at the head of a committee whose duties are to make such investigations as are possible, and to report such laws as will best meet the cases in question. In a correspondence with Senator Mason, I have pledged him the undivided support of 5,000,000 bee-keepers, and he assures me that of all the abuses honey appears to have suffered the most, and that it shall have a prominent position in the bill which his committee is to report to the next congress.

When I pledged him these 5,000,000 bee-keepers of the United States in support of a pure-food law, I realized

fully what benefits such a law would bring to these producers, and would extend to perhaps 50,000,000 consumers. In order to make this support felt, we must ask our senators and representatives in congress to support this measure; we must unite ourselves to the organization that will enforce such a law when enacted, and stand by it to the end.

The opportunity now presents itself for this association to make its influence felt in this direction, but in order to do so there must be a unity of action, a banding together with this one idea of success. Differences must be dropped, especially so far as relates to small things, and to gain this much-desired end it matters not whether honey is better south, east or west. The bee-keepers of the United States are confronted with an army of adulterators who are gradually bringing the product of the apiary into disrepute, and lessening the demand even for a pure article, for the reason that suspicion is being cast on every grade, and in many localities it is even asserted that comb honey is subject to adulteration. These mistaken ideas come mainly from the adulterators themselves, who desire to induce the public to believe that they are as good as the very best.

ADULTERATORS OF HONEY.

The suits instituted against the adulterators of honey at Chicago, under the pure-food laws of Illinois, have proven a failure from the fact that the law allowed the venders to plead that they were not aware of the adulteration. The gun that isn't loaded is the most dangerous of all, and the bee-keepers of the United States will be compelled to rely upon national legislation rather than state laws in order to clean up this great army of adulterators who prey on the unsuspecting, and, when confronted in their nefarious work, hide behind some clause in the law to escape punishment by pleading igno-

rance. Prof. Eaton, who has analyzed several samples of adulterated honey at Chicago, states that out of the number analyzed, but three were found to be pure, and the one upon which an action was based contained glucose almost entirely; not sufficient honey being used for flavoring. The law, remarked Mr. Eaton, is about as good as no law at all, and when "ignorance is bliss" while engaged in vending beeless honey made from a cheap sample of glucose, dangerous to health, one of the most honorable and healthgiving industries of the United States must suffer. The experience with these adulterators should nerve the bee-keepers of the United States with a renewed determination to stand together until these abuses are stamped out, once for all.

THE BENEFIT OF DEFEAT.

There will doubtless grow out of failure some real benefit to the honey-producer, inasmuch as all adulterators will fully understand that there are lurking in the woods and on the watch-towers those who are looking after their nefarious practices in deceiving the public, and who seized on the first opportunity to prosecute them. This will make them a little more cautious, and more samples will be branded with what they really contain, and more honey will be used in compounding adulteration. This is possibly worth to the association all that it has cost, if not more.

THE UNITED STATES BEE-KEEPERS' ASSOCIATION.

This association is not strong enough to have its influence felt as it should be felt. Memberships mean dollars, and dollars mean that which with your outside influence can and will be felt all along the line from Maine to Oregon, and from the Gulf away up into the British possessions. Every member of this association ought to constitute himself a committee to secure the mem-

bership of his neighbors and fellow bee-keepers, until every live, wide-awake man who manipulates the bee has been gathered in, and is a member of this association.

AMALGAMATION AND COMMENDATION.

There has perhaps never been room for more than one national association of bee-keepers, and this association was organized at Lincoln, Neb., with a view of uniting the whole in one strong association. But for reasons not necessary to state, there were differences which grew wider apart for a time, and the object for which this organization was formed in part has failed. I am happy to state that these differences are fast being dissolved, and that we are looking forward to the time when the two great organizations will be able to unite for the general good of both, and on a more elevated plan for bee-keepers, and the punishment of adulterators secured under such laws as have been passed in the different states and such laws as may hereafter be passed.

I take great pleasure in commending to your consideration the zeal and fidelity with which General Manager Secor has filled his office in this association, not only during previous years, but during the present one. Secretary Mason, by his careful painstaking, and general courtesy, ever alert for the best interests of this association, is entitled to a liberal share of your commendation, and I assure you that there is little else to be gotten out of the labors which have been performed by them, as well as the different members of the Board of Directors, who are likewise entitled to your commendation.

During the year Rev. E. T. Abbott has taken great interest in the National Pure-Food Congress, and has spent much time in attendance on the sessions of that organization, and with little expense to this association. I doubt not but through his efforts this

association has a standing among the advocates of pure food, second to none in the United States. Our thanks are due the different members of the Board of Directors whose universal courtesy has been ever foremost in advancing the best interests of this association.

The Best Christmas Gift of All.

In choosing a Christmas gift for a friend, what can afford more present or lasting pleasure than a subscription to THE YOUTH'S COMPANION? The delight with which it is welcomed on Christmas morning is renewed every week in the year. The charm of it is disclosed little by little as the months run their course. There is no household in which it will not prove an inspiration.

Those who wish to present a year's subscription to a friend may also have the beautiful new COMPANION Calendar for 1900 sent with it. This Calendar is a reproduction in twelve color printings of three exquisite designs by a celebrated American artist, a member of the American Water-Color Society. In addition to this, all the issues of THE COMPANION for the remaining weeks of 1899 are sent free from the time subscription is received for the new volume.

Illustrated Announcement Number containing a full prospectus of the volume for 1900, sent free to any address.

Address, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
203 Columbus Avenue, BOSTON, MASS.

10-Inch Second-Hand Foundation Mill For Sale.

We have just taken in a second-hand foundation mill in exchange for goods. This mill has 2-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 Higginville. This is very little over half price.

Address,

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Instructions by mail, adapted to every one. Methods approved by leading educators. Experienced and competent instructors. Takes spare time only. Three courses—Preparatory, business, college. An opportunity to better your condition and prospects. Students and graduates everywhere. Eight years of success. Full particulars FREE. SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW, 618 Telephone Building, DETROIT, MICH.



The Progressive Bee-Keeper.

A journal devoted to Bees, Honey and Kindred Industries.

TERMS: Fifty cents per year, in advance.

R. B. LEAHY, }
G. M. DOOLITTLE, } - - - Editors

THAT "irrepressible" Colorado State Bee-Keepers' Association will hold its annual convention Nov. 27, 28, and 29, in the State House, at Denver, Colo. See notice, page 324.

BRO. HUTCHINSON in the Review, says there is not room in a monthly bee journal conducted on the lines followed by the Review, to publish convention reports in detail. It always looked to me that the only importance that could be attached to bee convention essays was for "fillers," as the ground covered by those essays is practically exhausted through the bee journals by the same writers before written for said conventions.

E. E. OCHSNER, of Wisconsin, gives the tall section the black eye in a recent issue of Gleanings. He thinks the square section looks much the best. There will always be some difference of opinion in regard to styles of sections, because we do not all fancy alike. I believe had tall sections been in as general use as the square section, many would have become tired of the looks of the tall section, and would be favoring a change to the nice square section, while as it is, the tall section is rapidly gaining favor with those who like a change. For myself, I do not admire a section 3½x5, as such a section when not filled out clear to the wood, looks too much like a little narrow strip of honey, so to speak, while a section 4x5 suits my mind's idea much better than any other size, but the trouble with this size is, the supers that are in general use now will not conform to this size section, and I do not believe there would be enough gained, even in looks, to advise a change to this size.

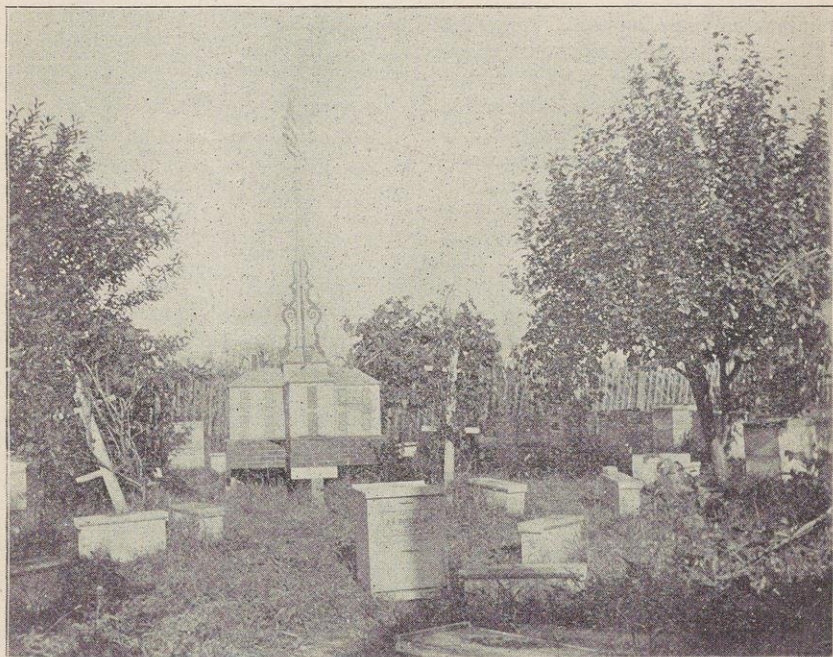
ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL.

While on a visit to Mr. J. W. Rouse, of Mexico, Mo., the past summer, I was much pleased with what he calls the "Palace" hive, shown in the accompanying picture. The hive has four compartments, and at the time of our visit contained four prosperous colonies of bees. Mr. Rouse has manufactured several of them and sold them to city

following letter from Friend Rouse came with the photograph;

FRIEND LEAHY—

By your request I send you photograph of the Palace Hive. I do not claim anything superior with this hive over common ones, only in the way of attractiveness. Many persons in passing my premises stop to admire it, and in doing so it impresses them with the fact that I am in the bee business, and adds something in the way of an advertisement. Any-



THE ROUSE "PALACE" HIVE.

people having nice lawns, who wish to keep a few bees and yet wish to decorate their premises and make them attractive. It really does add much to the looks of an apiary if one of the "Palace" hives is set in the center. Believing that many of the readers of the PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER would enjoy something that would add beauty and attraction to their apiaries, we asked Bro. Rouse to send us a photograph of his "Palace" hive. The

one having mechanical skill can build these "Palace" hives, and I am sure they will get much satisfaction by having one of them to call attention to their business of bee-keeping. Besides it adds beauty to the surroundings.

Yours truly,
Mexico, Mo. J. W. ROUSE.

THERE is not much advance in beeswax since our last quotation through these columns, but as it is drawing near the time when we will need several tons more than we have, we will offer

until further notice 25c in cash, or 27c in trade, for good beeswax delivered at our station. If not convenient to prepay freight, we can prepay it here, and deduct from receipts of wax. Always put your name on the wax so we can tell from whom it comes. Unless it is a very small shipment, it will come much cheaper by freight, and we advise shipping that way.

THE Jennie Atchley Co., who have been located near Beeville, Tex., will in the near future move to town, where they are now erecting a new factory much larger than their former one. This new factory, we are told, will be close to the depot, and will be equipped with machinery especially adapted to manufacture bee supplies. This looks like prosperity. Success to the Atchley's.

WE have a new Remington typewriter for sale for \$65.00. This is a No. 6—42,824. This is the latest machine out, and has all the improvements that the Remington Co. furnish with their regular writers. Bought in single lots they cannot be purchased for less than \$100, but as we have five Remington machines, and paid spot cash for them, we have been able to do a little better. The way this extra machine came to be on our hands is that we were contemplating starting another branch house, the idea of which we have now abandoned; hence the extra machine that we purchased last spring is on our hands. It has been used so very little that we do not consider this matter of use hardly worth mentioning. This machine also has a fine tin case, nicely Japanned, with lock and key. We consider the Remington the best typewriter made, and do not expect to have this machine on our hands very long; hence advise anyone wanting a bargain to order at once. Remember the price is only \$65. Samples of work done on this machine sent on application.

In a recent number of the American Bee Journal, Bro. York gives quite an extended write-up of Mr. W. A. Selser, of Philadelphia, Pa.; also of his honey-bottling establishment. Of the bottling of this honey, Bro. York has this to say:

"The honey for the season's trade is all bottled in one month—August—it requiring 24 hands to do the work, but Mrs. Selser herself does all the labelling. Mr. S. says she can label as many bottles in a day as any 3 other girls, and do it better. There's a helpmeet that's worth her weight in—well, gold is too common to express it, so we'll let Mr. Selser fix her value.

Mr. Selser bottles only the finest white clover honey for his best grocery trade, and by adhering strictly to this rule, he has built up an enormous demand, taking about 40,000 pounds a year to supply it. Quite a lot of honey to bottle, isn't it?

All the honey bought by Mr. Selser is carefully analyzed before using. And he is fixed to do that work, too, as he owns a polariscope costing \$250, a delicate balance or scales worth \$75, and all the paraphernalia of a complete chemical laboratory. You couldn't fool Mr. Selser on honey. He's an expert at analyzing it, and can spot any adulteration every time."

Yes, what Mr. Selser is doing could be done by hundreds of others, and I have often wondered why more did not embark in the business of putting pure honey up in small packages, and establish a trade for a pure, unadulterated article. A business of this kind when once established would bring large returns, as shown in the case of Mr. Selser, and did I not have all the business I could look after, I should like to move to a big city and try my hand in this special line.

WHERE KITTY-CATS HANG IN A ROW.

There are trees where the kitty cats grow,
They hang by their tails in a row.

If they happen to fall
They don't mind it at all,
For they land on their feet, as you know.

The fish swim around in the sky
With pollywogs woggling by,
While frogs hop around
On the clouds to the sound
Of the lobsters devouring mince pie.

The birdies all swim in the sea
And the wasp and the bungleing bee,
If you dangle a worm
With a wiggly squirm
You might catch a chickadee-dee.

It's strange, but the apples and pears
Live in houses with carpets and chairs,
They go rolling around
With a rollicking sound
And come bumping and thumping downstairs.

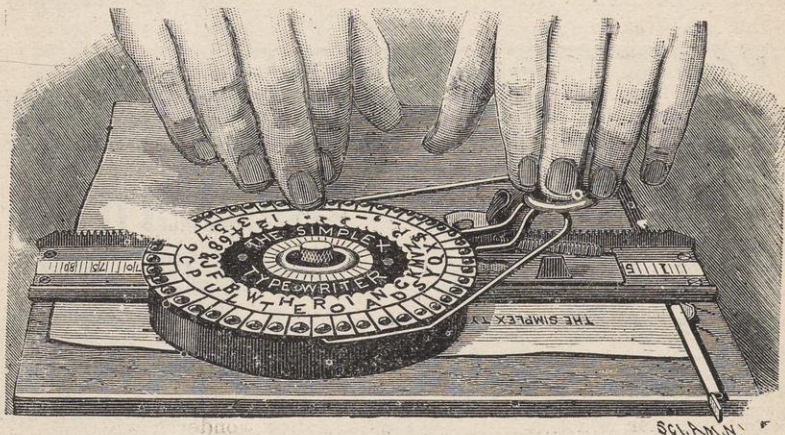
—Albert W. Smith, in the November Ladies' Home Journal.

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THE SIMPLEST THING IN THE WORLD

The only really practical cheap typewriter ever put on the market.
Is Rapid and Does Good Work. Is Easy to Operate. Is Handsome. Can be
Carried in the Coat Pocket.

PRICE - \$2.50.



THE LATEST OF THE BEST TYPEWRITERS. THE CLIMAX OF IMPROVEMENTS. THE
MINIMUM OF PRICE. DESTINED TO REVOLUTIONIZE WRITING, AS THE SEW-
ING-MACHINE REVOLUTIONIZED SEWING.

The "SIMPLEX" is the product of experienced typewriter manufacturers, and is a
PRACTICAL TYPEWRITER in every sense of the word, and AS SUCH, WE GUARANTEE
IT.

FOR BUSINESS MEN.—Every man, whatever his business, has need of the "SIMPLEX."
LAWYERS find them indispensable. MERCHANTS acknowledge their great value. CLER-
GYMEN write their sermons with them. AUTHORS their manuscripts. Letters written
with the "SIMPLEX" are legible and neat, and at the rate of FORTY WORDS PER MINUTE.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.—The "SIMPLEX" will be hailed with delight by BOYS AND
GIRLS. It will improve their spelling, and teach proper punctuation. It will encourage
neatness and accuracy. It will print in any colored ink, violet, red, green, blue or black.
It will PRINT A LINE EIGHT INCHES LONG, and admit any size letter paper. The print-
ing is always in sight. A USEFUL, INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING NOVELTY, AT
THE PRICE OF A TOY.

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!

EXTRA POINTS,

The alignment of the 'Simplex' is equal to the very highest priced machine.

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.

The 'Simplex' is mounted on a hard-wood base, and put up in a handsome box, with
bottle of ink, and full instructions for using.

"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
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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The editor of the Bee-Keepers' Review, in July last, spent nearly three weeks with note-book and camera among the bee-keepers and supply-manufacturers of Wisconsin, bringing home with him many items of interest and value, and about forty views of apiaries, hives, factories, etc., all of which will eventually find their way into the Review. Arrangements have also been made with some of the best bee-keepers of Wisconsin to describe in the Review, before the opening of another season, the methods whereby they have been so successful.



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I have found it profitable in the end, to make some extra offer in order that bee-keepers may be induced to subscribe for the Review, and thus become acquainted with its merits. As such an inducement, nothing has given better satisfaction than the offer of back numbers of the Review. Back numbers of the Review are different from those of newspapers, and some journals. The information that they contain is just as valuable now as when first published. Each issue of the Review, especially if devoted to the discussion of some special topic, as is the case with all of the copies printed during the first five or six years of its existence, is really a little pamphlet containing the best thoughts and experience of the best men upon the topic under discussion. Some issues are now out of print; of others only a few remain; while of others there is still a good stock upon hand. Instead of letting these back numbers lie on my shelves gathering dust year after year, I think it better to use them in getting new subscribers, and, at the same time, have them out doing good. I shall, therefore, as long as these back numbers hold out, send 12 of them free to each one who sends me \$1.00 for the Review for 1900. Not only this, but all subscribers for 1900 will get the Review the rest of this year free. The selection of these back numbers must be left with me; but I will see to it that no two are alike. To be sure that I am understood, let me tell it again: Send me \$1.00, and I will send you twelve back numbers of the Review, then the Review for the rest of this year, and for all of next year.



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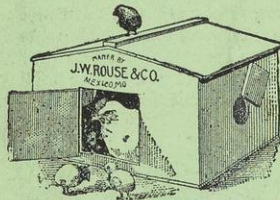
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