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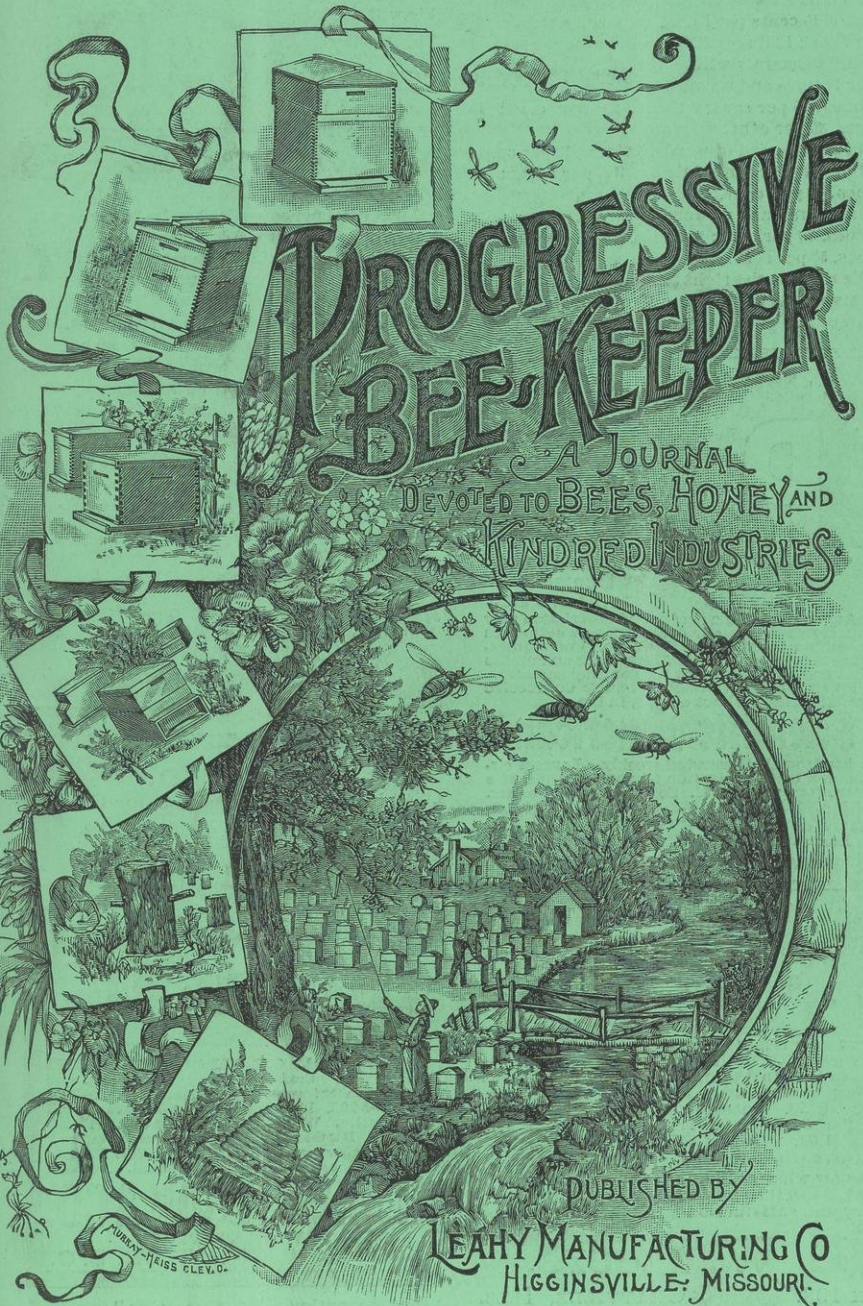
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MAY 1, 1899.



# 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 have used Ripans Tabules with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tabules in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small five-cent boxes of the Tabules and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tabules induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now.

A. T. DEWITT.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tabules. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowler, Ph. G., 588 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules with grand results.

Miss BEGIE WIEDMAN.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tabules regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tabules in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tabules.

ANTON H. BLAUKEN.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tabules advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tabules. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tabules for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tabules from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. BROOKMYRE.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a saffron color.

Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tabules, I tried them. Ripans Tabules not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tabules. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

E. W. PRICE.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

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The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ill of humanity.



A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABULES may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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



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	largest smok- er made.	per doz.	each
Smoke Engine	4 inch stove	\$13.00	Mail, \$15.50
Doctor	3½ " "	9.00	1.10
Conqueror	3 " "	6.50	1.00
Large	2½ " "	5.00	.90
Plain	2 " "	4.75	.70
Little Wonder	2 " wt 10 oz	4.50	.60
Honey Knife		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 suttly 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.

Cuba, Kansas, Jan. 27th, 1897.

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

50 Cents a Year.

Published Monthly by Leahy Manufacturing Company.

Vol. IX.

HIGGINSVILLE, MO., MAY. 1, 1899.

No. 5.

## WHEN YELLOW DANDELIONS BLOOM.

When yellow dandelions bloom,  
And dot the meadows with their gold,  
When earth is sweet with May perfume,  
And apple blossoms fair unfold—  
The richness of the freshened air  
Awakens life, and deeply thrills  
The heart with rapture, everywhere  
The song of winds or purling rills.

A little maiden gathers up  
A bunch of yellow flowers here,  
And puts them in a pretty cup,  
To glad a room devoid of cheer.  
A useless weed? A mission still  
It has, to cheer the sad and lone,  
A thing subservient to the Will  
Creating it, till life is flown.

When skies of May are azure tinged,  
The meadows glow, a picture fair,  
With myriad dainty blossoms fringed,  
And grasses creeping everywhere.  
We drink the breath of summer airs,  
And bask awhile in sweet perfume  
From early flowers, forgetting cares,  
When yellow dandelions bloom.

—Will Ward Mitchell.

## COULD WE GO BACK.

Could we go back across the way  
Our footsteps traversed yesterday,  
The path we trod when all was sad—  
Could we go back, should we be glad?

Could we go back, the olden track  
Would grieve us as we journeyed back;  
And memories troop across the way,  
The phantom ghosts of yesterday.

Could we go back—we would not dare  
To walk the way that wanders there,  
The path is strewn with early dreams,  
Once lit with rare, ambitious gleams.

Could we go back—ah, let us stay  
In this the land of "fair today."  
No yesterday was dear as now,  
Less sweet tomorrow's joys I trow.

Could we go back—we do not care  
To breathe the dead, malarial air.  
For it would make us sad, alack,  
Through all of life, could we go back.

Could we go back—nay, it is best  
To face the mountain's lordly crest,  
And gaze no more upon the track  
Behind, and sigh, "Could we go back."

—Will Ward Mitchell.

## WAYSIDE FRAGMENTS.

### Somnambulist.

**S**HOWERS of snow-white petals proclaim the near advent of May. A few calm, warm days, together with the ever busy bees, have insured to us a crop of plums and cherries. Bees are in much better condition than was expected; and when was the time when favorable conditions for recuperating were more warmly welcomed? How we rejoiced when the first loads of pollen began to arrive. Strict attention to business during the early part of this month, may be the price of success in the end? Plenty of stores? Nothing more conducive to the prosperity of the colony. And those who have had occasion to lament the loss of colonies having an abundance of stores, can utilize those stores in building up needy stocks. Among the best methods is to confine the colony to a space that will correspond to its strength by the use of a division board, and beyond the division board hang a comb of honey, and allow the bees to have access thereto. The entrance should be correspondingly contracted, and at the side where the feeding is going on, should be altogether closed. This is an old, well-tried method, and altogether practicable. I see Editor Hutchinson gives it in a late Review

as having been used by a Canadian, who also later on scored the outside combs of honey and placed them one at a time in the center of the brood nest, thus securing brood from the early dark honey. Suffer no unprolific queen to exist. In union or concentration there is strength, and from strength alone can we expect surplus. The trouble with most bee-keepers, they have "too many irons in the fire;" want to spread out too much, or have a bad case of expansion fever. And having more than they can profitably handle, the bees are most frequently left to shift for themselves because of other things appearing more urgent. At times bees can no more help themselves than other stock, and over climatic conditions they have absolutely no control. The bee-keeper who does not realize or know when his bees are in all probability suffering from adverse circumstances, is not worthy the name. And fortunately, in the natural order of things, he will soon cease to be known as such—he will soon find himself out of business.

According to clippings furnished by Dr. A. B. Mason in the Review, such bee-keepers are few and far between. He regards bee-keeping as "an ennobling pursuit." This, coming from such an able and so reliable a source, is quite comforting. He quotes M. B. Holmes, president of the Ontario Bee-Keepers' Association as saying, "Bee-keepers as a class, are away up; the high moral standard of the men in our business is something remarkable," and the large-hearted doctor comments thereon in this wise: "It is pleasant to feel and know that the leaders in our specialty, both men and women, are good and noble; working unselfishly for the good of our enchanting pursuit."

The practice of clipping was sup-

ported at that convention by such men as Wm. McEvoy, M. Gummill, J. K. Darling, J. B. Hall, H. G. Sibbald and others. The Doctor wouldn't keep bees if he couldn't clip the queen's wing, or have some other method for keeping the lady of the house from gadding off with a swarm whenever she pleased.

As a remedy for bee stings, the British Bee Journal gives, "Scrub's ammonia, hazeline and soft soap in equal parts." The best remedy your humble servant has ever found is a thick paste of salt and soda. Scrape the sting out IMMEDIATELY, and apply at once. Of course the mixture should be dampened to form a paste. H. M. Jameson, in the American Bee Journal, recommends the immediate application of turpentine. Says there'll be no itching or swelling.

In the April Review, R. L. Taylor gives the experience of a Missourian in the use of queen traps. Did not like the traps. Always found them and the end of the hives covered with bees, although there were one or two empty cases on top. Thought some of the young queens escaped through the zinc, and led swarms out. A few years ago I started out to "march on to victory" by this route, but met up with rout and disaster, because of my DETERMINATION TO CONTROL matters. I made the discovery, as R. L. Taylor says, "there is a limit to the number of bees that can be kept in one hive, even if their dissatisfaction does not amount to enough to compel them to swarm." However, if opportunity presents, I shall try it again, "with "variations." Please do not misunderstand me. Complete control of swarming is beyond my depth, but the use of the trap as an aid in out-apiaries, I still have a longing to further test. I certainly should act upon the sug-

gestions as given by Mr. Taylor in the Review, namely, allow an increase of one swarm to each colony by what might be termed artificial swarming, i. e.: Take the brood combs with sufficient bees to care for them, and place in a new hive, leaving the queen and the rest of the bees in the old hive, supplying them with frames having foundation or starters. Mr. Taylor would provide for ventilation by placing small nails or their equivalent between the super and cover. I have great faith in the teachings of R. L. Taylor, but I cannot quite agree with him on all points. For instance, when he says I "must admit there are more counterfeit compliments than genuine." No, no; I have not reached that stage of belief, and I hope I never will. Although there may be a certain keenness of perception and intensified feeling rarely acquired, except by the highly intellectual, I shall try to feel comfortable in my more humble lot, a case of "where ignorance is bliss." I might also add, being perfectly sincere in all compliments I've paid, I accept those received in the same spirit.

In "Beedom Boiled Down," American Bee Journal, the boiler pokes fun at me by asking, "Wouldn't an apiary with a northern slope get those southern slope flowers all right?" Yes, if they had been warmed up to the occasion, or sufficiently aroused to action, and were within easy stages or reach of them. We used to think we had quite temperate winters here in Central Missouri, but this winter the frigid zone seemed in near proximity, and we discovered more difference between northern and southern slopes than we had ever before dreamed of. Still the northern and southern slope idea was not theoretical alone, but has been put to practical test in different apiaries in this vicinity,

and the results have always been in favor of the latter. Probably the boiler lives in a flat country. If so, what would he think of taking a thirty or forty mile drive north or south, with the country all sloping in the one direction? And could he note the difference as we have done, I doubt not he would prefer some warm, cozy nook on a southern slope, in which to locate his bees where they need not to stand in fear and trembling of the northern blast, but "rest in peace," and where the first warm breath of spring would reach them and warn them to be on the alert. After all, what is of more importance than to be up and doing, or awake to business? Doolittle most probably had in mind his and like localities, while I spoke concerning our section of country, and similar situations. I am thoroughly in accord with "Cogitator" when he says, "Whole thing a matter of climate."

Naptown, Dreamland.

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#### FROM BRO. AIKIN.

"FRIEND LEAHY—I am sorry to disappoint you in not getting manuscript ready for the May issue of the PROGRESSIVE. As you already are aware, I am a very busy man, and to add to my many duties, have just passed through a political campaign in which I was not only a worker, but was on the ticket, and am now in for it to serve our little city as councilman for the next two years. May the Lord help us to rout every whiskey selling scheme that dares to ply in our midst. We won the election with a full ticket and a round majority. Blame politics for the lack of manuscript for this month. Accept my thanks for the \$10.00 prize on the story. That is the only effort in that line I ever made—never wrote a story before, and probably never will again.

Respectfully yours,  
R. C. AIKIN."

Loveland, Colo., April 27, 1899.

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Bee-Keepers will save money by using our Foot Power Circular Saw in making their Hives, Sections and Boxes. Machines sent on trial if desired. Catalogue free.



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**CONVENTION NOTICE.**

A joint meeting of the Colorado State Bee-Keepers' Association, and the Denver Bee-Keepers' Association will be held in room 33, second floor of the Capitol Building in Denver, Colo., on Wednesday, May 10, 1899, at 10 a. m. Amendment of Constitution and By-Laws, and other important matters will be brought up.

R. C. AIKIN, Prest.

FRANK RAUCHFUSS, Secy.

**CONCERNING BEE-MOTHS AND ROBBERING.**

Harry S. Howe in American Bee Journal.

During the past few weeks I have attended several bee conventions in different parts of the state. Among the things that struck me as worthy of note was the number of people who had questions on the subjects, bee-moths and robbing. Generally the man who was interested in one also had some questions on the other. And not less curious were some of the remedies proposed. One man advised that the combs to be kept from the ravages of the moth be first soaked in brine, then dried and packed away. When they were to be used again, they were to be soaked in fresh water to remove the salt, and then dried again.

Some years ago I bought out a bee outfit. The former owner wintered the bees in a double-walled house. Some time during the previous winter he died, and the family, being afraid of bees, opened the door, but left those bees, just as they were. When I got them, later in the season, there was a sight. The rats had eaten the lower tier of hives about all to pieces. Some of the bees had moved out and taken up their abode in the corners of the room. Others had succumbed entirely, while fifteen colonies still held the fort in their hives, and the moths—well, there was a great chance for missionary work. Yet in a season or two, without any special treatment, there were no moths to be seen. And the bees were not Italians, either.

All the precautions necessary to keep my large stock of extracting combs even at that place are to space them one less to the hive than they are used in the summer, and then leave them where they will freeze during the winter. The moth passes the winter usually in the egg stage, and a good solid freeze will kill those so in the spring there are no worms to eat the comb. There are usually two broods during

the season, one in spring, the other in the fall. It takes about three weeks for the larva to mature.

Another point in the safe-keeping of combs is the presence of pollen or dead brood. The larvæ of the moth cannot live on wax alone, they must have some other food. Now, combs used for extracting seldom have any pollen or other nitrogenous food for the worm. The combs which are in hives where the bees have died are the most liable to their attacks. How to protect them, brings me to the second of those two questions—

**HOW TO PREVENT ROBBERING.**

We used to think that we must not let a bit of honey be exposed when the bees were not storing honey, or we should have trouble from the robbers, but now we do about as we please in that regard, always keeping in mind certain laws. When the bees start to rob a place, if we can make them think they have got it all, there will be no further trouble, while if we cover up or take away the honey, they will keep on looking for it. Now for my method of feeding the bees, and at the same time caring for the combs that are likely to be troubled by the bee moth:

As soon as the bees begin to work in the spring, I go around, and take out all the dead ones and store the honey and combs in the honey house. Then I put out one or two hivesful of it somewhere at one side of the apiary, leaving the entrances so the bees can get in and carry away the honey. As fast as one lot is carried away, I put out more, as long as I have more to put out. Then I go through the hives and take out the heavy combs, replacing them with the ones first cleaned out, letting them carry this honey back in turn. This I keep up clear to the time of the honey flow.

No self-respecting moth will stay in those hives that are used for feeding; things are too much stirred up, and the combs go into good strong colonies often enough to discourage them if they tried it. If we can keep the spring brood of worms from maturing, we shall have to wait for more until our neighbor sends them to us in August again.

As to robbing, the only time I ever see any is at the last extracting, after the honey flow stops in the fall, and not then unless we are a little too slow in getting over the yard. I mean bees trying to rob one another. I usually give them something else to think about at that time. As fast as the combs are

extracted, they are spaced and piled crosswise of one another so the bees can get at them freely. Soon the bees find that there is honey to be had in the back part of the honey house, and they start in to clean those combs. By the time the last one is piled, there is a scent like the one Ernest Root so graphically described after one of his visits to W. L. Coggshall, but there is no robbing in the yard. Perhaps if one worked slow enough, the bees might get started on colonies that were opened any time when there was not a honey flow, but life is too short and honey too cheap to spend that amount of time over any one bee hive.

I cannot better sum up the question than by quoting a remark made at dinner at a recent bee convention: "No good bee-keeper is troubled by bee moths or robbing."

Tompkins Co., N. Y.

### A BEE-KEEPER'S REPORT.

J. T. HAIRSTON.

My bees wintered fairly well. I lost three out of 80 colonies, caused by putting extracting super underneath brood nest. Only tried a few that way, or my loss would have been greater. In January we had a spell of spring-like weather, and queens began laying in lower story. Then came the severe cold of February, that continued two weeks or more from zero to 22 below. The bees clustered on the brood, and consumed what little honey below, and starved with plenty of honey in hive. If I had not left the extracting super below, the bees would have been in brood nest where the honey was, and would not have starved, as all had plenty of stores for winter. I increased from 34 to 80 last season, and took about 2,000 pounds of surplus.

It was with sorrow that I saw an account of Bro. Thorington's death. The readers of the PROGRESSIVE will miss his kind letters. Truly, he was a noble Christian worker.

Salina, I. T.

## 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.

### PRODUCTION OF COMB AND EXTRACTED HONEY.

H. H. HYDE.

**H**AVING given my views on both comb and extracted honey, I will now describe a system of management for both in the same apiary. To do this best, I will draw a few pictures.

First, the locality where I live has from March 1 to May 1 several different things that yield honey, beginning with fruit bloom, sometimes yielding as much as is consumed in brood rearing. From May 1 on, for from 3 to 6 weeks, we have mesquite, marigold, horse-mint and corn-tassel. This constitutes our fast flow. From July 15 till the end of the season, we have a long, continuous, slow flow from cotton, broom-weed, etc.

Now the object I so long sought was to take advantage of this early fast flow for comb honey, and the later slow flow for extracted honey. This object I have at last accomplished. We will take an apiary of 50 colonies in 8-frame hives. They are to be two stories, or nearly so. Having been left on the previous year, both stories of each hive being full of bees, honey, etc. At beginning of spring the queen is given freedom to both stories, and brood rearing pushed to the utmost, feeding if necessary. This gives me hives chuck full of bees. Just as soon as the fast flow has commenced, I go through, filling the bottom story full of sealed brood as much as

possible, placing frames of the youngest brood at the outside of hives. Take the remaining brood and combs (no bees), and tier them up on about 20 of the hives, to be run for extracted honey. On the 30 hives I place supers containing full sheets of foundation; also a few bait sections, if on hand, giving unlimited. The colonies are not likely to swarm, as they go to work with a rush in the supers, being strong and used to work above. The queen will be busy, for the combs of sealed brood are hatching young bees fast, giving the queen opportunity to lay also. Little honey will be placed below, for they are already at work above, and not inclined to store in combs almost full of brood.

With this method, the very finest quality of honey is produced; the swarming desire is kept down at the same time the hive is overflowing with bees.

Another point is, the weakest colonies can be utilized for extracted honey. As the flow gives way, no more supers are put on, and the number of colonies with supers on are gradually reduced by the replacing of the ext. bodies, until when our long flow sets in in July, all the hives, or nearly all, are run for extracted honey. The cotton bloom honey, received from July 15 to Sept. 15, is extracted, and the honey from broom weed, which is inferior in quality, is left in the hives to winter and to breed on in the spring again.

Now this method of management can be varied to suit any locality. Perhaps the fast flow comes last with you, and of course at different times. I hope all will give this a fair trial. I could write more, but fear a repetition of my two former articles.

Hutto, Tex.

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### JORDAN'S WAVES.

J. H. DE MYER.

**L**IKE Bro. Doolittle, I had not the advantage of a common school education, and to keep a dictionary before me the less confidence I have, and I become confused. Possibly what I shall have to say, unless the editor takes pity on me, will resemble somewhat the Josh Billings style.

In an agricultural paper a few years ago, I was amused at a man in the south criticising another in the north for his mode of wintering sweet potatoes. The former said to put them in a rail pen, and throw a few shucks over them, and they

would keep. A yarn in Maine is a yarn in Florida, but in some respects will have to be handled differently. So it is with the bees. If I had to start in the business again, with my present knowledge, I would use a 10 L frame, self-spacing,  $\frac{3}{8}$  of an inch to center of frames, or wider top bars than the thick top Hoffman and staple end spacers, 2 supers for each hive and a few extra ones to be used when needed. Have one of them regular size for half-depth frames and the other 5 inches deep for comb honey.

Now I will begin with brood chamber: I had the same experience as some of the other brothers, frames getting apart till you could hardly get them out, and combs drawn out past top bars, comb more or less rough and knotty, and comb between top bars filled with honey, and if you had occasion to take them out, it is not necessary to explain the consequence.

Now to remedy this evil, I conceived an idea, with a double object in view. I took a thin shaving off each side of end bars. I did not use any gauge, but for this article I took the distance, which is  $1\frac{3}{8}$  inches to center of top bars, with slight variation, which gives space between bars from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{5}{16}$ , and to keep them in place, I got some soft pine and a sharp knife, and made some little wedges  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, and put them in against the end bars on both sides of hive. The result is nice, straight combs, and to a great extent has solved the burr comb problem with me.

As space is getting short, and it will take several articles to give my experience in detail, which I feel may be interesting to southern beekeepers, as well as some in other parts, I will close. Having got the range, I will shoot direct at the mark from this time on.

Bro. Doolittle must be breeding up a very lazy strain of bees, or else spacing has something to do with non-appearance of burr-combs.

Jordan, Ky.

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#### ARTICLE NO. 4.

### Second Article on Acts of Bankruptcy, and Something on the Subject of Exemption.

WILLIAM C. SPRAGUE.

In a recent number of this paper, I discussed two of the five classes of acts by the doing of which a man may be proceeded against by his creditors in the Bankruptcy Courts. It remains for me to discuss briefly the three last clauses of acts which are stated in the law to be as follows:

Acts of bankruptcy by a person shall consist of his having, (3) suffered or permitted, while insolvent, any creditor to obtain a preference through legal proceedings, and not having at least five days before a sale or final disposition of any property affected by such preference, vacated or discharged such preference.

It will be noticed that it is not said that the suffering or permitting of a creditor to obtain a preference through legal proceedings shall be accompanied by "the intent;" the mere suffering or permitting, therefore, of a preference through legal proceedings by one who is at the time insolvent, is sufficient to enable the creditor to proceed, though if the debtor at any time previous to

five days before the sale or final disposition of the property affected by such preference vacate or discharge the preference, the suffering or permitting will not constitute a cause. Under the act of '67 a warrant to confess judgment was declared to be an act of bankruptcy. The present act has no such provision. But there is no doubt whatever but that under the present law, if the warrant were given by an insolvent for the purpose of fraud or preference, it would be an act of bankruptcy. The character of the act, where a warrant to confess judgment is given, is to be determined by circumstances as they existed at the time of the giving of the warrant.

Acts of bankruptcy by a person shall consist (4) of his having made a general assignment for the benefit of his creditors.

General assignments are void as against the trustee in bankruptcy, because their necessary effects and consequences are to withdraw the estate from the administration of the court of bankruptcy so as to obstruct or defeat the operation of the law. The assignor is presumed to have so intended. An application, therefore, for the benefit of a state insolvency law is an act of bankruptcy if proceedings are taken against the insolvent within 4 months after the assignment takes place.

Acts of bankruptcy by a person consist (5) of his having admitted in writing his inability to pay his debts and his willingness to be adjudged a bankrupt on that ground.

Whether the filing of a petition for voluntary bankruptcy on the part of a debtor would be considered such an act as would permit creditors to file a petition for involuntary bankruptcy against him, will have to be decided.

In conclusion, as to acts of bankruptcy, it may be said, therefore, in general, that in all cases the debtor must be insolvent at the time the petition is filed against him, and that in the case of several of the acts enumerated, he must also have been insolvent at the time when the act of bankruptcy was committed. It is not enough to show merely that the debtor is in failing circumstances, nor that, in all probability his business is such that he will soon become insolvent, nor is it enough that it is proved that the acts which constitute acts of bankruptcy are committed in contemplation of insolvency. Under the old law, certain acts made in contemplation of insolvency were declared

to be acts of bankruptcy. There appears to be no such provision in the present law. Also it should be borne in mind in all cases, that the burden of proving insolvency is upon the creditor, except in a case of a transfer with intent to hinder, delay and defraud, and in cases where the alleged insolvent fails to attend in court and submit to examination, and fails to bring to court with him his books, papers and accounts, in which cases the burden of proving solvency is upon the one proceeded against. In every case the petition must be filed within four months of the commission of the act of bankruptcy.

The Bankruptcy law provides that it shall not affect the allowance to bankrupts of exemptions which are prescribed by the state laws in force at the time of the filing of the petition in the state wherein they have had their domicile for the six months, or the greater portion thereof, immediately preceding the filing of the petition. In simpler language, the bankrupt is entitled to have set apart to himself, free from any claims in behalf of his creditors, that portion of his property which the state law declares to be exempt. The Bankruptcy law of 1867 gave the bankrupt greater exemptions than the present law. It gave him certain specific articles, such other property as is exempt by the laws of the United States, and such other property not included in the foregoing as was exempted under the laws of the State in which the bankrupt lived. The present act allows only those exemptions which the state law gives him. It seems to be necessary that a man shall live only the greater portion of six months in a state in order to have a domicile therein for the purpose of claiming exemptions. Some have assailed the law in the matter of exemptions, saying that the fact that exemptions vary in the different states prevents the law from being a uniform law; and that inasmuch as the constitution gives to Congress only the power to establish a uniform system, that, therefore, the law is unconstitutional. The question was raised under the old law, however, and set at rest in favor of the constitutionality of such a law.

It was decided in a case as late as before the 9th of February of this year, coming before the United States Court for the District of Louisville, that a partner could have his exemptions out of partnership assets.

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### QUEENS LAYING IN QUEEN CELLS.

GEORGE W WILLIAMS.

**A**S the man with the big D. as a starter for his name has hit me such a telling blow (in his own imagination), as to almost completely annihilate me, I am debating in my own mind whether dead or alive. With all the fuss he made about it, and his calling everybody's attention to the fact that he was going to throw and hit me square between the eyes, his charge went wild of the mark, for I did not so much as feel the wind that such a shot as he was going to shoot would carry.

I am "conversant" with what Dr. Gallup and Adam Grimm say about queens laying in queen cells, yet I fail to see the "conclusive" proof. Doolittle bases his convincing argument by thrusting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and saying, "You are not 'observant', (that is, you are grossly ignorant); look at me. I know all that I say." Yet Mr. D. dare not say he ever saw a queen deposit an egg in a queen cell. If she does this, as he claims, with the number of queens he has raised, and as long as he has kept bees, had

he been at all "observant," he would certainly have seen this performance.

O, his assistant saw the queen do this, while Mr. D. held the frame, and was looking on the "other side." Let me give Friend D. a parallel case: My assistant found a drone gathering nectar from a sumac bloom, and got Mr. Drone to working on bait, and coursed him to his tree, thus finding a bee tree by coursing this drone. Doolittle will not believe this; neither do I, for I have examined hundreds of drones under a powerful magnifier, and find they have no honey sac; in fact, their internal organism is entirely different from the worker. This man who made this statement was an old bee man, and had no doubt found more wild bee trees than any man in this part of the state, and he ACTUALLY BELIEVED IT—but he must have been mistaken. He frequently helped me with my bees, and I called him my assistant. He would often repeat it, and no amount of logic or reason would dislodge the idea. Friend D.'s assistant was just as much mistaken in his observation. These things being on record in our bee papers, cuts no figure as to the correctness of the proposition. Many things are recorded in papers that are far from the facts.

He says "had Bro. W. been a careful observer," (there is that accusation of ignorance again), "he would have seen that the eggs in a queen cell are always fastened to the base the same as in worker cell," etc. Bro. W. is "careful observer" enough to know that THIS IS NOT the case. The bees do them just as they do the worker eggs when they move them. They set some of them on end, and they stay there, while the majority are either laid down or fall over after the bees place them in there. If the queen lays so read

ily in queen cells, why do the bees so often select an egg or larva that is in worker cell, and build the queen cell around it? O, yes, "W." has "observed" the queen laying in worker cells right up to the base of the queen cells, but never saw her lay in said cell. "W." has "observed" the queen even crawl over the empty cell, but never saw her stop to lay in it. "Bro. W." on one occasion saw this proceeding, and immediately marked this particular cell, put a queen excluding zinc down in the center of the hive, shook the queen off on the other side of excluder, put another excluder over the frames so she could not crawl over, put the top on, and awaited the result. Forty-eight hours afterward he found in this same marked queen cell, a young LARVA, and in one other cell was an egg that did not hatch for 48 hours (2 days) more, making four days for the last one from the time the queen was shut off from the cell until the larva appeared. This certainly proves that in both these instances the eggs were put there by the bees. In one cell, they must have taken an egg at least 24 hours after laid, and in the other taken an egg that the queen had laid on the other side of the excluder. If Bro. D. was "observant," he would have noticed that in making a colony queenless just as they take the swarming fever, (commence preparation to swarm), and starting queen cells, and before there are any eggs in the queen cells, in a day or two, (a few days at most), he would have "observed" eggs or larva in a number of those cells. Friend D. admits that bees do in "rare" cases remove eggs. If they remove eggs at all, it certainly stands to reason that they would deposit them in queen cells if they were ready to have them there.

To prove that the queen lays in queen cells, Friend D. goes to God's holy Word. I reverence God's word too much to desecrate it by dragging it into a bee controversy, and feel that it is sacrilegious to do so. But what does his text prove? "To multiply and replenish the earth." I know of no controversy on the multiplying question. It is as to one particular point, as to how it is done. Bees multiply, and they have their way about it. But it is not done by the queen's pushing the work any more than to lay an egg that the BEES CAN make a "step-mother" out of. The same edict went forth to all living things, yet if Bro. D. was "at all observant," he would have "observed" that the old Thomas cat will eat up the very young kittens; and in some of the insects the female will eat the male, and they all have their way of multiplying.

As to Bro. D.'s last thrust in the article, "unprejudiced minds," etc., who is the fellow with the prejudiced mind, if it is not the fellow who has for lo! these many years, been teaching the people that the queen lays in queen cells, and that the old queen always leads the swarm, etc? Please be so kind as to tell us who it is. It cannot possibly be the students in apiculture who are seeking, searching and investigating after the truth and facts. Some of these old teachers are like the fellow who said his horse was 17 feet high, and when called down on it, replied, "If I said that horse is 17 feet high, I will stay with it; he is 17 feet high."


Come again, Bro. D., but take your thumbs out of your vest armholes, and give us some facts, not merely assertions or assumptions. They won't count in this. We must have the facts.

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### COMMENTS.

F. L. THOMPSON.

**S**OME time ago I reported a case of bad temper in an apiary, for which the only reason that could be assigned was the dense shade. Mr. H. Rauchfuss, in commenting upon this in our local bee journal, said he had three apiaries in the sun one season, and one was gentle, one cross part of the time, and one cross all the time. He thinks some influence which we do not understand is the real cause. At the last meeting of the Denver Association, the location of apiaries was discussed, and it was agreed that even a few trees, to break the line of the bees' flight, so that they would have to pass over their tops, and hence would not bump against a person and get mad, are a great help toward improving the bees' temper. This suggests the reason why the bees in the apiary I referred to are cross: The trees are

among the hives, making a dense roof over them, while the lower parts of the trees are well trimmed, and around the apiary and its trees is a clear space. Hence the bees are forced to fly low in the immediate vicinity of the hives, and naturally spoil their little tempers in bumping against the apiarist.

That matter of communicating foul brood by feeding diseased honey which has been boiled only a short time, was also discussed, and it was thought probable that when some interval elapses between boiling and feeding, so that the honey is boiled without adding water in order that it should not sour during that interval, the thick honey might appear to be boiling when it was really below the boiling point, and so deceive one; but when the honey is properly thinned before being boiled, that it may be fed without any infection (if the scum is removed), even if only boiled a short time. Several cases were reported in which such honey was fed without any contagion resulting.

I will have to notice so many blunders and misleading statements in my report on the new fixtures next season, that I may as well clear the ground a little now, so as to have room to turn around in then. Listen to this, will you?:

"I tried a little experiment last fall. I took one Ideal super, and put in half with Ideal sections and fences; in the other half I put the  $1\frac{1}{4}$  sections and slotted separators. Both kinds of sections were partly drawn comb that had been extracted from. The case, when taken off, contained 15 well-filled Ideal sections; 5 of the 12  $1\frac{1}{4}$  sections were filled; the other 7 were from two-thirds drawn to nothing. So much in favor of the Ideal."—Thad H. Keeler, in Gleanings.

Well, well; what else can we do



than send in our order for Ideal fixtures and nothing but Ideal fixtures? And no footnote—of course the item has editorial approval, and what the editor of *Gleanings* doesn't know about bee fixtures isn't worth knowing.

I had a case precisely similar to the above last summer. The bees occupied the plain sections first, and didn't pay much attention to the others. The pitiful excuse I have to offer for my shameful neglect in reporting it is that another colony did just the opposite, and investigation showed that the center of the brood nest in the former colony was under the plain sections, and in the latter colony under the scalloped ones. But, dear me! I don't know anything about those matters. To do anything to assail the comfortable blandness of such reports would be as unkind as it would be unwarranted.

In the same issue, I am said to have classed the plain section and the fence as a failure. Didn't do any such thing! Look again on page 918 of *Gleanings*. I said the FENCE WAS A FAILURE, in GETTING THE COMBS WELL FILLED AT THE EDGES; and so it is, as made in 1898, and the 1899 fences are little different except at the CORNERS, which does not mean SIDES.

A correspondent of the *American Bee Journal*, speaking of getting wax in proper shape by means of the solar extractor, says there is no need of a series of pans connected by overflows (as in the Rauchfuss extractor), for his own make of extractor is so constructed that it will at one operation effectually separate wax, honey and refuse, without remelting or clarifying. He ought to tell us more about it. He says, however, that there is only one pan for both honey and wax, in which they separate themselves. It

is hard to see that this can give as good results as the Rauchfuss extractor, for the resulting cake must be large and unwieldy, with a sticky and possibly irregular bottom. In the Rauchfuss extractor, the cakes are as clean, neat and handy as so many bars of soap.

In the same paper, a writer uses these words: "Do not join in the general hue and cry about the useless middle-man, and swear he lives off other people's labor. Remember that whoever satisfies a desire is a producer, and that the man who opens a market is as much entitled to pay, for his labor, as the man who helps the bees produce a case of honey." I wonder why some people think so much of general advice. It is almost always incomplete and unfair, and not worth the paper it is printed on, unless great discrimination is exercised—which is not usually the case. The above is an excellent example. It is nearly all true, but not the whole truth, and yet the whole truth on this subject in particular is just what we are longing and fainting for. One would never infer from the perusal of this item that there are superfluous middle-men. But surely no one is rash enough to claim that contemporary society, though it may be an improvement on all that has preceded it, has stopped improving because it hasn't room to improve any more. Some middlemen are necessary, and others are not—that is all there is to it; and the PARTICULAR useless middle-man DOES live off of other people's labor, and we OUGHT to join in a hue and cry about HIM. It is also true that a part of the business of some necessary middle-men is unnecessary. For example, if a number of beekeepers get together and order supplies by the carload from the factories, it makes unnecessary any serv-

ices which a local supply dealer could perform for them; though at the same time he has a function to perform in serving those other bee-keepers whose circumstances prevent them from joining together. But as many as can thus unite ought to do so, for it saves lots of money. All that retail handling has to be paid for, if they buy separately, at comparatively high rates; and, IN ITSELF, it is entirely unnecessary.

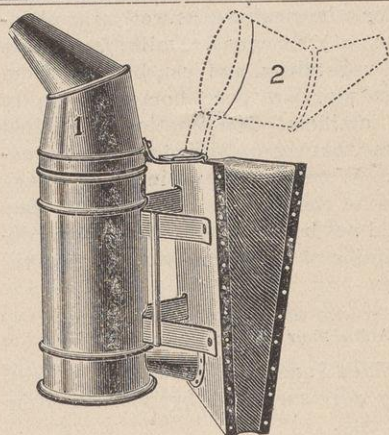
The same writer says, "Do not tell all you know, for if you do, the other fellow will know just as much as you do." This might pass for a careless joke, but I think anyone who has thoughtfully read the views which Mr. Doolittle has repeatedly expressed on this point, will have no difficulty in deciding which advice should be taken seriously.

"Now that we are casting away these melon seeds, how can we help feeling reproach? He who eats the fruit, should at least plant the seed; aye, if possible, a better seed than that whose fruit he has enjoyed. Seeds! There are seeds enough which need only to be stirred in with the soil where they lie, by an inspired voice or pen, to bear fruit of a divine flavor. O, thou spend-thrift! Defray thy debt to the world; eat not the seed of institutions, as the luxurious do, but plant it rather, while thou devourest the pulp and tuber of thy subsistence; that so, perchance, one variety may at least be found worthy of preservation."—Thoreau.

One little seed, accordingly, I here plant in the receptive soil of bee-keepers' minds, and if it averts a catastrophe in just one instance, it will be worth many subscriptions to the PROGRESSIVE. I have often taken risks with horses near bees, but never once thought of taking any other than the usual precaution of staying near them only as long

as was absolutely necessary. But of course mischief might be done in that time. Mr. V. Divinny, of this state, simply makes a smudge to the windward of any convenient material, especially dry horse manure, that will make abundance of smoke. Result, safety. Mr. Porter, an extensive bee-keeper, saw him doing it once, and ever since practices it himself, and thinks it a splendid thing. Mr. Porter says when a horse is stung so as to be crazed by the pain, it ought to be tied between two beams in such a way that it can not dash its head against anything. One horse that was stung by his bees, killed itself in that way. Mr. Divinny said that when a horse has received a few stings, it is very hard to get it from the spot, and other bees are very swiftly attracted, so that it is important to keep them moving. All this came out at the last meeting of the Denver Association.

Montrose, Colo.



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## TWO WORLDS.

BY MRS. J. M. NULL.

(This story began in the April PROGRESSIVE).

### CHAPTER IV.

#### VISITORS.

**O**PEN air exercise seemed to have reinforced the health of the entire family. Exercise gradually increases the physical powers, and gives strength to resist sickness. And one who refuses to take time for exercise, will probably have to make time to be ill. Exercise does for the body what intellectual training does for the mind—educates and strengthens it. Exercise is absolutely necessary to the retention of a sound, healthy body, which is the foundation of all that goes to make life a success. Fresh air and exercise were not alone responsible for the change. Pure water came in for a large share, as well as an abundance of *fresh* eggs and milk, *fresh* fruits and vegetables, and last, but far from least, plenty of pure honey. None of the artificial combinations so-called honey, but nature's unadulterated product. Were there any lingering longings for the city life left behind, they could not be discerned. A favorite description of Greenton, with Mr. Brown, was:

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace."

When June days grew the longest, they were surprised by visitors from the city.

"We just came out to take possession," they announced, as they descended, avalanche-like, upon the family.

"Now, dear Mrs. Brown, don't let worry add another wrinkle to your brow on our account," cried Dr. Murray's daughter, sensible Nellie Murray.

"We will not hear any apologies nor any excuses; let them fly to the winds. We are out for a good time, and mean to have it. Haven't a second for regrets, having made up our minds to take things as we find them. But I give you fair warning, we do not promise to leave things as we found them."

And, as they had determined, they mostly had their own way. They scaled rocky declivities in search of ferns, flowers and geological specimens. They tried every manner of persuasion to get the meandering brooks and creeks to yield up some of their hidden treasure; but the finny tribe seemed to "know a thing or two," and refused to be duped by any "city airs," and although the "city breeds" sometimes triumphantly sported a string of shining beauties, it was at the expense of silver bait dropped into the hand of some country urchin, who proudly made the exchange. Nor were their visits to the bees counted the least of their pleasures. They thoroughly enjoyed watching the golden beauties conveying their winter stores, and as they arrived, pollen-laden, guessing its source became a favorite pastime. They quickly learned to give the vicious little blacks a wide berth, and stand on no ceremony. Their stock of questions, like the woman's cruse of oil, seemed self-replenishing. Especially did they consider it rare sport to interview old "Uncle Eben," a white-headed darkey frequently employed on "odd jobs."

"Uncle Eben, are the blackest folks the most spiteful, like black bees?"

"Law, no, honey. The pure blacks are an honah to the yaller mongrels among my people."

"They tell us bees object to black—is that the reason you object to them?"

"You white folks done got dem bees chawmed."

"Well, why don't *you* charm them?"

"I'se done been and got me a rabbit foot. I carries it all de time now."

"O, Uncle Eben, give it to me,

please, as a memento."

"Seuse me, Miss; I mus' hol' on ter 'at foot."

"But I've always been so unlucky, Uncle Eben. Now don't you feel for me?"

"Feels foh yo' sho' nuff, but kaint reach you. Maybe you are lak heaps of folks I'se seen afore, 'ud rather had a repitashun foh bein' unlucky, dan er record foh industriousness."

A general laugh followed, but nothing daunted, they again started out:

"Are you afraid of high water, that the hives are set on stilts?"

"High wattah on dis yer steep hill-side? Do-an'tche know wattah runs down hill? Now if you 'se really ignent, I'll tell you what foh: It's to keep de grass from smothering de moufs, and de moles from upsettin' of 'em. And in hawd rains, de way de wattah done take down dis hill am a caution; and you see if dey rested on de groun', de berry foundation 'ud be washed from undah dem. De Scripture's 'll tell you a house widout a foundation must fall."

"Oh, so you have faith in the Scriptures, have you? Do you always practice what you preach?"

"Oh, yes, I allus does dat. I'se had my ups and downs in dis yer life. I'se been inter all kinds of scrapes; I'se lightened de Budden ob many a clothes line. I mus' say I'd foun' it much easier to a walked in de straight and nar-rer track had dar been less chicken coops and loose chickens aroun'. I know I'se been a mean niggah in my time. I'se stole wattah millions; I'se cussed: I'se shot craps; I'se slashed udder coons wid my razzar; I'se done lots of shady tings; but tank de good Lawd, I'se nebber yit los' my 'ligion."

Then burst forth another hearty laugh, but Uncle Eben would look hurt, and show such sincere contempt for their "scoffen," as he called it, that they sought to bring matters to a different turn by yet another question:

"Uncle Eben, is it true that bees will

not only get used to their keeper, and know him, but will show signs of attachment for him?"

"Bless yo', honey, dey's done been from five or six to a dozen 'tached to me at wunce. Want me to sho' yo' how 'tis?" and as he slyly smiled, and made a feint of stirring the bees to anger, the young ladies were off to the house in a glee, well satisfied with the fun he had furnished them.

The three weeks allotted for their visit were rapidly drawing to an end, and the gay visitors were quite seriously considering their departure and return to city life, and their duties. On one of these last evenings, Nellie Murray said:

"I've heard that contentment consisted of the not knowing any better, but of you people this cannot be said. Mr. Brown, what has 'been most conducive to such content as we've had the pleasure of discovering here? Now who that had known you in former years, would have believed you could have accepted this out of the way situation so more than willingly, and made things so very pleasant for yourselves, and all connected with you?"

"Dear Nellie, we can never foretell, nor yet understand, the great changes circumstances, over which we have no control, or Dame Fortune, create within us. The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him that plucks them, and they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty. Life is simply a choice of yokes. The yoke means surrender and subjection. Everyone must bear some yoke, either this or that. The wealthy prodigal no doubt feels very yokeless while scattering his portion of the world's goods in the free and airy fashion characteristic of the spendthrift. But what a yoke of friendlessness and poverty he most frequently comes under when he no longer possesses means to carry him up. Addison gave utter-

ance to a grand truth when he said, "To an honest mind the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good." Don't imagine we came under the yoke, and into this world of contentment, with anything similar to suddenness. Many times our murmurings had to be arrested and *silenced*, and as an aid, one particular little poem figured quite conspicuously. Jessie, recite it to them. Maybe its influence may reach them, and have the same moulding effects on their actions and character." And as the gentle summer breeze rustled amid the leaves, there in the soft twilight was heard the low-toned, soothing voice repeating:

"Whichever way the wind doth blow,  
Some heart is glad to have it so;  
Then blow it east, or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;  
A thousand fleets from every zone,  
Are out upon a thousand seas;  
And what to me were favoring breeze,

Might dash another with the shock  
Of doom, upon some hidden rock,  
And so I do not dare to pray  
For winds to waft me on my way,

But leave it to a Higher Will  
To stay or speed me, trusting still  
That all is well, and sure that He  
Who launched my bark, will sail with me,

Through storm and calm, and will not fail,  
Whatever breezes may prevail,  
To land me, every peril past,  
Within His sheltering arms at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,  
My heart is glad to have it so;  
And blow it east, or blow it west,  
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

The manner of recital thrilled the heart of every hearer as the beauty of her pure character shone out with sparkling distinctness like diamonds beneath electric lights. Subdued, gentle, and in some cases, tearful, goodnights were exchanged, and thus closed an evening well improved.

Long before dawn of the day of departure, lights were flitting to and fro, as active preparations were going on to

secure them an early start, that they might reach their homes before the heat of the day. Essie and Eddie were to accompany them, to attend the institute, for each expected to teach during the coming winter. They were off while the dewdrops yet glistened and sparkled on the freshened foliage. At the very last moment, Nellie pressed a note into Jessie's hand, with the injunction that she should not read it until they were out of sight. Long and wistfully she gazed after the last glimpse of the vehicles, with their precious freight, had faded from view. As she slowly retraced her steps she could not help feeling that much sunshine and joy had taken departure with those just gone, and as she came up to where her husband sat in the open doorway, there was a suspicious humidity about the loving eyes.

Dropping into a rocker, and unfolding the note, there fell into her lap a crisp \$50 greenback. The note ran thus:

"For those left in 'The Nest,' [a name the visitors had insisted on giving the home of the Browns]. A slight token of our feelings toward those to whom we are indebted for such a happy time. Sincerely tendered by your surprise party."

"Truly, they were a surprise party. We knew nothing of their coming, and seldom anticipated their freaks while here, and least of all, this one. What shall we do? Accept this additional obligation?"

"It looks like we had but little choice in the matter, Jessie, so let us accept it cheerfully, and make the most of it. Don't let it worry you a particle, or you thwart their good intentions. And haven't you always held the secret of happiness and success to be cheerfulness?"

"But O, George," with a burst of tears, "I cannot but feel our obligations," she sobbingly replied.

"Maybe that's the proper way to feel about it, but somehow it doesn't strike

me that way. Don't forget that men, women, and even babies, prefer cheerful folk, and will race their overshoes off to escape unhappy one of unhappy tales and worries. Come now, I see naught to get glum over. It's not to be compared with having a real lace handkerchief washed into a sieve by a careless laundress, or the December rains and snows convert your best bonnet into a pocket edition of a rag-bag, or the kitchen stove blow itself and the windows into the back yard."

"George, how can you? Your irrelevance amounts almost to irreverence."

"Tut, tut! You remind me of the Irishmen after an engagement in battle. One was bewailing the loss of a thumb: 'What shall I do? I am undone for life.' 'Kape still now, me darlint; shure that's nothing. Look at poor Teddy O'Brien, who has his head cut off, and niver a worrud is he sayin'."

"No, you are not *saying* anything, but thinking the more, and just as I think, only you want to make believe to me that you don't," and finding that he could not change her mood by resistance, he wheeled his chair to hers, and taking the dear form into his arms, together they wept tears of gratitude, and inwardly thanked that Higher Power who had ever watched over them, alike in prosperity and poverty. When George Brown recovered control of himself, he said:

"Jessie this act of kindness will be to us as a beacon star, shining out of the gloom, whose bright light shall illumine our pathway through the remainder of our lives. And, dear one, you who are so utterly devoid of selfishness, can but remember,

The soul that gives, is the soul that lives,  
And he who beareth another's load,  
Shall lighten his own, and shorten the way,  
And brighten the homeward road."

Come, my wife, let's go out among the bees."

## CHAPTER V.

## PROGRESS.

"D O you know they invariably, by diverting my mind, elevate, comfort and strengthen me by their persistent, busy ways? I can notice all morning that they are almost as excited as we are. They, too, have met with some unexpected good fortune. See them just pouring into the entrance. They're doing a rushing business today; no time to notice intruders. It must be, yes, it is, the buck-brush bloom. Whoever could imagine such an humble, unattractive bloom was of so much value? I must confess when I first saw this country, I felt inclined to fault-finding. It's long, rocky ridges, covered with brushy timber, presented an uninviting, unpromising view. I even fell to wondering for what purpose they had been created. Were these same lands tillable, our bee pasturage would be cut short in proportion. First, it seems God pointed out the bees, then drew our attention to what a wonderful country He had here created for them. It was almost as if He had pointed to them, and said, 'Take care of them, and they will take care of you.' And so I mean to do."

"When you can walk again," replied the wife.

"Now. Uncle Eben and Aunt Judy are, like ourselves, dependent, and I believe we can make the bees do much toward keeping all of us." Then this self-constituted committee of two, on ways and means, set about to discuss plans that should enable them to enter into bee-keeping as a business. Some of the \$50 was to be used in introducing new queens from the best breeders.

The next few years were devoted to establishing the business. At first, growth was slow, but then experience had to be bought also, and being disin-

clined to extravagance, they slowly plodded along, being convinced that thoughtful thoroughness is the golden mean. Many were the times when, had they lacked in tenacity or energy, their little barque would have been o'er-swept and sunk beneath the waves of adversity. But a strong will, a settled purpose, and an invincible determination, can accomplish almost anything. And here lies the distinction between great and small men.

The patent hive fiend had, formerly, stalked abroad in this goodly land unmolested. He had sung his song to the unsophisticated in bee lore, and rarely asked them *more* than from *seven to ten* dollars per tune, spot cash. Some bought to rid themselves of his song; others because of a sort of blind belief in his *moth-proof, honey-producing hive*. Didn't the agent warrant them to produce surprising quantities of honey, despite atmospheric or climatic conditions? and, I presume, regardless of whether there were any honey-producing plants within a thousand or two miles. These hives were mostly made of unseasoned, inferior lumber, and as it seasoned, the knots would part company with their surroundings, and endless cracks and crevices were formed, of such generous dimensions as to discourage the most populous and persistent propolis collectors the world ever produced. The boards forming the different parts warped, and openly invited inspection of their inner side. This condition of affairs offered the strongest inducement to robbing, and as "Satan will some mischief find for idle hands to do," about the first lay-off the bees would get from the field work, they would seek to improve their golden opportunities for plunder, and the bee-keeper must be nimble and active, mentally and physically, if he succeeded in maintaining comparative peace in the apiary. Departments having glass fronts were among the many attractive features connected

with these hives. This arrangement enabled the owner to examine the inner workings of the hive without coming into immediate contact with the bees. Presumably there was some satisfaction in the knowledge that the bees were putting in full time, or that their work was being done in a workmanlike and accurate manner, or that only the choicest material was being used. As many who invested in these hives (fearfully and wonderfully made) were mortally afraid of bees, 'tis passing strange that some kind of a telescope with which to view them at long range did not accompany the outfit.

The Browns, being termed scientific bee-keepers, throughout the neighborhood, were seldom bored with the company of one of these traveling humbugs. "By their works ye shall know them," and the evil influence of said humbugs did not stop with the innocent victim who was "stuck" by their honeyed words, but, in an indirect manner, proved a serious obstacle in the pathway of progressive bee-keeping. As might be expected, such prospective, kid-glove bee-keepers soon came down with a violent attack of "blasted hopes;" and their whole equipment, including those "hifalutin'" hives, capable of converting saw-dust, or most anything else on the face of the earth into honey, was "on sale." In many cases, had the bees been in the old-fashioned log gum, cracker or soap boxes, barrels or what not, they would have been as available for work. But in the case of a transfer, the first cost of these hives, with high-sounding names, would spring up, like ghosts of the past, for consideration, thus rendering the purchase of them by practical bee-keepers out of the question.

A few, however, fell into the hands of Brown & Son, who were not slow in realizing the many inconveniences arising from having an incongruous mixture of different-sized hives and frames. Uniformity in size of appliances became

with them a fixed rule. For this reason alone, several small apiaries they would otherwise gladly have bought, were left to suffer decay and annihilation, proving a total loss to their owners. However, by closely guarding their interests, keeping well stocked with young and prolific queens, feeding when necessary, in times of known honey famine, and thus keeping up the base of supplies, seeing to it that the water was of easy access, permitting one swarm and only one from each colony, thereby avoiding weak and inferior stocks, the size and number of the Brown apiaries grew at last into a power for untold good to all the surrounding country. To be sure all was not smooth sailing. The fears and protests of jealous and envious neighbors were occasionally to be overcome.

Because sweet clover sprang up in waste places adjacent to said apiaries, there was considerable soreness caused by the suspicion that the Browns might have sowed it for the benefit of the bees. In early spring, however, when it appeared in great, green tufts like miniature islands, and the stock wildly welcomed it, and gorged themselves until with sighs of satisfaction they sought the nearest shade to rest and rest and ruminate, this soreness was not nearly so apparent, nor was it of such material consequence *who* had sowed the seed. And when it came to be understood that sweet clover might have some other mission than honey production alone, the aversion to it and its dissemination died a natural death. Again, in seasons of drouth, when the thirsty earth fairly cracked open for want of a drink, and a blazing sun, from a cloudless sky, poured its uninterrupted beams upon the earth's verdure, until it curled up and dried up not only the honey in the blossoms, but the blossoms themselves, then the bees gave trouble. They seemed to work on the principle that the world owed them a living, and did not hesi-

tate to appropriate any carelessly exposed sweets that fell in their way. In one case, they drove a large family of ladies from their kitchen, and took undivided possession of the premises, and complete charge of the preserving then in progress. This wanton action on the part of the bees was very humiliating to their owners, who were, naturally, desirous of making amends, albeit the bees were led from parings of fruit to preserving pans and kettles, scattered around on the outside with cyclonic effect, and thence, what more natural than to dart in at the open doors and windows? Did not the fumes of the sweet-smelling stuff, wafted on the summer air, extend to them a pressing invitation to enter in and partake of the feast? Then later on, when the autumn rains set in, and the dwarfed and stunted fruits, freshened and encouraged to put on a better appearance, began to swell out and grow plump, the outer covering, being too small, would crack open to give room for the rapid growth, the bees would discover the exuding juices, and accept the same gratefully, and were happy. Then it was that they were denounced, denounced as destructive to fruit, and very nearly to all the best interests of man. At any rate, they were pronounced an all around nuisance. It mattered not that in other years the fruit, which had been so plentiful, had remained on branch and vine until it dropped of natural decay without attracting the slightest attention from the bees. Evidently the bees had made a discovery, had become more nearly modernized, and having discovered a short cut to wealth, would beyond all doubt avail themselves of their recently acquired knowledge in all years to come. Fortunately for the Messrs. Brown, none of their bees were entitled to city airs; that is, were not within the circumscribed limits of any corporation. Having cultivated a close acquaintance with Dame Nature, they consoled them-



selves with the knowledge that she alone was responsible, and that in due time she would come to the rescue with seasonable weather and a face wreathed in smiles.

The winter seasons were passed by Essie and Eddie in teaching. But the bees were never forgotten. The long winter evenings were improved in studying and discussing the journals and principal books belonging to bee literature. The first fair days of April each year the field operations began. The strength of each colony was ascertained; that is, the amount of stores, the amount of brood, and the number of bees were taken into consideration, and after this inspection, no weak colonies existed. If necessary, several weak colonies were united to form one strong one, the favorite mode of uniting being by placing one colony above the other, with two or three layers of newspapers between the two sets of frames. Great stress was laid on the necessity of this procedure, i. e., strengthening the force by elimination of all weak stands.

"You see," Mr. B. would say, "in keeping boarders, the ones who *pay* are the only desirable ones. One is compelled to shy clear of 'dead-beats.' They eat up the profits. The cost of keeping up accommodations for them is just as great as for those who *pay*. The principle holds equally good with bees. The shelter for a dead-beat colony is just as costly as that for one that is keeping itself, and assisting in keeping up a handsome rental roll."

"Then you call them tenants, do you?" laughingly says a neighbor.

"Certainly, and in case of failure to pay the rent, I don't wait to issue ejectment papers, but just proceed, unceremoniously, to give them the 'grand bounce.' All through the animal kingdom, from man, its highest type, to the lowest type of insect life, loafers are a *curse*. The darkest hour in any young

man's life is when he loafs around and studies how to get money without earning it. The law of nature is that a certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. The unemployed constitute a sour, discontented class, who wear long, forlorn faces, and talk of the vanity of all things, style this world a fleeting show, which the sooner over the better; and all this because they've no interest in the concern. They furnish neither money, brawn, nor brains to keep things moving, or get into the show—are simply dead-beats; and whoever saw a dead-beat that wasn't a 'kicker'? I tell you, neighbor, the one who can labor patiently, quietly waiting for recognition through all his toil, if it comes, and if recognition comes not, can still continue, is a true, noble man."

"True enough," rejoined the neighbor, "but if only such are noble men, I fear their number is quite limited. Why, a man must die to be appreciated."

"Have you forgotten the lives of our wives and daughters, spread out before us in panoramic view every day? I agree that if more good were said of deserving people while they live, instead of reserving all until after they are dead, much beyond personal good might result. What is needed in this struggling existence is more encouragement, more kind words. I am quite sure there's but little comfort or consolation to a dead person in having an eloquent oration spoken over their remains."

(To be continued in our next.)

You should not fail to read the continuation of this interesting story. If you are not 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.

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### OUR LETTER BOX

Well Pleased With the "Progressive."

I received the March number of the PROGRESSIVE, and I am delighted with it. I live on the Cumberland Mountain, 6 miles east of Tracy City. Am almost surrounded by a rich cove which is full of basswood, poplar, etc., while on top of the mountain I have the sourwood, black gum, holly, and many other honey-producing trees, shrubs, etc. I have kept bees for several years, but never gave them much attention. I have about 40 colonies now. I use the dove-tailed hive. We have had the coldest winter here that we have any record of by ten degrees. Two of my colonies, (like Bro. J. H. DeMyer's) got too cold to live. The bees seemed to be scattered all over the combs in these two hives. Plenty of honey in both. I hope some brother bee-keeper will tell the readers of the PROGRESSIVE how to keep the frost and ice from accumulating on the under side of dovetailed hive covers. This melts, and wets the bees and combs every thaw that comes.

Tracy City, Tenn. ISAAC BROWN.

#### Another Report.

I enclose a small order for supplies. Have lost three-fifths of my colonies on

account of unprecedented cold weather last winter. In order to refresh your memory as to who I am, will say that I am the man to whom you sent the PROGRESSIVE last year free of charge, on account of my having my house burned. For this I thank you, perhaps more than you think. Am slowly getting on my feet again. I shall ask you to continue sending your paper, and I will pay you as soon as I can.

Fraternally yours,

Crowell, Tenn. J. D. BEASLEY.

### 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

Everything points now to a large honey crop in this section of the country. There has not been such a crop of white clover for many years.

Owing to the losses so promptly reported just after the very cold winter past, we are surprised to find so many encouraging reports coming in at this date. We are inclined to believe the winter loss of bees was not half as great as was first anticipated.

For the past two years we have offered what we have called 'PROGRESSIVE' queens; that is, we offer the PROGRESSIVE for one year, and a warranted golden Italian queen, both for one dollar. Several of our subscribers take the advantage of this offer, as it is practically giving them the PROGRESSIVE for nothing, as the queen alone is worth \$1.00. We are now filling orders for queens within a week after receiving the order. If you are in need of fine queens, please don't forget us.

The demand for supplies still holds up. We are still running full time, and haven't lost a day since the first of last December. Indeed we worked

double time for over three months. As a rule, we are filling all orders promptly, and think we can promise to do so till the end of the season. Some time ago we shipped a 3d car for this season to our Omaha branch house, and another car will follow soon. This will make four cars for that point this season. We are loading the third one for East St. Louis. Parties living near those points will please remember that the prices are the same from there as here.

Mr. Hutchinson in the April Review, in speaking of the no bee-way sections and fence separators, suggests that Gleanings presses these new things too hard and the PROGRESSIVE and the Canadian Bee Journal have gone to the extreme the other way. I had no idea of taking the matter up with Mr. Hutchinson at present, preferring to let the subject to which he refers rest a few months at least, but as Gleanings copies Mr. Hutchinson's article in part, I think a few remarks from us at this time will not be amiss. Mr. Hutchinson seems to think that our course would be to discourage the use of all new things. Surely we did not intend anything of this sort. We believe in experimenting with a thing that is in the experimental stage, and working into it slowly, as success with it warrants. We do not approve painting in such glowing word pictures, as was done in Gleanings last winter, of a practically new and untried commodity simply because 8 or 10 men have had success with it. Have not some of our best bee-keepers been making equal successes with bee-way sections? I was just mean enough to think when this fence separator and plain section boom started that it would be more of a benefit to the manufacturer than to the bee-keeper, because plain sections can be manufactured much cheaper. I think Mr. Root admitted at the time they could, and gave us something like a promise that bee-keepers would receive this benefit by a lower price in 1899. 1899 is here, and I would like to ask Mr. Root, or anyone else, if they know of anyone who has bought plain sections cheaper than they can buy bee-way sections. Was it not this implied reduction (which never came) that Mr. Root used when he blindly found that the bee-keepers of America by using plain sections and fence separators would save a million and a quarter dollars annually, and after blindly writing this glowing edito-

rial, did he not later have to admit that his figures were 10 times too high? This is what I call blindly pushing a thing to the extreme, and it takes extreme measures to combat it. For my part, I hope the plain sections will be a success, as so many have changed to them, expecting to save a part of that million and a quarter dollars that Mr. Root so blindly held out as an inducement for them to adopt plain sections and fence separators.

#### **Dead Bees on Bottom Boards.—**

Going past a would-be bee-keeper's a few days ago, I was called in to see what was the reason some of his colonies did not work as strongly as others in the yard. After looking at the entrances of the hives a moment, noting that some were working strongly, while others were doing but little, I asked if the hives had been opened to see what was the trouble. "No," was the reply I received. I knew this man kept sheep, and so I said, "How are your sheep getting on this spring?" "Oh, first rate," was the reply. "How do you know the sheep are doing well?" I asked. "Why, how does anyone know anything? I have foddered the sheep three times a day all the winter and spring, and been with them lots beside, even getting up many times cold nights to look after the newly-born lambs that they need not become chilled and die. And being thus familiar with them, why should I not know when they are prospering?" "Very well," I said. "How many times have you 'foddered' the bees this spring?" "Not a once," was the reply. "Didn't suppose they needed foddering." "Have you been up any during cold nights to see that the newly-born bees did not chill, or paid any attention to the hives to see that the bees were made as comfortable as possible, either night or day?" "No, I had to look after the sheep so much that I had no time left; nor did I suppose that bees needed caring for like sheep; and I am sure that it would not pay me to spend time on them as I do on the sheep." "How many sheep had you last year?" "About 60." "How

much did you receive from them for all your work, 'foddering', feed, etc., expended on them during 1898?" "According to my book, not far from \$325." "A pretty good showing, but when I tell you that last year from 30 colonies of bees at my out-apiary I sold comb honey to the amount of \$348.28, you will see that the proper amount of time spent on the bees pays fully double per colony that you get from a sheep, with only a tithe of the work you spent, and that also without any cost for 'fodder.' But let's look into this colony of bees which do not seem to be flying much." I had noticed that where the bees were flying the strongest, there was quite a number of dead bees out on the ground about the entrance to the hives, but with those not flying as strong there were less dead bees, and what there were showed by their old looks that they had been hauled out during the winter. I had also noted that his hives had loose bottom boards, from some empty ones which were piled up, so stepping to the hive designated, I laid a bottom board down beside it and lifted it over from its own stand to the one I had put down. By thus doing I exposed almost a sickening sight from the dead bees that were under the hive, all mouldy in places, and in others all wet and fairly rotten, with worms crawling and working amongst the rotting bees, while the stench was horrid when this putrefying mass was disturbed. Looking up at the man, I said, "How do you suppose that your sheep and lambs would thrive, if you neglected them as shamefully as you have these bees?" "Not much, I guess," he said, his face showing shame and confusion. I now set the hive back again, keeping under it the dry, clean bottom board I had set it on, and proceeded to open the hive. There was brood in three combs to the amount of about one frame full, with only about bees enough to well cover the brood, which showed that the little colony was doing its lev-

el best under such adverse circumstances, for between many of the combs either side of where the brood was, the dead bees came well up between the combs. I looked at two other hives, finding them in somewhat similar shape, though none quite so bad as the first, fixing those looked at in good shape by seeing that they had at least 10 pounds of honey, the combs free from dead bees, where such were matted together, and the top of the hive made snug and warm, telling him to go through the rest in a similar way. When I continued on my way, I asked myself, "Is it any wonder that so many tell us that bee-keeping does not pay?" I have often wondered that the idea has so fully obtained with nine out of ten of those who start in bee-keeping, that all they have to do is to get some bees, by finding a swarm or buying a few colonies, and provide a place for them to stand, after which a profit will accrue to them by hiving swarms and putting on and taking off sections. And when profit does not accrue, and their bees died from neglect, we are sure to be told, "*Bees do not pay.*" Yet these very persons will work faithfully, year in and year out, caring for, feeding, grooming, etc., their hogs, sheep, cows and horses, when a much less amount of labor, wisely directed, spent on the bees, would yield a greater profit. And the most wise, of all wisely directed labor, which can be spent on the bees, is to see that the dead bees are removed from the bottom boards of the hives in the early spring of the year. With movable bottom boards this is very easily done by putting a clean bottom board on the stand and setting the hive on it, after which the dead bees are swept off from the one which was under the hive all winter, the board being cleansed with water if needed, when it is ready to be put on the stand of the next to set that hive on. And where the bottom board is not only movable, but reversible, the work is

still more simplified, for in turning the deep side down, which was up during the winter, the dead bees mainly fall off, and what adhere can do no harm, as they are under out of the way, and will fall off themselves before you wish to use the deep side again for the next winter. But with hives having the bottom boards nailed fast, the work is greater, but even then it should *never* be neglected. A clean hive should be placed on the stand, and the frames from the hive in which the bees have wintered be set over into this clean hive, when the now vacated hive should be thoroughly cleaned of all dead bees, dirt and filth, when it is ready for the next colony, and so on throughout the apiary. In all the work done in the apiary, I doubt whether there is any that pays as well as the removing of the dead bees from the bottoms of the hive, for bees can prosper little better with a lot of their dead companions underneath their brood nest, than could we with several corpses in the cellar under our dwellings.

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

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This little booklet is printed in two colors, from large, clear, beautiful type, upon heavy, enameled book paper, and would be an ornament even upon a parlor table. Its perusal will give a clearer idea of the real character of the Review than can be obtained in any other way except that of reading several copies of the Review; and I shall be glad to send it free to anyone sufficiently interested to ask for it. Simply write on a postal, "Send me your little souvenir," and it will come.



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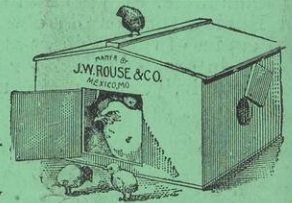
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