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MONTH.

P. F. ADELSBACH,
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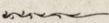
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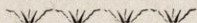
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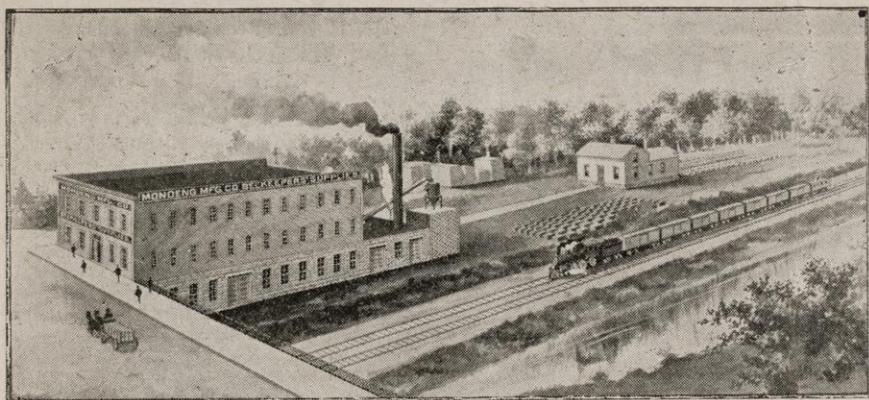
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Published Monthly in the Interest of Bee Keepers.

VOL. 2.

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Nos. 2 & 3

A Day Among Bees.

BY ELIZABETH GRINNELL.

FROM OUT WEST MAGAZINE.

I stood before a line of small white dwellings with flat roofs, meditating upon a mysterious subject called "The Condition of Women." "Here," I thought, selecting one out of a dozen of the dwellings, "is the greatest organized body of individuals in the world, and under 'woman rule.' It is not a harem. It embraces politics, religion, municipal affairs, household economics. And yet the ruler was never seen save once outside her own door."

With my hands behind me, that I might not seem aggressive, I observed the entrance. The home-guard in golden uniform paced back and forth at the open threshold. Now they peeped, with intelligent faces, from the inside corner; and now they emerged, made obeisance to the morning sun and retreated to their post inside, but visible from without. To each worker returning from the field, burdened with merchandise, the alert guard gave room to creep heavily in. "Heavily," I say—for no loyal resident of this colony returns empty-handed and light of motion. Should any such essay to enter, they would be recognized at sight as robbers and driven back at the point of the bayonet. Perhaps there were twenty sentinels in all, perhaps less, but they were the defenders of thousands. These, relieved at intervals by fresh recruits, guard the entrance through summer and winter, night and day,

with bayonets always fixed. I, myself, led on by curiosity or thoughts of plunder, have been wounded more than once.

"An ideal day for swarming," I thought. But there were no "signs"—no excitement, no hanging in wreaths and clusters on the outside; only the laborers going and returning silently, with now and then the "bum-bum" of a drone straggling out alone intent on his own purposes.

No living thing in the world is so sneaking, so surreptitious, so cunning, as a drone creeping on his belly through the entrance, and leisurely soaring away without a word, as if he would not disturb his colleagues at their breakfast among the honey pots inside. He should wait until noon, by pre-arrangement of all concerned; but he has listened to whisperings among the women folk inside, and slinks out to take advantage of his fellows in love affairs. Thank heaven, by heaven's own decree his day is short.

Cramming my mind with intention, I being owner of these dwellings by right of conqueror and mistress of supplies, I turned away, certain of no swarming that day. With my back to the bee-hives I stooped to examine the track of a lizard in the dust, when there came a sound a bee-keeper would recognize on the desert or in mid-ocean. From the entrance of the very hive I had been watching there was a gush of life, each individual separate and distinct, the blend forming a cataract. The hive was pouring out its animate contents, and yet it was not a-tilt. It stood in its white dignity spouting the golden stream from the parted lips of its doorway.

seeming to recede from the booming mass.

Pell-mell, tumbling to the ground beneath in their mad exit flowed the bees, rising in the air as soon as each could separate itself from its neighbor, and altogether circling about the parent hive in such a whirlwind as might have caught up an Elijah. They struck my face and shoulders like hail, and I could see only as through a mist. I was dizzy; yet, that I might not seem aggressive, I obeyed my law and kept my hands behind me.

Suddenly the force lessened, as when maple syrup pours from the kettle first in a stream, then in breaking dribble, and last in reluctant globules. In the air the bees were coalescing in one direction. I called to the doctor, "Come and help me." He came, rubbing his hands and laughing. I sent him back for veils. Returning, he also brought a vial of fluid extract of ipecac and a wad of absorbent cotton. Be it known to those who handle bees for pastime or livelihood that this remedy applied at once to dagger wounds dissipates pain and swelling.

As my comrade came, he slapped gently right and left as if fighting mosquitoes.

Nothing so irritates me—and the bees—as such movements. I explained how "one must deliberate, and not perspire, physically or mentally, when hiving bees." And I told the Doctor to go roll himself in the peppermint bed, hands and clothes, and shuffle his feet very much as a cat rolls in catnip. Bees like the smell of plants, not of excited persons. If those who fear an apiary would take the precaution to walk among sweet herbs, they might borrow what they do not possess.

"Look, look!" I exclaimed. "They are going into that orange tree. They have got to come out!"

Gathering my skirt full of little stones, I threw them into the foliage with all my might. Most of the stones hit the house behind me. Then I

climbed two feet up the trunk and shook the boughs.

Now let any person attempt to climb an orange tree and he will understand how it happened that the life-current trickled down my face and made zig-zag rivulets on my bare hands. It was a pitched battle between me and the intentions of the bees.

Up rose the whole mass, circling about as at first. Then they made a perceptible move, as bees do when the mood is on them, slow but straight away. Any bee-keeper knows that, unless arrested at the initial stage, this move means hopeless disappearance of the swarm.

"Throw dust!" I cried. And I set the example, filling my doubled hands with dry dust from the plowed ground and tossing it into the swarm to the best of my feminine ability. It returned in seemingly increasing bulk, covering my up-turned face, sifting down my neck, and blinding the Doctor, on whose innocent head fell more than his share of blessing.

"Bring my sun-bonnet, or any dark thing!" I cried. I have lived long enough to know that bees have no ear for the racket of tin pans and kettles when they are swarming. But they see and feel—hence the dust and my sun bonnet. The dust disorganized the band, and the blue bonnet suggested a "settlement." They thought it a cluster of their advance column signaling to halt.

I tossed the bonnet into the outstretched hand of a peach tree, in the path of the moving bees. Quick as a flash the leaders espied the dark spot in the foliage, made a dash for it, and the entire swarm made a bee-line for that tree.

They were a pretty sight as they swung from the bough, a pendant, glistening, agitated globule. The family artist took a shot at them, the Doctor playing the mirror back and forth to lighten the varying shade of the leaves. They clung to one another like an inverted cone, heads up,

wings parted to show the golden bands, dropping here and there in links like a chain, holding to each other by the hands or forefeet. The primitive settlers, underneath the mass, at the initial hold, must have been strong of limb and resolution. I touched the bow lightly, and the bunch swayed gracefully, still intact.

My comrade brought me a ladder and a match, acting on partial instinct in the case, or from past experience. It was now that I slipped the veil over my hat. I had premeditated it on account of a possible "slump" as it were, in the market. Then I blew a little smoke into the cluster.

Far back in the history of bees, ere they had bowed to the march of civilization, they housed in hollow trees and old logs. Forest fires ate them out of house and home. They came to dread the signal of blue smoke, however distant. Obedient to the inherited instinct they still cower at smell of smoke. A whiff, judiciously applied, is an irresistible sedative to the most savage of them.

Finding the bough too weak to hold a hive set above them, I decided to let them drop. Calling for a sheet, I took up the four corners, holding it well under the bunch, and instructed my comrade to give the main branch a sharp rap with the axe. He did so, and retreated simultaneously. Down fell the bees en masse, covering my head and shoulders, and sticking like burrs. Here was the "slump" I had feared. Waiting for those who had scattered to join their friends on the sheet, I gathered up the corners like Peter in his vision and descended the ladder. It was all I could lift, and my arms were not weak.

Once down, I threw away my hat and veil and carried the sheet, trembling with the vibration of its imprisoned emigrants, to the empty hive I had prepared for it. I fastened the edge under the alighting board, thus making a good and even roadway for

the travelers. As soon as the sheet was unfolded and laid, the bees headed for the upper end, as if acting by command, while I drove them along with a switch of grass as if they were a flock of sheep, and as easily. None flew. It was a pretty sight, and one a bee-keeper loves—these thousands of golden-banded creatures heading straight for a doorway they have never seen before, acting solely on faith, or instinct—faith's counterpart.

Suddenly I noticed the bees were climbing up on the outside of the hive, ceasing to go in at the entrance; while those already in had crawled to the top of the frames, as I saw by lifting the cover.

"The queen isn't here," I exclaimed. "They have lost their bearings."

"Maybe she's in the bonnet" called the Doctor.

"Of course she is," I answered; and taking a convenient implement I reached up and dislodged the bonnet. I knew full well that my individual and collective treasure would disorganize and rise in a flash should they hear the voice of their queen before I could take her to the hive. Bringing the bonnet carefully down, I took it to the hive and examined. What delight was mine! I discovered the graceful creature I sought, slender of body, short of wing, more golden than her subjects, and to one acquainted with her character and mission in life, an object the gods might worship. I took her gently by one hand and showed her to my comrade. She was the first real queen his eyes had ever met. He bowed, lifted his hat to her, and looked the admiration he could but feel. At least I thought it was admiration for the queen which I saw in his eyes, though he intimated afterwards that it was really the condition of my face. The dust I had tossed at the bees in the beginning had not every particle fallen to the ground. But what cares one for the blend of dust and perspiration at the close of a successful campaign?

Retaining the beautiful creature

just an instant, that the sensation of an imprisoned queen of pure Italian blood which might be imparted to my hand (once felt is never forgotten), I laid her on the uncovered top of the hive, her lovely face towards the slit between the frames of the brood chamber. She paused, looked about her intelligently, whispered a word I could not hear for my dull ears, and accepted the situation as one she had beheld in her dreams.

Instantly her attendants surrounded her, kissed her face and neck and limbs, and offered her refreshment. Then they escorted her to the dark interior of their future home.

I placed the flat roof on the hive, and knelt down before the shrine. Up the white pathway of the sheet came a long file of beings, their silvery wings, against golden-banded skirts, shimmering in the noon sunshine. Faster than the narrow doorway would permit entry they climbed, and straggled over one another, blocking the entrance in their eager rush to join the family inside.

With my fingers I pushed them gently apart to make room for those passing in, smiling at the sense of comradeship which the sense of touch imparted to me, and which links the human race with bird, and beast, and insect, when once experienced.

We carried the new home to the row of little white dwellings of its kind and set it in its place. At nightfall I tilted the roof and looked in. A piece of snow-white comb, as large as a fig leaf, depended from the middle frame. It was the token of citizenship. I replaced the cover and my morning meditation upon that mysterious subject, "The Condition of Women." If the bees continue to swarm, I shall never get through with it.

by the "Tenderfoot" to give the readers of the *Cultivator* my opinion as to which is the most desirable for the California beekeeper, to produce comb honey or to work for extracted honey. This is a question that interests every beekeeper, and I am glad to give the experience of our successful apiarists in this state.

The advantages of producing comb honey are many. It is the most beautiful product that comes from the bees. Indeed, no table article better adorns the meal than a choice article of whitest comb honey. It is always a pleasure to produce that which is most beautiful, and no beekeeper really knows the best pleasures of his art until he removes from the hives full sections of this incomparable comb honey. The very fact that comb honey is so fine always secures for it the highest price. It will often command readily twice as much in the market as extracted honey. Again, it takes a good deal more skill on the part of the beekeeper to meet first-class success in the production of comb honey than it does to secure extracted honey, and the master in any pursuit is never content until he can succeed in the very intricacies of his profession. There are, however, two considerable disadvantages that the California apiarist must meet in the production of this delectable article. In the first place, no one can hope to secure anything like as much comb honey as he can extract honey, taking the seasons as they average. Again, if the comb honey has to be shipped to any distance, it is likely to be broken down and to go into the market in such injured fashion that the price is greatly discounted and the producer often disappointed in the result. It always pays to produce as much comb honey as one can sell in his local markets. This brings the pleasure referred to and enables the beekeeper to grow into the best of his art, and makes it possible for him to sell without loss from breakage. It is worthy of remark that there is another great satisfac-

Comb Or Extracted Honey?

BY PROF. A. J. COOK

Extracted Honey.—I am requested

tion in producing comb honey, we are producing an article that cannot be counterfeited. The best inventive genius never has and never can fabricate comb honey. This article is so incomparably fine and delicate that the bees have and always will have an absolute monopoly in its production.

By inference, we have already given the great advantages that come in producing extracted honey. Even the novice in the beekeeping art may expect good success in this line of the work. Again, any person can produce much more extracted honey than he can of comb honey.

It may be said also that extracted honey is just as valuable as a food except for appearance as is comb honey. The wax itself is absolutely indigestible, but it is a dilutant and thus makes the honey less concentrated and more palatable. As it is perfectly harmless in digestion, there is no objection to it in the food. We are a long distance from the market and must ship most of our honey away across the continent. It is much cheaper and safer to ship extracted honey and this alone, even in the face of the lessened price, will always make extracted honey production popular with the California beekeeper. Even our most expert beekeepers produce almost wholly this kind of honey. Mercer, McIntyre, Mendelssohn and others of our honey kings that produce honey by the carload, work almost exclusively with the extracted honey.

Quality in Extracted Honey.—"Tenderfoot," in the production of extracted honey, should look well to it that only a ripe product is put on the market. When bees are left to themselves they do not usually cap the honey for some time after it is placed in the cells. The nectar as also the honey, for the honey is not the same as the nectar—it may be called digested nectar—when it is first stored in the comb, is thin, as it contains overmuch of water. It commences at once to thicken as in the warmth of

the hive the water commences at once to evaporate. It is very important that no honey should be placed on the market till this full evaporation has taken place. That is, the honey should be thick or possess a good body. Good extracted honey, if in bottle or can, and not quite filling the bottle, can be tested easily for if of good body when inverted it will show the bubble of air passing very slowly to the top, as it is hard to push through the thick honey. The reason that honey is extracted when in an unripe condition, is that it is easier to extract it when it is thin and only partly or not at all capped. In this case the labor of uncapping is partly or wholly omitted. It is also true that we can get a little more if the honey is unripe when it is extracted. These reasons, however, are entirely too slight to warrant putting honey onto the market when it is thin and unripe. Unripe honey is inferior in flavor and is also likely to ferment. I have known barrels of unripe honey to burst from fermentation, and I have known many to complain of lack of quality in honey, when the sole cause was the fact that it was lacking in body.

It is true that in rare cases the bees will or may cap the honey when it is under ripe. Indeed, honey that has been capped for a long time is always of superior quality. Both of these facts show that even capped honey loses some of its water and becomes thicker for this reason.

Usually it is not necessary to wait till honey is entirely capped before we extract it. I would advise waiting till it is of good body, in any case, which may demand that we delay even though the comb is fully capped. If the beekeeper makes this a rule, he will be saved from putting an inferior article on the market.

There is still another way that the very careful beekeeper may manage and be safe even though he extracts his honey a little green. This plan keeps the honey in a warm room, in shallow tanks, covered with factory

cloth. The water in this case will evaporate the same as in the comb, and I know from many years' experience that extracted honey of the very best quality can be produced in this way. There is, however, the danger that the evaporation will not be permitted to occur, in which case the beekeeper's reputation will be damaged. Mr. Chapman remarked at the Seaside Institute that he regarded the reputation of the Old Mission brand of oranges worth to him from fifty cents to a dollar a box. In the same way, the beekeeper's reputation should be his best stock in trade. If he never extracts honey until it is fully ripe he will be much more certain to preserve his reputation intact.

Average Yield of Honey.—Mr. M. Brodsky asks what we may count on as the average yield of honey per hive as the seasons go. In the East, I think we may say that fifty pounds per colony would be a high estimate. I make this estimate from an experience of nearly a quarter of a century in the East from 1869 to 1894. I think since then, perhaps, the seasons have not averaged quite so well, from my reading of the journals. In Southern California, I think we can count on five pounds per colony. Here we have too many seasons of total dearth; yet, the very great amount of honey in the best seasons raises the average to the figures given above.

Adulteration of Comb Honey Impossible.—I wish to state most emphatically that comb honey is never adulterated. It can never be. The bees have a delicacy of touch that enables them to fabricate an article that man with all his skill can never duplicate. It is due the beekeeper, as also the general public, that this fact be widely published.—From California Cultivator.

Subscribe for the Western Bee Journal and keep up with beekeeping in the West.

Phacelia Tan.

Mr. C. C. Miller's second challenge (see American Bee-Keeper for Nov., '04) relative to the fodder value of phacelia tan, has been perused with considerable surprise, for, as there was very little ground given in my original phacelia article for a first challenge to those "California chaps" to prove certain things, there was absolutely none in my answer to Mr. Miller for a second. What I originally wrote about the forage property of phacelia was plainly intimated as coming from German sources, covering experiments made in Germany. Mr. Miller knows that; for doesn't he say that if such a property has been discovered the Germans must be credited with that discovery? It does not matter even if his language is that of sarcasm. The thing I want to point out clearly is, that he knew first and last that I was not speaking of experiences gained on "American soil" through agricultural experiments. With what reason, then, am I again challenged to tell us of a 10-acre field of phacelia cultivated as a forage plant in all California? With as much logic might the venerable bee-master of Marengo, because he has written about long-tongue queens, be challenged to tell us of a single inch-tongue queen in all Illinois.

There is not a line of whatever I may have written for the American Bee-keeper having hiding within the slightest design to deceive or misrepresent in the original text. Mr. Hill, to be sure, mutilated my copy in places, to safeguard his "editorial prerogative," as he publicly calls his performance, and for his work under my name I cannot, of course, be answerable, but even so, where did I ever assert that phacelia tan was grown agriculturally in California? And if I did not, what then is the sense of that challenge to Mr. Horn? There is another thing. Mr. Miller says "it will please him well" if I can show certain

things. I am sorry. I had no desire then, and I have none now, to please well or to please ill, any particular individual. I wrote for the good of apiculturists, generally, be it little, be it much; this is my conception of journalism. For pleasing well individuals I use the private mails.

Mr. Miller cites parson Eck, a theologian, that is, as warning bee-farmers against phacelia illusions, agriculturally. I never knew that. Well, maybe bee-keepers will be given the benefit of the expert opinions of astrologers next. The editor of "Leipziger Beienen Zeitung" said, not so long ago, either, that nearly all phacelia reports coming in to his office spoke almost uniformly favorably, and the whole body of the German-Austrian Bee-keepers' Association assembled within the hospitable walls of the castle of a Hungarian Count for their annual meeting, a sky-blue phacelia field under their eyes, offered something like a thanksgiving for the fortunate discovery of our very own long neglected Aschenbrodel. Mr. Miller might have added that also. Lastly, "the Chapman honey plant being still advertised across the water." Well, it may be. But though I've seen hundreds of phacelia advertisements scattered through foreign papers, I have never yet noticed a single one of the Chapman plant. Wouldn't it thus seem that it is just possible that Parson Eck and his "Practischer Weg Weiser" point down some way other than that chosen by practical apiculturists? I don't know, and I don't care. The sixteen puzzle is hard enough for me.

HENRY. C. HORN.

Riverside. Cal.

Western Beekeepers' Needs.

BY MRS. J. B. AMES, OAKDALE, CAL.

The one thing most needed by beekeepers on this coast has been an up-to-date bee journal. The Western is making a phenomenal growth, and

bids fair to fill every want. With the object of mutual benefit, please allow a subscriber to speak of some of our wants.

How can we secure an equitable price for our honey? This is the most important subject to all producers, whether it be a few pounds or many tons that are produced. I have read the discussions in our eastern bee journals, and they are nearly always by the larger producers. I will confess to being guilty of being one of the smaller producers of honey, who force a lot of ungraded, in anything but uniform packages, of off colors and different varieties of honey onto the market, with the well-known result—a demoralized market.

But as there are always two sides to a question, let us search for the reason for this condition and apply the remedy. In the first place I want plenty of pure honey for my children. A long chain of events, over which I have had no control, political, social, financial, physical, mental or moral, in the society of the human family, of which we each compose a unit (and are proportionately responsible.) These events, I claim, have prevented me from securing honey (and many other things) except as they are produced by personal effort.

An effort along this particular line is apt to be rewarded by a generous surplus, not always, it is true, in the best marketable shape. Without the proper co-operation of all or a majority of those it concerns it may not pay to have it produced in the best shape. Where, if we all were at liberty to make a special business, or any other line of agriculture, we must, of necessity, do our best in our special line. My special line is not apiculture, or, in fact, any line of rural pursuit. I've a little swarm of something more precious to take my first thoughts, but so closely combined are the social and moral life to financial questions that a better understanding must be arrived at, and when these questions are understood by our leaders they must force

a change in public affairs, for our very life as a nation is jeopardized

The question is where to begin, in the home life, where the nation is founded, or in the government that controls the inmates of the homes? Everywhere is the agriculturist's home, not only the ideal one but the basis upon which the nation's prosperity depends. Then it is worth more consideration than it has received in the past. Uncle Sam is beginning to realize that he must do something besides pluck the goose that lays the golden egg. The "ugly duckling" farmer has contributed so much and receives so little that he has got to take affairs into his own hands. About 450 agricultural papers, state universities, national and state experiment stations and various other forces are at work to aid the farmer to raise more and better crops, to make farming pay better.

But whom is all this effort to benefit? Does it pay the farmer to allow his business to be the subject of such high pressure effort, which, to carry through, he and his family must be the first element used up, while the one thing of vital importance to him is left to worse than chance—that of price making for his products?

Our Secretary of Agriculture is our authority for the claim that to agriculture the United States owes its prosperity. Then see that those who produce it receive a fair share of it. We are told that the farmer is sure of a living anyway. Then if our particular farmer devotes his time and means to, say wheat farming, then that pursuit should be conducted on such a basis that, other things being equal, the surplus he sells should supply the honey, strawberries, pianos, college education, etc., that he desires for his family.

If the same investment and intelligence does not give equal returns as the same investment in other pursuits, then something is wrong. The farmer has been ridiculed as "old Hayseed," but our most learned men

acknowledge the farmer their equal. Then where is the difficulty? The farmer deals in sciences. The honest farmer must treat his land, crops, stock, etc., in an honest manner to expect a fair return. Three hundred and sixty-four days' application to business, that on the three hundred and sixty-fifth he may sell his crop to procure necessities and, he hopes, a few of the world's luxuries besides.

Just here, Mr. Editor, you come in. Will you commence the step in the right direction? Will you devote your space to the proper grading, and an equitable price for each grade, urging all who can to follow the standard?

The agriculturist has been so isolated that he has been compelled to depend on his own resources. He is equal to all except securing a profitable price. That must come by co-operation. He has been told that farmers can't hold together. It does not take much managing to bamboozle them out of all chance of justice. We saw at the California Irrigation Convention a few days ago, where county delegates were debarred from bringing their difficulties to the state body, and to secure its aid in protecting their interests. By such reasoning, where should irrigators or any other agriculturists seek assistance? From the Bankers' Association? or from the Ladies' Aid Society?

Bee Sting Poison.

BY OTTO LUNDORFF, VISALIA, CAL.

The well known physiologist, Phislaix of Paris, has made some experiments with the poison of bee stings. He found especially sparrows as very interesting subjects.

If a sparrow has been stung in the breast two or three times, the signs of poisoning appear within five minutes. The first sign is a general relaxation of the legs and wings, the bird cannot walk or fly. The lame-

ness increases so, that soon the bird can only crawl. The bird commences to tremble soon, gets convulsions, and breathing becomes more difficult. His brains do not seem to be much affected, as he still defends himself by biting. Then he seems to become sleepy. Lameness still increases, breathing gets more difficult, until after two or three hours the bird will die for want of breath.

After dissection of the body, the blood of the heart shows to be of a black color and coagulated, the flesh surrounding the bee stings is pale yellow and inflamed.

Phisalaix finally concluded that the bee poison consisted of three different kinds; one caused the cramps, the second caused lameness, and the third caused inflammation.

Pennsylvania Convetion.

The first annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Beekeepers' Association was held at Harrisburg, Dec. 6th and 7th, with very great profit and success.

The first session held Tuesday afternoon the 6th, was devoted to business. After this session the Officers of the Association called on Governor Pennypacker. The Governor showed great interest in the question of bee diseases and bee-keeping in general. The audience lasted for forty minutes.

Tuesday evening President Surface, State Zoologist, addressed the meeting upon the education necessary to put our industry upon a firmer footing. Dr. E. F. Phillips of The University of Pennsylvania, spoke upon "Habits of Bees and some Misrepresentations."

Wednesday morning session was entirely taken up with the question of disease which was ably presented by General Manager N. E. France.

Wednesday afternoon session Mr. Pratt of Swarthmore, spoke upon "Queen-rearing," Mr. Fuller upon "Bee-Keeping as a Business," and Mr. Gabriel Heister of Harrisburg, the

eastern editor of the "Fruit Grower," and a practical horticulturist, spoke upon "Bees and Horticulture."

Wednesday evening Rich. D. Barclay outlined the work of instruction in apiculture which it was proposed to undertake at The Pennsylvania State College and what had already been accomplished. This was followed by an address upon "Improvement of Honey Bees," by Mr. Frank Benton of the U. S. Department Agriculture. Rev. W. H. Bender of Adams county spoke upon "Honey Bearing Flora of Adams Co., Pa."

Arizona Letter.

Friend and Editor: I write to you to congratulate you on the steady growth of the Western Bee Journal. I have gained some valuable information through it and verily believe that it will grow to be the greatest bee journal in the country.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. W. C. Gathright of New Mexico, who called on me through your direction. Mr. Gathright is traveling by private conveyance from New Mexico to California, visiting many of the beekeepers along the way. He is enjoying his trip very much, both in health and pleasure.

In regard to the bees in Yuma valley we believe that there will be a great loss this winter, owing to the extremely warm weather. We had several severe frosts and then it turned warm. The bees are using their stores very rapidly. If it continues warm we will have to feed before spring. I believe that the average loss each season will reach 20 per cent, that is where bees are not properly looked after.

A prominent lady who keeps a hotel in Yuma, and has a private park with a number of domestic animals and fowls, learning that I kept bees, asked me the other day if I would sell her a pair of bees! This is an actual fact.

W. G. CROWDER.

Yuma, Arizona, Dec. 1, '04.

Western Bee Journal.

Application made for entry as second-class matter at Kingsburg Postoffice.

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P. F. ADELSBACH,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

KINGSBURG, CAL.

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EDITORIAL.

The Western Bee Journal has made another move. This time it is a move that will result in nothing but good. When we went to Hanford it was with the idea that there was something for us to do there, in connection with the work of the Journal. No sooner had we gotten in shape there than our dream faded, and we saw that we had followed off a ghost.

Hanford is a good place, but there was nothing there for us. So we looked about to find a field where we could establish a weekly newspaper. After canvassing the state over, we decided to enter our present field. Kingsburg is only a small town, but it has possibilities that promise much, and we feel that we have made the best move of our life.

On November 28th we launched the "Kingsburg Recorder." It is a country newspaper, and we have been highly complimented upon its appearance by the other papers published in this section, and we are proud of it. Of course in getting out the newspaper we had to add quite a bit of material to our plant, and as we will get out the two publications with the same outfit, the Western will get the benefit of our increased facilities.

Not many towns of the size of Kingsburg can boast of a publishing business such as is found here. To have published within its borders the only bee journal issued west of Chicago is quite a consideration; besides the local paper, which is attracting much attention to the place.

Now that we have a larger plant, and one that is growing all the time, we can assure you that the Western will grow. We want to make it a paper with a record and if energy and ambition count for anything, we think that in the course of a little while we shall realize our object.

Hereafter send all communications to the Western Bee Journal, Kingsburg, Cal. The Journal will be printed here and sent out from here. Kingsburg is now our place of business.

Owing to the fact that we were late in the month before we could get to getting out a number for December and having an immense rush of work ahead of us, we decided to make a double number for December and January. We wish to have it understood that we do not intend to cheat our subscribers by this movement, but we are going to advance all subscriptions now on our books one month. This, we think, will be acceptable to our subscribers.

In transferring the names from the lists of subscribers to the journals that we absorbed we may have made some mistake in getting the proper credits to which the subscribers were entitled. Some few have written us that we have notified that their sub-

scriptions expired, when in fact they hold receipts showing that they were paid in advance for from one to three months. When we sent out those notices it was not with the idea of trying any "funny business" at all but we say if we have sent a notice to any one that the subscription had expired and it had not, according to the receipt held, then it was an error. To those in this class we have to say that if we have made a mistake in the matter we are ready to be corrected, and a letter stating the facts will set the matter right with us. There is no one who at some time does not make a mistake. All are liable to make errors, and when we make them we are ready to correct them. Please bear in mind that we are not so hungry for money that we want what does not belong to us. But what does belong to us we do want.

Some subscribers have written us from time to time to stop their papers while they still owe us for back subscription. Now this is not fair. Of all classes of persons on earth we have always regarded the beekeeper as the most honest, but when this sort of thing comes to be common, we are inclined to change our opinion a little. We do not object to anyone stopping the paper if he wants to, but we say that you will please pay up your bill first. Let us be honest.

In a recent issue of one of our contemporaries one of the editors expressed himself in such a way as to make us think he was trying to hit us. The motive seemed to be that one of the new journals was making certain efforts to build up its circulation "at the expense of the older publications." The Western arises to say for itself that it is out to increase in circulation, and is going to do it. We were called down once because we did not ask one man's consent to establish a bee journal of our own. We answered him to our satisfaction, and we have to say again that we propose to build up our circulation, even if some of the older boys don't want to

see us come to the front. We are confining ourselves to legitimate business in this matter, and if some of the others don't like it, we can't help it. We have to look out for ourselves. The other fellow won't do it. There's no use to kick at the Western. It is here to stay, and it's growing. If you want to help it grow, just advertise it by calling it down for making an honest effort. We have no grudge against any other publication on earth and in fact have every desire to be on good terms with them all, but we must certainly deny the right to others to tell us to do this or to do that.

The recent appointment of Miss Jessie E. Marks as "Apicultural clerk" in the division of Apiculture, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., will be noted with interest, as indicating the importance which apiculture is attaining. The U. S. Civil Service Commission conducted a special examination of applicants to fill this position, in technical questions in apiculture, arithmetic, typewriting, etc., and the appointee received the highest rating therein. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. W. F. Marks, of New York State, the chairman of the National Bee Keepers' Association, and was for a good many years in charge of the correspondence conducted by him incident to his office.

The Yuma Sentinel announces that a carload of choice mesquite honey has been shipped to Germany, where it will be used in the finest hotels. Another carload is to go this month. Thus the mesquite tree of the desert is valuable not only for fuel and as furnishing food for cattle and man, but also for bee feed.

On December 5th the beekeepers at Selma, Cal., sold to Roth Hamilton, of Los Angeles 24 tons of extracted honey. This sale was made at 4½ cents, and was made without the assistance of an "association (?)".

The name of this paper is the WESTERN BEE JOURNAL and not the Western Bee Keeper. There was a publication with the latter name once published in Denver, but we had nothing to do with it in any way, shape or form. When you write this paper address the WESTERN BEE JOURNAL.

Yuba City Farmer: J. D. Baker, the well-known beeman of west Butte, Cal., is shipping his crop of honey to Chicago. It is strained and packed in cases, 120 pounds to the case. There are 220 cases, making about thirteen tons. The price received is, we understand, 4c per pound.

The Rice Journal and Gulf Coast Farmer says of us:

So far as we know there is now but one publication west of the Mississippi river given entirely to the busy honey gatherer. Not long ago California had the Pacific States Bee Journal, Colorado the Rocky Mountain Bee Journal and Texas the Southland Queen. These three are now one, and that one in every sense good. It is published monthly at Kingsburg, California, by P. F. Adelsbach, whose name looks as "Deutsch" as our own. However Teutonic the name may be, the journal is American through and through in its makeup. It is bright editorially and typographically.

The recent experience gone through with on the part of the beekeepers of Tulare has resulted in an effort to get new legislation to more fully protect apiaries against foul-brood. The case in mind is where a man moved his bees into a new field, but which had already been used as a range by other beekeepers, at the same time bringing with the rest several colonies of bees affected with foul-brood. He was approached on the subject by the county inspector, but the inspector being an old man, was bluffed away. The bees remained in the same condition for several weeks, growing worse all the time.

But while these affected bees were there, other bees in the vicinity were exposed to the disease, and no matter how much they might try, there seemed to be no way in which the man could be forced to treat his bees. He pretended to treat them, but those who inspected them said they were getting worse all the time.

This case showed that the law covering foul-brood is not sufficient. No matter how well an apiary may be kept, and how careful a man may be to keep away disease, if a fellow comes along, either intentionally or otherwise, and locates some bees alongside of him, the former bees are liable to become infected in spite of what can be done on the part of the first named man. Now that the beekeepers of Tulare have seen the weakness of the law as it stands, they propose to make an effort to get a new law passed by the forthcoming legislature to cover the case in every detail. It needs to be done, and action cannot be too vigorous.

A convention is called, to be held in Tulare, Cal., January 14th, for the purpose of framing a new law, which is to be submitted to the legislature for adoption. The law will be drafted by a committee who will submit the draft to a body of competent attorneys. The idea is to have it absolutely in accordance with the other laws of the state, that it may not be declared unconstitutional after it shall have been passed. Every inspector in the state is especially requested to be present and to help frame such a law as will cover the case.

The idea is to provide that no man shall keep bees in any but the regulation hive. All old box hives are to be done away with. Every man shall be required on a given date to report how many bees he has and where they are located, to an inspector. Any man who finds bees infected with what he has reason to believe is foul-brood or similar disease will be required to report the same to the inspector, no matter whose bees they

may be. All the points in the present law are to be retained, and new ones added to make it as good as it is possible to make a law. We do not doubt that there will be more than can be done in one day, but if the beekeepers will attend the convention with an eye single to the advancement of the cause the work can be done. A foul-brood law for California is the purpose of the convention, and we trust that no one will come to advance the interest of some fanciful scheme, and ultimately to forward their own personality.

Now remember the date: Tulare, January 14th, 1905. The place of meeting will be posted on a bulletin board in front of or near the post-office. The meeting will be called at 10 a. m. In the meantime if there are any who wish to know anything further about the movement, by writing the editor of the Journal, and enclosing a stamp, information at hand will be gladly furnished.

We desire especially that the press throughout the state make mention of this forthcoming convention, and help the beekeepers of the state to bring about this much desired legislation.

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