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The progressive bee-keeper. Vol. IX [XI], No. 9 Sept., 1901

Higginsville, Mo.: Leahy Manufacturing Company, Sept., 1901

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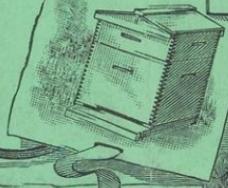
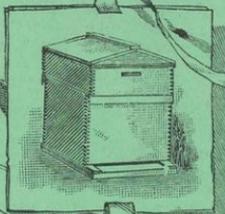
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SEPT. 1901.



PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER

A JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO BEES, HONEY AND
KINDRED INDUSTRIES.



PUBLISHED BY

LEAHY MANUFACTURING CO
HIGGINSVILLE, MISSOURI.

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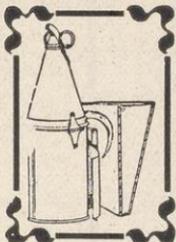
I have used Bingham Smokers ever since they first came out. Working from three to seven hundred colonies twelve months in the year. I ought to know what is required of a smoker. The Doctor 3½ inch just received fills the bill.

Respt., O. W. OSBORN.

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Selected	\$.75	\$4.00	\$7.00
Tested.....	1.00	5.00	9.00
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You will save freight by ordering of me. Write for Catalogue.



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LEAHY MFG. CO., Higginsville, Mo.
East St. Louis, Ills.
Omaha, Neb.

The Progressive Bee-Keeper.

A Journal Devoted to Bees, Honey, and Kindred Industries.

50 Cents per Year.

Published Monthly by Leahy Manufacturing Company.

Vol. IX. HIGGINSVILLE, MO. SEPT., 1901 NO. 9.

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Comments.

F. L. THOMPSON.

It is September with the readers, I suppose. One of the "changed conditions" of which we hear so much of late, is, here at least, in most years, the necessity for hustling the honey off to market as quickly as possible. There seems to be no such thing any more as storing away the supers with the honey in them until cool weather, and then tackling the whole job at once, doing everything as it ought to be done, with a calm and equable mind. No; section-scraping nowadays is sandwich-

ed in with blazing suns, almost with swarms, certainly with flies; and for much of the presumable crop, as I write this, other sections are still reposing 500 in the crate as they come from the factory. More winter work must be done in the future, so as to leave as little as possible for this exacting period.

Speaking of putty-knives for scraping-tools, for other uses than sections, reminds me that one bee-keeper finds a piece of strap-iron, with one end beaten thin, much superior to a rigid tool for scraping top-bars, on account of its springiness. I have not tried it—have not even had the time to beat the end of a piece of strap-iron. For scraping top-bars, however, I know by experience, that a pushing tool beats a drawing tool; also that for SOFT material (brace-combs and propolis in hot weather) an overgrown putty-knife (I use a painter's scraper with a SQUARE edge) does very well; but for hard propolis, such as one encounters in scraping separators, bottom boards, and the interiors of hives and supers, give me a drawing tool. A good one is made out of a tooth of a mowing-machine sickle, known to agricultural people as a section. A hole is drilled in the center of this. The hole is then filed square, and a handle attached, made of a short iron rod with one end curved into a ring to

prevent it from turning around in the hand, and the other end filed square to correspond with the hole. This is inserted and fastened for good by hammering the end down like a rivet where it comes through. The bevelled edges of the section should face away from the handle. By pressing down with the left hand on the handle when drawing it with the right, the propolis has got to come, if the tool is kept sharp. This instrument gets into corners in a superior fashion.

A certain queen-rearer has lately been sending out detailed instructions for introducing with tobacco-smoke. I followed the instructions exactly, except that, to make assurance doubly sure, I also kept the queen by herself thirty minutes without food before introducing. But that queen was lost, with the \$1.50 she represented. Was it because of that addition to the method? It does not seem probable. A member of our State Association reported losing six queens by the Alley method of tobacco-smoke. Hereafter when I introduce a queen that represents money, no tobacco-smoke for me. I can't afford to use it for the sake of experiment. I shall stick to the old plan with which I have always been successful, that of keeping a pound or two of bees in a box with wire cloth for several hours, dropping the queen among them, and hiving at sundown on combs without brood.

Dr. Miller, in *Gleanings*, attempts to shift the issue, and, of course, the editor repeats the act by saying that scientific queen-"rearing" is being attacked. Doctor, do you think it the right thing to do, in the search for truth, to throw readers off the scent?

Placing high values on queens in advertisements is getting some hard licks. Good. The practice is like that of facing honey. Theoretically, it can be defended—put your best foot foremost—but the inevitable though unexpressed corollary to that is, and let the devil

take the hindmost. We all know perfectly well that there are numbers of people who in their innocence think they will get as good honey as they see, and that, in breeding, like always produces like. Knowing this perfectly well, it is a dishonest practice to take their money on that supposition. The editor of the *American Bee-Keeper* hit it just right when he said "The fact that a queen-breeder might honestly decide in his own mind that he would not take \$150 for a certain queen in his possession, would not justify him in advertising the same queen as a 'hundred-and-fifty-dollar queen'."

"Another periodical ghost, also appearing in the bee-papers of all nations, is whether bees destroy their old combs and build new ones in their place. Notwithstanding the fact that the question has been fully settled and proof has been given several times (*Revue Internationale*) that combs have been in existence ten, fourteen, twenty and even twenty-five years, some smart Aleck bobs up occasionally, saying that he knows better; that practice is better than theory", etc.—Adrian Getaz, in the *American Bee-Keeper*.

But suppose it is fully proved that some particular combs have not been renewed for a long time, that is not the same thing as saying that bees never tear down their old black combs and build new ones in their place. Several of our Colorado bee-keepers assert the contrary with great positiveness. It occurs when the colony finds itself without brood in the way, at a time of year when comb can be built. In one case, the apiarist had dequeened a row of ten or twelve colonies some weeks before, and one day was astonished to observe a pile of refuse, just such as a mouse makes in gnawing old combs, in front of each hive. Investigation showed that the bees were tearing down and carrying out the cell walls of their old black combs. They did not tear down the septum. Of course, the new comb

built later on the old black septum is quite dark in color, and it may be this feature has misled those who assert that bees use old combs indefinitely.

This last year my work spread out over the whole year, every day and all day continuously. I don't like that at all; not on account of the work, for if not busy at nailing, painting, etc., in the winter I would be even more busy, unfinancially, at something else, but because by always traveling in the same rut one gets to be a regular automaton. I find more and more of late that during the short periods of rest, or when working at something that does not employ the mind, my thoughts travel over and over again such topics as the condition of particular colonies, the probable amount of increase, how to raise what queens I want with the least puttering, what supplies to get next year, etc. Such thoughts are all right and necessary if occasional; but to have them monopolize the whole mental horizon is ridiculous—more than that, it is injurious, and it is small consolation that the vast majority of mankind habitually travel such ruts, and think it just the thing to do. I know that it is not, and the reflection that, for the time being, my existence is practically being wasted, is painful. The ability to do things (and say things) that are of real value to the race and to self is mainly fostered by a fresh, living realization of needs, and this in turn does not flourish in the deadening influences of formalism and routine. They are indeed absolutely necessary for a foundation, but too much of a good thing is a bad thing. Because we eat three times a day, it does not follow that we should eat all the time. Take the one thought of the relation of the trend and growth of opinion to absolute truth in religion, morality, and expression, for example; that is a study which will never fill out the purse; but he whose mind never occupies itself with this rich, stimulating,

generous, vital and valuable pursuit is poor and miserable indeed, and he is not only miserable himself, like one who continually breathes stagnant air, but he makes others, who have caught a little breath of pure air, tenfold more miserable by shutting it out again. And formalism in one pursuit is not bettered by spreading it over several, as the promoters of bee-keeping for farmers would persuade us. All there is to that is the principle of counter-irritation, like the driver who draws his horse's attention from the flies by flicking him about the ears.

But when the business gets so exacting as to take all one man's time, what is to be done? Hire? It might suit some. But others are so constituted that hiring simply substitutes one worry for another. I would much rather do the work myself, when possible, than tell a green hand how to do it, and watch over him all the time. This applies especially to summer work, the busiest time. There is a solution, however, even, though it is something like catching a bird by putting salt on his tail. Become a bloated capitalist, own several apiaries, and lease them out on shares on such favorable terms as to retain competent men in charge, all will be lovely. When I was leasing bees, it always seemed to me the owner was making money very easily. To invest in bees without knowledge of the business or control of the investment won't do, of course; but the case is somewhat altered when the investor both understands and controls the investment. The reason why I seem to see a germ of truth in this fanciful picture is this: like the patriarchs and the Lapps, the bee-keeper's capital is mainly in the flocks and herds of his particular variety of live stock. If he can constantly increase, he is constantly increasing his capital, on a scale really much larger than if he handled the cash representing his capital, for his experience also enters in. If, fur-

ther, he can move away his surplus colonies, as fast as they accumulate enough to form another apiary, and lease out that apiary, he is not adding to his own work, but is investing. By increasing is not necessarily meant putting more bees in a locality than were before, by means of natural or artificial increase, but it also includes purchases whenever bees are cheap. "Wake up, bee-keepers, to the changed conditions"—this scheme is only a variation. For myself, I would rather get half the income, or less, from the same number of bees that the Cogshalls or the Frances possess, than work them the way they do, because the smaller income, thus used, would represent much more genuine wealth—leisure so far as money-making is concerned, but filled out with the most ennobling pursuits. Now won't somebody please get up a hive, super, cover, and shipping-case almost as good as what we have been using, but cheap, cheap, CHEAP, so as to keep pace with the cheap, cheap, CHEAP honey, and thus transfer the expense of increasing from supplies to bees and queens, and therefore mainly to the experience of the bee-keeper, thus freeing him from the tyranny of the lumber merchant? And as to painting, has anyone had experience with asbestine? This is a water paint, costing ten cents a pound. It is claimed not to scale or crack, and to be water-proof, though not suitable for roofs. It therefore ought to do well for hive bodies and supers; at any rate, I shall try it next year. This would bring down the price of liquid paint, except for covers, below sixty cents a gallon, which Mr. A. C. Miller says his costs. By the way, how good oil paint costs only sixty cents a gallon is a mystery. Here mixed paint is \$1.50 a gallon, and oil about 70 cents.

Denver, Colo.

A Bee-Keeper in Trouble.

J. K. HUNTER.

I would like to ask you a few questions through your bee journal about bees. I have been a subscriber of the PROGRESSIVE over one year, and have gotten some right good information. I have owned bees for 27 or 28 years. Some years I get honey and some years I don't. This spring I had 25 hives, spring count, 40 swarms, divided 5, making 40. They have made hardly any

honey. They are at the point of starvation. Some have already been swarming out, and I am feeding to keep them alive, hoping they will make some honey this fall. They are strong with bees. I am doubling up some of the weakest ones, as I am feeding some. How many pounds of sugar will it take to take one colony through the winter till bloom in the spring? [20 pounds]. I have used the log or box hive or gum nearly all along the line. I tried some frame gums a few years ago, and the bees seemed to freeze out; so I did not like them, and set them aside. I have been trying them some for 2 or 3 years and like them pretty well. Now my hives are home-made, 14 inches deep, 14 inches wide across the way the frame hangs, inside measure, from about 13 to 18 inches the other way; so they take from 7 to 10 frames. What is the name of such hives? [Old foggy hives] Some of my bees are black and some have a right smart of Italian. I got an Italian queen from a neighbor last year. I don't think it is a full Italian; there seems to be two kinds of Italians, the three-banded and the 5-banded. Won't the 5-banded crossed with the blacks make a 3-banded, or are they naturally two kinds of Italians? [Two kinds of Italians]. What is a hybrid? [A mixture between a pure Italian and some other race.] How many different races of honey bees; and what are their different names called and what are their colors? [You had better buy a bee-book]. How long after the queen lays an egg till it hatches? After the egg is hatched how long is it till it is sealed over and then how long is it till it is hatched into a bee? Are drones and queens sealed over as quick as a bee? How long are queens and drones sealed and how long till they are hatched? I want to know how long each kind is being hatched? [We have answered in the above. Get a bee-book—Doolittle's Queen-Rearing]. This has been a very dry summer in this part. The pastures dried up, corn wilted and can't make more than from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ a crop.

Wheat was very good, but not over one-fourth of the people have enough to do them. Oats are light this the 26th day of August. We have had lots of rain; it has rained every day for two weeks. The first bottoms on the rivers are drowned; the second bottoms were ruined with the dry and hot winds. Well, will say I am very much pleased with my spider plant. I watered some of it through the dry weather, and it has done well, but it is about done blooming. Not a bee has ever been seen to light upon it. I planted about half the seed, and if you need the balance of them, send postage and get them, as I think I will raise all the seed I will need next year. My numbers of the PROGRESSIVE have come up all right. The August number came to the office, and the boy that got it out of the office lost it before he got home with it, so I did not get to see it.

Allons, Tenn.

Feeding Back.

S. E. MILLER.

This article will be too late to be seasonable, but as it is more fresh in my memory, I can give the facts more minutely than I can perhaps nine months later.

It is not as pleasant to report failure as it is to publish our success, but as it is sometimes worth as much to know what not to do as what to do, I will give what might be considered a failure, so that the readers may profit by not doing as I did. July 15 I put on one of my best honey gatherers and comb builders, three supers containing eighty sections. On top of these I placed a Miller feeder, and gave them eighteen pounds extracted honey, diluted with five pounds of water. By the evening

Subscribe for the PROGRESSIVE.

Fire! Help! Police!

I need a multitude of bee-keepers to help me dispose of all the choice Italian queens I can rear this season.

— You Can Help Me —

By sending me your orders for Bees and Queens.



Prices June 1st, to October 1st.

Untested, each 60c; 3 for	\$1.50
Tested, each 90c; 3 for	2.50
Select Tested, each \$1.25; 3 for	3.70
Full colony 10-frame hive tested queen	5.00
2-frame Nucleus with tested queen	2.50



If you want an untested instead of tested queen with full colony or nucleus you may deduct 30c from above prices on same.

✠ S. E. MILLER, Mgr. Star Apiary, Bluffton, Mo. ✠

Registered letter, Bluffton, Mo.; Express or P. O. Money Order Office, Rhineland, Mo.
After July 1st, Bluffton will be a M. O. office.

of the sixth they had cleaned the feeder. After that I gave 16 pounds honey to 4 pounds water, and continued to feed them as often as they emptied the feeder; but after the first feed it took them from three to four days to empty the feeder. By July 20 I had given them one hundred pounds of extra fine extracted honey (chiefly white clover), worth to me 10c per pound. On that day I removed the supers, and the feeders, which contained $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of food, or the equivalent of six pounds of extracted honey. They seemed to have almost entirely quit working on the food at this time; hence they had consumed, in cramming their brood chamber, putting some in the sections, and having a general feast, ninety-four pounds of my finest extracted honey. Here are the results:

Gross weight of supers and sections, when put on.....	22 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs
Gross weight of supers and sections when taken off.....	70 lbs
Net gain from 94 lbs extracted honey consumed.....	47 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs

It will be seen from the weights given that the sections are not as complete as they should be. I have not taken the sections out of the supers to examine them and see how they look, as I am not as much interested in the work as I was at one time. The only way I can see to balance books with this colony is something like this: (The number of this colony is E5).

July 5 to 20—To 94 lbs extracted honey @ 10c.....	\$9 40
July 5 to 20—Time consumed, feed- ing, etc.....	30
July 20—By 47 $\frac{1}{4}$ lbs comb honey @ 15c.....	\$7 09
July 20—By experience.....	\$2 61
	<hr/>
	\$9 70 \$9 70

The comb honey is not worth 15c per pound, as the sections are not all complete, but if I do not allow Mr. E5 that much, my experience will come too high.

SOME MISTAKES.

I allowed them seven frames in the brood chamber, and should have reduced it to four or five frames; I gave them too many sections to work on. I gave them some sections containing only starters, and should have given them unfinished sections only.

I see by an article in Gleanings of August 1 that Editor Doolittle's experience in feeding back has been similar to mine, and he has reached about the same conclusions that I have, viz.: that the thing soon gets old with the bees, and they seem to think that a big feeder full of honey upstairs is about as soft a thing as they want. They apparently conclude to have a sort of a protracted "festable," as the negroes say, which evidently they think will last always. However, I am not ready to give up; and if the bees and I live to see a honey harvest next year, I intend to buy me some more experience, even if it does come high. Is it not possible that I fed in the wrong moon? Does anyone know which is the right moon to feed back in, and whether dog days have any influence in the matter? If so, please write and let me know.

ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT.

I thought that by this heavy feeding this colony would likely take the swarming fever and rear some good drones, which I very much needed just at that time, but if they had any fever, it must have been a mild case, for I only found a very few drone larva scattered around through the hive, when I removed the supers. I then placed a frame containing about half drone combs in the center of the brood nest. This might have worked had I not been a lobster and put the feeder back on with the remaining $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of food. Upon examination, about two days later, I found the drone comb nicely filled with— You can't guess what? Why, with honey, of course. Anybody ought to know that. Bluffton, Mo.

"RIVERSIDE FARM or LED BY A BEE."

BESSIE BOND. Author.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

Away back in 1875. I left my "Old Kentucky Home" to seek health and happiness in the, then, Southern wilds of Texas. I was a young man of twenty-three with everything to make life worth the living, except health, which is the greatest boon given to man. I had suffered indigestion for two long years, when good old Dr. Lee ordered me off on a "Western Tour" as a last resort.

I always loved to travel; but when Pat Odell, my valet and trusted friend, was not allowed to accompany me, I vowed I would not go. It was not safe traveling in Texas alone, in those days, and I was not ready yet to throw off this mortal coil, and, rather than run the risk, I would stay at home. "Tay, tay," said he laughing; "you know not what you are talking about. The Indians are all in their reservation by now and the few teamsters, or freighters and cow punchers you meet with will treat you civil enough, only you must go prepared for any emergency and not be surprised at anything you see; attend strictly to your own business, but show your fighting blood if necessary. You may take Jack, my st. Bernard; he will help you out in a scuffle as much as anybody could, but you must leave Pat. I want you to live on seven cents a day, and earn it. Should you take Pat, the people you meet will call you a 'rich tender-foot' that cannot live without a servant and will cause you no end of trouble."

Well, I knew I could not live long if I stayed there, and only had one time to die, so I took the good old Doctor's

advice and went alone with only Jack as body guard. I was eight weeks making the trip and my experience during that time would fill more than a thousand page volume; so necessity compels me to pass over the journey without even a note of its trials; but I was entirely well when I found myself at the little town of P—, on the Nueces river, and concluded to end my journey. So after a few weeks of Hotel life I purchased a beautiful cottage near the river and was soon ensconced in it,—as the cowboys would phrase it.—"as chief cook and bottle-washer." The house was well furnished for a Texas home in those days; but a man of wealth had improved the place and used it only as a winter resort. Jack and I had been comfortably ensconced as its owner for about two weeks, when, one morning I said to him: "Jack, are you not tired fishing and hunting? Suppose we change the program today and not even set the hooks or shoot at a bird?" "Bow-wow," said Jack, nodding his shaggy head which means consent. "You are a dandy good boy, Jack, for you always fall in with my plans so nicely and we never quarrel, do we? But we will hunt new scenery for my sketch book; then we'll paint such lovely pictures to send to Aunt Millie and Cousin Bess."—Right here let me explain that Aunt Millie Burns was my mother's maiden sister, whom I looked upon as Mother, for she had kept my house and myself since Mother's death when I was ten years old. My Father died when I was scarcely five and after mother's demise Aunt Millie was my nearest kin and shared jointly with Dr. Lee the burden of guardianship over my not always amiable self. And Cousin Bessie Les-

lie was an orphan like myself and our mothers were sisters. Now I'll go back to my story. It was the first of June, and a most beautiful day, so I fixed our lunch in a small basket and gave it to Jack to carry, while I took my sketch book and strode off up the river till I came upon a most beautiful work of nature. A natural arbor of grape vines, with great clusters of green grapes almost ready to ripen. After completing the sketch I tried to eat my lunch but found fish sandwiches dry eating; for I had forgotten my usual flask of "Adam's ale," but while pondering over the question whether to go home for a drink of cistern water or get a drink from the river, I noticed a bee at work on a blossom near by and was much interested in watching it in its busy rounds from flower to flower. It was not alone in its good work but had several of the family for help. I thought of all my vacations spent at Uncle Ben's on the farm, when he always had me watching the bees for him, and to interest me in the occupation told me no ends of bee stories and all he knew of their habits, — a great deal more than he knew, I expect, for he said Drones were "Kings" and all they and the Queens did was to "sit in the parlor and eat honey and make their subjects work," which seemed very cruel to me; therefore I did not like "Kings and Queens" and would catch and kill every one I saw that seemed to be my ideal of either one. But I will just watch one of these little workers and accompany her home; perhaps she could treat me to a more palatable repast than I've just had. So at last she took her homeward flight, I following as best I could in her wake, till I found myself turning a somerset over a fallen tree, which bruised my shins, skinned my nose, tore a big hole in my hunting shirt, got a big thorn in my foot, lost my cap and sketch book; but I soon arose and went after that bee, muttering as I went, "that was one thing Uncle Ben had forgotten to tell

me about." A frightened scream in a childish, feminine voice yelled out in broken sentences: "Sister!—Madman!—Injuns!" brought me to a full stop, when I saw, not five yards away, a little bare head of black curls, with a pair of wild eyes peeping out from under the tangled mass on the fore-head. Only a glimpse of another form wearing a blue sun-bonnet, then they vanished like a dream. I sat down to think. I was not bad to look at, though it was plain I had frightened the wits out of those two ladies, making them run as though "Old Nick" himself was after them. One lost her sun-bonnet and the other forgot to take her pail of wild currant berries which she had been gathering. Quite a predicament for both, or all three of us I mused: and I could not help laughing outright. But Jack—good dog—soon came up bearing my cap and sketch book in the lunch basket. Now that I could look respectable, I gathered up the fragments of the late disaster and proceeded to follow my neighbors. I could not help but look upon them as such, for "misery loves company" you know. Besides, I did not know before that I had a neighbor within a radius of five miles, and very naturally felt elated at finding one so fair in less than two miles of me. I did not go far till I found a little half-worn slipper, perhaps a No. 3. I don't believe Cousin Bess could get her big toe in it, although she boasts a "small understanding." This certainly belongs to a modern "Cinderella," mused I, but I hope it will not be a case of "I do not like you Dr. Fell," for I feel sure the girl that can wear this shoe must have a beautiful face. But my musing mood was at that instant interrupted by the barking of a dog, as I came in full view of an old-time gable-roofed farm house with rock chimneys at each end and surrounded by a fifty-acre field with its well tilled land and beautiful growing crops of corn, beans, peanuts, kaffir corn, melons and orchard. All this

and more could be seen at a glance, for under the orchard boughs sat something near forty colonies of bees in various old-fashioned box-hives of all shapes and sizes. Everything round about, even to the hale old farmer himself, as he came to meet me and call off his dog—showed every sign of health, industry, happiness and prosperity.

To be continued.

♦♦♦

GOOD THINGS IN THE BEE-KEEPING PRESS.

Somnambulist.

Bee-keepers in these and wide surrounding parts have little to occupy their minds and less to engage their hands, so must perforce cast about to find employment. Quite a number of the "knowing ones" in answering the question as to what is best to combine with bees, have replied "more bees." If this a correct conclusion, and various reasons indicate that it is, why not improve this apparently enforced season of idleness by changing it to one of activity in the way of re-enforcing for seasons yet to come? In answer to the question, "How about the bees?" one of our most enthusiastic and financially successful bee-keepers of this vicinity remarked, "Oh, the bees will just about all leave us this winter." That supplied me with food for reflection. The unprecedented drouth has placed stockmen in calamitous straits. Many are sacrificing their stock on the markets rather than run greater risks in the once beautifully green, but now brown, barren and unwatered pastures. The more fortunate few may possibly be enabled to tide it over. Question: What constitutes them the "more fortunate?" This forcibly brings to mind Shakespeare's familiar couplet,

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

"What are you going to do with your stock? you've no pasture," was questioned in my hearing. "I havn't, hey? I have clover five to seven inches high, and plenty of corn in the crib." Fortified, he is independent of circumstances, and later on, no doubt, he can name the price of his stuff. All these wanderings lead to but one practical conclusion. Hold on to that which thou hast, and if possible reach out for a little more to hold. Many of the weak will fall by the way. You will be doing them a favor and most probably yourself a greater by buying them out at greatly reduced prices. Another season you will not have to contend with their crushed or chunk honey and consequent cut prices on the market. As nearly all the dreadful accidents in which bees figure originate with this class of bee-keepers, there might be a great saving along this line, for in addition to the distress occasioned, it is quite humiliating to explain how such affairs might have been easily prevented, not to mention the fact that is usually painfully evident, that your statements are partially, if not completely, discredited. To such, if any such there be, as feel like intrenching their bee-keeping business, I would most respectfully refer to F. L. Thompson's article, "Mostly for Beginners," PROGRESSIVE for May. After bidding us beware of foul brood and queenless colonies, he pertinently adds:

"The condition and make of the hives should affect the price, colonies in up-to-date, accurately made standard hives being worth more to sell again. If the combs are not straight enough to be interchangeable, the colony is worth at least a dollar less. The hives should not be light in stores. It is usual in this locality in buying bees to consider that one super goes with every hive. But one dimension and kind of hives, frames and supers should be started with and kept in the apiary, unless odd dimensions and kinds are to be had so cheaply as to offset the labor and expense of supplanting them."

He doesn't tell us, however, at what prices "odd dimensions and kinds of

hives WOULD be CHEAP." He advises an allowance of from 100 to 150 sections per colony. Small danger but most bee-keepers will be prepared in this way, for next season at least, as many I know of have already provided beyond those figures. There's a crumb of consolation, however, in the fact that our present feeling of indifference or even scorn for the leftovers will sometime change to one of respect and welcome. In regard to the production of an undesirable amount of drone comb, he says:

"If one shuns the care necessary, for its prevention, let him use full sheets of foundation in the brood-chambers, for the loss of honey from an inordinate proportion of drone-comb is certainly greater than the cost of the foundation."

As most of us count ourselves only beginners, I cull quite largely from this article. On the use of separators he says:

"Unseparated honey, with unskilful producers, is likely to be very largely second grade, therefore less profitable, by bulging beyond the edges of the sections."

None will question the truth of this assertion:

"The money of novices, more than that of any other class, rewards the inventors of most of the devices brought out. There are all kinds of axes being ground, commercial and otherwise."

In other words, 'tis but a question of

"When Reuben comes to town,
He's sure to be done brown."

In an article in the July number he tells us:

"It has been my experience, with eight and ten-frame hives in the yard at the same time for several years, that the average ten-frame hive is as well supplied with brood at the opening of the flow, in proportion to its size, as the eight-frame, and I conclude that the eight-frame hive restricts the queen too much at that time."

He also quotes Rauchfuss as saying:

"The prevalence of eight-frame hives in Colorado is not due to the choice of the bee-keepers, but to that of the manufacturers. The eight-frame hive is easy to manage

Those who started manufacturing here advocated the eight-frame hive. Being bee-keepers also, their judgment was largely followed. Then Root's catalogue advises beginners to use the eight-frame hive. There are many who would be glad to use the ten-frame, but they still continue buying the eight-frame because they wish to avoid a change. If the matter was left to bee-keepers, there would be an equal or greater number of larger hives used. One can produce just as much honey with the eight-frame hive, but it takes more labor, and therefore costs more."

One has but to visit different sections of the country to learn how far manufacturers control matters. How important, then, that they make no mistakes. His remarks on marriage, beside being highly consoling to bachelor brothers, have considerable weight, a part of which are given:

"Yes, I do object to this everlasting advice to get married first of all, as if it were the most important thing on earth. Indeed, it more often than not, with the lazy disposition of mankind to seek happiness in a settled condition rather than in a striving for an object, actually destroys the true life. Perhaps it ought not to, but, under existing conditions, it does. But I am not talking against it, but would simply relegate it to its proper place."

In S. E. Miller's article we find:

"Smoker, veil and scraper are my tools in the apiary, and if I had to give up one of them I think I would about as soon give up the veil as the scraper."

Much sooner, most of us think. Referring to sweet clover, he has this to say:

"All I have against sweet clover is that there is not enough of it around here, but it is on the increase and is covering a little more territory each year. Long may it wave over neglected fence corners and roadsides that are not thoroughly cultivated by the overseer who is supposed to improve our public roads."

Just now the outlook for all fall bloom and for white clover next year is of the sorriest, but in spite of all these discouragements, it behooves us to be up and doing, regarding our individual business interests for the future. Carnegie once said, "Of every \$1,000 given to charity, \$950 might as well be thrown

into the sea. It is bad policy to aid the submerged man." Give your aid to the man who is fighting with his head above water. It is difficult to aid the lazy and inert man. You cannot boost a man up a ladder unless he does some of the climbing himself." And so it is in all life, the talents are given, but unless improv d, of what avail? Man hundred years ago, we were told "For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." In a surprisingly short space of time, bee-keeping will furnish practical illustrations of the truth of the above.

Naptown, Dreamland.

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Proceedings of Seventh Annual Meeting of Central Texas Bee-Keepers' Association,

At College Station, Tex., July 22-26, 1901. Joint meeting of Central Texas, North Texas or Texas State and South Texas association. Consolidation of three associations of Texas in one, "The Texas Bee-Keepers' Association;" with new officers elected; a new constitution and by-laws adopted.

The meeting in general session assembled was called to order by Pres. O. P. Hyde, of the Central Texas Bee-Keepers' association in the bee-keepers' section room in the main building on the A. & M. college grounds, College Station, Tex., July 24, at 8 a. m., with President Stachelhausen of the South Texas, and J. M. Hagood, representing the North Texas association in the chairs; Secretary E. J. Atchley, South Texas, and Secretary-Treasurer Louis Scholl, of the Central Texas Bee-Keepers' association, at the desk. Pres. Hyde made a brief talk on the honey bee as being the creation of God, after which Mr. Atchley offered prayer. The presidents next made their reports, followed by that of the secretaries, each giving an account of the standing of

their respective organizations. Next the election of officers of the Central Texas association ensued and resulted in electing for the ensuing year, J. B. Salyer, Jonah, Pres.; H. H. Hyde, Hutto, Vice-Pres., and Louis Scholl, Hunter, Tex., re-elected Sec.-Treas.

The call for new members was ordered postponed, as a committee, appointed by the chair on Constitution and By-Laws, was to make their report at the afternoon session. Committee consisted of Louis Scholl, H. H. Hyde and F. L. Aten. Then the regular subjects on the program were taken up, and E. J. Atchley spoke on "Bee-Keeping for Farmers." He hardly knew whether to encourage farmers to keep bees or not; gave some of the things he had seen at a neighbor's, who was a good farmer, trying to keep bees and making blunders. If they would only keep a few hives of bees, and only produce enough honey for their own use and table, it would be all right. When keeping more and during an extra good year, they have a surplus; they rush it to town, lump it off for any old price, it mostly being honey of very inferior quality besides their not being posted in regard to the price of honey, and the condition of the market, never reading a bee-journal, they run down the price of honey and are minions to the experienced bee-keeper who is in to earn his bread and butter; therefore he says it should be discouraged.

J. M. Hagood is in a strictly farming district and is a farmer. Said that the farmers ought to encourage the bee-keepers to keep bees for their good purpose, that of the fertilization of flowers, not bee-keepers encourage farmers to keep bees. He has his home market and sells most of his honey there, so the effect of the farmer's ignorance and inferior honey, containing old dark combs until pollen and such has ruined his market and lowered the price.

[To be continued.]

A June Evening.

W. C. BRANN.

I saw the Evening hang her silver crescent on the sky and rival the splendor of the dawn with the glory of her twilight. I saw her wrap the shadows around her, and, with a lullaby on her lips, rock the world to rest. Then I saw her fill her dipper full of dewdrops and her basket full of dreams, and slip back to the horizon of the morning and steal the stars again. The gardens furled their flower flags and the meadows fell asleep. The songs of the deep forest melted into sighs, and the melancholy waters whispered a pensive goodnight to the drowsy birds, and sleepy hollows. Life and love, with a halo of parting day upon their brows, and the starlight tangled in their hair, walked arm in arm among the gathering shadows and wove all the sweet memories of the morning into their happy evening songs; and I wished that the heaven of the Evening might never end.

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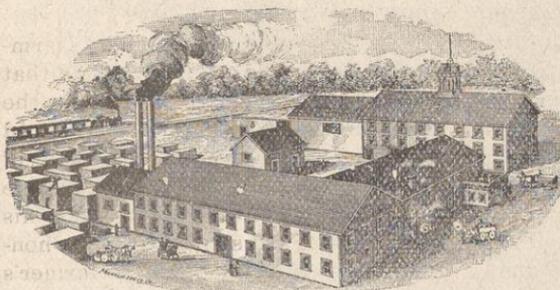
G. M. DOOLITTLE & R. B. LEAHY, EDITORS.

IN H. H. Hyde's article (August PROGRESSIVE) near bottom of page 236, the printer made him to say, "for there is no surplus gathered here." It should read, "for there is no surplus gathered here before the last days of April, sometimes May 15; then we have a fast flow for about a month, ending June 15. From June 15 to July 15 we have no honey flow. From July 15 until frost, we have a long slow flow which is never fast." We cheerfully make the correction.

THE PROGRESSIVE now has a new big home. The room is 24x80, and aside from 12 feet off one end, which is used for the sanctum, the balance is filled with about \$3,000 worth of new machinery and up-to-date type. We publish three papers, the Weekly Jeffersonian, the Daily Jeffersonian, and the PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER, and at the present rate we are turning out work, we will use three or four carloads of paper per annum, much of which will be job material. Anyone in need of stationery, pamphlets or bee-catalogues are invited to, make inquiries.

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"THE HONEY BEE," said Josh Billings, "iz an inflammable buggar, sudden in his impressions und hasty in his conclusions or END."

FROM A LETTER just at hand it would seem that at least one person thinks that bees build their combs, while in a wild state, or in box hives, "exact with the poles," but all close observers know that such is not the case. I have seen combs, in both trees and box hives, running in all directions.

REPLYING TO A QUESTIONER: Young queens go out to meet the drone, when between five and fifteen days old, usually when from seven to nine. This is accomplished in the air. Once mated with a drone, they begin to lay in from two to four days, and never go out again for the purpose of meeting the drone, as long as they live.

MANY PERSONS, WHEN STARTING INTO BEE-KEEPING, seem to be very fond of bees—indeed have a passion for them: but it is not enough to be fond of them—they must be skilfully taken care of, according to certain rules governing the bees, applicable in every case, but more particularly in bad years. Mistaken care annoys them—niggardliness ruins them. In starting right there is great gain.

IN INTRODUCING QUEEN BEES, some use scented water which is quite sweet. Essence of peppermint is generally used for the odor. This scented water is put into an atomizer and the bees and combs thoroughly sprayed with it, when the queen is placed on one of these scented combs, a little of the spray thrown on her and the hive closed. This plan is said by those using it to work more successfully than many of the old plans.

THE CLERGYMAN AND THE FLY (?). I ran across the following in an old paper a few days ago: "See," said a reverend gentleman, "here is an illustra-

tion: At one time I should have sworn awfully at this fly—but, look now." Raising his hand, he said gently, "Go away, fly, go away." But the fly only tickled his nose the more. The reverend gentleman, raising his hand with considerable vehemence, made a grab at the offender, and being successful, opened it to throw the insect from him, when in extreme disgust he exclaimed, "Why, d—n it, it's a bee-HEE!"

TO THOSE SEEKING A LOCATION for keeping bees I will point out the requisites for large yields of honey, and leave it for the seeker to find the treasure. Proximity to a forest of maples, basswood and other honey producing trees, stands first on the list in most localities. If the apiary can be on the southeast side of such woodland, so much the better. Golden willow is of great utility, as it produces honey very early, and thus gives the bees a "good send off." Fruit trees should abound, and if stump lots and wild lands are covered with acres of wild raspberry, they will produce an abundance of honey. White and alsike, together with red clover, should be plenty, and a large acreage of buckwheat sown every year. Added to these should be golden rod, asters, and other fall flowers, which produce considerable honey. Having all of these, the bee-keeper would find his Eldorado. Of course no one would hardly expect to find all of these plants and trees in one locality, yet, if three or four of them do exist in proportion, the locality is a desirable one. Care should be taken not to locate in valleys where much late frost abounds, nor near large swamps or bodies of water, which will cut off any supply from that side of the apiary. Clover, basswood and buckwheat are the three great honey producers in most localities, and where they exist in profusion, failure seldom occurs. Do not locate an apiary where the field is already stocked with bees, for it is an injustice

to the former possessor, and will also injure your prospects for success.

LIGURIAN HONEY BEES. A correspondent writes me thus: "In a paper I chanced to pick up a day or two ago, I find these words: 'Some years ago many of our apiarians were quite enthusiastic in regard to the merits of Ligurian honey bees, as it was claimed that they were more industrious than either the common bee or the Italian.' And in another place in the article he states, giving Mr. Taylor's book as his authority, 'that these bees gather more honey by robbing the hives of common bees.' What do you think in this matter? Has he any good ground on which to make such claims?" It is very evident that the writer of the above extracts was prejudiced against Italian bees and took this means to prejudice others against them. His words, while they may have a grain of truth in them, are used in such a way as to convey a wrong impression. Liguria is simply a province in Italy, and therefore Ligurian bees and Italians are one and the same thing. In regard to the robbing part, it is contrary to the testimony of all practical apiarist (not apiarians, as the extract has it). Practical experience in the apiary shows that the Italians are not as liable to rob as the blacks and hybrids, while they will defend their stores as long as there is a handful of them left. That they will gather more honey is a fact, and their chief value is their perseverance, in a poor honey season, in toiling on day after day, for the little honey that may be obtained, while the black bees seem to think THAT LITTLE is not worthy of notice To illustrate: Some 20 to 25 years ago, when I had both black bees and Italians, at the close of the basswood season, from which our main honey crop is generally obtained,, I did not have a single section of honey finished. Soon after, the seed crop of red clover commenced to bloom, on which the Italians went to work at once, but

not a black bee was to be seen. As a consequence, I took from some of my Italian colonies from 60 to 65 pounds of section honey, while the black bees were consuming their stores which they gathered from basswood, and had to be fed for winter. After this I was not slow in superseding my black stock with Italian blood. And the present season has illustrated the same fact, as red clover has blossomed again this year for the first time in 18 or 20 years. My bees stored from 60 to 80 pounds of red clover before basswood opened, and about the same from the basswood, and then went to work on the red clover again, thus finishing up very many partially filled sections left unfinished at the end of the basswood harvest, giving an average of about 145 pounds per colony of section honey (have not got it all crated yet so as to give exact figures), up to date, August 8th; while those keeping only black bees report very little surplus at any time, except while basswood is in bloom. There was very little white clover in this section this year. Only a little along the roadsides. In years when white clover and basswood both yield abundantly, I see very little in favor of the Italians; as to the amount stored when it comes to buckwheat, my experience is like that of nearly all others, in that the black bee will usually give a better yield, together with a better finish. But as all buckwheat honey is of inferior quality, and sells for a much lower price, the Italian bees are the ones to keep up, unless it is in some sections where all the surplus is obtained from buckwheat.

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

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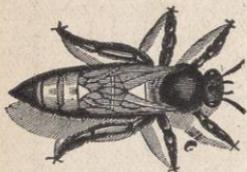
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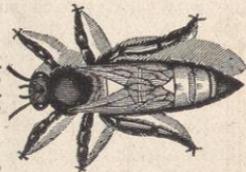
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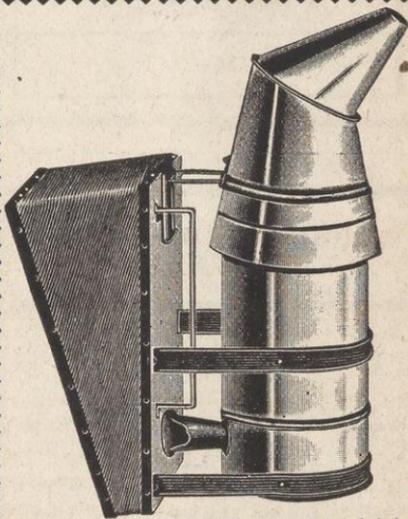
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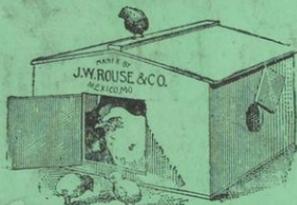
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