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DEC. 1, 1899.

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Please mention the "Progressive."

"Higginsville" Bee Supplies at Kansas City.

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

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

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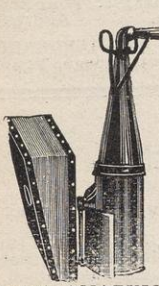

PRICES OF Bingham Perfect Bee-Smokers and Honey Knives.

Smoke Engine	largest smoker made.	4 inch stove	per doz. $13.00	Mail, each $1.50
Doctor	3½	"	9.00	" 1.10
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Large	2½	"	5.00	" .90
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Little Wonder	2	wt 10 oz	4.50	" .60
Honey Knife			6.00	" .80

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

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

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

Cuba, Kansas, Jan. 27th, 1897.

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

W. H. EAGERTY.

Corning, Cal., July 14th, 1896.

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

O. W. OSBORN.

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

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

Respectfully, WM. BAMBU.

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

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T. F. BINGHAM, Farwell, Mich.

The Progressive Bee-Keeper.

A Journal Devoted to Bees, Honey, and Kindred Industries

50 Cents a Year.

Published Monthly by Leahy Manufacturing Company.

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Contents of this Issue.

WAYSIDE FRAGMENTS.

Somnambulist.

GOOD-MORNING, neighbor. What are you doing? All this stuff here bee fixtures? Well, I never before knew what a great amount of fixings it took to produce honey. Do you use all these things?"

"Yes, Neighbor P. This is the last and seventh good load, and all of it is used during the honey season, and must be gathered up and stored through winter."

"Just so; much the same as farm implements."

After this little conversation, I fell to wondering how some people ever made a living who so grossly neglected their own interests as to, almost recklessly, invest money in expensive implements, only to use them, about three-fourths of the year, in decorating the landscape. The bee-keeper is no exception to this too general rule. Many of them seem to delight in letting their hard earned acquisitions "weather it through." The truth of "a stitch in time," etc., was never more clearly demonstrated than in the care of apicultural appurtenances. Has the UNFORTUNATE bee-keeper any claim to sympathy who permits hive bottoms to rest immediately upon the ground? who is so merciful towards the weeds as to allow them full possession? or who, apparently, runs his wax extractor all the year round, just as "Pat" proposed to do with the maple sugar business? If by chance the glass thereof, which costs the INSIGNIFICANT sum of $1.50 to $3.00, according to size, escapes destruction from flying missiles hurled at the leading members of some feline troupe which happens to be starring the neighborhood, or the club, which is innocently aimed at the spring fry as he stretches neck and limb into a horizontal line on the home run, or the broomstick,

which is sent whizzing through space for the sole purpose of interrupting the hogs, which are only giving a practical illustration of "root, hog, or die;" I repeat, if the glass safely runs the gauntlet of possible disaster, the wood-work, even if it has not reached the decaying age, will rebel at such barbarous treatment, and will warp, twist, and almost turn itself wrong side out, thus opening up avenues to the busy little bees, which never fail to grasp the opportunity. At this stage of things, bee-keeping traps are of little service except for kindling wood or smoker fuel.

One of the happiest summers I ever spent in a bee yard was where the apiary was located on a farm run by young men, whose bump of destructiveness was abnormally developed. The remains of old wagons, in fact, vehicles of all kinds, reapers, threshers, and every conceivable farm implement, were strewed over the premises in cyclonic confusion, and there was no lack of material for front porches to each and every colony, which serve a two-fold purpose—they render the catching of the queen, as the swarm issues, almost a certainty; as well as go a long way towards solving the problem of keeping down the weeds. Then there were inequalities of surface to be overcome, foundations and rear elevations to be supplied, but my material, so liberally supplied, never failed me. No ill wind to me, but I could not help thinking that such extravagant recklessness was not very conducive to a fat pocketbook, and that their bank account would never have to undergo dieting or corseting to induce slim effects. If such should start out to court defeat, they could do no more, while others would change dismal failure into brilliant success by simply stopping the leaks. Of course this is only ONE of the MANY objectionable features connected with the "let alone" system which Aikin and Doolittle have already touched upon, but I feel highly honored to follow up such men, though compelled to number so far below them. But of how many more to be found in bee-keeping ranks the same might be said. When the numbers come trooping by my mind's eye, I feel 'twere an honor to boast of, to even appear at the foot of such a class, and I want very much to emphasize Doolittle's closing remark in last PROGRESSIVE: "Could the world be given all such happy, active lives, in every intellect clothed with flesh and blood, the millennium would soon be here, and such a word as 'hard times' would no longer enter into the vocabulary of men." The secret of all success in a nut-shell. While in possession of a happily active life, no need to fear the presence of the microbe of failure. Solicitors for benevolent institutions always keep before the eyes of the public, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and judging from the manner of distribution of rewards of merit, He surely loves a cheerful giver when labor is the gift. Willing, faithful service is the kind which insures promotion and increased reward, while surliness and indifference act as repellant forces, and make a man indeed unfortunate. He who regards labor as a task to be thrown off at the earliest possible moment will never be anything but a laborer. He actually WORKS HARD to escape work, putting off that which should be done today until tomorrow, and when that time shall have arrived, redoubling his zeal to still further shirk. He is ever on the alert to have his coat on, ready to jump and run as soon as the quitting hour shall have been announced. He

must be eternally on the dodge, and this same energy expended in a different manner, would create for him many solid comforts, while the many inventions he feels compelled to contrive would do credit to an Edison. These are the beginnings, the little rivulets which combine to make the mighty stream. Alas! how many times they lead to prison doors. How much we have to be thankful for is known only to the Supreme Being.

Naptown, Dreamland.

TWO?

THE Lord of Life was walking
Among the Fields of Breath
Afar, intently talking
Unto the Lord of Death.

The rare love-flowers blooming
Made odorous the air,
Those glory-ways perfuming,
The Lord of Life was fair.

He spake unto his brother,
The Lord of Death was sad,
His smile serene; no other
A sweeter nature had.

The Lord of Life in pity,
Surveyed the vale below,
As from the holy city,
He saw his brother go.

And through the fields eternal
Where flowers graced the way,
With more than love maternal
He labored day by day.

While death below was trailing
His way, with quiet tread,
Where stricken brows were paling,
Where love bewailed her dead.

The Lord of Death unceasing,
Or Love or Hate be rife,
Still finds the work increasing
To serve the Lord of Life.

O, beautiful the mission
Assigned the Lord of Death,
To souls who find fruition
Among the Fields of Breath.

The Lord of Death. O, lonely.
Bereft! no more of strife.
The Lord of Death is only
The Lord of Deathless Life.

—Will Ward Mitchell.

HONEY DEW.

J. W. ROUSE.

I SEE in the Review some discussion of the origin of honey dew by Mr. McKnight, of Canada, and Prof. Cook. Well, I have at last found them both wrong unless they have a different way of its source than we have here. We (the citizens of our town and community) had a street fair lately in our town, and the writer was superintendent of our honey exhibit. While attending to the duties in that line, a man who lives some eight miles north of here, came around where the honey department was, and began to question the writer in regard to bees and bee-keeping, and then the source of honey dew. We gave him the usual knowledge of bee-keepers as to its source, quoting Prof. Cook and others to prove our position, but this party would have none of it, stating that "honey dew was in the air at times," that "he had seen bees gathering it from the air as they would fly about," and "had seen them gathering it out in the prairie clear away from where there was any timber," (seen and heard drones flying, I think.)

I asked him if his clothes got very sticky with the honey dew while he was watching the bees "gather it out on the prairie," as he said that "it was falling all around on the grass." This question seemed to be a "stunner" to him for an instant, but he very bravely rallied and said that "his clothes did get very sticky," and that he had to go home and "change" them. There were other bee-keepers present, and we were all "astonished at his doctrine," but he proved very conclusively (to his own mind) that he was correct.

Mexico, Mo.

IS FREE COMMUNICATION IN THE SUPER NECESSARY?—HONEY MARKETING.

F. L. THOMPSON.

THE following letter was received from Mr. W. C. Gathright, of New Mexico, with the suggestion that it be sent to the PROGRESSIVE, together with my reply:

"I admit I have taken it for granted to some extent that the free communication was of some importance in getting better work in sections. But I think I have good ground for taking this stand. It is a fact generally admitted I believe that sections used without separators are entered more readily and filled better than those having separators between. Then any arrangement giving freer communication is a STEP toward NO SEPARATORS and should likewise tend toward better filling. Still I do not claim as much for the fences as some do. I have all along asserted (and local bee-keepers will tell you I have) that the ¼ inch space over top and under bottom of separator is of more importance than the three openings through the fence. If manufacturers of sections would make sections with openings clear across the bottom and top and ¼ inch up sides I doubt if there would be a perceptible difference between these and plain sections.

The plain sections have one advantage which it seems you MUST admit. I refer to the openings clear across the bottoms, giving to a row of four sections nearly 17 inches opening or entrance from the brood-nest, while old style have in all only 12 inches to the row.

In this locality hives generally sit in the sun and swarming is a great nuisance. Now the theory appears very reasonable that the free communication separators or fences would tend toward better ventilation in supers. As to what I have found in actual practice I firmly believe bees will enter plain sections with fences sooner than they will the old style. I can clean nearly twice as many plain sections in a day as I can of the old style.

W. C. GATHRIGHT."

Mr. Gathright says "It is a fact generally admitted I believe that sections used without separators are entered more readily and filled better than those having separators between." I challenge that statement. Mr. Heddon flatly opposes it, and so does Mr. Doolittle, and others whose names I cannot recall; in fact, a large proportion of those who use separators have noticed no loss in quantity or quality by doing so, and the rest take the opposing statement for granted, as Mr. Gathright does, but want straight combs. There are a few good authorities, such as the Dadants, on his side, but so far as I can recollect their arguments are generalities, and not PROOFS. I have produced hundreds of supers with and hundreds without separators, and have looked for a difference in filling, but have not found it. I am open to conviction, and am on the lookout for PROOFS, but they have not yet appeared. In my opinion, the idea of better filling by not using separators is a mere notion. A colony which fills sections well without separators will fill the sections just as well with them, and a colony which fills sections poorly with separators will

fill them just as poorly without them. I have PROOF for that statement, by having tried separators in one half of a super and none in the other half of the same super, not once, but a number of times, with the invariable result as stated above; and also, in general, by observing no diminution in the proportion of well-filled sections in those supers in which separators were used. As to bees entering a non-separatored super quicker, I have not observed for that point. But where is the PROOF that they do? And if in the opinion of most who use separators the quantity of honey is not diminished by their use, is there not great need of proof before proceeding on the opposite assumption?

Mr. Gathright says further "If manufacturers would make sections with openings clear across the bottom and top and ¼ inch up sides I doubt if there would be a perceptible difference between these and plain sections—" an unconscious testimony to the success of the policy of boosting one thing and suppressing another. The fact is, manufacturers DO make these goods which Mr. Gathright refers to in a hypothetical way. Any bee-keeper can get them just as easily as he gets the others, by placing his order early enough with his local dealer, and they will not cost a cent more, nor will they necessitate the slightest change in fixtures—just order them and use them—that's all. But some manufacturers want to give the INDIRECT impression that only the combination of plain sections and fences will produce certain results. I used a hundred of the full bee-way, open-cornered sections last season, and found them all right, with the very slight disadvantage, hardly worth mentioning that when the rows are not tight lengthways, in the super or shipping case, the edges sometimes slide past each other. They are easier scraped than the scalloped sections.

Mr. Gathright says "The plain sections have one advantage which it seems you MUST admit"—the greater amount of passage-way between the brood-chamber and super. Now, what is meant by "advantage"—advantage OVER other sections, or in common with them? If the latter, I surely do admit it. They also have other advantages; for example, they will hold honey. But if the greater passage-way is referred to as an advantage OVER all other sections, I deny it. The open-cornered sections, just as easy to procure and use as any, have precisely the same advantage; and so do the old-fashioned four-piece sections. The scalloped sections have not that advantage, but they are not the only kind to be compared. It is this characteristic, probably, which has caused the early entering of the super to be wrongfully claimed for the COMBINATION of plain sections and fences, whereas the kind of SEPARATOR has nothing to do with it. I have not made any observations to determine whether a greater amount of passage-way just above the frames induces the bees to go up sooner, but am willing enough to take it for granted until I do observe it, as it is much more reasonable than free communication farther up.

I agree entirely with Mr. Gathright about the facility with which plain sections are scraped. Last year I did not notice this point, and could not remember about it afterwards, but this year I took particular notice, and found it quite marked. In short, plain sections have as yet just two advantages, and no others, over all other sections; they are easily scraped, and there is less wood in proportion to the honey,

because the comb comes closer to a straight edge laid across. In other respects, they are not perceptibly better filled than the old-style sections, and I'd like to know the color of his hair who is going to prove they are. They have no particular disadvantages; and when plain sections can be bought cheaper than any others, then they will have two more advantages. But at present they only have the two referred to. They do not sell so readily as old-style sections in the west, according to the testimony of the head salesman of Peycke Bros. of Omaha, one of the largest honey-buying concerns in the west, because retail dealers have to have it explained to them that they hold as much honey as the other before they will take them. (I wonder if this item will have as large a circulation as those of the opposite character. Wink.)

As for the fences, a fad and a useless expense is all I can make out of them after two seasons' trial. The Aspinwall separator seems to me the best for plain sections, because it is simple in construction, without the useless apertures from comb to comb, and by its very small contact with the sections should make the sections still easier to scrape; and for the same reason they can be made to hold the sections up, by comparison, without section-holders or frames, thus lessening the distance from the brood-combs to the super.

There is much more to be said on the general subject, but I have not yet footed up the results of last season's experiments, and will wait.

While looking around in Utah I learned from two authoritative sources that the output of Uintah county was not ten carloads of extracted honey, as reported in one of the bee-papers lately, but between four and five. Those suppositious extra five carloads have undoubtedly had their effect in depreciating the price of honey lower than the state of the market justifies.

While on this subject it is well to remember that the publishers of nearly all the principal bee-papers are also honey-buyers. If they know of sales at good prices that are likely to affect their own interests if generally known, they are NOT GOING TO TELL. It would not be business. No one can expect it of them. Conversely, is it BUSINESS for us bee-keepers to rely WHOLLY on the bee-papers for information affecting our interests in selling honey? ☐ Scarcely. We should have our own sources of information as PRODUCERS, and then it would not happen, as it has happened over and over again, that considerable quantities of honey would be sold at different prices in the same state, just because bee-keepers are not informed.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

EXPERIENCE AND ITS LESSONS.

R. C. Aikin.

(Continued from Nov. PROGRESSIVE.)

CHAPTER XXI.

WHAT ABOUT STIMULATIVE FEEDING?—STORES, EMPTY COMBS AND HEAT BROODING FACTORS.—CHAFF OR SINGLE-WALLED HIVES.

IN the PROGRESSIVE for June 1 1898, page 185, I said, "Swarming disrupts a colony just in the

best of the flow," which statement was made in reference to the effect of natural swarming upon results in surplus honey. Doolittle, in his recapitulation, and referring directly to the above quoted statement, says it "shows that his locality is different from ours, or else he does not pay any attention to the securing of the bees in time for the harvest, for in this locality (Doolittle's) where stimulated as above given, four-fifths of the colonies will cast swarms before the honey harvest commences in good earnest."

The words "where stimulated as above" refer to his own plan (page 188) for getting the bees to build up strong and ready for the harvest, by feeding the colonies thin liquid sweet, or by spreading the brood judiciously, or both, keeping this up till the hive is filled with brood and bees to overflowing."

I must say that I have not kept up a system of regular feeding of thin liquid, but I have practiced a judicious spreading of brood and putting honey-laden combs in such position as to cause the colony to handle the honey and so feed the queen and cause more rapid brooding. I can see how a colony may, by feeding, be made to reach a swarming condition before the flow, but here it would require much feeding to do it. It is a fact that swarming here does come right in the MIDST of the flow, swarms BEFORE the FLOW being indeed VERY few.

I do not know just how much faith to put in this matter of stimulative feeding. Going back to the Bee-Keepers' Review for September, 1892, I find Doolittle has a long article discussing stimulative feeding, and condemns it quite strongly. Friend D., you surely tell us—at least you have it in such a way that any average reader would INFER—that stimulative feeding is all right (see quotation above from your recapitulation). How is it that your present teaching and that of 1892 do not agree?

Now, I freely admit that there is something about that matter of feeding that I do not understand. Bees gathering nectar and pollen in warm weather do brood freely, more so than in times of dearth and quietude, and why not when fed? Without going into the details of why I have come to the belief, I will say that I now hold to the opinion that abundance of stores in close proximity to the cluster and brood, with plenty of empty cells close to the brood also, tends to favor much brooding. Another thing that helps out is for the bees to have occasion to load their sacs with honey as in moving some out of their way or in bringing in from outer combs.

I do know that plenty of stores—two or three weeks' supply ahead—and plenty of empty cells for queen to lay in—does get brood if the colony can have sufficient heat. A warm, pleasant spell of weather in spring when the bees spread out through the hive and uncap and carry honey in to near the brood, is a time when the queen lays freely if the spell of weather last several days. It is my opinion that warmth plenty of honey, and plenty of empty comb to lay in, are the main factors in getting a colony to brood well, good queens not forgotten of course. This is just in line with what I have been writing in this series of articles, I want a big hive so there are STORES and EMPTY COMB in PLENTY when brooding is the main

object; then when the brooding becomes secondary and honey foremost, contract or arrange the hive to suit the needs for the end sought.

There is no question whatever but that the size of a hive (and the shape to some extent) is more or less a factor according to location. I have REPEATEDLY tried wintering and springing in a very small chamber, for instance, nine frame 13 inches long and 6 deep, ten frames 17 inches long by 4¼ deep, and single Heddon chamber and others, and I almost invariably fail to get a colony that will be any account whatever by the honey flow June 15th, and this in spite of the fact that the colony never gets out of honey; but just give two or three of such chambers and plenty of stores, and I get rousing colonies. It is not enough that there be still a LITTLE comb unoccupied with brood; there must be plenty in sight inviting the queen to occupy.

There is another matter that is agitating my mind quite a little in regard to getting colonies to brood up well before the honey flow. I have both single walled and chaff hives, and it is an open question which is best. There are times when a chaff hive may be about equal to a refrigerator to the colony. Suppose a very weak colony and heavily chaff packed so that the heat of the sun does not reach it at all; the bees not being able to warm their chamber, they are much like you or me, inactive, sitting in a damp cellar—the cold "eats in" on us till we catch our death of cold. Well, the LITTLE colonies chaff packed, big colonies in damp hives in very cold and cloudy weather, chickens housed in a cool room in winter, other stock in stables or sheds away from sunshine, are in a fair way to perish or become sick soon.

If a colony is dry and can get a warming up occasionally by the sun shining against the hive, it is to them as the sun bath that your hogs, chickens, cows or horses so much enjoy of a clear day. I have found that the chaff hive is O. K., to keep a normal colony warm over night when the days are sunny, but on the average I doubt if in this sunny clime any benefit comes of the chaff packing. I know that a colony in single walled hives will respond more quickly to the outside temperature in the matter of heat, and the same as to cold; but still that does not prove one or the other. The difficulty seems to be to protect against cold, and not against, heat, too, Sunny warm days will dry out a single walled hive when it will not a chaff one, and in such case, unless a STRONG colony is inside, the chaff is a detriment.

I say the chaff becomes a detriment to WEAK colonies. If there could always be a VERY strong colony for the time of year, then the packed hive is O. K., for it retains the heat of the colony against outside cold; but colonies good, bad and indifferent as to strength, will show varied results about wintering, and more particularly about building up in early spring. With the opening of spring, and the first warm, pleasant days, colonies in single walled hives rouse up and are the first to have queens to lay freely. Weak colonies suffer with cold nights, and general cold changes, and if heavily packed, do not respond to outside warmth more exposed colonies.

The great difficulty I experience here in spring is to get the colony to that point where they have bees enough to enable them to brood freely to be strong enough to swarm when the flow comes, instead of four-fifths swarming in advance of

the flow. Friend D., on an average, we do well to have four-fifths swarm at all during the season. If I can get four-fifths of my colonies to swarming strength ten days prior to the June 15th flow, I would indeed be happy. Once in ten years I came pretty near it, but not quite.

Yes, sir, Friend D., I work for bees before the flow—it is my whole aim to have VERY populous colonies when the flow comes—therein lies the profitable honey yield, if we get it at all.

Loveland, Colo.

Recapitulation by G. M. Doolittle.

Stimulative Feeding.—I do not know that the thing is intentional, but at the outset of this chapter of "Experience and Its Lessons," Bro. A. seems to have laid a trap to catch the unwary feet of Doolittle, by trying to make out that he has been contradicting himself in his writings on the subject of stimulative feeding and practices in the past. Well, let me see if I cannot explain: In this locality our first honey, which can at all come under the head of "a honey flow," is from basswood, which blooms anywhere from June 25 to July 15th, according to the season. Away back in the past we were told that the "great secret of successful bee-keeping was in keeping your colonies *strong at all times.*" To this end, it was recommended that as soon as they were set from the cellar, or came out of winter quarters, the hive should be made as warm as possible, and the bees be fed every day with warm, thin sweet, so that they could become strong unto swarming at the approach of the first opening flowers. Then, again, to this end, some packed their hives round about with fermenting manure, others placed heated bricks and stones in the covers and about the hive at night, and one party furnished a lamp for each hive (of course he had but a few), and over the lamp, and directly under the hive, was placed a square of boiler plate iron, which was kept at the right temperature of heat, night and day, by turning the wick of the lamp up or down, so that the inside of the hive was kept at a summer temperature, no matter whether the air was frosty outside, or of a summer temperature. This, with stimulative feeding, brought the bees on apace, so that the colonies were strong enough to swarm at the opening of hard maple and fruit bloom. This all sounds very pretty, but as the "proof of the pudding is in the eating," the eating part showed that there was not enough nectar stored in the bloom of hard maple and other early blooming flowers to pay, or, what was of still greater account, that the weather was rarely of such a nature that the bees could work on this bloom, and so all of this early fussing counted for naught, or often worse than naught, this heat and feed not only being thrown away on account of no nectar being brought in to in any measure compensate for the outlay, but the bees thus raised became consumers of what stores there were in the hive, after the fruit bloom was over, and before the next nectar producing flowers opened. So those who went into this matter found that the bringing of a multitude of bees on the stage of action when there was comparatively nothing for them to gather, by way of surplus honey, was a mistake, and Doolittle, being one of that number, wrote in the September, 1892, Review, condemning a practice which could only prove a failure in most of localities. But did I have such a locality as Bro. A. tells us about, where bees, as a rule, built up so that the height of the swarming came right in the *height* of the best honey flow, I would try almost any kind of stimulation, or even all of them, but what I would secure the *maximum* number of bees in my hives, at least ten days previous to that flow. Yea, under those conditions I would try the lamp and

iron plan on a *few* hives, for I believe it could be made to pay. But with my locality, I find that a judicious spreading of brood, together with having plenty of honey-laden combs in the hives, where the bees can have free access to the same, proves all sufficient to secure the maximum number of bees in *just the right time for the harvest.* By turning to the June, 1898, number, referred to by Bro. A., the reader will see that "the ball started to rolling" there, and that has led to what we have here, is the words, "all practical apiarists know that much depends on having control of the bees and concentrating their efforts toward honey gathering, while honey is to be had." On these words hang more in dollars and cents to the apiarist than is supposed by the rank and file in our pursuit, and when Bro. A. admits that his swarms "come right in the midst of the flow," he admits that he is allowing the efforts of his bees to become *divided.* rather than being concentrated. And, again I repeat, that under such circumstances I would either pursue a course which would cause nine-tenths of my colonies to swarm before the honey harvest commenced in earnest, or I would do something which would stop swarming altogether, if either was possible, for to do otherwise would be admitting that I was not *master* of the situation, and that I was continually working to a disadvantage. And allow me to say right here, that the man who can make a success in life, in spite of opposing environments, is more to be congratulated than he who piles up millions, where all of the environments are continually in his favor.

Not Understanding Feeding.—Bro. A. says, "I freely admit there is something about that matter of feeding that I do not understand," and then goes on to tell us how the procuring of nectar and pollen from the field by the bees causes brood rearing to become abundant. Well, Bro. A. if you will fix it so that the conditions under which the bees take feed from the feeder are the same as those in which they secure nectar from the fields, you will reap the same results in brood from the feeder. But of course this cannot be *fully* done. But we can approximate toward it. Looking toward this, is the feeding of plenty of finely ground corn and oats, mixed with wheat flour, where no pollen is coming in from the fields, the same being placed in some sunny nook, in shallow boxes. Then the feed used is to be of the consistency of thin nectar, and to be of a temperature of from 75 to 100 degrees when poured in the feeder. Then the feeder is to be placed just as far from the brood as is possible. consistent with the limits of the hive and the capacity of the bees to travel to it. This latter capacity is very limited in early spring weather, on account of cold, unless the hive is warmed by some artificial means, the artificial part having been touched upon heretofore. And now let me say that I have gone all over this ground during the past, and have come to the conclusion that for *my locality* the feeding of either liquid sweets, or of any substitute for pollen, does not pay, unless that pay can be reckoned in the fun and enthusiasm put into the person who does it. But I fully believe it *would pay* in any locality where swarming came right in the midst of the honey harvest. And to find this out, each must try for themselves. And here let me enjoin that such trial be made on a limited number of colonies until the paying part is assured. Then no great loss will be sustained, because the fun and enthusiasm part will pay for a limited outlay in conducting such experiments.

Depth of Frame.—Friend A, tells us how he has invariably failed in securing colonies "that will be of any account whatever by the honey flow June

15th," in using single brood chambers having frames of the depth of the Heddon or shallower, even though the colony did not get out of stores; therefore, he concludes that he wants a large hive. Well, with me, that *failure* points toward those shallow frames throwing the *cluster* out of its normal conditions, rather than the smallness of the hive. Had he used the same number of cubic inches in a hive having frames ten or twelve inches square in it, and then put on his surplus arrangement when needed by the bees, he would have found that such colonies might have compared favorably with those in his large hives. At least, a record of 309 pounds of section honey from a single colony having only *nine* Gallup frames, and an average yield of 100 pounds of section honey from each colony in such hives, each year for a term of years, tells me that there is not as much in the claim put forth for large hives as the advocates of such would have us believe. Anything which throws the cluster or colony out of its normal condition, tends toward a less yield of honey, and, especially, something which brings on this abnormal condition a few weeks preceding the honey harvest.

Little Colonies in Chaff Packed Hives.—Reader, did you notice that opposition of Bro. A. about a very weak colony in a heavily chaff packed hive? How could he have done such a thing? Dropping that obsolete thing, "heavily packed," does A. not know that chaff packing *always* tends toward *strong* colonies where bees are wintered outdoor? No, no, Bro. A., I'll not accept your supposition, for it is not a reasonable one. With outdoor wintering, not one colony in ten will come out strong when wintered in single walled hives, in this locality, while with chaff hives, those having two or three inches of chaff packing, nine out of ten will be in good working order, and in two weeks' time will have double the amount of brood of that of the strong one, in the single walled hive. Single walled hives are only fit for cellar wintering in this locality, and even then they are better off left in the cellar till settled warm weather comes. A trial of both side by side for the past twenty-five years, shows these things to be facts about here. And herein we have *locality* making all of the difference. I feel very confident that if Bro. A. and I were to change places, we would each see as the other, and so I wish to emphasize the point, that the reader of the PROGRESSIVE must carefully try on a limited scale, *all* that appears in print which seems good to them till they have proven *just what is suited to their needs*, and having found out what that is, then govern themselves and their apiaries accordingly.

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

Bee-Keeper Simon Buzz.

A True Story of Actual Life,

BY R. C. AIKIN.

CHAPTER I.

Birth—Boyhood and School Days—War Incidents, Etc., Etc.

WHAT is life? A dream, or a reality? Look behind and count your days; recall your youthful plans and purposes; your hopes and aspirations; your determination to be and do: Having looked it all over, ask yourself whether you have climbed the ladder you built of the same material of which your air castles were constructed, or whether it has all been a dream.

Thus mused Simon Buzz, as while yet neither old nor young, he reviewed his life, comparing the real with that which was to be. He not only viewed the past, but as well looked upon the present to solve if possible the meaning of all its turmoil, of business, its mixture of good, bad and indifferent elements in social, political and religious life. Comparing the past with the present, what would the future be?

Let us take our stand with our friend Simon (we will call him plain Simon, for although he has been a rather buzzy kind of a man he prefers his first name, and we will call him by that), and look as it were through his eyes and see what he sees and partake of his thoughts.

In the year 185—, in an humble cottage in the great state of Ohio, Simon first saw the light of day in the midst of a big snow storm and about the middle of the night—yes, his "father was Irish", and he "was Irish, too," and that was how he came to see the light of day in the middle of the night, just like any other Irishman. Possibly the snow storm rather nipped the young and tender sprout, for somehow, like a stock of corn in a wet and cold May, or a colony of bees in a March blizzard, Simon seemed to get a backset that it took years to recover from. But Simon's mother was by no means a poor queen of the household, and under her kind and careful nursing he grew to manhood and began to display considerable vigor, both of body and mind.

Again, his view goes back to the time of the small boy, just experiencing his first school days. See, he starts, one crisp but bright morning, in company with his older brothers, to go to the "deestrict" school. As the perverseness of human nature will display itself more or less in all, so in poor Simon. Although at that time the "runt of the family" (physically at least), his temper displayed itself in a fit of stubbornness caused by some fancied or real injustice put upon him, and what did he do but set himself down against a beech tree and refuse to go one step farther? There his older, though still young and tender, brothers, left him with naught but his angry passions and the beech tree to keep him company.

Simon—the Simon of the present—looks back upon that angry little boy with his back against the tree and his knees up close to his chin, sees him as he gazes after the disappearing forms of his two brothers, and notes how passion begins to give way to reason. Poor, forlorn boy, left to himself and nature, begins to get lonesome, and wishes down in his little heart that he had gone quietly on with the other boys to school. He is becoming more and more lonely, and being withal of a timid nature, he longs to go as fast as his feet will carry him, somewhere to get rid of his loneliness, and away from that something (he hardly knows what) that got him into this plight.

The man, looking at his own self in embryo, sees, like the angry bee left to itself soon ceases its anger and hunts its fellows, so humanity, too, cannot be

forsaken of its kind and left with nature, but, like the prodigal son, comes to himself and seeks the home. Little Simon, in his solitude and bitterness, is really glad when a friendly neighbor passing takes him from his loneliness, and gives him a free ride on his big wagon, and leaves him safe at school.

At school all goes well for awhile; but alas! the poor boy is to be treated to another evidence of the perverseness of humanity. A big boy—big enough to know much, and looked upon by little Simon as almost a man and to be looked up to for wisdom, takes it in his head to play upon the credulitv of the little fellow. Showing the arteries or blood channels that appear upon the backs of his big, bony hands, as it were big blue cords beneath the skin, he tells, with solemn look, how when Simon's hands get like that he will die. Poor child. A mixture of incredulitv, faith and fear takes hold of him, he knows not what to do or think, and the big boy that has wilfully deceived leaves the child to cogitate upon his words, and perhaps live in fear of death until he becomes old enough to know that such things are silly, yes, decidedly wicked, and a disgrace upon humanity. The man Simon knows that all such things are an abomination and despicable, and that those who practice such deception upon the plastic mind of youth, are doing an irreparable injury. He wonders how much such things have to do with deceit in the mature man.

Simon's school days, upon the whole, were much like those of other boys of the farm and country. Plenty of fresh air and outdoor exercise. A free communication with nature. General farm work at home, and the stern realities in the struggle for subsistence. Born in the 50's, and in the first half at that, he got a slight taste of the excitement of war times, and of the hardships of getting a living, in a new country and right at the border of hostile settlements. Simon's family went west to grow up with the country, making the trip down the Ohio and Mississippi to Hannibal, Mo. Then by railroad as far as it ran, and then three or four days' drive into the wilderness. This was the year before the war.

Reader, are you looking back with the man upon those troublous days of his youth, days and years "when our nation was hanging in the balance" and we scarcely knew whether she would rise or fall? Think of the excitement of war news; of the unrest caused by the nearness of the enemy, so near that one hour's drive would take one into the most rabid rebel settlement or from that back to the strongest of abolitionists. Almost every able-bodied man of military age was in the service, the old men, weaklings, women and children left at home to struggle for a living and protect the home. Every family was armed by the government, and the old men drilling weekly, and ready to come together on one minute's notice to fight for home and country. They even carried their muskets to church, fearing an attack at any time. Simon, the boy, witnessed all this, and was with his parents at church when the word came that the enemy was marching upon the county seat of an adjoining county, but twenty miles away. At once the men and muskets departed for action, while the minister and women and children proceeded with the services.

CHAPTER II.

Thrilling War Events—A Touch of Nature—Becoming a Bee-Keeper—Development into Manhood.

THE country was full of scouts, spies and bushwhackers, and the enemy were in fact marching upon the neighboring town, but they somehow learned that an attack would not be safe, and rapidly retreated into their own terri-

tory. The force was probably made up of a gathering of the local element, and not of the regularly organized army.

On another occasion, when Simon's father had gathered his family about him for morning prayers, and was in the midst of his devotions, a sudden rap came at the cabin door, and without waiting for a response, a head was thrust in with the announcement that the bushwhackers had attacked and wounded a neighbor, and the home guards were to report at once with their muskets ready for duty. It is needless to say that the devotional exercises were brought to a sudden ending, and the father of the household was soon loping to the appointed place, carried by his faithful old Charley.

Suffice it to say, that as a lesson to the bushwhackers, a few of their homes were burned, and their wives notified that if their husbands persisted in such outlawry as shooting from cover upon peaceable citizens, greater vengeance would be visited upon them. The lesson was quite effective.

The man Simon is a bee-keeper. He tires of these scenes of bygone days, and having within him much of the peaceful, quiet spirit, he naturally reverts in thought to his life pursuit, apiculture.

Throughout all his boyhood days, he knew naught else but to carve out whatever of pleasure, or advancement in life's attainments, were to fall to his lot. Poor always, a feeble constitution in early childhood, and always facing the struggle for food, clothing and education, he of necessity had but a limited supply of either. He learned self-reliance and early cast about him to know what should be his life business. Among other things, it fell to his lot, like a fair and ruddy youth of old, to tend his father's sheep. Here was an opportunity to study nature.

Birds and bees, flowers and trees,
The nature music giving forth;
The finny tribes, their glistening sides,
Adding interest and keenest sport.

Wild fruits, too, did much abound,
The strawberry red—such delicious sweet;
The rosy plum, the sour grape.
Their seasons each did surely fill.

The hazel bush did much prevail,
Adding pleasure to the daily stroll;
The hickory, too, and walnut grew,
And yielded many rich nuts to crack.

The pasture range for varied change
Was prairie land, and wooded, too,
From shady tree or hilltop free,
He day by day his vigils kept.

The golden rod its head did nod,
In pasture lands so wide and free;
Bugs and bees in flowery seas,
Did roam and delve at their sweet will.

Thus nature's child developed wild,
While roaming ever far and near;
His father's sheep the lad did keep,
And drank from nature's fountains pure.

One day Simon was in his father's field sowing seeds, and about eighty rods distant from him a younger brother was plowing. Suddenly the plower left his plow, and ran across the field wildly gesticulating with his arms, and hallooing at the top of his voice. So wild and unusual were the boy's actions, that Simon wondered if the boy had gone crazy, and at once hastened to learn what was wrong. In the meantime, the boy, who had been simply throwing dirt and calling for help, had run down a swarm of bees and caused them to cluster on a tree. The bees were hived and were soon industriously at work, and formed the nucleus of an apiary.

Having now come into possession of some bees, like many another under similar circumstances, Simon soon had a well developed case of bee fever. Many and many a time had he seen bees upon the flowers, and flying from the hives on some neighbor's premises. The bee hive was a mystery that Simon longed to investigate, and here was the opportunity. He watched the workings of those bees from day to day, hunted for information from any source that promised any return in that direction, anywhere that bee or honey was mentioned in any book, paper or con-

versation, it was the signal for all attention on the part of the new bee master.

One of Simon's traits of character was a disposition to demonstrate by actual experiment the truth of any declared principle; hence he was well fitted to obtain the necessary information to make him a master of bees in the true sense. By purchase and by increase the little apiary grew, and with it grew its owner into manhood and in the knowledge of the character and habits of the bee.

It usually comes to each and every boy, as he merges into manhood, to set up his ideal of what life should be in actual practice, and having formed his ideal, to proceed to build about his air castle a real tangible structure. Simon was now in his teens—well nigh past them. He succumbed to the inevitable and planned and set up his ideal. As for a business, a bee master he would be. It would be honorable, and withal profitable. He, by observation, and fortunately by coming into possession of a really sensible work on apiculture, learned that the economy of the hive was not a mythical thing, was not a thing of chance or some silly, superstitious witchery, but was indeed a science and altogether based on natural laws. Moreover, he soon saw that with the vast amount of foolishness and superstition that beclouded apicultural knowledge, to put forth unusual effort and solve the "mystery of the hive", and really and truly become a master in that science, would put him above his fellows. He could become a scientist, maybe, of at least more than passing note, and as well have both a rich luxury of a sweet upon his table, better his financial condition and add to his educational standing.

Again let us go back a very few years. As already related, Simon was poor and must work to help make his living, and as is usually the lot of such, could not take full advantage of the limited school privileges of his day and neighborhood. Like many a boy who afterwards made his mark in the world, Simon was by no means a rapid learner. He felt that if he could but get his lessons like certain of his schoolmates, he could become a leader, and perhaps famous. Not so, however, for he must plod slowly through his studies, and by dint of hard labor, obtain an average grade.

Perseverance was one of his characteristics, and while others seemed to reach distinction in lessons, and in play, he, unfortunate as he was (so it seemed) must be content to take a moderate grade as the result of hard study. Realizing his weakness, a non-retentive memory, he resolved that to be honest and fair, to learn well what he did learn, and thereby have in quality what he could not have in quantity, would in some way make him at least an average student. Thus he was led to look deep into all problems and know the why and wherefore of everything before advancing further. This resulted in fixing in his mind so firmly what studies he did master, that he seldom had to review, while many classmates were turned back one or more times.

Now, dear reader, you will see that after all Simon Buzz did not go far amiss when he chose bee culture for a business. Instead of accepting common theories and superstitions about bees, and using these as a basis upon which to build, he looked into the matter for himself, and soon found that many who professed to know much about bees, in reality knew but little. He decided that the thing of which others knew but little, that was the thing he should strive to know well.

As Simon Buzz increased in years, and came to full manhood, he also increased the buzzing hoards that were now so numerous in his father's back yard and orchard. To add to his determination to make it a life business,

the first few seasons the business prospered. It began to look as though fame and wealth were at hand, and he who was counted but an ordinary freckle-faced boy, timid and bashful, would take rank as a man of keen perception, at least in one thing.

Reader, have you been in such a state as our friend, Simon, the long, long looked-for greatness within your grasp, almost, then a sudden turn of the wheel of fortune dash all to destruction? If you have, drop a tear of sympathy, and let the mind relax a moment to sweep the past and weigh its meaning, and let such sympathy stir within you the charitable impulse that may be well nigh stifled in the hard pressure of disappointment and distress that is the lot of many. If you have not passed through the mollifying experiences of bitter disappointment and distress that brings mankind to a common level, then wait and read.

CHAPTER III.

Simon Moralizes—A Thrilling and Bitter Experience—Analyzing Experiences—A Humorous Incident.

WE have stood beside Simon, the man, and viewed his life, in part, from early childhood to mature years. We have seen him hope against hope as he struggled to get what seemed easy for others, but to him a serious task, a common school education. We have watched him choose his calling in life, and, to all appearances, attain reasonable prominence as a successful bee master. Did he not deserve some distinction, and do not our hearts rejoice with him to know that after all his effort he is at last to reach success?

But man cannot live and be happy in this world and have none but himself to enjoy his successes. What is wealth, or fame, or any other of the many good things that pertain to life, without a home? Will wealth supply every want? Will it make of a place a home? Can a home in name be a home indeed, unless that home be ruled by a queen? The workers may work and store their sweets, but without a queen to grace the home by her maternal presence and act, the home soon loses its charm and will be wasted by others.

Timid as Simon was, and slow to grasp the things of life, he thought: The glitter and glare of what is termed a bright and brilliant mind, bringing its possessor into public gaze and a full and overflowing social life, thus choking out the deeper thoughts, did not fall to the lot of Simon, and thus he was free to think deeper than would be expected of such an one. What could more conduce to the happiness of a simple, home-loving man, than a good and noble wife and queen? So thought Simon.

The turmoil of life is great, and its temptations many. The body will flag and the mind become weary, in the ceaseless round of a busy life, and what more restful and inspiring than a good, loving and cheerful Christian wife, with whom to share both success and failure? God said it was not good for man to be alone, and the experience of man confirms the word of God.

So Simon wooed and won a woman true. Their love was deep and pure. All nature seemed at peace with the lovers—could not be otherwise where true love prevailed. Let us rest a little here; draw not, for awhile at least, the veil that hides from view the future. Simon, the man, today, is gazing back, back through a mist of tears. Come aside a spell, and look not with him—'tis a sacred scene. Let us view another scene while he views his own. In Holy Writ we read of love exceeding great, beyond that any woman could give, and such as was never experienced in the heart of man, save the God-man. Did this love bring peace? Not always. So intense a love brought its agony, that you and I might have

peace. Yes, it brought trouble—to Him, that thereby our peace might be perfected. If He, by suffering, should perfect our peace, may not He also, by our suffering, help to perfect in us that love we bear to Him. Could it be perfected in any other way?

But that other scene. Alas, frail man, thy days are few. Simon's wife, to be—no, she was his wife in truth, and not to be, save in law—passes "beyond this vale of tears." Blasted hopes. Thy will be done, O, God, and do Thou, in Thy wisdom, perform for man what he could not do for himself. Thou desirest that he shall love Thee, that where Thou art he may be, therefore Thou layest up for him "treasure in heaven, that where his treasures are, there will his heart be also." It was hard for Simon to understand, but now he sees and knows.

Yes, he is looking back into the vivid past. Its days were torture, its nights unrest. He sees not only the love of his youth torn from him, but the thread that sustained his own life severely tested. More than this, earthly possessions of a lower form "vanish and flee away," his bees in a hard and trying winter, succumb, and leave his many hives tenantless. The plot of ground that was to have been his happy home passes into the hands of others who toiled not in its making, nor sympathize in his loss.

In school days Simon had read and re-read for perhaps the fiftieth time, that old and familiar, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Again he assailed the task of building up his depopulated apiary by increasing from those left from the wreck of the once prosperous apiary, and four years later had again almost regained the lost ground, in building his apiary to its former proportions.

Hives were invented and methods of management developed. His knowledge of the business continued to increase. The great loss of bees was not confined to Simon's apiary alone, and while many gave up in despair, he held on with the determination to succeed. He had gained, by years of study and practice, much knowledge of the apicultural science and business, and why should he now give up and spend as many years learning some new line to again be brought down? If bee culture, as a business, fails sometimes, so will other lines. It is the lot of all things human to fail sooner or later, so keep on shall be his motto. He did keep on.

Look again. Others, too, besides our Simon, are delving deep into the science of his chosen pursuit. Journals are printed, bringing before the world all the latest improvements in methods and appliances. Continents are searched for better races of bees. Invention after invention is brought to light, and although Simon continues to put forth much effort, he finds it one continued effort to keep pace with his fellows in the pursuit.

Had the bright lights who had once shined in the apicultural firmament continued their labors and research, it surely would have left our once timid and bashful Simon in the rear; but like the famous tortoise that raced with the hare, he kept right on while the hare slept; but as the race is not yet completed, we wait to see the final outcome. We can hope, however, that the faithful Simon will eventually reach the goal in advance of his more racy competitor.

Now our friend muses for a time, and looks upon the more comic side of the view. It is well, thinks he, to look long and hard upon the somber and thoughtful things of life, but some spice should enter now and then to cheer the heart. True, there is a cheer and hearty good will even in the more heavy and deep things; but while the lowering cloud and misty day are necessary to soften the hard and flinty clear light, and make its influence more

balmy and pleasant, it is well to let the dancing rays break through now and then with their cheer. 'Tis contrast that brings out in all its vividness the beauty of coloring in our mortal lives.

It was a pleasant and sunny day in spring that a large and sedate black tom-cat was observed sleeping on the grass among the rows of bee hives. It was not the first time old Tom had taken his repose in sunny spots about the apiary. He had somehow come to consider it a favorite sort of retreat on pleasant days, and many times he would stretch himself at full length upon the grass and sleep for hours. We can but muse and guess at Tom's thoughts, if he had any, for he either could not or would not tell what it was that made that retreat so enticing. Possibly the low hum of the laboring bee had a similar effect as upon the ear of the master, though we can scarcely think it so.

We look back and try to analyze our feelings. We know that the busy hum of the bee is music to the ear of the enthusiastic owner, but it is surely not so because of the pointed receptions so frequently met with upon entering the domain of "our pets," as some would call their bees. Simon's analysis, however, is two-fold. We love the music of that hum because it foreshadows that which will give us comfort by its purchasing power, and we enjoy it—some of us, not all—because it is one of nature's plans in operation. May many more of our race so love the hum of the bee.

Old black Tom, however, cared for none of these things, save perhaps that the hives reflected the sun and made it the more comfortable for him, and possibly the gentle buzz helped to lull him to sleep. But like all things mortal, his peace must be marred more or less, as a most frightful yelling and yowling and spitting, resounding above the hum of the bees, indicated, and as Simon hastened to relieve the distressed, a black streak, buzzing and fizzing, went "humming" by and disappeared in the hazel brush behind the barn. It was indeed noticeable that the cat did not show his face for two or three days thereafter.

Whether the evil spirits had taken possession of that apiary, Simon knew not, but when the succeeding spring arrived, those bees were much slower in showing themselves than was old black Tom. Tom survived the sting of the bee, but the bee could not survive the bite of Jack Frost

(To be continued in our next).

MANAGEMENT and MANIPULATION.

S. P. Culley.

No. 5.

SYSTEMS OF MANAGEMENT—THEIR IMPORTANCE AND RELATIVE MERITS.

FEW things are more important than system. They who systematize, who plan, and see the goal before making the first move, are foredoomed to succeed eventually if they add to the virtue of system persistent work. Hap-hazard, non-systematic methods are rarely successful.

There should be some sort of classification of the different systems of management which different bee-keepers successfully use. There is Mr. Doolittle, a good, true, successful, and of course famous, man. He has a system by which he has achieved success. There is Mr. Dadant, who also has ideas that are worthy of careful attention. Mr. Coggshall is an ideal from the hustling standpoint, and many others have systems of management, the results of years of experience, adapted each to its end, necessarily partaking of the personality of those who originate and advocate each system or each feature, all capable of innumerable combinations of the different features of each, all valuable to the thoughtful, progressive apiarist, but, so far as we know, all unclassified and ungeneralized, except in those instances where the originator has written a book on bee-keeping.

We are not qualified at present, perhaps never shall be, to suggest a classification. Two divisions appear so prominent that for the purposes of this article we shall mention:

I. A system using a divisible brood chamber with shallow frames.

II. The movable frame system with, deep frames, which may or may not be used two or more stories high; to be brief, Langstroth and Heddon.

As Father Langstroth himself acknowledged the superiority of Mr. Heddon's system over his own, and as nearly all apicultural literature is devoted to the Langstroth system and its different forms, we shall notice first the Heddon, or shallow-frame system.

The pivotal point in this system is the handling of CASES with a comb surface capacity about equalling 4 or 5 L frames, instead of handling SINGLE FRAMES. This system will produce more honey with less work than any modification of the L frame system—especially in the hands of a skillful operator.

Its use in the production of comb honey is set forth in the writer's article in July PROGRESSIVE, under the caption, "Production of Comb and Extracted Honey," pages 208 and 209.

In the successful production of comb honey, with a reasonable amount of labor, this system is almost essential. In the production of extracted honey, we regard it as equally prominent. Beginners often experience some trouble in getting the bees out of the cases, but in a large apiary this work should be supplemented by proper arrangements for letting the bees escape themselves, those which cannot be smoked and shaken out. But a full presentation of the details of this system must be left for our next article.

Higginsville, Mo.

Gallatin, Mo., has a 128 pound pumpkin.

CONCERNIN' CAKE-WALKIN'.

"Cake walks goin outen fashion?—
Doan you nebber tink dey am;
Parson say, 'It's sinful, Samuel,'
But says I to parson—" "Sam!"
"Yas, I did. Dat awkwahd niggah,
Struttin' roun'—he's such a gawk!
Won't dat preachah cut a figgah,
Ef he try to do de walk?

Huh! He jes' about ez graceful
Ez de boss's brin'le cow,
Why, you'd tink he had St. Vitus,
Jes' to see him try to bow,
All de colored ladies tells me
I'se de wahmest walkah roun',
An' my 'company' 's the swellest
Washah-woman in de town.

Golly! what's de use ob walkin'
Ef you'se no a ristycrat,
Wearin' long prince Alfreds? Talkin'?
Guess I knows whah I is at.
Odder night de bon ton darkies
Had a walk in Blacker's Row,
Me an' lady wuz invited,
An' ob course we had to go.

Miss Marie Malariana
White Markanna—lubly name—
Wuz my pahdnah at de winnin'
Ob de cake—we eat de same.
Preachah he was dar, an' ragin'
'Cause he nebber got de cake.
Wish now dat dat niggah'd got it,
Et so much, had belly-ache.

He was walkin' wid a— Golly!
Wuzn't it a funny sight?
My Marie she kep' a laffin'
Till her face was raid an' white.
Den a sparagus, insultin'
Word he said concernin' me,
Den I landed on dat niggah,
Till he couldn' nebber see.

Couldn' fill his pulpit Sunday,
Bofe his arms is in a sling,
Guess he thought dat Jeffries hit him.
I'se about de propah ting.
Hit me? Huh! dat clumsy hit me?
No, it wuz dat monst'ous cake.
Cake-walks dey ain't outen fashion—
But— O, how my stummick ache!

—Will Ward Mitchell.

OUR LETTER BOX.

PLEASED WITH GOODS.

Comb foundation came to hand in good shape. It is very fine indeed. Please accept my best wishes for a large increase in your business. You justly deserve it. Yours truly,

Singleton, Tex. S. W. PASK.

NEVER FOUND A MISTAKE.

Enclosed find check for $30.82, the balance due you. Thanking you kindly for your favor, I am well pleased with your goods. In the eight years that I have traded with you, I have never found a mistake. I have often wondered how you could pack so many crates and never make any errors. Wishing you good luck, I am yours,

Gallatin, Mo. J. T. ALLEN.

THE NICEST LOT.

The shipping crates came to hand all right. We were well pleased with the work. They are the nicest lot of crates we have yet received.

Lon, Mo. S. S. LAWING.

QUEEN CLIPPING, ETC.

The queen received of you June 27th all O. K. Her bees are strictly business. I can recommend you to anyone wanting bees or bee supplies, for promptness and fair dealing, as my orders with you have always been promptly filled. I received the queen in eight days from the day I made my order. Bees are doing fairly well now, though the long drouth is setting them back some. I noticed in the PROGRESSIVE where someone was recommending queen clipping. That is all right if a man knows when to clip. I think a man recommending anything ought to to consider the dangers in it, for very often beginners try everything they see recommended. Wishing a long and prosperous voyage for the PROGRESSIVE I remain, respectfully,

Broadwood, Tex. J. R. SCOTT.

A TEXAS FRIEND.

Well, the patience and surplus honey with me is so short that I am afraid will play the balls by spring. We had a rain the 26th of June, and our next rain the 16th of September, which started a top growth on the cotton and the cool nights have kept it blooming and fresh every day, and my bees are doing well now. Out of 190 colonies, I won't sell $100 worth of honey. I have 28 albino colonies, with extracted frames all about full, which I will keep

to stimulate on next spring. I put on 3,888 snow white, one-pound sections, and not one will I get filled. But that doesn't discourage me in the least. I have been in Texas enough to learn to hold fast to what I have, for a harvest will come my way some day, and then I will be in the fight. Friend Leahy, we have had so much hot and dry weather here that eggs would hatch out in the barn loft and under the cribs. A northern incubator would not be in it at all down here. There are a great many bee men who had their bees in sultry places where the south wind could not get to them, and they all melted down, and another such a mess you never saw. So they have all about got the bee fever knocked out of them. Send me down some bills, and I will get you all the orders I can, and I will get those from whom I take orders to send in the money with the orders. I have some nice wax I will send in this winter. Thanking you for your past favors, I remain yours,

Nash, Tex. F. J. R. DAVENPORT.

THE LEAHY TELESCOPE HIVE.

I wish you would ask Mr. Leahy to make a cut for his catalogue that will represent the telescope hive *as it is*, with dovetailed body and sloping cover. (I never fancied that flat cover of one board, and the plain joints, as the cut gives it. Your word that it was the "best hive made" is what led me to order it, and now I feel that I am ready to meet anything that walks this little field of mine, in the assumed shape of a bee hive.) If he wants to "sweep the field with his telescope," he should show it as it is, and give it the notice which it deserves in the catalogue.

In Christian love,

Hebron, Neb. F. KINGSLEY.

[Thanks, Friend Kingsley. We thought no harm in using the old cut of the hive, since, as you say, it does not represent the hive as good as it really is. We are going to have some new cuts made of it soon. The Telescope hive should be just the thing for Nebraska.—Ed].

EDITORIAL.

The Progressive Bee-Keeper.

A journal devoted to Bees, Honey and Kindred Industries.

TERMS: Fifty cents per year, in advance.

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

WE now pay 24c cash or 27c in trade for good beeswax delivered here.

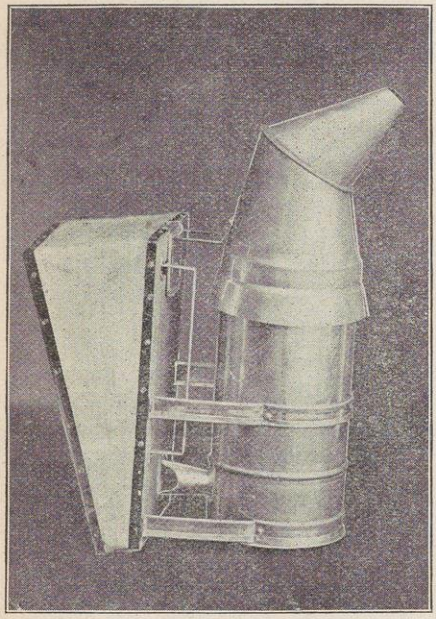
HON. GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, of Humansville, Mo., who has been lecturing with the State Board of Agriculture on bees, poultry and fruit, made us a pleasant visit on Nov. 10th, and while here we got him to give a lecture to the school children of this vicinity, on bees. Mr. Williams is a pleasing and gifted lecturer, and we hope other localities will try to secure him for giving bee talks to the school children.

ON Monday, Nov. 25th, our supply dealer, C. E. Walker, of Kansas City, Mo., burned out of business. We have not the particulars at hand, further than that the fire made a clean sweep of the contents of the building Mr. Walker occupied from the first floor to the roof. The contents were nearly covered by insurance. Mr. Walker will continue in the supply business, and is now located at 121 East Fourth Street.

LUMBER for bee hives is not only a high-priced article, but is becoming a very scarce one. A few weeks ago we received a price list quoting prices on some lumber like we would want, and we wrote the firm to ship us a few cars

at once. They replied, thanking us for the order, but declined to fill it, saying they would only ship two or three thousand feet of this stock to the car, but if we would give them an order for a carload of siding and shingles, they would put in two or three thousand feet of boards, to please us.

WE admit that we have been slow in having photographic productions of improvements of new and improved articles that we have for sale. There is nothing that we have manufactured for the past few years that has brought more words of praise than the Higginsville Smoker, hence, we have concluded



THE "HIGGINSVILLE" SMOKER.

to give an illustration of the real thing in the accompanying half-tone cut. This smoker is quite a favorite with E. T. Flanagan, S. P. Culley, and other bee-keepers who handle from 500 to 1,000 colonies each. The following letter from Mr. Easterley, also speaks well for the "Higginsville" Smoker:

The goods I ordered from you were shipped from St. Louis Oct. 30, and received here Nov. 7. Would have written sooner, but wished to try the extractor first. Will say the goods all came in good shape and are perfectly satisfactory. You have made some grand improvements on the "Higginsville" Smoker. It is a daisy. The Cowan honey extractor, too, does its work to perfection. Am taking off some as nice honey as you ever saw for this country.
Cleveland, Tenn. J. E. C. EASTERLY.

While we do not charge a high price for the "Higginsville" smoker, we do believe there are none better on the market. The fire-pot is 3¼ inches in diameter, is made of the best IXX charcoal tin; the nozzle has a double jointed hinge, which admits the nozzle when placed on the fire-pot, to be pushed down, making a tight fit all around, and prohibiting it from being pushed back accidentally when coming in contact with the hive when puffing smoke in at the entrance. This is the only smoker that has this combination. The bar of folded tin shown at the right, also acts as double purpose—a shield that never gets hot, that prevents the fingers coming in contact with the fire-pot. Also by a slight crook of the fingers, when placed under the tin bar enables you to hold the smoker without the use of the thumb, and as the thumb often becomes tired, it is a great relief to be able to hold the smoker by the aid of the fingers and tin bar, while the thumb rests. The bellows is made of the best material we can procure, is supplied with our *secret* spring valve, and is the best bellows we know of.

BRO. YORK, of that most excellent periodical, the American Bee Journal, has, unintentionally we believe, misrepresented the "Higginsville" bee-hive cover. In speaking, editorially, referring to some changes the Root's have made, he says:

"Another of very much more importance is in hive-covers. In the "Higginsville" cover and others of that kind, a central piece something after the nature of a ridgepole covered the joint of the two principal pieces of the cover, and in very dry climates there is a

chance that the wood might shrink so much as to let the water in."

Now the "Higginsville" cover has no ridgepole for the other pieces to shrink away from, and it must be the Danzy cover he had in mind when he wrote the above, for see what Root has to say concerning this new cover:

"Perhaps the most important change will be the substitution of what we call the Excelsior cover for the regular Danzenbaker. In some climates the latter would under the influence of hot, dry winds and sun, shrink enough to let in the water," and then goes on to say: "The principle of this new cover is a good deal like the old 'Higginsville'."

Now that Mr. York may know just what we have been sending out in the past, we are going to rip the end off one of the Higginsville covers, have a photographer to "shoot" it, and in these columns will produce in half-tone, in our next issue, the secret inside workings of the "Higginsville" cover. As we said at the beginning of this editorial, we believe that Mr. York has unintentionally misrepresented the "Higginsville" cover, and did not intend it as a "stinging revenge."

SOMEONE has said, and truly, too, that with December comes to the editor of a journal the task of all the year. That task comes to me now. It is this: Perhaps no month in the year so many subscriptions expire as in December. We have several hundred of these expiring subscriptions. Now what I would like for you all to do is to renew, and as an inducement, I am not going to tell you how good I have been in the past, or what a valuable journal I have been giving you, but I am going to tell you what yon may expect in the future, if you continue one of our subscribers. First, *confidentially*, I want to say to you that Bro. Doolittle has consented to write for us during 1900. Second, S. P. Culley, Missouri's greatest bee-keeper, will give us his past, present, and future experiences as they arise. Third, "Experience and Its Lessons," by that noted writer, R. C. Aikin. Fourth, Bee-Keeping in Colorado and Utah, as seen by the versatile and entertaining F. L. Thompson, on his bicycle tours, together with his spicy and characteristic comments on things in general. Fifth, "The Good Things in the Bee-Keeping Press," as seen by that delightful dreamer, "Somnambulist". In addition to the above five regular contributors, which we count equal to any in the land, we have the promise of a series of articles from the Hon. George W. Williams, and we expect many valuable articles from a score of others during the year. If it is not convenient for you to send the 50c now, just drop us a postal, teliing us to continue the PROGRESSIVE, for which you will pay in the future. Now can't you stay with us? If it is impossible, for any reason, for you to continue as one of our subscribers, we thank you for your many past favors, and wish you a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Say! Did you know the **Western Bee-Keeper** has changed hands? **C. H. Gordon** is now Editor and Publisher.

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

47, Good Block, Denver, Colo.

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

5 oz jar,	30c for 10; $2.50 per 100;	weight 30 lbs
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☞ Mention the "Progressive," as adv. is inserted as our contribution.

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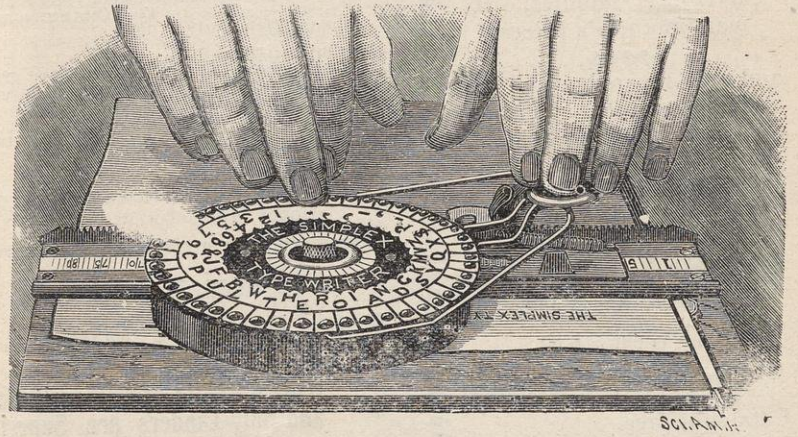

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Mr. Quirin: Dear Sir:—
The queens you sent me turned out the yellowest bees in my apiary. Are gentle to handle, are large and well marked. Yours truly,
C. C. CHAMBERLAIN.
Romeo, Mich., July 10, 1899.

Mr. Quirin: Dear Sir:
The queens got of you last year are giving good satisfaction—better than some untested queens I paid $1.00 for to breeders who will sell for no less at any time of year.
EDWIN BEVINS.
Blockly, Iowa, July 5, 1899.

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Room 47, Good Block. Denver, Colorado

FORTY PICTURES!

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

Back Numbers Free.

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

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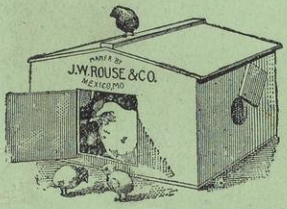

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