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VOL. 6.

NO. 5.

MAY, 1895.

THE NEBRASKA BEE-KEEPER.

DEVOTED TO BEE-CULTURE.

WORK,

—50 cts. per year.—

NEB.

L. D. STILSON, Editor.

NO. 5.

VOL. 6.

MAY, 1855.

The NEBRASKA BEE-KEEPER

DEVOTED TO BEE-CULTURE.

Published by Geo. W. Jones & Son, Hamilton, Mass.

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NO. 100, 101, 102

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The Wheels Of Progress.

There are always people inclined to look on the darkest side of any situation and to see what is only the disadvantage of any progress or change in the affairs of this world

The times are hard and some persons, looking at the wonderful progress of invention, attribute the present distress to improved machinery.

For our part, we do not decrie progress of mind over matter. If it is possible with one day's work to plow with steam as much as one might, in old style, in a month, we say let us have steam plows for the one day even if we go a fishing or read ancient history the other twenty-nine days. If it is possible by putting out ten pounds of muscular energy upon a bicycle, to travel twenty feet, why put out fifty or a hundred pounds of energy to travel one step in the old plodding walk? Let the surplus energy be used for going farther with less fatigue. We may live faster now than did our fore-fathers. but vital statistics prove that we do not live fewer years than they did and we accomplish a thousand times as

much as they ever did.

But there is a marked rise in the value of mental training and a greater contrast between the work of the hand alone and the work of the hand controlled by a trained mind. What was done before by the physical mechanism of our muscles and bones is now done more effectively by the mechanism of steel brought into activity by steam or electricity. And so our muscles may rest. There is less and less call for untrained or half-trained labor. There is less and less demand for mere muscle. Muscular man has always been inferior to the muscular brute. The ox is stronger than the strongest man. The cat is more agile than the quickest human. Man's superiority never did lie in his physical strength and it is but the natural order of things that if man is superior to an ox or better than a cat he should develop in him that faculty in which his superiority rests.

The car of Progress moves on. Will we stubbornly stand before it, like the bull before the on-coming engine, or shall we take our proper

places in the coach? We may be too "old foggyish," or "ultraconservative," or inactive or dull or lazy to comprehend the significance of this progress, but so much the worse for us. "The world does move" and we must move with it or be crushed with other clods.

What must we do? We must realize that "custom" may be rubbish. We must see that today is not yesterday. We must weigh every new method, not by conditions surrounding our fore-fathers but by our own conditions. We must use the discoveries of present day investigstors.

The cities are congested today with thousands upon thousands of unskilled laborers who cannot get mechanical employment because iron and steel are better than muscles and somebody's else brains are better trained than theirs. What shall they do? If there is no employment for them shall they die, or shall they become a burden for the workers?

Bees kill drones.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard."

But are these sluggards? In one sense, yes. This seems hard-hearted and unsympathetic to say. But it is true. Mental sluggishness (we do not refer to weakness of mind) is as bad as physical laziness, and the man who has set his preferences so stubbornly that because he can not find one kind of work, refuses to do anything else which he might do, is a sluggard.

Why starve in the midst of over production? Back to the land, ye hungry. There are abandoned farms; there are unbroken acres. An acre of garden will support one person, five acres will support a family. For years, the LAZY farmers, have been rushing, without necessary training or qualifications, to the cities, to find "an easier job." They have sought for that jack-o'-lantern. more pay and less work, when they should have applied themselves to securing the reality within their own grasp on the farm, viz., better pay for more intelligent work. And so they crowd the streets of every city, in idleness, in penury and in a starving condition. Back, back to the land, ye unemployed.

But farmers are complaining. What? Is the man with a loaf in each hand starving? Yes, wheat is only forty cents a bushel! Well, what of it, must we starve because we have too much wheat? Of course we have our own potatoes, our own corn for meal, our own onions, our own cattle and hogs and our own sheep and poultry for meat; our own wool for clothing, our own fruit, our own fuel, our own home, our wives and children, our own kingdom, and our own abundance through our own overproduction of every blessed thing we can eat or drink or wear, and yet because wheat in Liverpool is not as high as it once was or as our speculative fancies think it ought to be, we must sit down in the

midst of our kingdom and our overproduction and starve. "But we are wheat raisers!" No you are not, you are sluggards.

You are too lazy to raise stock while it is easier to sow wheat and trust to luck and Liverpool or the Louisiana lottery for returns. You would rather play the mighty bonanza wheat raiser than treat your wives and children to a dinner from a well supplied kitchen garden!

Hard things to say, are they? Yet we leave it to every man who knows some sections of Northwestern territory to attest to their truth. The world moves; it has moved away from cities out to the country. It has moved away from large wheat fields to mixed farms. Will we stand bellowing and pawing the earth in front of the engine, or will we take our seats in the coach?

"Dinner is now ready in the dining car!" announces the smiling porter on this train of progress, and we see the Northwestern farmer lay down his agricultural paper and turn brightly to his wife with the healthy glow of love and happiness on her face, and together with their children they seat themselves about their daily repast of an abundance and a great variety

of vegetables and fruits and meats. "we raised this veal." "This is our own mutton." This pig is from our own pen " Our peas are unusually fine this Spring." "What a crop of tomatoes!" "There are a thousand bushels of onions on that one acre lot; those onions will clothe the family all year.

"How about wheat, John?" asks the tottering old grandfather. "Oh, we have all we can eat or feed to our stock."

"But how about wheat in Liverpool John?"

"I don't know" answers John, "we don't live in Liverpool now, Father. Sarah, please pass that dish of berries. Did you ever raise berries like these, Father, in your pioneer days in Minnesota?"

The train of progress goes rolling on, the glow of morning touches the distant hills, but the dew is not upon the wheat alone, it sparkles from every leaf and spring of the mixed gardens and it sweetens the grazing pastures for every kind of farm animal all over Minnesota.

Reader, are you still bellowing and pawing in front of the engine? Better hoe your potatoes and turnips in the "cool of the morning." — *Northwestern Agriculturist.*

An Ominous Cloud in the Horizon.

BY M. H. S. BURLEIGH.

"Protection to American industry" has been, for a good many years, the magic political slogan at the sound of which millions have danced. We see, in our mind's eye, an American mechanic covered with a shipload of British goods, nearly smothered. A patriotic Congressman comes to the rescue, throws the goods into the ocean, and the mechanic arises and resumes his toil. So far as that side of the question goes, I have nothing to say. Let those

journals discuss it that are built for that purpose. Just now I wish to speak of at least one American industry that deserves the protection of six feet of sod over it. It is not a British industry, but characteristically American. It is an industry which has systematically injured a host of our commonest articles of food, and has thrown unnumbered thousands out of work. The name of this delightful beverage is glucose. Some time ago I read of the destruction of a factory where it is made. The quantity of glucose produced at this one factory, in the course of a year, caused the production of all other sweets to take a back seat so far as quantity is concerned, common sugar alone excepted. The yearly output was 840 tons—an amount sufficient, with that made elsewhere, to form the principal ingredient in every pound of honey, every gallon of molasses, syrup, and jelly, and all the confectionery, produced in the United States. I do not know whether beer is made any worse by the liberal use of glucose in it or not; but doubtless it aggravates renal troubles which pure beer alone simply induces.

That this vile stuff is a fraud is plainly evidenced by the fact that it is nowhere advertised and sold as such. It is made in quantities like a river; but without any flourish of trumpets it disappears, and where does it go? Do you know of an eater who calls for glucose in his food? I don't. The fact is, it makes its way to the dark cellars of our cities, and is there mixed with syrups worth 50 cents a gallon, or about 5 cents per pound in a pure state. Here the American mechanic in Louisiana is robbed directly of the difference between 5 cents and the price of glucose, and the latter can be had in Chicago for 2½ cents. Then the robbery is perpetrated again on the buyer, and the greatest damage is finally done to the eater. If the robbery were done by an

Englishman, our tariff would be revised. For one, I feel as willing to be plucked by a man in England as by one in New England.

For years I have not bought a pint of New Orleans molasses or syrup. I want some very much, and it is offered; but its handsome appearance satisfies me that it is wedded to glucose, and I can't bear that. And right here is where we honey producers must open our eyes. We have already had rumblings of the trouble. We know very well that the mixer of glucose with honey is in the land; and although he is carefully watched, and honey of undoubted purity can be obtained, still the danger is over us.

What American industry needs is protection from fraud more than competition. We need a law that will cause glucose to be sold on its own merits, and under its own name. If a man sells maple syrup of less than a certain degree of thickness, in this state, or labels his can with letters less than an inch high, he is fined; but the mixer of glucose can compound his wares just about as he pleases—at least he gets rid of an amount that surpasses any mental conception of it.

But just as soon as I begin to think of a law to rectify this matter, I begin to feel wearied; for the most reasonable food laws ever brought before Congress have been killed there in committee session, for the lawmakers themselves were elected by the very corporations we ought to fight.

If somebody would give us accurate figures, showing how much labor is displaced annually in the United States by adulterants, it would make very interesting reading.

Who knows but beeswax will eventually fall among the list of articles that are so skillfully adulterated that detection will be almost impossible? Imprisonment for life is none too good for a man who adulterates food.

Cincinnati, O.

—*Am. Bee Journal.*

Bee Paralysis the Result of In-Breeding Aided by Climatic Conditions,

B. F. AVERILL, in the Bee-Keepers' Review.

Having noticed in the bee literature of the past few years no precise diagnosis of bee paralysis, I undertake to present to the public my views resulting from observations of twenty years or more while located in various and widely separated sections of the the country.

It is only a few years since this disease made sufficient trouble to cause anxiety to the apiarist, yet, it is already, in many sections, the source of an alarming disaster.

Generally speaking, the black bee is exempt from the malady, or, much less liable than the Italians to suffer extremely and epidemically the full virulence of its infections. My attention was first given to bee paralysis among Italian bees, during my superintendence of the apiary of Mr. Paul L. Viallon, of Bayou Goula, La., in 1881. The only colony affected was albino. The course of nature in establishing the albino types of bees is sufficiently well understood to partially substantiate my views relating to in-breeding and its subsequent results. But I have observed it in some instances among black bees where an apiary had been extensively built up from a few original colonies in an isolated location; and investigation proved it to have been first contracted by those colonies nearest akin to the original mother stocks. This fact would

illustrate that in-breeding was the primary cause of bee paralysis; and from the reason that it is now most prevalent in apiaries where bees are bred with largely less provision to protect them from the devitalizing effects of in-breeding than nature has ordained, we have further cause to suppose that this is the fundamental source of this new disease.

It is spoken of as a new disease, but it has always existed. I observed and studied its appearance in the first season of my bee keeping experience, and found the cause, as I find it now, to be primarily attributable to too close relations—of relationship—of parentage.

Numerous bee-keepers have Italianized their apiaries from too few, or too nearly related mother bees. The latter might occur in spite of any precaution that would be taken, though these precautions would generally be a guarantee of a perfect infusion of vigorous prenatal influences. Bees breed-in naturally to some extent, but it is evident that by the management of man they have more often been exposed to its effects.

Science affirms that the bee existed previous to the era of man; that its organism was developed and fixed in a region where the flora yielded continual forage, and during an epoch when succeeding daughters of a lineage led forth

successive colonies of the generations of *apis* to populate such homes as nature should provide.

Alluding to the well known fact that a queen is at her best about the time she has maternally repopulated a colony of which she is a natural inmate, and that her bees at this time are more vigorous, and the makeup of the colony more perfect than at any other time, except, perhaps, during the building-up season of spring, and that the colonies of "late season" queens are likewise most vigorous and profitable the ensuing year, I would suggest that, as a precaution against debility and degeneration, it might be advisable for queen breeders to breed queens for their stock hives for each succeeding season's service, to a descent as far removed as possible from each preceding season's anterior generations.

Now I do not consider that inbreeding would occasion bee paralysis to any marked extent without other predisposing causes. I observe that it usually exists in regions well defined and of similar characteristics concerning climate, soil, and vegetation; therefore, I think that atmospheric influences, and deleterious stores of food, largely conducive to its prevalence.

During the season of 1885, I was engaged in business at Beulah, Miss., there occurred in the apiary perhaps fifty cases of bee paralysis. Most of the colonies, however, were only slightly affected. After fully

considering the abject appearance of the diseased bees I concluded that the indications were symptoms of malaria. And finding, since, that the malady exists principally in malarial regions, I conceive no reasons for changing my views.

The first colony affected was removed from the stand and placed upon the ground. This colony became considerably weakened by losing bees for artificial increase, and the disease soon appeared. The hive was one of a row facing a slough, and all the colonies in this row of hives suffered more than those in several rows immediately in the rear, but elevated upon stands. Colonies placed in a depression of the yard were more subject to disease than those on the elevated ground, though there was not more than six or eight feet variance in its level. Colonies exposed to the sun were also more liable to ill health than those well shaded. Indeed none of the colonies under sheds, or in the houses, showed any signs of disease, neither was any of the honey fermented in the hives. This apiary was of black bees, and had been increased from three original colonies to fifty or more in three seasons, by natural swarming. When increased to 125 in the month of May, bee paralysis appeared soon after.

For treatment, I removed those colonies in the sun to the shade of trees or sheds; elevated those upon the ground to stands and removed all superfluous combs. Hives too

roomy, having room out of proportion to the number of inmates, suffered worse than those in normal condition. Hives too open to require a slight nocturnal ventilation contained the most fermented honey, and were more disposed to disease than those close and tight.

From these facts I judged it best to remove the extra, or unnecessary combs, which was beneficial. Some of the most aggravated cases were hard to relieve. I extracted the stores, confined the bees till hungry, then fed sugar syrup or gave them a box of the previous seasons honey and released them late the

next day. This proceeding effected a cure.

I have seen bee paralysis rapidly disappear from an apiary after a change in the field of forage; also after a favorable change in the weather; though in an apiary where the bees were greatly enervated by an unnatural course of inter-breeding, such might not be the case. I think to re-queen an apiary from a queen of continuously inbred stock, or to use her drone progeny in mating, will seriously effect the standard of health of the apiary for many future generations.

Howardsville, Va.

BEAR UP

O, we ponder o'er our troubles
And we brood upon our woe,
And our lives are full of darkness,
Just because we make them so.

For without its share of trouble
No life would be complete;
'Tis by tasting of the bitter
We appreciate the sweet.

Did the iron cup of sorrow
Ne'er reluctant lips employ,
We would never drink of pleasure
From the golden cup of joy.

When the darkness all is over
And we lose our load of care,
Then our hearts will feel the lighter
For the weight that has been there.

Let us gather up our burdens,
Struggle on as best we may,
For to-morrow will seem brighter
For the darkness of to-day.
— G. A. Tanton, in Kansas Farmer.

Bro. Allspaugh is now putting out the *Nebraska Queen* by himself and has made a great improvement in the paper. When it was part chickens and part bees, now it is bees and fruit. Success to you Bro. Allspaugh.

What a pity it was for Mr. C.D. Holt, of Murray, Ky., to be so modest in his descriptions of those "giant bees". If he had said they were a large as eagles, we would have believed him just as quick.

→The * Nebraska * Bee-Keeper←

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By

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Bee-Keepers Association.*

*North American Bee Keepers' Asso-
ciation.*

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Next meeting at Toronto, Canada.

The beekeepers can now make arrangements to pay their share of Mr. Oxnard's bounty of sugar and if you wish to use chickory coffee you can buy it Nebraska grown at 15 cents per pound, then pay the bounty, which is just what the factory pays the farmer for the roots, or you can raise your own roots and prepare it yourself for about 2½ or three cents per pound. How do you like that kind of protection to home industries?

Better go a little "aisy" on saccharine. There is too much claimed for it, and if you are not careful you will be like the boy, who, when on a visit, was asked to pass his plate for more tomatoes, replied "no thank you, I've had some and wish I hadn't".

The bee conventions this summer are, like some other things, a little dry.

The Twenty-fourth Legislature of Nebraska is one of the things that

were, but is not. Among its membership were some grand, noble men. Some of the bills passed and which are now laws, are of real benefit to the state, but some of these bills are such as would disgrace a class of ten year old school boys to pass. Much was done to simply ignore the governor and the wishes of the voters of the state. Oleo, got a black eye and the friends of pure butter have reason to feel grateful for the relief afforded them, but while bogus butter was ordered out of the state, the working classes are to be taxed to pay the adulterators of coffee for doing so, and the farmers can now raise corn at 15 cents per bushel, to pay a millionaire a cent a pound for the sugar he makes from beets, with machinery given him by the communities where he locates.

A bill was introduced in the interest of the beekeepers of the state, asking for an appropriation of \$200, but because they did not see fit to expend \$500 to lobby the bill through, it was lost sight of.

Of the 130 bills passed, many of these are repealing some parts of former laws, which did not agree with some lawyers particular ideas, very few were in the interest of the masses, except to make them pay greater taxes that a few may escape taxation and grow richer, and within the year every patent sheet newspaper in the state will be telling how prosperous our state is. Their columns are for sale cheap on that line, but if it is true prosperity to tax one class of producers to pay sugar or chickory bounties, we fail to see it.

The entire session was one of extravagance not at all in keeping with the present financial depression in the state. Useless employes were kept on the pay roll because they were some members' cronies. Some of these members may be asked to make explanations of such expenses when running for office again.

THE HOME!

Have They Souls?

* * * While I cannot throw a great blazing light upon such a serious matter, it is with pleasure that I set out my one little tallow candle. As we study into plant life, deeply we marvel at the wonders revealed in root, leaf and blossom, and we can often trace a resemblance to insect and animal forms. We feel they are living organisms, and we cherish a hope that earth life is not their only form of existence. To this wish a reply is thus expressed by one writer: "Every life, whether animal or vegetable, every living thing partakes in a certain degree of Divinity." We admit a "something that indicates a consciousness of its own needs. Why not call that something a soul, as well as plant instinct, or plant intelligence?" This inner life has also been called an "elementary spirit," which, emanating from the Source of all Life, becomes imperishable, though subject to the change called death, which sets the tiny spirit free to go elsewhere, and enter some other state of progressive existence, according to the natural law of universal life. Some writers call it the "life principle," and tell us how in primitive times, plants were the "working intelligences," and necessary agents, fitting the earth for the abode of man by setting free

the oxygen required for his life. Through countless ages they have put forth their foliage and blossoms and scattered their seeds and turned their faces to earth again, some to resume their work after a season of rest; others, as leaf mould, to supply the needed life element to other kinds of vegetation. Their grand work still goes on. Faithfully they labor for us, and we love and admire them.—Aunt Marion, in Park's Floral Magazine.

JAPAN.

The politeness of the Japanese is something astonishing. In Tokio, while riding on my bicycle, I knocked a man down, and he jumped up and begged my pardon for at least five minutes. A man who had pushed me forty-five miles in a jinrikisha, and on whose consideration I had no further claim, as soon as he had taken his customary hot bath, came into my presence bowing, and asked if there was not some further service he could render me.

The land is cultivated with the utmost care. The farms average one-quarter acres, and usually half the produce is paid for rent. I knew a farmer whose crop came to forty dollars, and twenty dollars was all that he had to support himself and family for the entire year.

The county is wonderfully beautiful; but beneath the wondrous beauty there are awful terrors; Earthquakes may be said to be continuous. There have been five hundred of a specifically pronounced character during my residence there, with uncounted rumblings and swayings of a minor character. There are also terrific tropical storms, that sweep the country with great force, destroying in an hour the work of

years. Cholera is never absent, and in Tokio there have four hundred deaths a day for weeks. Nowhere on earth is human life held so cheap.

George W. Knox.

When Niagara Ran Dry.

In March, 1848, the Wonderful Torrent
Actually Ceased to Flow.

Congressman Dan Lockwood of Buffalo says that within his recollection the great waterfall of Niagara was suspended, and that many people passed over its rocky places dry shod. He says that the miracle was wrought in 1848, during the month of March. To be exact, says the Boston Transcript, it was on the morning of March 28, 1848, and for several hours the wonderful torrent did cease to flow and the river ran dry. The preceding winter had been a severe one, and the ice which had formed in Lake Erie was of phenomenal thickness. Then came on March 27 a sudden exceedingly warm spell of weather, which melted the snows, and then a warm rain poured down in torrents during the entire day of March 28. The ice was loosened and a strong east wind drove it far out in the lake during the night. But at sunrise on the 29th the wind came from the west, and, as the sailors say, it was "bowing great guns." This terrific gale drove the immense mass of ice into the mouth of the Niagara river, where it was gorged and piled up from shore to shore, hermetically sealing the river from damming the waters back into the lake. Thus it happened that Niagara ran dry, its falls became bleak, barren rocks, and its mighty thunders were put to sleep. Within four or five hours tiny streams of water began to trickle through the gorge. The tremendous power back of those streams accelerated their flowing, and in a short time the ice dam gave way, and there

never was such a wild, roaring, mad flood in Niagara before or since, and thus the cataract became itself again.

The Old Trundle Bed.

Oh, the old trundle bed where I
slept when a boy!
What canopied king might not cov-
et the joy?
The glory and peace of that slum-
ber of mine,
Like a long, gracious rest in the
bosom divine;
The quaint, homely couch hidden
close from the light,
But daintily drawn from its hiding
place at night.
Oh, the nest of delight, from the
foot to the head,
Was the queer little, dear little, old
trundle bed!

Oh, the old trundle bed, oh, the
old trundle bed!
With its plump little pillow and
old-fashioned spread;
Its snowy white sheets, and the
blankets above,
Smoothed down and tucked round
with the touches of love;
The voice of my mother to lull me
to sleep
With the old fairy stories my mem-
ories keep
Still fresh as the lilies that bloom
o'er the head
Once bowed o'er my own in the
old trundle bed!

—*James W. Riley.*

Salt A Necessity.

At one time a king in Mexico conquered his enemies because it was possible for him to prevent their getting any salt. The people yielded because they could not endure life without salt.

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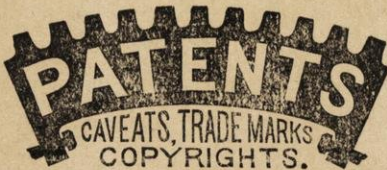
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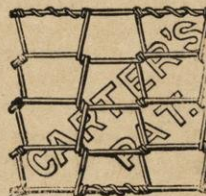
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US Farmers in the country,
as the seasons go and come,
Is purty much like other folks,—
We'er apt to grumble some!
The Spring's too back'ard fer us, er too for'ard—ary one—
We'll jaw about it anyhow, and have our way er none!
The thaw's set in too suddent; er the frost's stayed in the soil
Too long to give the wheat a chance, and crops is bound to spoil!
The weather's either most too mild, er too outrageous rough.
And altogether too much rain, er not half rain enough!



NOW what I'd like and what
you'd like is plane enough to see:
It's jest to have old Providence
drop round on you and me
And ast us what our views is first regardin' shine er rain,
And post 'em when to shet er off er let er on again!
And yit I'd ruther, after all—considerin other chores
I got on hands, a-tending both to my affairs and yours—
I'd ruther miss the blame I'd git, a-rulin things up there,
And spend my extry time in praise and gratitude and prayer.
[James W. Riley, in the Union Signal.]