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## **The progressive bee-keeper. Vol. IX, No. 1 Jan. 1, 1899**

Higginsville, Mo.: Leahy Manufacturing Company, Jan. 1, 1899

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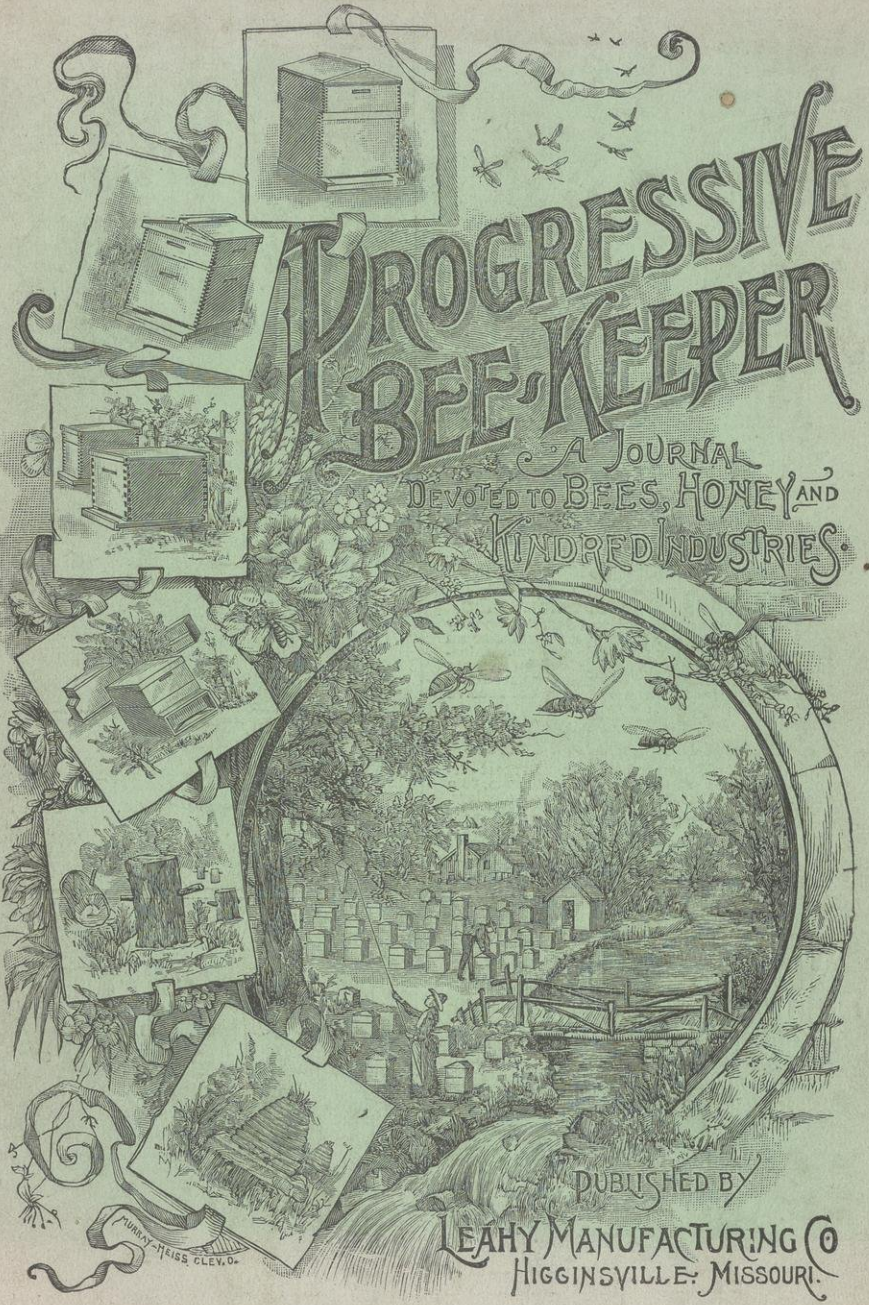
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**JANUARY 1, 1899.**



A JOURNAL  
DEVOTED TO BEES, HONEY AND  
KINDRED INDUSTRIES.

PUBLISHED BY

**LEAHY MANUFACTURING CO**  
HIGGINSVILLE, MISSOURI.

Entered at the postoffice, Higginville, Mo., as second-class matter.

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**50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**

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DESIGNS  
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## Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Please mention the "Progressive"

## Clubbing List.

We will send the Progressive Bee Keeper with

The Review.....	(\$1 00)	\$1 35
Colman's Rural World.....	1 00	1 35
Journal of Agriculture.....	1 00	1 35
Kansas Farmer.....	1 00	1 35
Home and Farm.....	50	75

## Bee Books

No bee keeper can afford to be without a library of bee books. A book costing from fifty cents to one dollar is worth many hundreds of dollars to one who would succeed. Every beginner should have a book suitable for beginners, (one that will point out the road), and those more advanced will need something more scientific as a reference book. We will here give the names of such books as we recommend, and will be pleased to furnish you, sending them by mail at the following prices:

**The Amateur Bee Keeper**, (a gem for beginners), by Prof Rouse, price, 25c.

**Advanced Bee Culture**, -by W. Z. Hutchinson; price, 50c.

**Manual of the Apiary**, -By Prof. A. J. Cook; price, \$1.25.

**The A, B, C of Bee Culture**, by A. I. Root; price, \$1 25.

**A Treatise on Foul Brood**, by Dr. Howard; price, 25c.

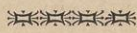
Address,  
**LEAHY MFG. CO.,**  
Higginville, Mo.

**WANTED.**

10,000 lbs of Beeswax, for Cash.

LEAHY MFG. CO., Higginville, Mo.

# \$50.00 for a Bee Story.



THE PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER wants a good bee story. The story should not be less than 15,000 nor more than 20,000 words, and we will pay \$50.00 in cash as first prize for such a story. There will also be second and third prizes. No one financially interested in the company will be allowed to compete, or act as judges, and we guarantee that none but competent and impartial parties will decide the contest. For further particulars, address,

**THE PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER,**  
**Higginville, Missouri.**

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# American Bee Journal.

Established in 1861. Issued weekly. All devoted to bees. Has a review of all the other bee papers each week. Best bee-keepers write for it. Send for free sample copy. Address,  
**GEO. W. YORK & CO.,**

2-12 118 Michigan St., Chicago, Ills.

## Second-Hand Foundation Mills.

We have the following good second-hand Foundation Mill which we have taken in exchange for bee-keepers' supplies:

One ten-inch Root Mill, with dipping tank, all complete. This mill, for all practical purposes, is as good as new, and the price of it new, with tanks, would be \$27. To dispose of it quick, we will take \$13 for the outfit.

**LEAHY MFG. CO., HIGGINSVILLE, MO.**

I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5-cent boxes of the Tablets and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tablets induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now.  
**A. T. DEWITT.**

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

**Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.**

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

**Mrs. J. BROOKMYRE.**

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

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

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

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

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


**ONE GIVES RELIEF.**

**R·I·P·A·N·S**

—

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

TRADE MARK



A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABLETS packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tablets) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 19 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABLETS) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABLETS may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

# "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.



419 Walnut St.

**C. E. Walker,**  
**Kansas City, Mo.**

## PRICES OF Bingham Perfect Bee-Smokers and Honey Knives,



Smoke Engine	largest smoker made.	per doz.	each
Doctor	3½	\$13.00—Mail,	\$1.50
Conqueror	3	9.00—	1.10
Large	2½	6.50—	1.00
Plain	2	5.00—	.90
Little Wonder	2	4.75—	.70
Honey Knife	wt 10 oz	4.50—	.60
		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 sooty nor burnt fingers. The Plain and Little Wonder have narrow shields and wire handles. All Bingham Smokers have all the new improvements, viz: Direct Draft, Movable Bent Cap, Wire Handles, Inverted Bellows, and are ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.

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

Cuba, Kansas, Jan. 27th, 1897.

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

W. H. FAGERTY.

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. OMOLOK.

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

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

WM. BAMBU.

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

Please mention the 'Progressive.'

**T. F. BINGHAM, Farwell, Mich**

# The Progressive Bee-Keeper.

A Journal Devoted to Bees, Honey, and Kindred Industries

50 Cents a Year.

Published Monthly by Leahy Manufacturing Company.

Vol. IX.

HIGGINSVILLE, MO., JAN. 1, 1899.

No. 1.

## "COMES ONE WITH A SONG."

"Comes One with a Song."

Comes one with a book  
By Stanton the poet,  
I wish you would look  
How dainty the binding,  
The poems how sweet!  
How kind of the giver,  
With judgment replete.

Elizabeth, thank you,  
I never can say  
How highly I value  
Your token today.  
I'll cherish and treasure  
The tribute along  
With the friend who presented  
"Comes One with a Song."

—Will Ward Mitchell.

## "BLOTZ."

I held a faded letter in my hand,  
The ink was yellow with the touch of age,  
A tear fell on the closely-written page,  
For ah, my heart remembered. — Understand  
He was my friend, lithe, graceful, debonaire.  
With loveliest eyes, a tender shade of brown  
The finest lad in that old river town  
And some there were had said my face was fair

How strange it seems that I should not forget  
His face, his name, when all these years have past,  
I think of him as when I saw him last,  
Before his heart was given to Annette,  
I did not like her. Jealous? Not of her!  
But ere her coming, he was fond of me,  
The only daughter of Lieutenant Leigh,  
A tear upon these pages? No, a blur.

He married her! Ah, no. He never wed.  
Each one was simply flirting—nothing more.  
She is my brother's wife, her children four  
All worship me, and he—my friend—is dead.  
He went away when she was married. I  
Have never seen him since her wedding day,  
He came and told me he must go away,  
And kissed me saying, "Isabel, goodbye."

A letter came; another; then a blank;  
At last a message saying he was dead;  
Died like a hero, so the message said.  
Amid dire death from which the bravest shrank.  
Yes, I have kept his letters all these years.  
Priceless and sweet, Love's dear forget-me-nots.  
My heart reveres the memory of "Blotz."  
His written words are stained with burning tears.

What! You were with him in that distant clime?  
You've seen him! Tell me, are you speaking true?  
It is—it is. Oh, Blotz, can this be you?  
Ah, sure; why, dear, I knew it all the time.

\* \* \* \* \*  
A phantasy, a flitting dream nor true,  
Dear John, and yet of life's forget-me-nots,  
True friends, not one is truer than my "Blotz."  
Would that the world had more such "blots," as you.

—Will Ward Mitchell.

## WAYSIDE FRAGMENTS.

Somnambulist.

THE reign of Santa Claus is over,  
and the hour-glass of time is  
taken in charge by the youth,  
'99. This is the sackcloth and ash-  
es period of the year. Tears of re-  
pentance over our past shortcom-  
ings water the tender growth of new  
resolutions. Charming contracts  
for the new year just now clamor-  
ing for an existence. Alas! the cy-  
cle of months forming the four sea-  
sons can alone tell of the mistreat-  
ment these self-same resolutions will  
receive at our hands. Perhaps  
these annual revivifyings, be they  
ever so short-lived, fulfill their mis-  
sion in the end, as while engaged in  
looking upward, we can not at the  
same time be looking downward,  
and should we never attempt the  
soaring, we might find ourselves  
nearer to grovelling. "The most  
gladsome thing in the world is that  
few of us fall very low; the saddest,  
that, with such capabilities, we sel-  
dom rise high." And though many  
of us in the past have been com-  
pelled to erect slabs "Sacred to the  
memory of unfulfilled ambitions," I  
truly hope that when '99 shall have  
grown gray, he shall be enabled to  
present a better record for each and  
every reader of the PROGRESSIVE.

In Dec. 1st Gleanings, Doolittle  
discusses the position of combs in

the hives. Gives several reasons why they should be placed lengthwise of the entrance. The building of perpendicular combs, free entrance of returning field bees, better ventilation assured, etc., etc. Admits, however, that combs running crosswise would make it warmer for winter, as well as summer. In this state many bee-keepers formerly used a hive that by the aid of division boards, the brood nest could be made to assume any size and almost any shape, and each fall the boards were placed in position, and the frames were moved and turned so as to run crosswise of entrance, while each spring they were again visited and re-arranged for the summer season. Financially, the promoters and followers of these methods proved them a success.

O. O. Poppleton says, *Gleanings* page 887, "The greater expense of tin, as well as the extra freight on honey in cans over honey in barrels, is very nearly or quite one cent a pound; while the increased price we may obtain for it may be one-fourth a cent a pound. The question with us down here is simply one of dollars and cents, and barrels seem to have a decided advantage."

Time was when I was a warm advocate of the same theory, but most things change eventually, and I being no exception, find myself on the fence, with a most decided tendency to the other side.

The case is cited in *American Bee Journal*, of barrels which before being filled weighed 28 pounds, and on being emptied were found to have gained 12 pounds, making them reach 40 pounds.

In former years we invariably shipped in barrels, and as invariably lost at least 12 pounds per barrel, and frequently TWENTY pounds. Much of this honey went to wholesale confectionery houses. Of

course as the returns came in, the devoted heads of said firms were scored to our satisfaction regarding said shortage, but "niver a bit of difference" did it make in our favor. We simply had to swallow the dose as it had been prepared for us; and had you been around and heard the iron-clad resolutions then and there, as to future deals, you most probably would have thought New Year's resolutions laid quite in the shade. We tried to think 'twas carelessness; that the barrels had not been entirely emptied as they should have been; rather than DARE to think of dishonesty, and so expressed ourselves to one of the foremen who had bossed the job of emptying many a barrel of honey for me. "Don't you think it; not for a minute," said he. "They were each and every one of them treated to a steam bath, and every particle of sweetness taken out." So much for that particular point.

One year the price of honey was too low, and very nearly a drug on the market at any price. What did I do but hold over about eight barrels? Held it over, did I say? The word "attempted" should have appeared somehow in that assertion, to have strictly adhered to the truth. As the season advanced and the balmy air of spring once more held supreme sway, and all the world seemed bent on an airing, the barrelled honey, like some people, set about in a most determined manner TO MAKE A SPREAD. And spread it did, all of my efforts to the contrary. Even the neighbors proffered aid in the way of suggestions, the practicability of which was always immediately put to the test, but all to no purpose. New rivulets of honey were daily discovered, and if only permitted to roam about at their own sweet will, would soon form lakes, seas, etc. Indeed a general

inundation was threatened, and islands or dry spots grew beautifully less day by day. No doubt about it, the spirit of progress permeated that honey, and see the outside world it would, despite all obstacles. Don't imagine fermentation had set in—no gold fever or Klondike excitement in the case. 'Twas simply a quiet emigration from one state to another. That this vigorous movement would prove anything but a gold mine to me, was soon apparent, so that decisive steps were taken to arrest the same. Cans were procured, and as the honey had once been candied (solid in the winter), you can imagine the picnic before me. Of course partial liquification had taken place to enable the disgruntled element to leave its old home, but that which remained to us was in a soft candied or mushy state that utterly refused to run or yet to stand still. Several large-mouthed funnels were procured and introduced into the cans, and the work began. A frequent punch with the poker was required to keep it on the move in its downward march, and when the latter end of that job appeared in view, I am sure there was but little connected with "stick-to-it-iveness" that I failed to understand. After all was over, I mourned the loss of near three barrels of honey. Not complete loss, for much of it was taken up and stored for feeding purposes. And this was the one grain of comfort in the whole proceeding. A few of these barrels I had waxed, and owing to this extra treatment I had expected them to stand by me through thick and thin, but alas! like other special friends, they proved faithless to their charge. As a consequence, I am not in love with them so much as I once was, while I deem it not advisable to place honey in shipping cans direct

from the extractor. Think it greatly improved by standing in open vessels exposed to the action of air.

Mr. Editor, may I catch your attention just for a moment? What ever has come over things? Can it be that there was room for my penmanship to take a downward stride? Thought I had reached bottom. But either said room existed, or you maliciously mis-read, or mis-printed—or mis-something else. Anyway on page 331 December PROGRESSIVE, you made me say "uninvitingly," when "UNWITTINGLY" was intended, thereby completely destroying the little sense (if any) there was. [It was the devil's fault, Sommy.—Ed]. Now I most earnestly protest. This is unkind, unjust. Don't seek to cripple the already infirm, but show a kindlier spirit by hustling one's infirmities out of sight, even if you must condemn the whole.

Naptown, Dreamland.

Now is the time to subscribe for the "Progressive." A whole year for 50 cents.

## METHODS AND MANAGEMENT OF A NEIGHBOR.

F. L. THOMPSON.

**MR.** BRUCE practices spreading brood, and afterward equalizing. He has sometimes noticed a queen making her rounds with an egg nearly extruded before being deposited in the cell, as if her eggs were coming almost too fast for her. In such cases, he has at once added an empty comb, and found it full of eggs the next day; and could not see that any harm was done, but believes that often the bees would be able to attend to a larger quantity of brood than they



have. The queen seeks the warmest parts of the brood-nest, which are often already stocked, and must remain so until the brood there has time to emerge. We touched on deep frames, and agreed that C. P. Dadant's forthcoming articles in *Gleanings* would probably be worth study in that connection. Mr. Bruce has no faith in the two-story solution of the problem. In many ways, it doubles the work.

But one should guard against giving brood to a colony with a poor queen, for he has noticed that this simply causes the bees to delay supersedure.

Speaking of the varying length of time that young queens take to get to laying, his experience confirms the advice somewhere given to give a frame of fresh eggs to a colony having a dilatory queen. He has repeatedly observed that in a day or two after, the young queen will be laying.

On the subject of queens in general he used these words: "No man is fitted out well for bee-keeping who cannot raise his own queens," and I think all who have had experience will agree that this is correct.

A remarkable feature of last spring in his vicinity was the flow from wild flax, preceding the first crop of alfalfa—usually a period of dearth all over Colorado. 1000 pounds of section honey were obtained from this source. (I think the botanical name is *Linum perenne*.) It grew principally on the steep slopes at the edges of the various mesas, about as unpromising a situation as one could fix on. The honey granulated very quickly, so as to be unfit for shipping; but the flavor was very attractive. In color, I believe it was a medium amber. This spring, and in all the years preceding last year, only a few scat-

tered specimens were to be seen. In my location it was not plentiful, but I suspect it helped. The great need of Colorado in the way of spring honey plants is something to fill up that barren interval from May 15 to June 15.

The above contains the reason why we do not as a rule, have many swarms here before the main flow. The wild flax made last year exceptional in that respect. Mr. Bruce this year blocked up the hives early at the four corners, raising them above the bottom-board, and put on the sections early, and these precautions in connection with his equalizing, practically prevented swarming, he thinks; for he had only two natural swarms, and both were brought on by the superseding impulse. (It has since occurred to me, however, that there might have been more, if there had not been so many swarms the previous year, causing the proportion of young queens this year to be greater.) He said he made a mistake this year in blocking up too soon; the effect was noticed in the restriction of the brood during cold spells. He now thinks a week before the main flow, making it June 8 or 9 here, would be better.

Another remark of his nearly took my breath away—that he has used his last queen excluder for producing extracted honey. It restricts both the queen and the bees; he has found dead workers on top of the zinc. If he had 4 or 5 stories in a hive, he would let the queen go, not extracting any combs that contained unsealed brood. (Of course, our long flows and need of constantly strong colonies should be remembered in this connection.) To show that workers are restricted by perforated zinc, he mentioned the fact that part of his screen door when extracting was composed of queen

excluding zinc, but no robbers ever entered through it, though some bees got out that he had carried in, thus using it as a bee escape; and all this time (the last of August) robbing was rampant.

Mr. Nichols' home apiary is under a dense shade of aspens; and to this fact Mr. Bruce attributes the extreme viciousness of the bees, since the bees of the out apiaries, which stood largely in the sun, were not so cranky. The out apiary which I work is also shaded, though not very densely, but I have not noticed that effect. But shade dense enough for coolness seems to be the only reason for the bad temper of the bees referred to, since they are not of a different strain.

The effect locality has is shown by the fact that Mr. Bruce's second crop sections are always better filled than the first, while my experience is exactly the reverse. This somewhat unsettles my theory that the chief cause of poor filling was the dwindling of the colonies, caused by the crowding of the queen; for his bees are subject to the same condition. His theory of his experience is that the bees are working more dispersedly during the first crop, being employed both above and below, in storing honey. He agreed with me, however, that strong colonies are the chief factors in getting well-filled sections.

In addition to kicking out the queen excluder, Mr. Bruce now entertains a coldness toward bee escapes, because they make the honey cold. He prefers handling the combs twice (shaking off bees and extracting), so as to extract when the honey is warm from the bees. For comb honey he likes Dr. Miller's plan of making a pile of ten or twelve supers in the middle of the yard, with a generous light-admitting screen escape arrangement on

top. The bees hustle one another out in short order. I tried the scheme once last season, but it didn't work, so went back to the bee escapes; but he said it was because it was at the close of the season, when bees are sluggish. Think I will try again.

An article by Harry Howe, in *Gleanings*, he says was worth \$10 to him, in saving worry and transportation and other things connected with a stove at the out-apiary—the plan of using a cold knife for a hot one, but kept very sharp. It is surprising, he says, how effective a cold sharp knife is; it actually excels a hot one. I had been skeptical on that point before, even though I knew that Gravenhorst, the most practical bee-keeper of Germany, followed the plan; but since it comes so near home, I must give it a trial, if I should extract on a large scale again.

He had about 500 sections gathered from peppermint, more or less, late in the season. Another bee-keeper up the river also had considerable. It is curious looking stuff. The flavor is excellent, but the capings have exactly the appearance of moldy combs, even on the closest inspection by the naked eye; and yet there is no mold about it, but in some mysterious way the wax assumes that appearance whenever such honey is gathered. It has somewhat the appearance of rawhide.

Mr. Bruce tested some plain sections and fences last season. They were not a success, but were below average. He says those tried in the first crop were perhaps not given a fair test, being in the second supers given, as he supposed the flow would be better than it was; but the test was entirely fair for those given during the second crop. In each case the supers were put on

strong colonies.

To secure clean wax from the solar extractor without re-melting, he places an empty crock in the sun, with a pane of glass over it. About noon this is so hot it can hardly be touched. The melted wax is then drawn off into it from the extractor, and the pane replaced. It stays liquid until evening, allowing all dregs to settle to the bottom. He thinks perhaps the same result could be achieved more directly; but I will not say how, as he has not tried it yet. He has found that wax of a good color cannot be procured by using a galvanized iron tub in melting, and so had a tin tub made, which gives satisfaction.

This is not all we talked about, but must suffice. Next day we came up to Montrose and its neighborhood, and there separated for the "wherewithal" at Leadville, and I to spend the winter at Denver. I told him that when I had five months of leisure, I considered myself five-twelfths of a rich man—and he didn't say I wasn't right. (Of course, I imply that the leisure is to be rightly used.)

But, to me, of more value than any of those practical matters, was the spectacle of a man getting sincere pleasure out of his work. There is a passage in Wordsworth, (not very profound, perhaps, but which goes right to the heart of some features of rational work,) which, though originally applied to youth, will repay a mature mind to consider:

"What happiness to live  
When every hour brings palpable access  
Of knowledge, when all knowledge is delight,  
And sorrow is not there. \*  
\* Gentle agitations of the mind  
From manifold distinctions, difference  
Perceived in things where to the unwatchful  
eye  
No difference is, and hence from the same  
source  
Sublimed joy."

To be sure, this is mere EXERCISE

of the mind—but just as the body must be exercised as well as the soul, in order that both may be healthy, so the mind has its rights and needs, as well as the soul; and many a farmer who holds his boys down to a dull routine of work, and takes them to church on Sunday, as if soul and body were the only things to be considered, is making a terrible mistake.

I don't read much fiction, it is generally so much diluted; but I have been reading some stories lately, which, I am told, are really true in all essentials, of life in the "rain-belt"—a strip of country not far from Colorado Springs. They indicate a terrible state of affairs, to my mind—a community where the dead weight of hopeless drudgery year in, year out, is the only imaginable reason for the vapid amusements which are their only recreation—all night dances, where horse-play serves for wit, and scandal for conversation,—and religious intoxication on Sundays; for though there are many sincere souls among them, yet the people as a whole veer with every wind of doctrine, and welcome now this charlatan, and now that, no matter how much opposed these are; which cheapening of religion must frightfully dull the moral sense. There, a girl who has not married before the age of eighteen is an old maid, and the women early become aged with care. Verily, we need to beware, or an American peasantry will arise.

Some ascribe such things to political conditions. I am not one of them. The trouble is deeper. How different it would be, if all occupations were like bee-keeping, both in intrinsic and varied interest, and in the long respite which this gives from one channel for the thoughts to flow in! To be sure, many bee-keepers, even, do not make use of

their opportunities for self-improvement, but that does not alter the principle. I repeat, "not a having and a resting, but a GROWING and a becoming," (not a "giving," as it was printed in my former article,) is the only rational conception of life; and without this, the clearing away of monopolies, or any other merely political wisdom, will be of comparatively small value.

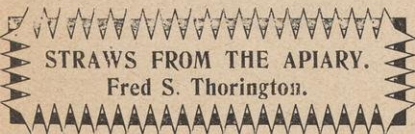
Denver, Colo.



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STRAWS FROM THE APIARY.

Fred S. Thorington.

**B**EHOLD the glories of the new year. The old year with its joys and sorrows is gone, the golden sunlight of summer has

faded, and now its rays in a silver sheen cover the whole earth. Winter reigns supreme, and the stars come out in clusters at night, and look down from the blue vault above upon the beauties of sleeping nature. No more can we enjoy the shade of some lovely tree or quiet nook, or in our idle moments be lulled into silence by the soft zephyr breezes of summer, or be amused, and lured into slumber by the sunlight as it plays hide and seek in the branches of some cherished tree, casting its fleeting shadows about us as we lie on the cool green grass beneath. Then, too, the twilight of evening has lost its charm. No more can we catch the fragrance of the sweet-scented flowers, and the honeysuckle and woodbine, as they twine over the cotter's door, have lost their bloom.

If we cannot go into the lots to plow and reap, we can sit by the cheerful fire and till the classic field. We can study well the writings of our best authors on bee-keeping, and as they turn up the subsoil of mystery, and bring out and hold to our view the truths that underlie successful bee-keeping, let us so awaken our understanding as to gain and lay up in the chambers of memory a more thorough knowledge of our chosen industry, that we may be better able henceforth to cope more successfully with the difficulties that so often hinder our ultimate success. Giving heed and thought to our work acts as a spur on either side of us to keep us in the straight and narrow path, and lightens and shortens the hours of labor. Without this spur, we are apt to lose energy in our pursuit, and meet with failure at a critical moment, and then we will draw the veil of remorse over our eyes, while we shed tears of regret, and like the sleep-

ing beauty, only awaken from our slumbers in time to find others more diligent have carried off the trophies that were offered us and were laid at our feet. They were once so near, and now are so far away. They have vanished from our view like the dew in a bright summer morning. Lost opportunities never return. The miller cannot run the mill with the water that has passed on down stream. It is gone, and forever, as it journeys on to the sea.

Bees in winter should not be disturbed too often with a rough hand, but if it is to their interest to look after them, do so as quietly and as expeditiously as possible, tucking them up warm and snug again as soon as through, or else your hive may yield bees for the last time. Emerson in speaking of prudence, says:

"The beautiful laws of time and space once dislocated by our inaptitude, are holes and dens. If the hive be disturbed by rash and stupid hands, instead of honey, it will yield us bees. Our words and actions, to be fair, must be timely." Timely warning is very acceptable with me. If they do not exhibit the grammatical ability of a writer or speaker, if anyone has anything to say of interest to others, let it be told or written in as few words as possible. I think this rule will hold good in writing for publication, especially among bee-keepers. We have not all of us the proper command of grammar to write with a faultless diction, but we can tell what we have to say as best we can, and the editor will attend to the rest. I believe there are bee-keepers who could write something interesting and useful about bees, if they would, who for some cause do not do so now.

Chillicothe, Mo.

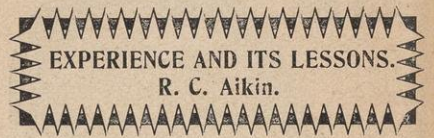
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(Continued from Dec., PROGRESSIVE.)

### CHAPTER XV.

#### MORE ABOUT THE HIVE—SUPERS AND SECTIONS.

**I**N the three preceding articles I have discussed the hive almost exclusively in regard to the brood chamber. I will now consider the surplus part of it, and tell what I want and why.

First and foremost, I want a hive that is easy of construction. The hive parts should be interchangeable. It should be so constructed that it can be tiered up unlimited, either brood chamber alone, brood and extracting combined, or brood, extracting and section parts, all together and intermixed.

I favor a section 4x5 inches, and to stand on end, or 5 inches deep. Such a section will finish nicer than a shallower one. About 20 years ago I used a section 5x6, made of 4 pieces, the sides about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  wide, and the top and bottom bars enough narrower to make the bee entrances. Since those days I have had more than 100,000 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ x4 $\frac{1}{4}$  sections filled, and never were the latter as nicely

finished on the average as were the former. The reason, however, was not all in the size, but was largely due to the construction of the section. Those 5x6 sections were sawed out and of 4 pieces (to be nailed), the top and bottom the same width their entire length, or the same in width as the thickness of the comb in the section. The more modern one-piece sections have the bee entrances scored out so tops and bottoms are narrow in the middle part, but round out to the full width of the sides when within a half or  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch of the corner. The top bar that is just as wide as the thickness of the finished comb that is attached to it, is much easier for the bees to finish to. Just look at any modern one-piece section of honey, and see how the finish is worked out even with the narrow part of the section top, but dubbed or rounded off when it comes to the wide part, and you will at once comprehend that the top narrow its entire length will finish the nicer of the two.

Before the adoption of the 1-lb section by bee-keepers, I used many larger size, and I believe I know that the larger ones made as before described finished nicer than the 1-lb size. In addition to the better finish caused by the different construction of the top and bottom bars, the proportionate depth has something to do with it. The bees in building a comb are inclined to stop the downward progress before attaching to the bottom bars, leaving a space or passage between the bar and the comb. They evidently do this instinctively. Look into any box hive, and you never find the combs attached to the hive bottom unless the combs have settled after construction, causing them to rest on the bottom, when of course they would fasten, as they do all

surfaces that touch. Again, look into any brood chamber in which the combs have never been tiered up above another set, and but few are attached to the bottom bars.

Not only are they not attached to the bottoms, but almost invariably are the corners rounded more or less. Now apply this to sections. Suppose a section were only two inches deep, do you not at once comprehend that if a space is left between the bottom bar and the comb, and the corners rounded, there could be but little more than 1 inch of the comb edge attached to the uprights? Now increase the depth of the section, and EVERY BIT OF THE INCREASED DEPTH will be attached. The deeper the section, then, the greater the PROPORTION of the comb that is attached to the wood. This is another reason why I want my section deeper.

I think I hear someone—maybe Doolittle will do it—say that the deeper section will not be finished as quickly as the shallow one. Let us reason a little on that. Anyone who has ever observed comb building, knows that combs ALWAYS progress downward MUCH faster than sidewise. Give a swarm on starters in an L frame, and if a small swarm, a comb will be started down, and reach the bottom bar about in the proportion of 5 or 6 inches wide to 8 in depth. The universal rule is that in comb building the downward progress exceeds the sidewise in a proportion of about 3 to 2.

If, then, comb construction goes on in this way, a section that is as wide as deep will be finished down the center before it is at the outer edges. This will be made plain by looking at combs in all stages of progress.

Has not every apiarist who has used the L frame, or any long and shallow one, noticed how slow were

the ends and lower corners in being filled and finished? The same thing can be seen in the working of full sheets of foundation in either brood frames or sections, the work progressing much in the form of one's hand when suspended with the fingers downward.

It is quite evident, then, that a section, or brood frame either, in which the width and depth are in proportion of 2 to 3, will be filled with comb and finished quicker than when the width is equal to or greater than the depth; the greater the width in proportion, the more uneven the work. So true is this that it becomes a source of much aggravation in getting combs well built out to the ends of L frames, especially with weak or moderate strength colonies in full sized chambers. I say this after having used brood frames ranging in size from  $4\frac{1}{4}$  deep and 17 long, (the L frame being the longest I have used), to 11 in width and 14 deep, and many intermediate sizes. Also sections  $5\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $5 \times 6$ ,  $4 \times 5$ , and  $4\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ . Some of these were used the short way up and down.

Because of this feature of comb building, i. e., that they build downward more rapidly than sidewise, a section or frame slightly deeper than wide will be finished as promptly as one of same capacity as wide or wider than deep. More than this, the deep and narrow section or frame will be better attached and finished at the sides. A section  $4\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  with the comb attached to the top and both sides clear down, gives, in round numbers,  $12\frac{3}{4}$  inches of attachment, while a  $4 \times 5$  similarly attached to 3 sides, gives an attachment of 14 inches. A  $4\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  section equals  $18\frac{1}{8}$  square inches, and  $4 \times 5$  equals 20 square inches. Thus the  $4\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  section has nearly 2 square inches less comb than the  $4 \times 5$ , and

$1\frac{1}{4}$  inch less attachment and  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch more detached comb, allowing of course that neither are attached to bottoms.

Considering, then, the better attachment and better finish of comb, I prefer a  $4 \times 5$  section. Having a section so deep and the super 4 sections long, I can have my brood chamber only 16 inches long, and that is why in a former article I spoke of this length of hive. A close-fitting closed end frame  $5 \times 16$ , and a  $4 \times 5$  section will both work in the same chamber; thus a super and brood chamber part may be identical and used for either, save in the inside furniture.

There, now, do not be carried away with the new idea and discard all your present hives and adopt the new. I have experimented and studied out the hive construction and system of management that excels present methods, yet I am plodding along with the old style simply because I have the old, and have not the new, and cannot afford the change. There are, however, people starting in anew, or extending their business. I have fully determined that my increase shall be equipped with the improved system and fixtures. Others starting anew can do the same, and all may apply new knowledge as best they can in using old style hives. There is need of reform in the construction of sections. I insist that a section in construction like the 4-piece either nailed or dovetailed, and with tops and bottoms narrow the entire length, is better than the present scalloped tops and bottoms, and a rectangle better than a square. Manufacturers can easily remedy the shape of tops and bottoms, and not in the least interfere with the use of present supers. I propose to set forth advanced ideas, to which we will eventually attain in prac-

tice, and being forewarned, we are forearmed, and take advantage in future investments.

The separator I consider a necessity. We must have straight and even combs, and for two reasons, viz.: That the comb surfaces may not so easily be marred in handling, and that the weight shall be so nearly even that they can be retailed by the piece and at even price. I will say parenthetically, that there is no use trying to produce comb honey to sell for so much per section **EVEN CHANGE**, for varying circumstances, locations, large or small crops, and necessarily fluctuating prices, make a 10 or 15 cent section an impossibility. Use sections that give as nearly as possible an honest pound, and never anything smaller.

As to the use of starters or full sheets of foundation, I will not here advise as to which shall be used. Should I attempt that subject at all, it will be under a separate head; but this much I will say, always use a bottom starter, for thereby a very much better fastening is obtained to the bottom bar. And, my friend Doolittle, just don't you dare to break the force of this advice, and say we do not want sections **WELL** fastened all around. I know that for use on our own table, the very poorly attached comb to the section is desirable, but many thousands of apiarists will not eat all they produce, and must transport, and for transportation it must be well attached to the wood, even if not so nice when cut out.

I am using T supers. As for my choice between the T support or slat, I will take the T; but I do not want either. How long I shall use the old supers I do not know, but if I had to get new ones, I think I would have a super that supported the section by the separators, and all wedged tight so that propolizing

be reduced to the minimum. My objection to slats is because they are just about equal to a quilt over sections, for gathering propolis. To me both are abominable. My sections always have a bee space over, obtained by a board cover over the super, and the super  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch deeper than the section.

Loveland, Colo.

### *Aikin Still Writing Theory.*—

In commencing on this second year "chasng after Aikin." perhaps I owe the readers of the **PROGRESSIVE** an explanation. The explanation is this: I do not read Bro. A.'s articles any faster than I comment on them; that is, while I may have several of his articles here in my possession, or several pages of any single article, I do not read an article through to find out what is the ending of the matter, or what his conclusions of what he has previously written may be, but when I sit down to write, I pick up his article, and read for the *first* time what he has written, till I come to something I wish to comment on, when I lay down his article, and write what I wish to say, regardless of how it may appear in some light shed later on, in any article in the series, or any explanation in the same article. I know I am liable to be "caught napping" in this way, and appear in a different light than what I would did I "know the end from the beginning," but in doing so, I am not chargeable with "premeditated murder," or of trying to play some "sharp game" on Bro. A. Although I have never seen Friend Aikin, I hold *him* in the highest esteem, and in no way would I write a word to injure his feelings. That is not what these articles are for; nor are they to see which can make the "sharpest hits" Their object is for each of us to express our sincere thought, beliefs, and practical experience, in and on the matters touched upon, with the hopes that something which may be of



benefit to someone may come to the front. So don't let anyone think that anything is intended as a "thrust" at 'flesh and blood,' but rather at *ideas*, according as they are sound or unsound. With this explanation, allow me to say that the first sentence in this article but proves what I hinted at in my last three comments, that Bro. A. is writing to us more from theory than from years of practice, along the line of his "double up, tumble down" hive, for he says, "I will now consider the surplus part of it, and tell what I want and why." Now, I am always glad to hear what anyone "wants and why" about bee-keeping, for thereby many good things have been brought out to supply that want; but when anyone says, "Now, after years of experience, I will tell what I *use* and *why*," I consider it a "bridge that will carry me safe over," and so venture out on said bridge with a certainty not experienced when venturing out on any "bridge" of theory, for almost nine-tenths of the bridges of theory go down into the abyss below, before the person on them has fairly reached the half-way mark. What I have *done*, and the result, is of far more importance to the world than what I *want* and *why*. In other words, if more of our writers would wait about telling us their theories till after they had *practiced* them for a few years, and then tell us how they worked, and their success, less chaff would appear in our bee papers, and the fraternity be saved much by not being led to try so many will-o'-the-wisp things, which result in a long 'chase' after nothing.

**Extracted and Section Honey at the Same Time.**—It will be noted that Bro. A. wants a hive that can be so "tumbled up" that he can use its "brood, extracting and sections parts all together and intermixed." Well, I *don't*. The theory of the thing sounds very nice, and did to Doolittle more than 20 years ago, so he started out on

that line, and made hives for that purpose, but when he tried the working of the matter, he found that section honey with extracting going on from the combs of the same hive, was a *myth*. Bees only build comb to store honey, when the combs already built are filled or very nearly so, with honey, and will *always* put their honey in the empty cells which immediately surround the brood, as long as said cells are unoccupied. So we have the storing of the first honey very near and about the brood. As soon as this space is filled, the bees will go to building comb as near the brood as possible, for further storing, unless they can find *empty* comb elsewhere, when, if so, they will fill the empty comb before they will build new, even though the empty comb is much farther from the brood than any vacant space which may be between. In my experience, just as soon as I began extracting from any hive at work in sections, or gave any empty combs for the purpose of extracting, the work in the sections would cease, or go on at so slow a "pace" that no first-class section honey could be secured; and if I commenced to extract or gave empty combs before the bees went to work in the sections, they would not work in them at all. No, no! A good yield of both extracted and section honey cannot be secured from the same colony at the same time, and the one that so calculates, will find himself very greatly deceived.

**Sections and Comb Building.**—I endorse everything Bro. A. says regarding sections and comb building, and if the reader goes over what A. has written two or three times till the thoughts there given are indelibly impressed on his mind, he will have something that will be of help during all future time. I used a section 5x6x2, or the two-pound nailed section, otherwise known as the "prize" section, for years, holding to the same long after the 4x-

4½x2, or "pound" section, came into being, and only gave it up when the difference in price between the two pound and one pound section became great enough to more than balance the extra work and loss sustained by using the smaller section. But when at last I was driven to adopt the pound section, I made the same 3½x5½x1½, nailed at the four corners, and if those who are now crying up the plain sections, and puffing their advantages, had used a similar made section, all the claims for the plain sections would never have been made, nor "those naughty corners" expression been put before the public. I consider that nailed sections are enough better for shipping honey, to more than pay for the extra time spent in nailing them, for the loss by breakage with other than nailed sections, rules so much greater than with the nailed, that the damage through breakage will more than hire the sections nailed, or pay the bee-keeper for his time when nailing them himself.

**So, Ho!** Well, it seems that I did guess right that Bro. A. had not fully tested the hives he had been recommending to us, in the last four articles, for he says he is "plodding along with the old style" yet, but intends, as his apiaries increase, to adopt the new. Well, he may *some* parts of it, but unless Doolittle is "away off," much of what he has written in his last four articles will never get beyond the experimental stage. Wonder if he thought when telling us so "faithfully" how combs were built, where the bees could have their own way, like the hand, with the fingers downward, how successfully (?) the bees would build comb in those 5x16 frames. Of course he can partly overcome these difficulties by the use of comb foundation, but not everyone wishes to use comb foundation. And if they did, the difficulty of bees breeding up rapidly in the spring, in such shallow frames, would doom their use with

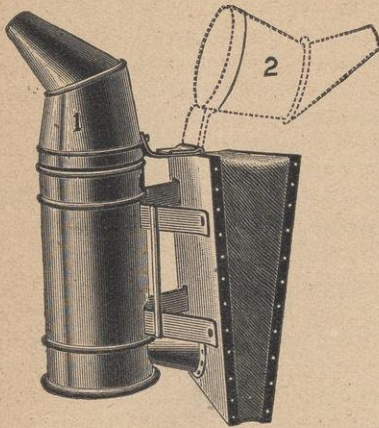
any practical apiarist, who had an eye to the business part of our pursuit. Now I have "forewarned" the reader, and Bro. A. tells us that this is to be "forearmed." Thus, if the reader makes any blunders along the line of sinking much money in adopting this new "tumble up and pull down" hive, no blood will be found sticking to the skirts of Doolittle's garments.

**Separators.**—Amen, *amen*, and AMEN! is all I wish to say in addition to what Bro. A. says about separators. If properly made, they do not decrease our crop any, as I have proven from 27 years of experiment, and I am sorry to see that the old story of not using them is being revived by some, again. An old veteran can accomplish almost anything he determines upon, but the fraternity, as a mass, cannot possibly do a better thing than to "anchor" to separators when producing section honey.

**Bottom Starters.**—I am not going to say much just here about bottom starters, except that I have no use for them, with my 3½ wide sections, for 99 out of every 100 have their combs well attached to the bottoms, and the one-hundredth one does not break in shipping. But I have no objection to others using them if they wish to, and think that they get pay for so doing. If Bro. A. ever takes up the "full sheets of foundation" matter, I may give something further on this subject.

**The T Super.**—Bro. A. says it is not his choice. Neither is it mine. *Wide frames*, WIDE FRAMES! every time, is what I "shout." "A bee space over the sections?" No, *No!* NEVER! Have the bee space over the *wide frames*. Then you will have all of the advantages, with no "section cleaners," we have heard so much about of late, needed. But, say! my partner for life, my better half, is calling to dinner.

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



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## A VISIT TO 500 BEE-KEEPERS.

—  
OZARK RAMBLER,  
—

If ever a man did take a trip,  
A tale he sure can tell, sir.

**S**O can your correspondent, who left the southwestern slope of the Ozarks, so well known to the readers of the PROGRESSIVE as the "Land of the Big Red Apple." Have been a reader of bee journals from my schooldays to the present day, and many times did I long to see the bee world and those fine large bee ranches so beautifully illustrated in blinding colors, that produced so many pounds of honey on an average. On May 1898, I undertook a trip such as seldom, if ever, was made by mortal man. First being prepared with a memorandum of about 500 bee-keepers, which I had gathered for the occasion, I started south as far as Galena, Kas., where I found the first bees to swarm. That was my idea, going south until I met

swarming, and then turn north, and keep pace as far as I could find bees. This naturally would give me the best opportunity to see all parties who kept bees in different states, and at a time when bee-keeping is in full bloom. So with a thrill of delight, I already imagined myself going north, and spend July 4th in my native state, central Wisconsin, where I spent my 23 years among bees. Now I shall return to bee-keeping in Southwest Missouri, where the song is sung, "Bees don't do well here." Those and similar words I met wherever I found a party who kept bees. Among them I found many widows. Here I commenced to examine bees and their abode of habitation. "Have mercy on thy Creator's insects." There never was a more neglected or shamefully abused industry than bee-keeping as I found it. Here is the home of the log gum, the soap, or cracker box, the nail keg, the box hive, and also the crank hive. The last named I found everywhere on my journey. Judging by the looks of cover of the PROGRESSIVE, Bro. Leahy must have been taking some snapshots to beautify the appearance of his journal. And to my horror, I found one hive 3 feet square, and this I was told came from Ohio. Ever since I saw that hive, I am wondering if it is one of A. I. Root's first productions. A non-swarmmer, the owner said, has not swarmed in ten years. "It must be full of honey," I remarked. "No, this is no honey country; too dry." On many places I found hives so rotten, swelled, bursted open on sides, corners, and many poor covers on them where the bees were constantly hanging around fighting flies, bees, bugs, and a fine place for millers to hide. At one time I made inquiries where I could find bee-keepers. There, I was told, lives a man who knows more about bees than any living man around here. The reader may imagine how cheap a fellow feels, expecting to find his match this time in a man of that

kind. It was a warm day, and as I was nearing, I expected to find them threshing clover, or sawing wood with a buzz saw; but, oh, holy Moses! what a living. A million of drones sporting around the premises; and again I was told that bees ain't worth keeping; its too wet this spring; they are a nuisance. So I found not only one, but a hundred or more. At Pierce City, Mo., I found two neat kept places, hives of modern style, painted, and even one in a bee house; but bees were in a low condition the same as in the whole south half of the state. These bee-keepers did not use precaution the year before. Their bees came through the winter of '97 strong, and in place of storing honey, set in swarming three or four times, as late as July, and after the 15th, there never was a drop of honey gathered. The result was dead bees, young and old. Had they prevented swarming, and kept their bees in the old hive, in place of wasting their honey in three or four hives in comb, they would have kept their bees alive. Thus foresight is a most important watchword in bee-keeping. Now three-fourths of all the bees in South Missouri are dead. All along the line the question is asked, What do you do for moths? I am surprised about people of a reading and intelligent race wanting to know what has been written over and over again a thousand times, that it is not in the bee, nor in the moth, nor locality. For those that do not know, and are willing to learn, let them remember that the secret in preventing moths destroying bees is, 1st, in the hive, 2d, in the condition and strength of the bees. A bee hive must be built so as to have a *bee space* or *no space*. I find new bee hives built by some of our standard manufacturers are completely devoured by moths, which first developed in behind that *pet following board* in super as well as brood chamber, a nuisance from the start; and because they are made, peo-

ple use them: also the bottom piece of frame; which is put in flat ways—the top bar sags down, and leaves no space for a bee; just enough for a miller, to slip in. Why don't you nail that piece in edgeways, and cut it to a V? and no moth can hide there. O, what a risk a man runs, daring to say a word about hives, fixtures, etc., for some old expert will jump on him, and make the fur fly. No, for heaven's sake! no, don't say anything about hives. This subject is let out only to a few old roosters, and besides you know they would have to change, if it is an improvement, and the dear people would find out our advisers were not so cute as they supposed. But the people will find out something once in awhile. All along my journey I was asked, What kind of a hive have you, and which do you prefer? Now there can only be one hive that is perfect, and all others imperfect. Let me take what Bro. Doolittle says in regard to hives. Has not he told us again and again, and at all times, that the best hive is one which conforms the brood chamber to the nearest and most natural position of the bee. Now the question confronts us, What is the natural position of the bees? The answer can only be, in a round bunch. If this is true, let him or they explain how bees can live in a natural position in a hive 12x19 by 8 inches deep. It is impossible: but still the people buy them; are foolish enough, because they are made and sloped on the market cheap. A hive properly made can be not less than a cube each way for brood chamber, and built this way, bees can cover the board, and are nearest to their store. Everywhere I went, I found these objections to the many hives put on the market.

I now shall return for awhile to my text. Have read a number of times notes from our able writer, W. H. Ritter, of Springfield, Mo. I intended to make him a short call, but he had just left town for home, which I was told

was a number of miles away, and as I was not mounted, I took the next train north, calling on all bee-keepers that lived on my route. At Humansville, I met Bro. G. W. Williams, and was invited to his comfortable and pleasant home, and to my surprise, there for the first time I found a bee-keeper—fine yard, neatly arranged, well painted hives; lawns cut low; no bees getting lost in 4-foot high weeds. O, no! and as pure bees as I found anywhere. Mr. W. was the only man I found on my way who planted and cultivated honey plants. Again I went my way, and found many a slipshod bee-ranch which took care of itself, until I got to Bro. J. Conser's, of Sedalia, Mo. I walked out to his ranch, and found him busy as a bee among 100 swarms of bees, well kept, and a lot of honey left over in his honey house from last year, the only place in Missouri where I found or saw honey. But one remarkable thing I noticed: Bro. C. is an inventor and patentee of a non-swarmer hive, which was boomed in all the bee journals, the PROGRESSIVE included, and he had not a single hive of his own invention in his use. This looks very scaley. Bro. C. Next work of mention, I arrived at Independence, Mo., a part of Kansas City. Here I found an expert bee man, Mr. Baldwin, and the largest apiary on my journey. The hives were of his own make, and of a dimension different from all others; the bees were strong, and the whole air was a flying mass, and of the sweetest fragrance. I shall call again, Bro. Baldwin, to take that \$100 on that swarm separator. He, like many others, finds it a difficult problem to separate swarms in such a large number of colonies.

I now headed for Chillicothe, Mo., and should have seen our able writer, Fred S. Thorington, who gives us many valuable articles on bee culture, but found he lived some six miles in the country. I should have gone out to his

place, but I was losing ground; bees were swarming a week ahead of me; so onward I went from town to town, and everywhere was told, "bees don't do well." At Moravia, Iowa, I met Bro. M. M. Callen, a model bee man, and was delighted to find a man who takes care of his pets; and there I found the start of a good bee country, north to Ottumwa, Des Moines, Oskaloosa, Newton, Colfax, Ames and Lake City. At South Ottumwa, I met Bro. Pepper, an enthusiastic friend of the bee, and there I saw a winter hive which should be looked after by northern bee-keepers. At South Ottumwa, I also met two brothers, whose names I lost; they were engaged in manufacturing bee hives and bee supplies. One of their best make is a double walled hive, lined with ground cork sides, top and bottom, and is perfect in make. Arrived at Colfax, I found Chas. M. Penn, a young sprout in bee-keeping, but old in experience; and there among the basswood and white clover, comfortably located, joining the city limits, can be found a hundred or more colonies of golden beauties. And what a honey house, filled with supplies. I just regretted that I could not be there a month later, to thrust my sweet tooth in some of his fine product. Hope we shall meet again, Bro. Penn. A call at Eli Ratcliffe's, Ida Grove, proved to me at once that I was facing a brother way up in years, busy making hives, and a sojourn among the hives in his garden told itself that he is a soldier among the flying tribe. Taking the next train west, I abandoned my trip to Wisconsin, as the bees got the start of me by two weeks, and I am still mourning the loss of that trip. I now fixed my route northwest to Sioux City, meeting at every town, parties who keep a few bees, condemning the bees not doing as well as they used to. At Sioux City, I found a sister, Mrs. W. S. Yeaton, busily engaged in a bee-ranch of some 30 colonies, in a nice 10

of "Higginsville" hives. On the 24th of July, I started for the northern part of South Dakota, where I had an interest in land, which I disposed of. That is where I lost 12 years of my best life. I cannot describe it any better, and do it justice, than as if I loaded 12 years in a shotgun, and pulled the trigger. And, oh, how I regret I ever saw the woolly wild west, Abraham plan. But to my surprise, I found at Watertown a little bee man in possession of 12 colonies of bees. Bro. D. B. Lynch had them exhibited at the Codington county fair, and took the entire lot of prizes, sweepstakes and all. "I expect no one else could show up a bee." I also found at Hazel, Hamlin county, Capt. J. W. Vedder, an old veteran, who has in his possession a few colonies, one of them in the wall of his house. Good place, captain; keep that hard coal heater and \$10 coal a-humming. There my way of travelling I was determined to change; the trains were irregular, and never did they wait for me; and there where so many hobnobs and hoboes ride a horse that eats no oats, I at once invested in one and after taking a hundred falls, with a little practice I soon became an expert, and in a few days I was a whale on wheels. Supplying Bro. Vedder with a hive and self-hiver, also Bro. Lynch one, I turned my lack to the north pole, and in one day I left 90 miles behind me. Inquired of whom I saw if any bees were kept there. I soon arrived at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. There a few rods from the Pen, I snugly found H. P. Robie & Sons., with 61 colonies, which gather the sweets of the vast acres of golden rod of the Sioux valley, and after inquiring, I was informed that Dakota was a vast garden of that plant. It did not take long for Bro. Robie to make up his mind, and he took the agency for the whole state to sell the Victory Self-Hiver and Non-Swarmer. Mr. Robie and sons being editors of the Successful Farmer, they have the

best opportunity of placing most anything before the people, turning out an excellent farm journal. Crossing the Sioux river, I found myself in Iowa again. At Lemars, I met L. M. Garner, city mayor, an extensive bee man, who favored me with an order of 6 self-hivers, taking Plymouth county as his territory. I now crossed the Missouri river at Sioux City, and landed on Nebraska soil, and in a minute's ride, I found C. P. Dow, with a finely arranged bee ranch. Further on, at Dakota City, Neb., I met Geo. L. Niebuhr, a brother who is willing to learn, and try his luck as a bee-keeper. Disposing of that county to Mr. N., I now made for West Point, Neb., Cummings county, also Pender, Thurson county, and found enthusiastic bee men greatly interested in my invention, and all along my trip bee men have been in demand of something that will catch and hold bees in their absence from home. Arrived at Fremont, Neb., I found my match—a snow storm in a 40-mile wind, and a fall of 60 degrees in 4 hours. Being only dressed lightly, and having only a few dollars with me, I managed to get enough money from friends who sympathized with me on a bike in a foot deep of snow. I reached by train, Kansas City, vowed not to see another man who kept bees. I took the center of the railroad track, which was somewhat rough on a bicycle, being just filled with crushed rock, and in a couple of days, I found myself with my family in the land of sunshine, and this year, the "Land of no Apples." I had left my bees May 1st; put on supers with section boxes and starters, and a self-hiver on each hive, and instructions not to hive a new swarm, but to keep them all at home. I of course expected to find all snpers full, but to my dismay, not a pound. They had the brood chamber cram full of a dark red thick sharp honey, mixed up with bee bread, and I now feel safe that my bees will winter well.

The most important visit on my route I very near omitted, and that was at Higginville, Mo., a short stop with those PROGRESSIVE fellows. They were so busy they had no time to look at anything.

Would any reader believe me, I found on my way several hundred bee-keepers who did not take a bee journal of any kind? Next time, Bro. L., provide me with a lot of blanks. I might have added a hundred subscribers to your list. Look out March 1st; I expect to go south and north, over a different route, and will take notes of travel as I go.



### Make your own Hives.

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

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## OUR FIRST BEES.

By  
ALICE HARDING CROSSMAN.

Written for the PROGRESSIVE.

"I do wish we had a few colonies of bees," I remarked at the breakfast table one morning.

"What would you do with them?" my better half asked.

"I would take care of them," I answered stoutly. I knew my husband loved honey. A neighbor of mine had talked bees to me until I was anxious to buy three gums she wanted to sell me. She had offered me the three gums for seven dollars, and had told me I could make lots of money off of them. But first, I must persuade my husband to my way of thinking, before I could buy them. Now was my time, I thought. Mr. C. knew he could not take care of them, but I coaxed so hard. I said I

could take care of them. At last Mr. C. gave his consent, and when he came home one night, there stood three "gums" in a row, all tied up in sacks.

"Now how am I going to get those sacks off?" he asked, looking at our investment.

"Well, just wait until after dark; then you can take them off without any trouble," I answered.

Mr. C. was tired, and did not want to talk about bees, but I had so much knowledge to impart, I must talk.

"Mr. H. put fresh chicken on plates, and placed it out for his bees," I said, trying to look wise.

"What was that for?" Mr. C. asked.

"I don't know what it was for, but he did it, and he put stewed dried peaches out by the gums."

"What was that for?"

"Why, Will, I don't know; I suppose it was good for them."

After supper I went to hold the light for Will, while he moved the bees. After looking at the bees a little while, he said:

"I am too tired to fool with them tonight. I will just open the sack, so they can get out."

With his knife he cut holes in the sacks. After another look at the "gums," he added:

"I think you paid too much for them, anyhow."

"Well, you told me to buy them, didn't you?"

He said no more. When morning came, he was in a good humor. While he ate his pancakes and honey, he smiled and said:

"We will have our own honey now, and I will fix some way so it won't be full of dead bees." Extracting a dead bee, he laid it outside his plate. "We will set them where I want them, tonight. We had better put them under the trees."

"Don't you think that will be too near the house?" I ventured to ask.

"No, that is the very place for them.

am not going to put them where somebody can steal all the honey."



"When he came home one night, there stood three 'gums' in a row, all tied up in sacks."

He went to work in a good humor. Late in the afternoon, while I was preparing supper, (for Mr. C. had said, "Have an early supper, so I can work with the bees," I heard screams. I ran into the back door. There was my dear little baby near a bee hive, and the mad bees after her. I rushed to her, and carried her back to the house. There was one thing I did know about bees—that was that I was afraid of them.

Baby's hand was tied up, and the little face bathed, and the stings covered with soda. By the time Mr. C. reached home, only one little eye was visible.

"What is the matter with Baby?" he exclaimed.

"The bees stung her," I answered. "Then they will leave my place. You may just tell Brown to come get those bees."

"But, Will, we have paid for them." "I don't care. That makes no difference. I won't have them on the place. What were you doing that you let this child go to them?"

I tried to explain, but he stalked out. When he came in to supper, I said nothing, but waited. After supper, he said:

"I will put those bees down in the field where they can't sting."

"I thought you wanted me to tell Brown to come get them."

"No, you will do no such thing. Think I am going to give him back those bees? He sold them to you because he knew you didn't know fighting bees from tame ones. No, I'll get even with him. See if I don't, I'll try to sell them to somebody that wants fighting bees."

"But, Will, the baby went to them, and made them mad."

"I don't care. I didn't want you to buy them, but no, you must have your way. I'll run my own affairs after this; you may take care of the house."

He went out mad.

"Now he is the awfulest man living, to talk to me that way. I will just try to sell those bees. See if I don't," I said aloud, looking at Baby.

Mr. C. came in.



"There was my dear little baby near a bee hive, and the mad bees after her."

"Get me some string and a piece of mosquito bar, to put over my head." I hurried away, and came back with the necessary articles, according to my idea, to make a full-fledged bee man. I knelt down and tied strong strings around his shoe tops.

"Now I know no bees can crawl in there," I cried triumphantly. Strings were tied around his wrists to hold



some old sleeves in place, connecting gloves and shirt-sleeves. He would just say, "Don't tie too tight!" then, "Don't tie too loose!" he growled. "Now that is too loose! You would like to see me stung to death." I at last fastened the strings satisfactorily. Now for the mosquito bar. I fastened it over his head.

"How in thunder am I going to see through this thing?"

"I don't know. If we had a new piece, it would do better; but my uncle fastened a piece of old sieve over his face."

"Your uncle?" sarcastically. "I don't believe you ever had an uncle. If you did, I don't believe he ever had bees. How did he fix a sieve?"

"I said a piece of old sieve. Seems like he had it sewed to cloth," I said, trying to remember.

"Well, if I have to work with them any more, you will make me a sieve fixin'. I'll make out with this tonight." Off went his coat, and, "Now be sure there is no place that a bee can get in," he said meekly. I examined his rigging.

"No, you are all right."

He started out. I laughed to myself. How funny he did look; but I was glad it was him, and not me, that had to work with them. I had just finished my work when I heard him coming. I was wondering if he was stung. I caught my breath. He opened the door.

"Well, I fixed them. I am glad they are out of the way. I won't fool with them. I am nearly smothered to death. Take this rag off," he said, tugging at the mosquito bar.

"Did you get stung?"

"Stung? How in the thunder could I get stung? No, I can't get my breath. If they had wanted to sting, they couldn't even tell I was alive. Pull it off."

I tried to unfasten the strings.

"Gracious! there is a bee on you. Hear him buzz!" I gathered my skirts

and ran away.

"Yes, you will send me to work with them; when you are afraid as death of them."

"But, Will, you are all covered up."

"Yes, and about to smother," he answered, crushing the poor little black bee with his foot. I went back to help him.

"I never did see my uncle bundle up like this. All he did was to put on his bee face when he was hiving swarms."

"So you want me to go out bareheaded, I suppose, and have the bees sting me. You have lots of feeling for me, I must say."

"No, I said I never did see my—"

"Uncle do so and so. Well, we will write and ask him to send us his method of handling bees."

The next evening when Mr. C. came home, I ran to meet him.

"O, I am so happy. I can sell the bees for eight dollars. That is more than we paid for them, and Mr. Smith said he was not afraid of them; that they won't hurt anyone if—"

"Look here! Have you lost your wits? Who wants to sell the bees, and what did you tell him I was afraid of them for? You will please let me run my own affairs."

When he came in to supper, he was in a good humor.

"I tell you, Hon., I am going to make some patent right gums. And I am going to plant some buckwheat; then we will have honey."

I then tried to give him a description of my uncle's bee gums.

He listened eagerly.

(Concluded in our next).

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## TEXAS QUEENS.



### Golden Italians, Adel or Albino Queens.

Dr. Gallup of California, writes Oct. 6, 1893: "The queens received of you are decidedly the very best honey gatherers I have in a lot of 30 stocks, and I have received queens from ten different parties this season." Price of Untested Queens, \$1.00.

J. D. GIVENS, Lisbon, Texas.

**THE REDBIRD AND THE BEE.**

FRED S. THORINGTON.

(A conundrum).

Two redbirds and a swarm of bees  
Had built their nests in a tall oak tree.  
The redbird a crawling worm did see  
Near the home of the honey bee.  
The bird caught the worm; a bee the bird;  
Then a battle I saw and heard.

The bee perched on the redbird's breast,  
For its flight or life was now in quest.  
Beneath a cover of scarlet red,  
Miss Bee was soon in a feather bed.  
With coals of vindictive ire,  
She set the redbird's breast on fire.

He whistled and danced, then bowed his head,  
And pulled Miss Bee from her feather bed.  
He rolled her down the hill of time,  
To cool her ire in a lower clime.  
To a leafy bower he flew to rest,  
And cool his overheated breast.

His brown mate bending low, then said,  
"Dance no more; the bee is dead."  
"I know she's dead; I hushed her song;  
Yet she laid in her feather bed too long.  
She left her sting, and took my life,  
My heart, my heart! My wife, my wife!"

My dear, my flesh burns deeper, hotter,  
Like fire or steam from boiling water."  
More serious now his lady tried,  
To calm her husband by her side,  
Then crumpling down, he bowed his head,  
And tumbled o'er—he, too, was dead.

Down, down, the brown mate quickly flew,  
Among the grass yet wet with dew.  
Beneath a rosebush bending low,  
This lady to her love did go.  
There her mate all dressed in red,  
'Neath bending grass lay stretched out dead.

With folded wings she mourns and cries,  
While tear-drops start from both her eyes.  
"O, heartless, cruel, vindictive bee,  
To kill my husband and ruin me.  
Three little orphans are calling now  
For their hanging nest on the old oak bough.

Dear dead love, 'tis sad you're gone.  
My little ones and I are left alone.  
I leave you now; to my babes I fly,  
With a heavy heart, and tear-wet eye."  
Alas for the bird! alas for the bee,  
That fought that day in the old oak tree.

Chillicothe, Mo.

**WANTED**—Agents for "History of the Spanish-American War," by Hon. Henry Watterson. A complete, authentic history, illustrated with over 76 full-page half-tones, and many richly colored pictures. Large royal octavo volume, superb outfit, postpaid, for only 50 cents (stamps taken). Most liberal terms given. The greatest opportunity of the year. Address: THE WERNER CO. Akron, Ohio, 11-6

**He Can't Get Along without the Progressive**

You will find enclosed 50 cents for the PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER for 1899. I can not get along very well without the PROGRESSIVE. I sold quite a lot of supplies this season, and got a fair crop of honey. Prospects good for next season. Yours,

McFall, Mo.

J. E. ENYART.

  
**New  
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Mills  
For  
Sale.**



We have the following new and second-hand foundation mills that we offer for sale. We have taken these mills in exchange for other goods from parties who used them a few times, and then concluded they preferred to buy their foundation in place of making it.

One 6-in. mill, used but once; 1st-class in every respect. Price new, \$18. Our price, \$13.

One 6-inch mill, 2½ in. roll; has been used some, but is in splendid order. Cost when new, \$18. Our price, \$12.

The above two mills will make extra thin foundation.

One 6-inch Mill; has been used once or twice; in perfect order for making thin foundation. This we consider a new mill. Cost, \$16. Our price, \$12.

One 10-inch foundation mill; 2½-inch roll, round bottom cell, for making medium brood. This mill is of last year's manufacture, and we don't think it has ever been used. List price on this mill is \$24. Our price, \$18.00.

All the above mills are rare bargains, especially the 10-inch mill. Address,

**LEAHY MFG. CO.,  
Higginsville, Mo.**

**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

MAY this be a happy and prosperous new year to you, is the wish of the editor.

THE PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER offers \$50.00 for the best bee story sent to us between now and the 1st of March. See announcement on another page.

WE are sending out some sample copies this month to those who are not subscribers. The object of these sample copies is to show you what a good journal we have, and to get you to subscribe for it. The price is only 50c a

year for a whole year. Will you subscribe? No? Well, we have one more proposition to make you, which we are sure will get you: We will give you one dollar's worth for 50c. Send us 50c, and we will send you the PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER and that most excellent farm paper, the Farm Journal, for one year. The Farm Journal has 250,000 subscribers. The price is 50c a year. It and the PROGRESSIVE together would be \$1.00 a year. Subscribe now, and get both for 50 cents.

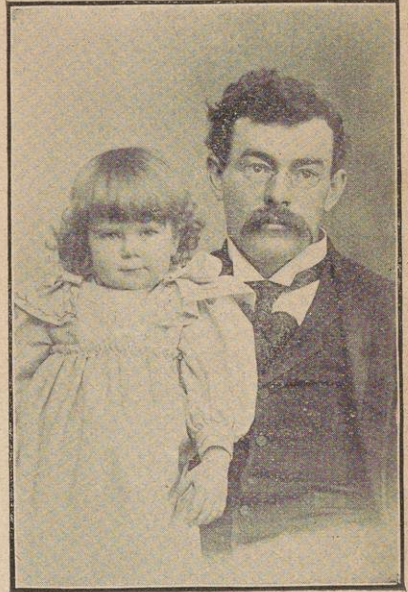
A LETTER from Mrs. Doolittle, under date of January 2, announces the big chief in bed sick. It seems it was not enough for him to go and get two ribs broken, but now he's gone and got la grippe, too.

BUSINESS to this date was never better at this season of the year, and for the past month we have been running our factory fifteen hours a day, with a full crew. Our fine goods, it seems, catch the trade.

#### A BRANCH HOUSE FOR ILLINOIS.

We believe our friends east of the Mississippi river, especially in Illinois, will appreciate our effort in establishing a first-class supply depot at so important a railroad center as East - St. Louis, Ills., and avail themselves of the advantage of first-class goods, low prices and quick transportation. Shipping goods to the above point by the carload lot, reduces freight to the minimum; in fact, it is so little that we have concluded to make the same price from East St. Louis as we do from Higginville, only where other special arrangements have been entered into. Our friends in Arkansas and Texas, though, will please remember to send their orders, as formerly, to Higginville, as the freight will be cheaper to these states from here. Our friend, Dr. Henry L. Miller, who gave such excellent satisfaction while in charge of our branch

house at Omaha last year, and whose portrait accompanies this notice, will now take charge in East St. Louis. I have given this position to Dr. Miller,



DR. MILLER AND DAUGHTER, GERTIE.

in the way of promotion, as my home for several years was within 14 miles of East St. Louis. Pleasant memories spring up from the past, and I often think of the kind friends I left behind when I came here, and while it is impossible for me to go back and run this business myself, I have concluded to send our very best man.

THE following letter from Mr. Eugene Secor, of Forest City, Iowa, explains itself:

"Having been placed on the Langstroth Monument Committee, I wish to make this final appeal to the bee-keepers of America, before erecting the slab that is to mark the resting place of the most noted character and best loved bee-keeper in our country.

It seems to me that if we neglect this opportunity to do honor to his name, we shall always regret it.

Bee-keepers ought to esteem it not only a matter of loyal duty, but a loving privilege, to contribute to a suitable monument to one

whose services to American apiculture have been so universally acknowledged.

It is one of the strange things in this world that very often the inventor of useful appliances fails to receive the rewards due to his genius. Thus it was in Langstroth's case. He builded; we occupy.

The world now recognizes his services, but robbed him of the material fruits thereof when needed.

Will this generation be satisfied to let him lie in an obscure or forgotten grave, when it is understood that the ingratitude, selfishness and cupidity of jealous rivals darkened for a time the lustre of his achievements, and marred the happiness of a grand good man?

The committee has in preparation an inscription to be engraved on the monument which recognizes the great services rendered by Father Langstroth, and which attempts to pay loving tribute to his memory. It is to be dedicated to him by the bee-keepers of America.

It is neither just, nor wise that a few men should erect this memorial, when everyone interested in bees or bee-keeping is reaping the fruits of Langstroth's genius.

A large number of subscriptions in amounts not to exceed \$5.00, would be a better recognition than a few large contributions.

If every reader of these lines who has not already done so, would immediately send in his or her contribution to this fund, it would relieve the committee from the embarrassment of erecting a monument which they feel is in no sense an adequate expression of the admiration and love felt for the Father of American Bee-Keeping.

The committee will proceed in the spring to erect such a memorial slab as the funds in hand will warrant, and if the reader does not in the next few weeks send in his mite, he will miss the opportunity and privilege of being counted as one of the donors. Sincerely,

Forest City, Iowa. EUGENE SECOR.

We fully endorse the above and believe no bee-keeper can afford to miss this opportunity to contribute something toward marking the resting-place of the "grand old man." We herewith contribute \$10.00, and if any of the PROGRESSIVE readers wish to donate something, which of course they will, they can forward the amount to us, if more convenient, and we will keep a correct account of it, and forward all to Friend Secor at one time.

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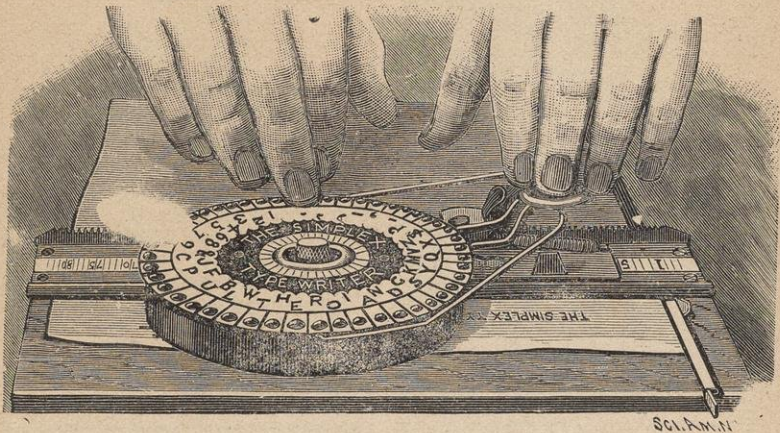
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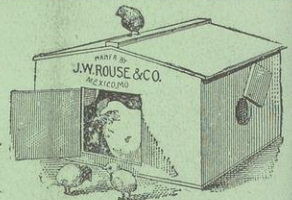


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