

The progressive bee-keeper. Vol. XII [XIV], No. 2 Feb., 1904

Higginsville, Mo.: Leahy Manufacturing Company, Feb., 1904

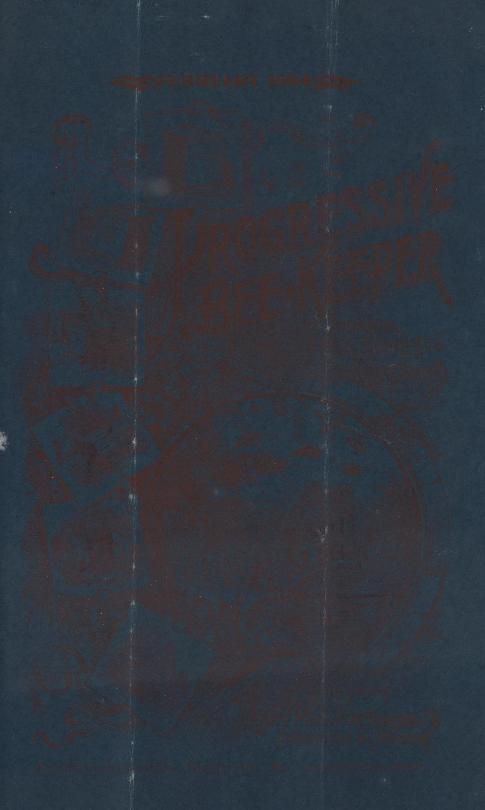
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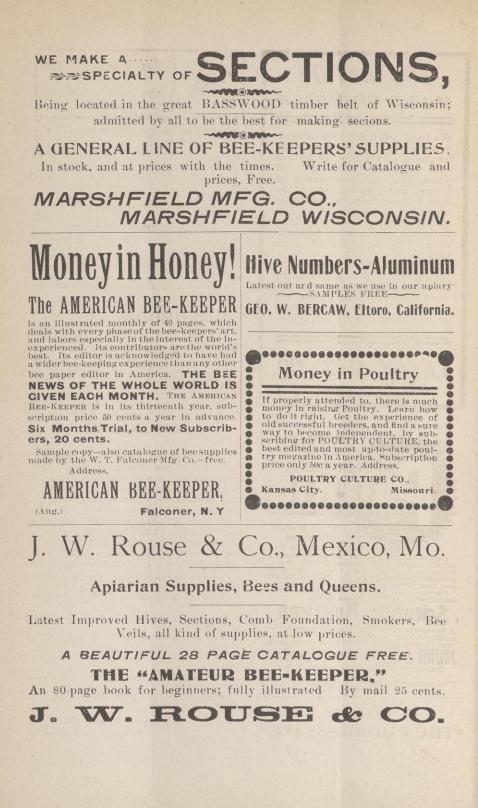
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We have just taken in a secondhand foundation mill in exchange for goods. This mill has $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch roll, the round bottom cell, of which the foundation comes off so easy, and from the looks of the mill, I do not think it has ever been used. The price of such a mill is \$30.00, and we will take \$15.00 for it on cars at Higginsville. This is very little over half price.

We also have one second-hand ix-inch mill for making extra thin foundation, and one secondhand ten-inch mill for making medium or light brood. These are or sale cheap. Write for prices.

LEAHY MFG. CO. Higginsville, Mo



"THE PROGRESSIVE."



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We will send the Progressive Bee Keeper with

The Review	00) \$1 30
Colman's Rural World 1	
Journal of Agriculture 1	
Kansas Farmer 1	
Nebraska Farmer 1	00 1 10
Home and Farm	50 70

BEE BOOKS.

No bee-keeper can afford to be without a brary 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. J. W. Rouse; price, 28c.

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.

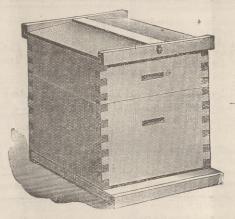
A Treatise on Foul Brood, by Dr. Howard; price, 25c.

Scientific Queen-Rearing, by G. M. Doolittle; price, \$1.00.

Langstroth on the Honey Bee, revised by Dadant; price, \$1.15.

LEAHY MFG. CO., Higginsville, Mo.

Nothing so Profitable on a Farm



...as... a Few Stands of

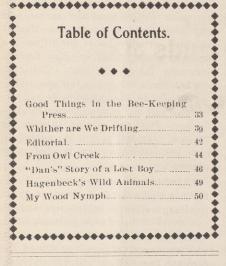


They work for nothing and board themselves, and require but little time to handle. We have just received a carload of the famous "Higginsville" Supplies, consisting of dovetailed hives (like cut), sections, foundation, extractors, shipping cases, smokers, bee veils, swarm catchers, etc............ Write for new 1903 catalog, just out.

Copeka Bee Supply House Copeka, Kas.

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GOOD THINGS IN THE BEE-KEEPING PRESS

SOMNAMBULIST.

I feel very much like shaking hands with S. F. Miller on the subjects of "strong qualities at all times" and "shade boards." Very appropriate description, that, for the latter "an abomination and a nuisance."-Progressive Bee Keeper, page 331.

Nature's shade his first choice, and my last choice, too. He believes in using his talents and exercises his inventive faculties in his suggestion of a straw or brush covered shed as protection against the "full glare of the summer sun." Some of us may be heretically inclined, but we can not but suspicion there may be a better road than in the same old ruts, and here is an illustration of "where there's a will there's a way." While we have no desire to doubt his word when he avers "I have had practically no experience with shade boards," his description of the shade-board bee-keeper would indicate that he had "been there." Did shade boards yield an autocratic geverning power over bee-keeping, I venture to predict honey would be a luxury to be found only on tables supported by some trust.

As to the pertinent questions at the close of his article, I for one do not secure honey in such quantities as to justify accepting six and a half cents and I hope no one else will feel that they can afford to take such prices.

Page 323 A. E. Willcut has learned, "A wise man seldom changes his mind, a fool never." His advice to advance with caution, not trying everything, new inventions and new theories, but only those which are plausable, and which would assure decided improvement over old methods, is sound and has a practical ring.

F. L. T. I regret if I have placed endurance in the lead of 'these at fire aspiration." Nothing was farther from my intention. I can but wonder if others have seen this matter in the same light with you? What different conclusions different people draw from the reading of the same sentence. On reading your article, I fell to musing in this wise, if I am guilty of this charge, before the general public, could it be because of my own particular life having been one of more than ordinary endurance?

No doubt but there can be too much endurance in one's make-up, and perhaps there has been too much in mine, yet no one knows better than I that aspiration is freedom personified while endurance may mean slavery.

But how the latter can have an existence, generally speaking, without the former having at some time preceeded it is somewhat puzzling to a sleepyhead of about my calibre.

Too frequently our attention is called to one who has been lashed into and held in line by endurance, until it, to them, ceases to be a virtue to further follow or kneel, as it were, to the autocrat, and escape has been sought through the gates of suicide.

Then, the world lifts up its eyes in horror, but oh, too late to save the victims, either the self-murderer or his wounded friends, who were so blind as not to see the undue pressure in time to extend relief. Such furnish illustrations of your theory, when "enthusiasm fades away it takes endurance along with it." However, I have many times witnessed endurance entirely unaccompanied by enthusiasm, or even the apparition thereof. 'Tis then it becomes abject slavery, and is looked upon by those possessing an abundance of the milk of hnman kindness with pity and by others. blessed with strong and vigorous mental and physical powers. Such combinations are usually accompained with a set of iron or steeled nerves, with scorn and disgust. 'Tis from the latter class we hear the cry of 'coward".

I am only too painfully cognizant of the many forms of suicide, mental and moral, which, though not emblazoned by prominent headlines, set in caps, are none the less real and scarcely if any less disastrous in result. Mental suicides greatly assist in filling our asylums while moral suicides furnish boarders for our prisons Verily to err is human, but while few are living the whole life, may all of us be delivered from self murder in ever so small a degree. Rather a gloomy subject for the new year, but as it is the season of good resolutions perhaps it's not inappropriate.

I have often imagined, and F. L. T. and his kind will declare it's only in the imagination, or mind's eye, that to the lovers of bee keeping it lends an uplifting influence which carries them out from, and beyond, or above the common cares of life and, for the time being at least, makes better men and women of them. As for me, all farm pursuits affect men in a similar manner.

J. Blanton, in American Bee Kceper, after a discussion of the different strains of bees concludes with:

"I prefer for crossing the three banded Italians, Carniolans and blacks. If I was left to choose only one strain of bees I would be loath to give the blacks, especially as they make the prettiest comb honey."

A well known northern apiarist has this to say in regard to the use of the word "extracted" in connection with honey, page 19 American Bee Keeper:

"Recently in looking over a book of honey labels I was forcibly struck with the word 'extracted." It looked out of place, and I believe should be left off all labels. 'Comb honey' does not have to be labeled such, and why should extracted honey in glass have doubt thrown on it by hitching on the word 'extracted?' It adds nothing, and very often arouses suspicion. Honey in cans is presupposed to be out of the comb. Help kick that word out of everything except the bee papers and market quotations."

The comments of the editor follow in these words:

"There is no doubt that good, honest honey has been placed under the ban of suspicion as a result of the ambiguity of the word "extracted" as displayed upon retail packages. Upon casual notice the prospective buyer seems to acquire the idea that it is an "extract of honey," and not "real bees' honey." It becomes a question, however, whether it would be the part of wisdom for an infant industry to relinquish so good and specifice a word upon the ground that it had lailed to become thoroughly understood by the public. While it may be a fact that "honey in cans is presupposed to be out of the comb," according to some of our Texas brethren, no insignificant quantity of honey in the comb is now marketed in cans, and a wonderful degree of popularity is anticipated for this "bulk honey" in cans.

Under existing conditions, we think the word "extracted" should not constitute a part of the leading line of a display la'el. "Pure Honey," or "Absolutely Pure Honey," should be given the greater prominence, and some brief explanation accompany the "extracted" part thereof.

Wherefore the explanation? How many kinds of honey now on the market? Three? Comb, chunk and extracted? The first every one recognizes on sight. Chunk honey cannot be put up in the screw-top can, while that is the most generally used receptacle for extracting. The "dear public" flatters itself that it is "well posted" on the adulteration of honey, ever asserting that feat a possible one even with comb honey. If so smart what's to prevent it from learning to quickly discern the difference between a package of chunk and extracted honey? Does Editor Hill want to "honey up" the public, or is he shy of a sight unseen deal?

The sight unseen affairs seem to hold the day for popularity. Witness the circus and various evening entertainments. The same old songs and jokes, and still the people fill the canvass tents and theaters to suffocation. And these eager expectant audiences are not drawn from "Ruebenville" either by long odds. If not the sight unseen principie, what does fill these places? Barum attributed his life long success to the American people's love for being humbuged. Should we seek to deny them this blessed privilege in the purchase of a small package of honey?

The subject of nail supports for frames is thus treated in Gleanings:

NAIL SUPPORT FOR FRAME.

Mr. Root:—On page 1044 you want to hear from those who have tried a nail for a frame support, and not sooner or later abandoned it. I first used it in several hundred hives that I built in California as far back as 1876. I then used a cut nail. I now use a headless wire nail, made to my order at the factory, and decidedly prefer it to any other support for a self-spacing hanging frame. But when I used it without any self-spacing device, and allowed the frame to swing loose, as on a pivot, I soon decided against it as being entirely too movable for practical purposes. Your objection, that a nail is not strong enough, is overcome by using a larger one. A six-penny finishing nail is much too small.

If I were using the Hoffman frame I should preferit supported by a headless nail, and then omit the tin rabbit as needless. You have practically the same thing in the Danzenbaker hive.

Derby, Texas. I. A. KING.

[The device used on the Danzenbaker is not a nail but a large iron rivit, the shank of which is very much larger than an ordinary nail. Then, further, the rivit head is imbedded in the wood on the inside of the end bar, making the part that projects much stiffer.

Extracted-honey men, at least many of them, would object to a nail support for the ordinary hanging frame. As it is, some of them don't like the shortened projection of the end bar as now used on the Hoffman frame, and I fancy the nail would be more objectionable still.—ED.]

A stray straw from Dec. 15th Gleanings tells us that S. J. Richard reports in Revue Internationale that for three consecutive years a colony with it's entrance at the top of the hive did not swarm, while a colony beside it with the entrance below swarmed. He then changed the lower entrance to the top, and since then, six years, neither colony has swarmed.

The catnip craze is cooling down rapidly in the face of practical experience. One man recounts failure, and as he sowed in the spring he now thinks it should have been sowed in the fall.

Hasty, in American Bee-Journal, pages 823, Dec 24, and 41, Jan. 21, treats us to the following:

"So in medium and medium-to-poor soils catnip in field culture doesn't grow worth a cent. Come to think of it, that agrees well with my observation, and I guess its so. A plant for extra-rich land and half-manure fence corners where it is too rich for grass and the generally of weeds." Page 716.

"I hanks to J. W. Johnson for his catnip experiment. Nine and a half acres seemingly well put in spring just died out under a not-over-severe dry spell. Presumably the case of a spring without any dry spell might bring an exceptional success 'lo be feared that an extra severe drouth in the fall might also mean failure. Well to note that it doesn't bear cutting well when little -the halt acre among the weeds lived in spite of spring drouth, while the big field was dying-but died incontinently when cut with a mower. From the natural habits of the plant we may conclude that what it hankers after is partial shade-a thing we can't well give it on a large scale." Page 766.

Rather too particular as to its treatment for general adoption. Some have suffered in a pecuniary way already, that others might be saved. Thanks are due them from all who can ill afford the loss of time, seed and use of ground for a season.

Sweet clover is not so choice as to conditions, and as to alfalla, some fields of it which were seven feet under water during last spring's flood came out all right and furnished good crops of hay the same season. Indeed farmers all along the Missouri river bottom are rejoicing in one of the heaviest crops of corn and many other things which they have ever raised. These crops were planted from June 19th on through a period of about three weeks. Even catnip should not refuse to grow on such fertile lands as these.

The following clipping, taken from an Iowa paper and sent to the American Bee Journal, might serve as a warning to those inclined to make too free with the property of others:

BEE TREE THE PROPERTY OF THE LAND OWNERS.

Mr. Edwin Bevins, of Decatur Co., lowa, sends us the following clipping: Oskaloosa, Iowa., Oct. 29, 1903

The boys who cut down Henry Brandt's bee-tree and took down the honey have to pay for same. Judgment against two of the boys, Joe Holdsworth and Joe Griffith, was rendered in the sum of \$20 and costs, amounting to \$36.59, making a total of \$56.59 to be paid by the boys.

The case was brought by Henry Brandt owner of the bee-tree. He sued for the sum of \$60. The boys located a bee-tree on the premises of the plaintiff. They cut it down and appropriated the honey. The plaintiff caused the arrest of the boys, and sought to recover the price of the property. He claimed that between 200 and 300 pounds of honey had been taken and bees destroyed. In the adjudication of the case, the value of the tree cut down was estimated at \$5.00, the corn destroyed by tramping \$1.00, value of two swarms of bees, \$5.00. and the value of the honey taken. \$1100-making a total of \$20.00 The question of the ownership of wild bees was argued carefully. The defence claimed that the bees were the same as wild animals, and were open property, but the court did not find judgment in accordance with the theory.

Mr. C. P. Dadant gives some common sense ideas in connection with the making of vinegar o t of honey and water: "If you simply mix the honey and water so that an egg will fairly float at the top, showing about the size of a dime out of water, it may be sufficient or it may be not, according to the amount of ferment contained in the honey, and also according to the temperature after the mixture is made. To make vinegar there must be an alcoholic fermentation previous to the acetic, and the more thorough the first fermentation is, the better the acetic fermentation will be.

In order to hasten the fermentation, it is best to add some fresh fruit-juice to your honey water. Then, if the liquid is cold, or if the temperature is low, it is best to heat the liquid till it reaches about 90 or 100 degrees. If it is kept warm, the fermentation will soon begin, and if it remains exposed to the air it will be but a short time till the sour taste begins to show."

No department of the American Bee Journal is of more interest than that condudted by Miss Wilson, which comes under the heading of "Our Bee-Keeping Sisters." Emm Dee stepped in to her assistance on page 25, Jan. 14th and here are some of his helps:

"Hot Toddy,' to be used in the way of 'forestalling' colds and to be taken at bed time. A big spoonful of extracted honey put in a quart mug to which is added the juice of half a lemon, or a teaspoonful of good vinegar, will do nearly as well; pour on this boiling water and drink warm as possible just before jumping into bed. Two tablespoons full of honey, one of finely chipped camphor, a small piece of wax, all heated together and let cool, is the finest application for all sores, burns. chapped hands and face, etc. A tablespoonful of spruce gum, pounded fine and disolved in a pint of honey makes one of the very best cough balms for sore throat and lungs known." The matrons and misses of beedom and perhaps many of the sterner sex will have occasion to thank Emm Dee for his honey remedies.

Honey and hourhound remedies have a world wide reputation. Why not beekeepers make their own? None is so pure and none more helpful. A handful of the herb boiled in a quart of water until the strength is extracted

THE PROGRESSIVE BEE-KÉEPER.

and strained, after which boil low and add honey to taste. Any other ingredient known to have a healing or soothing effect can be added, a few drops of oil of tar being one of the best.

On page 323 we find this paragraph, taken from a Swiss bee-journal. On page 40 she attacks your humble servant because I said "most ladies would gather small comfort from Mr. Greiner's tobacco smoking methods." Thinks the word "most" offensive, inasmuch as it is equivalent to an insinuation Asks if I ever heard of a lady beekeep or who was addicted to the smoking habit.

Sorry to disappoint you Miss Wilson. To tell the truth I have known two women who were at one and the same time devotees of the filthy weed and bees. Two who have always held a warm place in my heart. having entered therein by way of the sugar-cookie



route in the sweet days of my childhood. Even now there are some elderly women who would as leave do without their "eatens" as their pipe. They are true-hearted, generous souls and harbor not the slightest suspicion that they are not ladies in the highest sense. Pray do not think for a moment that I advocate the habit. The enjoyment to be had by the use of either whisky or tobacco is to me as yet, an unsolved mystery and one which I am not at all anxious to probe.

I admire your "grit" in your assumption of the defensive on this question as well as the matter of "peddling out" wives. All honor to any and all women who stand by their sex. If they themselves cannot afford to do it who can?

Long live and flourish the department assigned to your jealous care.

WATT IN ANE UNSIL'S

Now is Your Chance

to secure queens of excellent stock at a moderate price. I am now rearing queens from an extra select Tested Queen recently purchased of Mr. J. P. Moore of Morgan, Ky. Mr. Moore in his price list says, "These are the finest queens I can produce." Probably every reader of this add has heard of this famous strain of bees that have been

BRED ** FOR ****** BUSINESS

for nearly a quarter of a century.

UNTESTED QULENS EACH 60c. Others proportionately low. See prices in former issues of the Progressive or send for price list. Address,

THE STAR APIARY, S. E. MILLER, Prop. - Bluffton, Mo.

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING.

S. E. MILLER.

W. Z. Hutchin-on has for some two or three years past been advising bee keepers to keep more bees and abandon all side issues, thereby making a specialty of the production of honey. It now begins to look as if many bee keepers will have to follow his advise or go out of the business. They may have to follow this cause, not from choice but from necessity. The bee keeper who keeps less than one hundred colonies, unless he has an exceptionally good locality, if able to obtain above the market price for his honey, will be kept moving in order to provide the necessaries of life and a comfortable home for his family. Therefore the end of each year finds him in just about the same circumstances financi'ally as he was at the beginning of the year.

Let us take a look at the bee business as it stands today. Hives, sections, shipping crates, and I might say every thing in the nature of supplies that the bee keeper has to purchase, have advance rapidly within the last four or five years.

Not only this but nearly every commodity and household necessity that he has to purchase has also advanced in price. How about the price of his product? I have probably not studied the subject as thoroughly as I should, but I am safe in saying that during the time that nearly every thing which the bee keeper must purchase has advanced the price of honey has remained about the same

I have just looked over the maket quotations in Gleaning for Jan 1, 1904, and struck an average of prices. I find that the average price of fancy comb honey in twelve cities in the United States and Canada to be fourteen and five-twelvth cents per pound, and the average price of white extracted honey in nine cities to be six and eight-ninth cents per pound. Let us now figure a little further and see what is the actual net price received by the producer who ships to commission houses, for choice white extracted honey. It must be borne in mind that the above quotations are for honev put up in square 60 pound tin cans. I will take as a basis 100 pounds of honey which when sold by the commission man brings him, according to the above average \$6.89. From this we must deduct first the price of cans. I will place this at seventy-five cents per hundred pounds, which no doubt is putting it too low in the majority of cases, when we consider that the freight on the empty cans from manufacturer to the bee keeper must be added to the factory or jobbers price. Next we must deduct the freight on honey from the bee keper to commission house. This I will put at twenty-five cents per hundred pounds. In some instances this will be entirely too high, while in others it will be entirely too low. I am to strike a fair average. I have not shipped any honey on commission for so long that I am not familiar with the business, but I believe the rule with nearly all commission houses is to charge ten per cent commission. We must therefore deduct for commission approximately seventy cents. Now to sum it up we have the following figures: Cost of empty cans and freight on same

Sufficient capacity for 100 pounds

honey	····
Freight on honey	to commission
Commission on \$6.8	970c

'Fotal.....\$1.70

This amount deducted from \$6.89 for which the 100 pounds of honey sold leaves a net return to the producer of \$5.19 per hundred. Multiply this by 20 and we have the net proceeds of a ton of white extracted honey delivered to your railroad station ready for shipment.

The same rule will apply to comb honey only that the expense per hundred pounds for containers, freight and commission are higher. With the price of honey remaining the same and the price of bee keepers supplies continually advancing, how long will the bee keeper with only a small apiary last.

If he has an exceptionally good locality or is able to secure several cents above the market price for his honey, he may hold out. If he has neither of these he had better go into the business on a large enough scale to produce honey at a low price or go out of the business.

The above may look like a dark pic-

ture of bee keeping, but I think that I have stated nothing more than facts.

Another thing worthy of note about the market quotation is this: In Denver, Colorado, the price of extracted white honey is $7\frac{1}{2}$ and $7\frac{2}{4}$ cents while in Philadelphia it is 7c. In Buffalo it is 6½ and 7c and in Boston 7 to 8. I do not know, but judging from the reports I read in the bee journals, I should say that Colorado produces a much greater number of pounds of honey per capita than does New York or Pennsylvania. Yet the price of honey in Denver, which as far from the centre of population, is higher than it is in the most populous portion of the country. Why is it so? Has co-operation anything to do with it?

Bluffton, Mo.

"Dirt-Cheap" Bottom Board

The Bee-keepers' Review for November describes a bottom-board that costs absolutely nothing. This may seem strange, but it is strict. ly true.

This same issue also describes a cover that will neither warp, wind, split, nor twist, yet it can be made for five cents.

Another interesting feature of this issue is the description of a cheap, but novel method of supporting brood-frames, in which the point of contact is so small that gluing of them fast is almost impossible--they can always be picked up with the fingers with no prying loose.

Send \$1.00 for the Review for 1904, and you will get, not only this November issue, free, but all of the other issues of this year. In other words, as long as the supply holds out, all of its numbers of this year (1903) will be sent free to the man who sends \$100 for 1904. This year and next for only \$1.00.

W. Z. Hutchinson, Flint, Mich.





THE PROGLESSIVE BEE-KEEPER.

Che Progressive Bee=Keeper.

A journal devoted to Bees, Honey and Kindred Industries.

FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR.

R. B. LEAHY, Editor and Manager F. L. THOMPSON, Editorial Writer, LEAHY MFG. CO., - Publishers.

Bees are wintering well in this latitude.

The demand for bee supplies is greater this season than ever before. The bee keepers are evidently expecting a large crop of honey the coming season.

The manager of the Leahy Mfg. Co. has been in bad health for the past four months and as a consequence the answering of correspondents has necessarily been delayed at times. Good health has been restored and the business of the office and the Progressive will now be looked after as in days of yore.

An apology is due our readers for the dark cover paper used in several recent issues of the Progressive. The paper was purchased by mistake during the illness of the manager of the Progressive and rather than have it a total loss it was printed. We assure the reader that in the near future the paper will get back to its former excellence.

Among the curios offered to the World's Fair management for exhibition by J. Oswald Smith of Hove, England, are a small hand painted drinking mug used by Queen Victoria, in her childhood days, a Kneller portrait of Barbara Villiers, and a sepia portrait of Miss Croker, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. The perfume woods and plants of the Philippine Islands will be shown at the World's Fair in a special collection.

California will install an olive oil factory in the California space in the Agriculture building at the World's Fair. The process of extracting the oil will be shown in all details.

Idaho will make a big exhibit of tin ore at the World's Fair. Important discoveries of this metal, so rare in America, were made recently near Salmon City, Idaho.

California's principal exhibits at the World's Fair will be massed in the Agriculture building, near the main entrance. Visitors will see vast quantities of fruits, nuts and grains strictly arranged and representing the vastness of the agricultural and horticultural industry of the state. Eleven counties of the Sacramento Valley will combine their exhibits in a large parallelogram and will display every product of the American continent. These counties have a combined area greater than that of the state of Massachusetts.

A bill has been introduced in the New York legislature appropriating an additional \$160,000 for the participation in the World's Fair. The state commission claims that the \$300,000 already appropriated is insufficient to adequately portray the Empire state's resources. The passage of the appropriation bill is confidently predicted.

Well's band, of St. Louis, has been engaged for the entire term of World's Fair. This organization is reconed as the leading musical organization of St. Louis. The band has been in existance about ten years. Its leader Will'am Weil, is 35 years old. Besides this, Sousa's band, the Guard Le Republicaine band of Paris, the Grenadier band of London, the National band of Mexico and others will fill engagements of shorter terms. Gen. L. Victor Baughman, chairman of the Maryland Commissioners for the World's Fair, paid a recent visit to the exposition grounds at St. Louis and is enthusiastic over what he saw,

"Hundreds of magnificent buildings are scattered all over the vast territory," said Gen. Baughman, "the buildings in the diplomatic section are being erected, in many cases, by laborers from foreign countries. The buildings are upon a grander scale than at any proceeding exposition. Forty state buildings, representing an expenditure of \$7,100,000, have been erected.

"When one realizes that St. Louis has already expended \$10,000,000 on grounds and buildings, some idea of the greatness of this undertaking can be formed. The sum of \$5.000,000 additional contributed by the government has been paid out by the supervisor of the treasury. The St. Louis exposition has 50 per cent more roofed area and 100 per cent more ground space than was the case at the Chicago Columbian Exposition. During the year 1903 there was expended by St. Louis over \$3,000,000 upon new fireproof hotels.

"It is claimed that before the opening of the exposition there will be completed 15 new apartment hotels, representing over \$4,500,000. Inside of the exposition grounds there is now being built a hotel with over 2,300 rooms. The rate here is fixed by the commissioners and will be from \$1 to \$5 a day for rooms. Near the grounds are other large hotels of a temporary character of from 500 to 2000 rooms. So far there does not appear to be any excessive charges at hotels, and all managers have entered into agreements that no exorbitant charges will be made.

"The street car companies are purchasing new cars and equipping new lines at a cost of over \$1,000,000. Thus some idea can be formed of the gigantic scale upon which everything is being done. The great Chicago exposition will look like a side show, the Paris exposition will be lost in the spacious grounds, while the Buffalo and Charleston expositions will be recalled to institute a comparison with this mammoth undertaking.

"Maryland has already appropriated \$25,000 for the general expenditure of this exposition. The commissioners have authorized an expenditure of \$5,000 for an agricultural and horticultural display. The best corn, wheat and everything grown upon our fertile soil will be on exhibition in the mammoth Agricultural department building, which is one of the largest and handsomest buildings on the grounds.

"A like sum has been appropriated to increase our geological exhibit This is under the direction of Professor Clark of the John Hopkins University, and already a fine allotment of space has been awarded to Maryland.

"A bill has been prepared by the legislative committee, of which Senator Robinson is chairman, asking for an additional appropriation of \$60,000. This will be used for a Maryland building, defraying expenses in having Maryland properly represented on the 12 of September, Maryland day, set apart by the commissioners, when all Marylanders are expected to participate in the ceremonies of the day. Receipts and vouchers for all expenditures are to be placed before the legislature."

"Those who may be contemplating a trip to this wonderful exposition should prepare for a two or four weeks visit, for when they cast their eyes over the vast territory filled with magnificent buildings, miles of splendid streets and roadways they will realize that many tired, weary days will elapse before they will be half through with seeing the wonders of the great St. Louis exposition." THE PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER.

FROM OWL CREEK, WHERE THE PEOPLE "KNOWS A HEAP

BY BESSIE BOND.

He did not seem to expect any answer, but I had begun to enjoy myself. "Why, Will Murphy, you surely don't mean that a bee has been impudent enough to sting you? well, no wonder she left her sting; she surely struck a tough customer and I'm truly sorry for she will die, of course."

"No it won't either." said he gritting his teeth and swearing under his breath, "it will only make a king and go back to the hive."

"Oh, just look how they are stinging papa;" screamed "Cub."

"Yes, and look at Mr. Foster," said Dora, "they are just stinging him all over and he won't fight them."

"Just watch the bees coming in here," cried Ebb, terror written in every feature.

"Oh, me, yelled Johnnie "one bit me."

About the same time, "Cub" raised a deafening roar and slapped her hand over the end of her nose.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Ebb, "Cub has got her holy kiss, but I'll bet she don't want another one."

"Ouch," screamed Dora as she grabbed my apron, and ran under it for shelter, pulling it loose from my waist.

"Well, Dode, you monkey, what is the matter with you?" said I, giving her a shove in another direction. Still she clung to me, yelling at the top of her voice.

"Oh, the bees! the bees! there is forty-eleven after me! oh! don't let 'em bite me, please don't!" she raved, scared quite out of her wits, while Rena Pokejoy, a child of ten or twelve years, was at the same time doing her best to hide her face in my back, and a dozen other kids yelling fit to split their

throats. I do not believe a canon fired in our midst could have been heard above the din and roar of so many human voices, panic stricken, as they were. I saw plainly enough there was no time in wasting breath trying to stop the noise, and as they had pulled me down on a bed and was about to get the best of me. I had stopped laughing and tried to make myself felt, if not heard. So I went into them with a free good will. By giving them all a shake, or a jirk, as I could get a hold on them, I finally brought them to order-all but baby Cub. She was still doing her best to stay ahead of all the rest and not even a "shake" would serve to quiet her. I looked around. wondering what else I could do, when I got a glimpse of Mr. Murphy just outside the tent door with his hat off fighting for dear life. While they were certainly putting up a good fight. if I was to be the judge, but he was laughing as hard as he was fighting.

I opened the door and told him to "Come in quick."

"Wait till I kill some of these bees, for they will follow me in, you know."

"Let them come, you old fool greeny. Don't you know that the longer you stand there and fight them, the more will come after you? Come in, I say," shouted I in as harsh a tone as I could command. Then he heard me.

"Where is Foster?" I asked, as soon as Will come in.

"Gone home, I think," was the reply.

"Yes, he went home, just as fast as he could run," said Ebb, peeping out from under a pillow.

That turned my tickle box over again, and I began to look around for the rest of the crowd. Some was in the middle of the beds with quilts and pillows for covering.

"Look here kids," said I, "this will not do. You came here to see my bees, and now you have got to see them." Then I began to pull away their covering, causing them all to set up a howl once more.

"One is in my hair!" yelled Ebb— "get it out quick! Oh, its done kissed me on top of the head," she wailed.

One "kissed" me on the head about the same time, but I would have died rather than own up that it had, But I finally succeeded in getting the rest stung that had not been up to the present and got Cub to stop her "bawling" and laugh at the rest. Then I found my pocket-knife and a bottle of "Lightening oil" and went amongst them, raking out the stings and applying the medicine to keep the poison from doing much harm. Now, they all began to talk and tell what each one had done. Some had gone under the beds and some on top, while a few had tried to hide behind tables and chairs, but was ever changing position, reminding one of "puss wants a corner."

"I don't like holy kisses and I'm not coming here any more," said Cub as she climed upon her papa's knee.

"I like it," said Ebb, 'so long as they will kiss me on the top of my head instead of on the face."

"No doubt," said Dora. "I guess you like for them to leave a place for your fellow to kiss."

"Dode, I'll hang you when I get you home," was the reply.

"Where is Webb?" Will asked.

"With the bees, of course" sald I. "Did you think he would leave them?"

"Bang." went the gun "and they all ran," quote the kid.

"All ran but one," said Will, "but

I'll swear, you have got the stingingest bees I ever saw. I never was stung by bees before."

"No, you never had Holy Lands to deal with, either. 'Bragg' is a mighty good dog, Will, but hold-fast is a better one. You have learned one lesson to-day and I can't see why you cannot learn a few more. Send for some bees and go into the business for yourself. Here are books-will you read them?" said I, extending toward him a file of the "Southland Queen" of 1899 and one of the "Progressive Bee Keeper" of 1902, both of which he took. "Now let us go to the kitchen and get all the honey we can eat and have a bee convention. Webb came in in time for that and we all had a jolly time after all. But when Will started home I could not help sending after him a parting shot: "Read up on bees, Will. You must not think because we live on Owl Creek, where the people know a heap, that there is nothing more to learn, for there is much we do not know. But I hope you will use veil and smoker the next time you go into the Holy Lands."



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"DAN'S" STORY OF A LOST BOY.

The boy was known by no other name than that of Patsy until after the christening.

A companion and myself discovered him late at night sleeping in a doorway on Locust street between 6th and 7th with a bundle of unsold newspapers under his head for a pillow.

The moon was shining full on the upturned child's face and as we paused to look at the melancholy picture we wondered how it was the glare did not wake him.

But he slumbered on in the oblivious calm of indifference until I laid my hand on his shoulder and shoock him.

He opened his eyes with a start, as if in fear of being roughly handled while he instantly began gathering his papers in the evident expectation of being ordered to "move on."

I checked his effort however long enough to ask his name and where he made his home.

His name he gave as Patsy, while to the latter question he answered "I have no home."

His tone of voice was so full of melancholy pathos when he said he had no home, that it touched me to the heart and reaching into my pocket I pressed a small piece of money into the child's hand with the request that he call on me the following day, which he did.

He was a boy of about eight years and might be said, in the true sense of the word, to be a lost child, for he could give no account of father or mother, or other relative.

His earliest recollections were in connection with selling newspapers and of being beaten by a man that claimed his services.

But who he was by birth or where he came from, he could give no account.

After considering all the known facts in the case I installed him on the corner of the street under my window where, for several years, he served as the news boy of the neighborhood, and occasionally doing odd jobs for the tenants in the adjacent buildings.

He was endowed with great annimation of spirit and could do an errand with more intelligence and less blundering than any boy I ever knew.

As years went by he and I became fast friends and relied on each other for many of the small affairs that enter into the sum total of daily life.

Patsy was now growing into a good, strong, lithe boy and could hold his. own in a rough and tumble fight with any of the street gamine he encountered

His activity enabled him to reach a fire or dog fight sooner than any other boy for blocks around, which gave him the reputation of being the best sprinter on the street.

His mental qualities were developing equal to his physical and 1 often thought there was superior blood in his veins notwithstanding his lost condition.

While he used the slang of the street he yet had a good open countenance, with an eye that did not droop and seek to hide itself behind a closed shutter.

Then too he was saving of his money and had a snug little bank account with the deposit company. Besides he was known far and near for his strict business habits of being always at his post and never leaving an opportunity to sell a paper.

Added to these endowments was a natural politeness that made you feel like calling him a little gentlemen even on the most casual acquaintance.

With such traits of character Patsy was bound to succeed.

There wasn't force enough in this universe to keep him down.

l called him into the office one day to consult over matters relating to him-

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self, and to determine on a course of action for our future guidance.

The first thing we took under advisement was the subject of a name, for, as matters stood now, he had only one name, whereas for proper identification he must have ot least two, as I explained to him.

As Patsy was a corruption of Patrick we concluded to let that stand and select the second name from among the people we know.

Various names were suggested but the one that met the greatest favor with the lad was O'Connel. "And why do you like O'Connel?" I asked.

"Because Mrs. O'Connel what lives up in the "Patch" was very good to me, and when I grows big and she is old and maybe need my help I can be good to her." This showed such a beautiful trait in Patsy's nature and I yielded at once and told him O'Connel it should be.

"And now," said I "you are christened Patsy O'Connel by me and you can have the proper christening done at the church and your name entered on the register and I will stand for your godfather and Mrs. O'Connel will stand as your godmother."

And so it was arranged and carried out.

This proceeding gave Patsy new life and his step became more elastic and his head was held higher and his diligence to business matters increased with a corresponding increase in his savings.

I began to think that Patsy might possibly become a millionaire or may be mayor of the city, or leading merchant and business man, so keen were his faculties developing.

But I was careful not to indulge in such extravagant speculations in his presence or make known to him the higher esteem in which I held him for fear of its acting too strong a tonic for so youthful a subject. I preferred to see him develope in the ordinary channel, step by step that he might know the value of good sound business principles, and lay an enduring foundation in the subsoil of character.

I had now been following Patsy up for some eight or ten years, seeing that he attended night school, pointing out this or that course, and cautioning him against drinking and gambling resorts, and cultivating in him ideas of moral rectitude.

But the time was approaching for something else to be done. He was getting too old for a news boy, and I was at a loss to know in what permanant line of industry he could be placed to advantage.

I had been thinking over the matter for some weeks when it occured to me to consult a friend who held an important position in the business management of one of the great St. Louis dailies, and who himself had made his way up from the bottom round of the ladder.

I accordingly secured an appointment and laid the case before him.

"Yes," he said "I have often noticed that boy and I think he has the proper make-up for a good business man."

"Who is he, and what do you know of his family?"

I related how I had found Patsy in a door way sleeping with a bundle of papers under his head for a pillow, and how he could recollect nothing of his parents or family, and how we named him O'Connel because he wished it that he might be a credit to good Mrs. O'Connel over in the "Patch" who was the only mother to him he ever knew, and how the good woman stood for his godmother when 'he was christened, and how I was his godfather.

"And that's all you know about him? A waif picked up from the street, ugh."

"Yes," said I, "a waif picked up from the street." I repeated his language with considerable wrath, for I could see a perceptible sneer on his lips

But he was a kind man at heart after all, and promised before leaving he would do what he could.

It was perhaps three months after this interview that he called on me to inquire further about Patsy.

It was about the time the newspapers were establishing sub agencies in the outlying districts of the city and they were looking for bright young men to handle the business.

I recommended Patsy in the strongest terms with the result that he secured the agency for the most important stand in the west end. He sold papers himself at first but the business increased gradually until half a dozen boys were employed by him to meet the demands of the trade.

To the newspaper business he added a stock of notions, books, periodicals and the like so that in a few years he was doing a thriving business, with his credit good among the dealers for any ordinary amount.

His monetary affairs were now in such a flourishing condition, and his age was such, that he felt justified in making a home for himself, and he therefore sought, and obtained the hand of a charming maiden in the west end.

The ceremony was performed by one of the leading clergymen of the city and the gifts were many and costly, but the best one of all was an offer from the management of the newspaper of which my friend formed one of the staff, to make Patsy assistant manager of the business department of the office which of course he accepted.

But the last scene in this little life drama was the most touching. It occured as we stood around the altar a the christening of Patsy's first born.

The offertory was almost concluded and the organist was touching the keys with the lightness of a feather. The harmony seemed to be wafted from heaven on the wings of angels and filled the air with the most ravishing sounds.

The mother stood near me with the sleeping infant resting on her bossom. The light from the great chandalier fell full on the child's face, but did not wake it. It was the very image of a face I saw twenty years before sleeping in a doorway on Locust street with the full light of the moon falling up on it, but did not awaken the sleeper.

But the two faces were approaching each other, and after much tribulation and weary travel, were united at the foot of the altar. DAN.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 10, 1904.



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HAGENBECK'S WILD ANIMALS.

Elaborate preparations being made for one of the interesting Pike features at the World's Fair

St. Louis.—Heinrich Hagenbeck has arrived from Hamburg, Germany, with the details of the immense trained wild animal exhibition to be given on the Pike at the World's Fair.

The exhibition possesses an entirely new feature in that the principal animal arena will have no barriers between the spectators and the beasts. Animals of all climes will roam at large on a sloping panorama of mountains and valleys, lakes and water falls. By a patent invisible device, the absolute safety of the spectators is assured.

No bars will mar the wild natural beauty of the scene. The animal kingdom will roam unrestrained in the surroundings known to them before their captivity. This arena will cover 300 by 300 feet. The most distant points will be carried to heights almost equalling the Tyrolean Alps. Beasts that inhabit the mountainous parts of the arena may be seen from the Pike.

The Hagenbeck Zoo Circus and Panorama will be located at the intersection of the Pike and Hamilton avenue. It will have a frontage of 353 feet on the Pike by about 460 feet along the Hamilton avenue extension. An arcaded roof garden will surround the entire frontage. Golden hoops suspended from each arch of the arcade will hold macaws, parrots and other species of trained talking birds as perfect liberty.

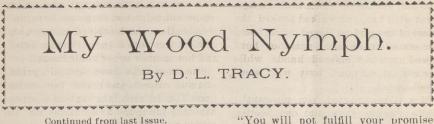
Open cages of a complete collection of monkey tribes, macaws, Amazon parrots, penantes, paraquetts, and other birds will be exposed along the Pike where the passing throng may enjoy their antics. In addition to the open air arena, a large covered auditorium is provided for the stage performances of the Hagenbeck trained animals, and 3,000 spectators may be accomodated. The stage will be a circular caged performing arena, extending into the auditorium far beyond the proscenium arch. Encircling the seats at the rear and extending from the boxes on one side to those on the opposite side, a broad foyer or promenade will enable the audience to inspect dens of beasts sunk beneath the rising seats and fronting on the promenade.

The animals will be worked on the stage in relays so that during the continuous performance, lasting from 9:30 a. m. until 10:30 p. m., the same animals will not be twice shown and but few of the acts repeated Animals roaming in the open air arena can be conducted to the stage or from the cages to the stage, through a labyrinth of corridors.

Extending around almost the entire open air arena and the enclosed auditorium, an animal drive or riding track will be constructed where visitors may ride elephants. dromadaries, and camels or drive teams of ostriches, zebra tandems, fat tail sheep, sheep antelopes, and hybrides produced from the horse and zebra, the zebra and donkey, and the trotting horse. This new animal is known as the zebrule.

The Hagenbeck exhibition will include more than 1,500 animals representing all the available species of the animal kingdom and in its completeness and variety will undoubtedly be the greatest collection ever displayed.

The Kentucky legislature at its January session voted a World's Fair approprion of \$75,000. This is addition to a fund of \$100,000 raised by the Kentucky exhibit association.



He entered the parlor and found Miss Julia seated upon the divan, arrayed in such flaunting colors and decorated with so much superfluos jewelry that he stood still upon the threshold. Her dress was very much decollet and displayed too much of her physical charms, at least Tom thought so, for he admired modesty in a woman more than any thing else.

She seemed to be entirely satisfied with herself, and greeted him cordially, by saying:

"Welcome, Tom. Am I not most becomingly arrayed to receive my betrothed husband.?"

"No Julia, I do not think so."

"What is wrong with my attire? Do you not like these jewels?"

"No I am not particularly fond of jewelry."

"Then you do not like the way I am dressel?"

"Ne, Julia, I do not."

"Well as you are so hard to please, I shall dress to suit myself. But when shall we be married? I spoke to father about it and he said your having no means would make no difference, as everything he had would be ours in time, and we might as well have the benefit of it now, as wait until he was dead."

"Julia, would you marry me, knowing that I had no love for you?"

"Yes, I would."

"Well Julia, I have told you the reasons which make it impossible for us to get married." "You will not fulfill your promise and make me your wife?"

"No, I will not."

"Then hear me, Thomas Tupper, in a short time your note to my father will be due; it is in my hands—it is mine—so be prepared to pay it. More than this, advise your would-be mother-in-law to pay the mortgage, which is long past due, or be prepared to vacate at any time."

"Julia, do not be so cruel. let them have a little more time to settle this debt. 1 will work and get the money to pay it."

"You? Do you think I would take that money from you? Never."

"Julia, be merciful to them as you expect others to be merciful to you."

"No I will have my pound of flesh. There is one thing only which will stop the foreclosure of the mortgage."

"What is that?"

"That you and I are married. Then a deed to their home shall be our wedding present to Fannie Long."

"Julia, you have said you want your pound of flesh, but like the Shylock of old, be careful that you take no blood with it. Do you think that Fannie would accept the present under those conditions?"

"Yes, and be glad to get it."

"You wrong her. Fannie Long has principles above such barter and trade. How long will you give me to answer you?"

"One week."

"You shall have an answer at that time. Good night."

He left the cruel and designing Julia,

who had entrapped him into an engagement with her, and walked toward the home of the girl he loved. He found her seated at the table, with her head bowed upon her clasned hands, while her mother sat near, busy with some needle work.

Mrs. Long greeted him pleasantly, while Fannie gave him one fleeting glance, then dropped her head upon her hands.

Tom's hand rested a moment on the pretty dowed head, then drawing a chair to the side of Mrs. Long, said:

"I wish to talk to you about something which concerns us all." He then told her of his love for her daughter, their estrangement, his engagement to Julia Jones, in short, a detailed history of his love affairs up to the present moment, and wound up by saying: "Since I have discovered that your daughter returns my love, I have informed Miss Jones that I cannot marry her; but she tells me I must fulfill my promise or she will foreclose the mortgage on your home."

Mrs. Long's astonishment and indignation burst forth in one expression, "Oh!"

Fannie raised her head proudly and said:

"Let her forclose."

"Fannie," said Tom, "your home would be gone."

"Yes, Tom, but you would be left." "I will be left, dear, and I have nothing to offer you but my love. Will you accept that and become my wife?"

"Yes, Tom, I will be your wife, for I love you, and would rather be happy with you and have nothing than to take all she could give me in exchange for your dear self."

Tom clasped the slender figure in his arms, and their lips met, in a long, lingering kiss.

Thomas had a strong interview with Julia Jones when he called at the end of the week to talk over her plan She would not be moved from her firm determination that he should marry her, or else she would turn Fannie Long and her mother out of their home.

She seemed to have lost all pride and self respect, and urged her claim upon Tom in such language that made him only the more determined not to marry her.

Finding her deaf to all reasons he asked to see the Judge, and when that good man made his appearance, told him the whole story, from beginning to end reserving nothing, not even the fact that Julia confessed her love for him, unasked, and he, believing the love of Fannie Long was bestowed elsewhere, thought he would try to make Julia's life happy; how he had discovered his mistake, by acciaccident the evening of his bethrothal, and how Julia would not release him from his engagement.

"You will not consent to this, Julia?" said the Judge.

"No, father, he shall be my husband, or I will foreclose the mortgage on the Long farm."

"No, Julia, that would not be just" "It is my wish, father."

"I cannot allow my child to do this thing."

"But I have your promise, and you who have never broken your promise to a stranger, will surely not break your promise to your daughter?"

"Promise? I do not remember having made you a promise."

Julia speedily informed him of his promise that she might have the mortgage of the Long farm to dispose of as she saw fit and ended by saying: "I shall hold you to your promise, father."

The kind hear'ed old Judge was much distressed to find that his daughter would exact a promise from him and then put it to such use, but nothing he could say would dissuade her from this course.

Tom was an interested listener to

this conversation between Julia and her father, and when he saw that the daughter was not to be shaken in her purpose, said to the Judge:

"Judge, you know all the facts in the case; you know also that I do not wish to marry your daughter, and if my conduct seems reprehensible, will you as a just man give me the benefit of the doubt?"

"I will, Tom?"

"I will ask further that you give me a chance to pay my own note to you and also a little time to try to raise the money to pay the mortgage of Mrs. Long."

"How much time will you require?" "Until the last of next month."

"You shall have the time desired."

"Thank you, Judge-good night," said Tom extending his hand, which was grasped heartily.

"My pound of flesh, father, my pound of flesh!" said Julia.

"You must wait a little. Julia We must give him the time he asks for, in which to raise the money, then if he does not succeed, we shall see—we shall see."

(To be continued.)





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