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SEPT. 1, 1899.

PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER

A JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO BEES, HONEY AND
KINDRED INDUSTRIES.

PUBLISHED BY
LEAHY MANUFACTURING CO
HIGGINSVILLE, MISSOURI.

MURRAY-HEISS CLEV. O.

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

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I know what good queens mean to the producer, as well as how to rear them. Safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. No disease.

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PATENTS

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 Queens, warranted or tested, each.....\$ 75
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Tested Queens double the above prices.

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For \$1.00 we will mail to a new subscriber the weekly American Bee Journal for one year, and a Warranted Golden Italian Queen. The price of the Journal alone is \$1.00. Send for free sample if you wish to see it first. This offer of Queen and Journal is a big one.

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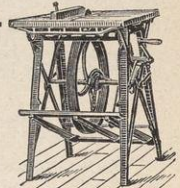
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Bee-Keepers will save money by using our Foot Power Circular Saw in making their Hives, Sections and Boxes. Machines sent on trial if desired. Catalogue free.



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



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Smoke Engine	largest smok- er made.	4 inch stove	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
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			6.00—	" .80

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

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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. EAGERTY.

Corning, Cal., July 14th, 1896.

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

O. W. OSBORN.

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

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

WM. BAMBU.

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

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., SEP. 1, 1899.

No. 9.

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WAYSIDE FRAGMENTS.

Sonnambulist.

HERE I am again, friends, for whether I have your permission or not, I count all the PROGRESSIVE readers my friends. Even should there be plenty to declare "Your room is better than your company," these also I shall claim as friends, for by their elevating their noses and passing me by in scorn, not even conferring a passing glance, they will fail to discover my glaring deficiencies. (While on this subject of friendship, you may as well keep in mind I've nothing to sell and not even an ax to grind.)

Oh, blessed Conceit, thou art a jewel. Thou smoothest the rough and jagged path, and thine assistance enables us to surmount formidable difficulties and to attain apparently inaccessible heights. By thy help we glide along the roaring, turbulent current of life until we finally reach the peaceful, protecting harbor. Seriously, I am encouraged in the belief of this friendship, be it ever so much of an ignis fatuus, through the knowledge that to HAVE a friend you must BE a friend.

The friend who suggested a table of contents for the PROGRESSIVE done us a lasting favor. Hereafter he and others may be bothered with

SONNET.

We say goodbye, and think tomorrow we
Shall meet again, in quiet converse sweet,
And go our ways, you down the busy street,
While homely duties make demand of me.
Tomorrow comes, through tears we cannot see,
For one is lying where the shadows meet
The cold death waves, and in the incomplete
And broken life you reach eternity.

O, had we known that time we parted last,
It was to meet no more in future years,
Until we both had gained the other side, [fast
We should have longer lingered, held more
Dumb parting fingers, but in vain the tears
Yet not in vain, love lives altho you died.

—Will Ward Mitchell.

naught of "Wayside Fragments" except its heading. Candidly speaking, I am glad ye editor profited by the suggestion. Time savers in this rushing age are not to be despised.

Another honey season gone, and how few, except perchance the supply dealers, have realized their golden dreams, but have learned the undisputed and indisputable fact that it is far easier to turn gold into anything else than to turn anything else into gold. Many who sought to add to their earthly possessions will find themselves lucky to sustain an existence. The new house, or the addition to the old one, must wait. The contemplated comforts to be bought with an extra honey yield must be denied. Even the chance of going to the annual circus assumes slim proportions, unless extreme measures are resorted to. Might do as man has done, sell the cook-stove, if the flaming posters prove irresistibly seductive. It does seem as if advanced prices might make their introductory bow, but expectation along this line has met with signal defeat. Prices most stubbornly refuse to ascend. What does govern the honey prices that this very general shortage has so slight an effect? On page 240, August PROGRESSIVE, F. L. Thompson tells us that "nothing but the inertia and unbusiness-like methods of bee-keepers prevent them from organizing sufficiently to purchase supplies in common." The very same words are expressive of the manner of disposal of most crops of honey. The purchasing of supplies and the selling of products are weighty bee-keeping problems, the solution of which seems far distant. I am neither long-eared, nor yet a high kicker, but I do want the privilege of protesting against the wholesale inflation of honey crop reports.

One fortunate individual secures a remarkable yield, whereupon he must herald the same to the east and to the west, to the north and south, upwards far as sound can reach, and downwards to China. Others, not to be outdone, "take up the burden" and proclaim their triumphs. Then it would appear that the bee-keeping papers possibly had fallen short of copy, if you might judge by the energetic and zealous manner in which they print and reprint these wonderful accounts. And whose business is it? Do you have honey to sell? Then it is yours, for the very first thing the commission man will confront you with will be these self-same journals with their Aladdin-like tales. Attempted refutation on the part of so humble and insignificant a personage as a practical bee-keeper were worse than useless. Why, that commission man would not only make you take back and swallow every word you had to say, but you might consider yourself as lucky if he did not compel you to swallow your tongue. Appallingly dreadful, especially should you happen to be of feminine gender.

But the highly elated honey producer is not alone responsible for the putting in motion of this ponderous, crushing wheel of misfortune. Though almost insane with joy, he is not alone in this ecstasy business. The ambitious supply dealer, from one cause or another, some way feels compelled to parade before the bee-keeping public marvellous accounts of the amount of lumber used, the number of hands employed, the number of hives with appurtenances thereto manufactured in a single season, until it would appear that more than half the common people were engaged in the production of honey, and there needs but to be a few Jersey cows

in sight to convince one he has reached that land which literally "floweth with milk and honey." In vain the waste of breath in fruitless efforts to explain to your prospective customer or commission man that hives and bee-keeping fixtures are ever changing, so much so that the word fixtures, in connection therewith, is scarcely permissible; that the elements have any action whatever on the hives; that much of this class of goods journeys beyond the seas before reaching its final destination, or that there is a bare possibility of over production in supplies. With a fixed purpose of soul and a persistency worthy of a better cause, he silently points the index finger to those fabulous figures and that, in his mind, settles the whole thing, and though still unconvinced, the poor bee-keeper beats a retreat while the other man victoriously "holds the fort." About this time the average bee-keeper's spirits will have run down below the level of a grave-digger's pick. His business-like snap is in a wilted condition. Of what value now, his all season's study of the rainfall in different sections he knows to be necessary to the growth of certain honey producing flora peculiar to these sections? Of what avail his close study of prevailing winds, general temperature, etc., as well as the incoming reports from all quarters. His knowledge is swept aside as swiftly as if an avalanche had suddenly descended upon him, and he is about as chilled. The high-handed manner of his combatant says, as plain as words CAN say, What right has a common bee-keeper to any knowledge on the subject anyhow? All that's expected of him is that he will keep his head stuck in a bee-hive so that he sees nothing, and so that the incessant buzzing of the bees drowns all

other sound that he hears nothing. What right he to know anything of the outside world and its variations? Ah, well! being, usually, a modest man, his demands are of modest proportions, but after such an experience he sadly craves to run across a square man, such as Josh Billings describes in the following:

"The square man mezzures the same each way and ain't got any winny edges nor cheap lumber in him. He is free from knots and sap and won't warp. He is clear stuff, and I don't care what you work him up into, he won't swell and he won't shrink. He is amongst men what good kiln-dried boards are among carpenters; he won't season crack. It doesn't make enny difference which side ov him yu come up to, he iz the same bigness each way, and the only way to get at him ennyhow is to face him. He KNOWS he iz square, and never spends enny time trieing to prove it. The square man iz one of the best shaped men the world has ever produced; he iz one of them kind that can't alter tew fit a spot, but yu must alter the spot to fit him."

Naptown, Dreamland.

A Pilgrim.

The highway stretches far before;
The road is difficult and rough
To travel, feet are bruised and sore.
The pilgrim cries, "It is enough.

Dear Lord, I cannot further go;
I am so weary; I would rest."
Another passed in wretched woe,
And made a pitiful request.

He ran to help his fellow soul.
That he was weary, mattered not.
But when he turned toward his goal,
His weariness was all forgot.

—Will Ward Mitchell.

BEE STING CURE.

A sure cure for bee stings in about two minutes if applied at once. Will stop the pain and swelling. 25c and 35c a bottle. Send silver or money order

CHARLES CHANDLER,

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Please mention the "Progressive."

BIGGEST SHOW, 'CEPT ONE.

A CIRCUS was coming to a southern town, says the Portland Transcript, and every barn and fence within a radius of twenty-five miles or more had been covered with the usual lurid announcements. An old-time colored man and a dudish yellow boy were gazing at the bills and wondering.

"'Barnum and Bailey's circus. Biggest show on earth,'" read the youngster.

"What—what's dat?" asked the old-time dardy, pricking up his ears.

The boy read again the legend of the show-bills.

"You don't know what you is talking about, nigger. Dat show kaint touch John Dobbins's. He used to come froo here, and dat was a show wuth seein'. Dat was de biggest show on dis earf, sho 'nough."

The old man had evidently not seen a circus for many years. Elderly colored people throughout the south like to talk about John Dobbins.

"Read it for yourself, then," said the boy. "I tell you that thing says this is the biggest show on earth."

The old man proceeded to spell out the big letters. He waded through "Barnum and Bailey," and after a rest began on the remainder of the sentence:

"B-i-g-g-e-s-t s-h-o-w o-n e-a-r-t-h, S-e-p-t. 1."

"I knowed it! I knowed it!" shouted the old negro, jumping up and down in his glee. "'De bigges' show, 'cept one! Dat was John Dobbins's."

Tactful shoe clerk—Here is a pair of 1½ shoes that the maker has marked No. 6 by mistake. Just try this on, please. I believe it will just fit you. (Trial and speedy sale.)—Judge.

Husband—I don't see how you can kiss that dog. Wife—Huh! I don't see how dear little Fido can stand it to kiss me, when he knows I've just been kissed by a horrid man.—N. Y. Weekly.

TEXAS QUEENS.

Golden Italians, Adel or Albino Queens.

Dr. Gallup of California, writes Oct. 6, 1896: "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.

POTPOURRI.

W. H. RITTER.

I HAVE finished reading for the second time "Experience and its Lessons," by Aikin and Doolittle, and I must say to you, Mr. Editor, whenever these papers are completed you should publish them in book form. It will be a most valuable book to all bee-keepers, and will be eagerly sought after by all up-to-date bee-keepers.

Your prize story, "Two Worlds," just completed, was a very interesting one, and could have been more so, if it could have been longer drawn out in its sweetness, but for lack of room it could not. Truly, the PROGRESSIVE is progressing.

I will give you a report of the season up to date. Our coldest winter (30 degrees below zero) knocked out about half of the bees,

but what were left alive when the fruit bloomed were in fair condition to begin business. Clover came right on to the fruit bloom, leaving no gap, and such a crop of clover was never seen before. It was everywhere, even in the strawberries. It set the bees wild, and they swarmed and swarmed, and piled up the finest white comb honey we ever got in old Green county in all our 20 years' experience in bee-keeping. They kept this up for nearly or quite four weeks. Now if we could induce Mr. Burbanks, of California, the great plant originator, to go to work on the white clover and originate later varieties that would continue to bloom during the season till October, we would have just about as big a bonanza as any bee-keeper could wish for. It might be one of the possibilities. I am half a notion to write him on the subject. Has anybody anything to say? If so, say it out loud. Doolittle might say something, but I think he'll say IT CAN'T BE DONE. Still it might not be one of the impossibilities. There is no telling what Burbanks can do. It seems that he has played havoc with some of the plant family by twisting them out of gear as to time of maturing, and originating entire new varieties never before heard of. I'm still listening. If anybody does come up and say IT MIGHT, I may get that other half a notion and write the old man about it. Now there is nothing more true than the fact that bees cannot make honey out of wind and water, and still it won't be honey if they mix in a lot of sunshine; but certain kinds of plants can, by mixing up these with other elements, make the honey for the bees, or to be more correct, these plants produce nectar, and that is boiled down by the bees into honey.

Now I am a believer in the utility of planting things, especially for a honey crop. Is it not possible to get the white and black sages of California to grow in Missouri? Has anyone ever tried it? It might possibly succeed here in South Missouri, in the Ozark hills, as well as in the mountains of California. If it would, we ought to know about it. The sooner the better. We have here some rough land on nearly all the timber farms that is fit for nothing but pasture. Why not bee pasture?

We have been experimenting a year or two with an old familiar plant which does seem to me to be a near relative of the white cal sage. It is catnip. It has proved a valuable honey plant here about Springfield. On good strong land it will get three or four feet high. It commences to bloom just at the close of the clover, and will bloom four or five weeks profusely, and will, if it rains, bloom on till frost. It's a regular business plant for the first four weeks, and the bees go wild over it. Cook's Manual classifies the honey of catnip with buckwheat, but it seems to be whiter.

We are in the midst of a drouth now.

Springfield, Mo.

HONEY JARS.

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



5 oz jar,	30c for 10;	\$2.50 per 100;	weight 30 lbs
8-oz "	35c for 10;	3.00 per 100,	" 45 lbs
1-lb "	45c for 10;	4.00 per 100;	" 75 lbs

Corks always included. Neck labels for these jars 30c per hundred; 500 75c.

LEAHY MFG CO., Higginsville, Mo.

WESTERN MANIPULATION.

F. L. THOMPSON.

YOUNG brood on the outside, old brood in the center, and repeat as often as the bees reverse things—that seems to be the correct manipulation for southern and western bee-keepers, according to pages 149, 150, 207, 208, and 209, PROGRESSIVE. That gets down to business. We have let those short-flow folks dictate to us long enough. The other day I read an article in which a locality having one or two short flows was referred to as an “average locality”—just as if the south and west weren’t in it enough to affect the average. With two flows, the first beginning June 10 to 15 and the last ending somewhere about August 20, with a not entirely barren interval of two or three weeks between them, this being the condition of thousands of apiaries all over the west proper, it seems high time that we had something else written about management than is applicable to white clover and basswood flows, and that the unqualified talk about “useless consumers” should be given a rest. It is plain that we here ought to like nothing better than for our colonies to keep on breeding heavily for some time after June 10, instead of forthwith choking up the brood nest, as they generally proceed to do; for 37 days, the time for a honey-gathering bee to develop from the egg, only takes us to July 17, and if breeding decreases from June 10 to 15, the size of the colony decreases three weeks after, from July 1 to 5 on, and the honey-gathering force diminishes from July 17 to 22 on, a highly irrational procedure for the bees of an intelligent bee-keeper, considering that August flow. But such is the fact, and it is very pronounced, as anyone can satisfy himself by opening hives of Italian bees in Col-

orado in June and August.

Another reason for continually large colonies is the cool nights here. Those weakened colonies, that were strong once, and should have been kept so, nearly desert the supers toward morning, or do not work with that rapidity that characterized their June efforts. Often at that time (in this particular locality at least) such colonies will not work evenly over the super, but chiefly in the middle, and neglect the ends.

That this situation is a source of loss to the bee-keeper, considering the additional honey that might be gathered and additional comb built by the sustained strength of those colonies that covered the fronts of the hives in June, is evident. And the fault is not only in management, it is also in the race of bees. The Italians have been praised to the skies for that characteristic of filling up the brood-nest with honey as soon as the flow comes. It is nothing else but a serious fault here.

Possibly one reason why writers have been led to ignore the influence of the alfalfa districts on the average character of locations is that one of our writers, Mr. Aikin, has been going on the assumption that his August flow is not worth counting on. If so, it is certainly exceptional. Indeed, I have heard it asserted that the only reason Mr. Aikin thinks he has not an August flow is that by his plan of dequeening he never has had the force of bees to gather it.

For these reasons I am much interested in what Mr. Hyde has written, especially what he says about the Palestine bees. But for us here it is important to have bees that will build up in the spring. Probably our springs are more like the eastern springs than the southern ones are, in weather at least; though they are much more barren of sources

of honey than the eastern ones. Mr. Doolittle says the Palestines are defective in breeding before the flow. The Carniolans seem to have more promise for the northern and elevated portions of the west. Rauchfuss Bros. of this state have kept Carniolan-Italian hybrids for years, and prefer them to Italians.

I have performed the manipulation of putting the young brood at the ends and the sealed brood in the middle four times this year on two apiaries, and am making the last round. It is too soon to say what the outcome will be, though it certainly promotes considerably the amount of brood. The extraordinary and exceptional backwardness of the colonies in June was my chief reason for going to so much trouble this year. I can plainly see the need of young, vigorous queens to accompany the manipulation. The per cent. of queens that do not respond to it is altogether too large. Some queens just won't brace up, no matter what you do to the hive. The manipulation is therefore valuable in quickly detecting queens that should be replaced; and perhaps regular requeening should accompany it anyhow, to get the best results.

But why don't Messrs. Hyde and Culley give credit to Mr. Heddon? Pages 207 and 208 are Heddon manipulations, straight, and their hives are Heddon hives.

Now I am going to theorize; and having thus given Mr. Hard Facts due warning, he will please look another way, and not hear what is said. This manipulation, even with the Heddon hive, takes time. Suppose you have two queens in every hive during the summer to give you the same amount of brood that you have been striving for by manipulation; wouldn't that be a scheme?—neither queen laying to her full ca-

capacity, but both together making a colony of sustained though not abnormal strength. Queens cost nothing, Mr. Hutchinson tells us, and that is true enough in June and July, at least before the queen is fertilized in a separate nucleus; and why not get an additional queen fertilized and laying in the same hive in June, then suppress one of the two queens in August, a few weeks before the end of the flow? No more of that lifting off of supers, and strewing of hive-compartments around the yard, then replacing the whole Tower of Babel in a different order, every part of it boiling over with bees—whoop! I have never tried it. (Keep still, Mr. Hard Facts; this does not concern you; just hush.) Swarming? Well, in this locality young queens (outside of after swarms) swarm so seldom that some say they don't do it at all; and why not fix up the old queen's compartment so that her household is not in a condition to swarm, but at the same time contributes bees to super work?—How is it to be done? I am not going to tell you; not because the details I have in mind are theory and not practice, for that would not deter me an instant, but because by not telling you, you may, keeping the desirable END in view, evolve a plan better than mine, or at least embodying features that mine has not.

I am a theorist, you see, (and I know you are, Mr. Reader), and am not ashamed to say so; not in the sense of theory vs. practice, which is absurd (WILL you keep still, Mr. Facts? no one but an uncandid person would take one up in that way), but with the conviction that theorizing, that is, study and thought, is good; and a certain proportion of theoretical discussion of important principles with one's fellow-craftsmen in public is just the thing.

Bee-papers are largely run for beginners, but not altogether. And I think that Mr. Aikin's suggestion on page 83 about dividing colonies was expressed just as it should have been, and no one had any reason to get riled, and his critics ought to be ashamed of themselves.

At a meeting of the Denver association this spring, the question of requeening came up, and one of the members got up and said as long as a question was in doubt in his own mind, he did not think it advisable to make it public. The discussion went ahead just the same, however, and the result was a most profitable debate, which was published, and one queen-breeder wrote me that he perused it with much interest. It is just as Mr. Aikin says, the thought necessary to the work the better fixes in one's mind the ideas to be expressed. Consequently, I would add, when the time comes to apply them, they are there to be applied.— Now, Mr. Facts, snort all you please. I've other business. Goodbye.

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The queens you sent me turned out the yellowest bees in my apiary. Are gentle to handle, are large and well marked. Yours truly,
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SOME INTERESTING ITEMS.

R. C. AIKIN.

FRIEND LEAHY.—Sorry to disappoint you again about manuscript for the next issue of the PROGRESSIVE. I got behind with my work because of the hard winter, slight sickness and a multitude of public duties. I am going to tell something in this letter that you may use in place of the regular article—that is, the letter is to take the place of an article if it gets to you soon enough, and you see fit to so use it. It will not cost you anything, and I am going to write it off as fast as I can think and finger the machine. It is now just 8 o'clock in the evening, and I am just in from the honey house. You know how it is with a busy bee-keeper in the honey season—at it late and early.

I started into the season with about 400 colonies, and meant to try to run them myself. They are in 4 apiaries, one being at home. The home one is run mostly for comb honey, all the out yards for extracted. The season was late, and the bees were about as much late as the season. Our flow usually begins about the 15th of June, not earlier than the 10th nor later than the 20th.

It is almost always true that the misfortunes of some become the fortune of others, at least temporarily; and so this year I was not the only one that was behind with my work. The farmers were detained with the spring plowing and other work, on account of wet, and got from one to three weeks behind. It is their custom to cut their alfalfa just as it gets almost ready to yield nectar, thus the honey crop is cut, too. Well, this time they did not get it cut till some of it had bloomed for 2 and 3 weeks full bloom, so the bees got one fair chance to see what

they could do. Now if it was unfortunate in the farmers being behind, it was fortunate for me, which in turn becomes unfortunate to you in my being too busy to get copy ready for your August issue.

It is now almost two weeks—yes, full two weeks, since the alfalfa was cut. A few days of unsettled weather came just as the alfalfa ceased, and little or nothing was done, just about a week, when the Rocky Mountain bee plant (cleome) began to yield, and almost with it sweet clover started. When I first kept bees here there was but little of the sweet clover, but now it is getting to be no mean source of supply, despite the fact that the farmers are fighting it as a bad weed. As soon as the bees make me enough money, I am going to buy some old worn-out farm or swamp, something that is cheap, and sow it to sweet clover and make a stock and bee farm of it. I may never see the day, nevertheless I hope to; would delight to turn some of the old weed patches to good use by means of sweet clover. I would not care so much if the farmers would not cut the alfalfa before it gets out of knee breeches, but since they do not consult my interests in the matter, they cannot blame me if I take comfort in the fact that sweet clover is multiplying by road, ditch and fence corner.

You can guess how busy I have been, with 400 colonies to care for, and behind with them at the start. I managed to keep them supplied with room to store and to keep reasonable control of swarming till the swarming time was about over, when I hired a man to help me. Just a few colonies suffered for storage room, but not so as to lose much honey. If my man will stay with me, we will get the work done up so that next year I will have things up to date. When running

for extracted honey, with PLENTY of extras one can control swarming to a reasonable success, and not cage queens nor cut cells, but for comb honey it is not so easy. The how of it is enough for one or two articles, so will not attempt it here.

Now do not jump at the conclusion that I have a house full of honey—no, not yet. Have taken off about 8000 of extracted and 1000 of comb. We go to the apiary in the morning and get off all the wagon will carry, come home and extract in the afternoon. We (my man and myself) can thus get in about 800 in a day. The hauling is done in our big home-made covered wagon, elevated to the second story on a home-made elevator, uncapped and extracted there, and runs from the extractor to the strainer, and then through the floor to storage tanks on the first floor. (The clock has just struck nine, and it is bedtime for me.)

When the honey has stood a few days in the tank it is drawn into pails and cans. I say PAILS and cans, for we sell more honey in lard pails than any other way. I have before written of this in these columns. The pails are piled up and left till the honey is solid as lard, then it is ready to sell. The matter of selling honey in the candied condition is no longer an experiment with me—it is an assured success, and away ahead of any plan yet in vogue for supplying the masses. Fancy trade at fancy prices will be all O. K. in its place, but it is not the thing for the masses.

Brethren, if you are going to sell honey to the masses, produce extracted and put it in cheap packages, and sell it when it is candied in the package.

Now I must go to bed. Good night.

Loveland, Colo.

Recapitulation by G. M. Doolittle.

"Eight O'Clock in the Evening."—

This is the time Bro. A. says he came from the honey house, from which we are to suppose that 8 o'clock is what he considers "quitting time" from his regular labor among the bees, for the night. Did the reader make a note of that? If so, will said reader stop and think how many "strikes" have been on during the past decade, because hired laborers objected to working 10 hours each day, many considering that 8 hours should be long enough for a day's work. If Bro. A. is like other bee-keepers, he is up and at his work at 5 o'clock in the morning, thus working 15 hours each day, less the time out for his meals; and yet when the year rolls around, many are the bee-keepers who do not have more to show as the results for these long days' labor, in dollars and cents, than do those who are clamoring for only 8 hours of labor. But as there are results beside dollars and cents to be obtained, when we come to consider the *fun and good health* there is in bee-keeping, then these extra hours' work are more than made up in this part of the matter. From half past four a. m., to half past eight p. m., less the time for eating three meals, is the average day's work for Doolittle during the longest days of the year, Sundays excepted, and then I sit at my desk till from 10 to 10:30 p. m., answering correspondents, when *my* bed-time arrives. But allow me to say, that a tired body and a "clear conscience" allows me to put in as good time sleeping while I am in bed, as was put in during the day, and I wake up refreshed and ready to achieve great things the next day. The bee-keeper who thus labors *enjoys* sleeping; doesn't have any of those "night-mare" dreams which lazy folks dread, nor wake up in the morning dull and stupid and all "tired out," as do those who sit about, or swing in a hammock all day. No, no! it is *invigor-*

ating sleep and *invigorating* work all of the 24 hours for 313 out of the year. and the 52 Sundays are as truly days of *rest*, as is the oasis of the desert something of keen enjoyment to the weary, sun and sand-burnt traveler of the desert. The man or woman who thinks physical labor, and lots of it, is a thing to be despised, does not know how to get the most comfort and happiness out of life.

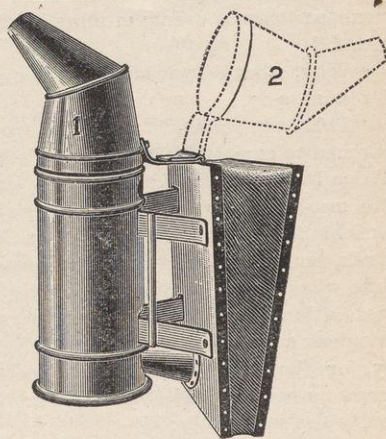
Vindictive Aikin.—That "knee breeches" sentence of Bro. A.'s reminds me of a colony of hybrid bees, which are ready to come for you by the score and hundred just the minute you disturb their hive, and sometimes when you have not disturbed it at all—just simply stand looking and admiring their beauty (?). Does Bro. A. have the slightest idea that any farmer is going to buy land, seed it to alfalfa, fence it in, etc., on purpose for pasturage for his bees? And the idea of inferring that they should consult him or any other bee-keeper, as to the time said alfalfa, raised on their land for their own benefit, should be cut! Does he think the millennium has dawned on this old, wicked earth? Not much! If he could only see way down deep into these farmers' hearts, he would find a "rankling" there, a jealousy that shaped itself into thinking that all the sweets carried to his hives from off their lands, whether from alfalfa, clover, basswood, buckwheat, goldenrod, weeds or what not, was just so much stolen from their pockets and put into his. And then to "gloat" over that "nuisance," sweet clover, spreading all about the country, in the way Bro. A. does, is but to add insult to injury, and make the average farmer more jealous and hateful of and to the the apiarists of the country than they were before. Why not preach the truth, and *always* put to the outside the real fact that the *bees and their keeper are the very best friends of the farmer*, better than are those of any other profession or calling in life. Tell the farmers how the bee

improves "each shining hour" in working for the fertilizing of *their* flowers so that the trees and the fields yield "fruit to the eater and meat to the sower," and thus gain their good will instead of ill will. And gaining their good will will go a long way toward their allowing the alfalfa to stand longer before cutting, be the season wet or dry, and cause them to look on the sweet clover multiplying by road, ditch and "fence corner," as a thing of beauty, because it helps sustain their *friends*, the bees and their keeper. Love is stronger than cutting words, and friendship than war. Try it, brothers and sisters, and prove the fact for yourselves.

Candied Honey.—I want the reader to note what Bro. A. says about selling honey in the extracted form, in a candied condition. Like him, I consider that as the only successful way to handle extracted honey. No leaky vessels, no daubing of counters, no soiling of clothes, hands, etc., and no "swear words" or disgust of merchants, customers or consumers. But why does Bro. A. say "pails and cans?" Why does he not put up such honey in *boxes*? I have not produced any extracted honey in several years, but the last I did produce I sold in boxes. These boxes were gotten out during the leisure of winter, in 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 pound sizes, made up and the inside coated with paraffine, the same all being nicely stored away, bottom side up, for future use. When the time comes, they are filled from the tank, the same as Bro. A. does his pails and cans, till the five pound box has two ounces over five pounds in it, the ten pound, four ounces over ten pounds, the twenty-five pound box, half a pound over 25 pounds, and the two last one pound more than each is said to contain. This is done to make satisfied customers, and to make good the waste which will naturally occur from what may stick to the sides and corners of the boxes. Having the box-

es filled, a proper sized piece of "butter paper", or paraffine paper, is laid on top and the cover laid over the whole, the same being set one side until it is candied, when the covers are nailed on, it being then ready for customers or shipment, the necessary directions for liquifying going with each package. The five pound boxes are made of three-eighths stuff, the ten pound of one fourth stuff, the twenty-five pound of half-inch, the fifty pound of three-fourth inch, and the one hundred pound box of inch stuff. Don't be afraid of their getting broken open in shipment, for when the honey is candied in them, they are about as solid as so many brick. The box has three things in its favor over cans and pails. Cheapness, solid packing and a lower freight rate, when shipped by rail. Try a few next year, Bro. A., and see what you think, then, if pleased, you will know what to do after that. And if not pleased, the experiment will have cost you but little.

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



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A SUMMER IDYL.

BY ELLEN BRAINARD PECK.

This story began in the August PROGRESSIVE
CHAPTER III.

"Love took up the glass of time and turned it
in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in
golden sands."—Tennyson.

WHEN George Benton reached home
after his talk with Alice, he felt
in no mood to plan with Jeannette
about her party. She perceived that
he was not his usual bright self, al-
though he did his best to disguise it.

"What is the matter, George?" she
said to him that night after supper, as
they were walking up and down the
long piazza together. Jeannette wore
a fluffy white shawl over her head, and
her eyes were as "twin stars."

"Nothing," he answered drearily,
"except that a dream of mine is shat-
tered."

"Why, what do you mean?" she quer-
ied anxiously.

"This afternoon," and his words
seemed to come with an effort, "I asked
Alice Dayton if she would try to care
for me, and she refused me; that's all;"
and his face grew wan and set in the
dusk, but not more so than Jeannette's,
into whose heart surged a feeling of
desolation. She did not trust herself
to speak at first, but she shivered slight-
ly, for the pleasant twilight seemed
grown strangely chill and dark. Fi-
nally she said softly:

"I am very sorry, George; perhaps
Alice will change her mind;" but he
shook his head despondently and did
not seem to notice her as she quietly
slipped into the house.

Brave little Jeannette. That night,
the eve of her twentieth birthday,
brought to her grief enough, and alone

in her own pretty room, with her head
resting on her arms, which were cross-
ed on the sill of the open window, she
wept long and bitterly, the passionate
tears of her first real sorrow. The fra-
grance of the spring night passed her
by unheeded, while the passionless
stars throbbled in their lonely isolation.

Life is a strange web, and the weav-
ing thereof we cannot fathom. In the
millionaire's house on the hill two un-
happy hearts were battling for peace,
and near the humble farmhouse, where
had entered the question of daily bread,
love waited with folded wings ere in a
brief space he should cross its thresh-
old. Suddenly Jeannette lifted her
head. Why had Alice done this thing
and refused a man who was all a girl's
heart could desire? Could Alice have
done this because of her? because she
knew of her love for her cousin? This
idea succeeded in drying her eyes, for
it brought in its train a thought of a
good deed. She would set the matter
right on the morrow, and Alice should
not be the sufferer because of her own
misfortune to love one who did not re-
turn her affection. So thinking, she
went to bed, and sleep, like a good an-
gel closed her eyelids, and she dreamed
as a peaceful child whose troubles die
with the dusk.

That same evening Mrs. Henry drop-
ped in as she called it to see Mrs. Day-
ton and Alice, and much of the talk
turned on bee-keeping.

"Alice is exactly the right kind of a
person to keep bees," said Mrs. Henry,
"for Rob says that bees cannot abide a
fidgety person, or anyone who is mussy;
that everything must be as neat about
them as their own wax. But he hasn't
written yet, and I somehow believe he
will come himself, instead of sending a
letter. Then you will hear about hives
and all sorts of things like feeders, and
swarm-catchers, and division boards,
and I don't know what not, for Rob is
right up-to-date about all the conven-
iences for apiaries."

This bright talk somewhat relieved the tension of Alice's feelings, who felt sorry for Jeannette, sorry for George, and altogether amazed at the unlooked-for turn in events, just as she expected a long, peaceful summer full of the interest of bee-keeping. After Mrs. Henry's husband had come to take her home and the goodbyes were said, Alice sat down by her mother and told her of her afternoon's experience. Mrs. Dayton stroked her daughter's hair as she said:

"And you are sure that you do not care for him, daughter? He is a man a woman could love and be proud of, and he is well to do, and naturally I want you to marry a man who can keep you in comfort."

"I do not care for him enough to marry him. Mother; and besides, Jeannette does, and has for a long time."

"I suspected as much at one time, but thought that perhaps I might be mistaken," said Mrs. Dayton musingly. "It would be a suitable marriage, and one most satisfactory to the Benton family on both sides; and, dear, though you are in every way worthy of him, still, in a worldly point of view, he would do better to marry Jeannette, and his family, who are fashionable people, might not give you the welcome which you would deserve;" and so the talk concluded for the night in the quiet farmhouse.

The next morning Jeannette hastened away from her home, where all was bustle and confusion preparatory to her party that evening, and after a refreshing walk along the country road, for Alice's home stood about half a mile outside of the village, she came to the Dayton's. Alice was busily working, sweeping the front porch, when she spied her friend coming along the road, and she waved her broom to her and ran down to the garden gate to meet her. Jeannette was a little pale when Alice met her, but she had an expression that Alice knew well meant an in-

ward struggle of some kind. It was the expression which Jeannette wore when she decided to give up some treat she had longed for and give the money to charity. Alice did not speak of it, however, but linked her arm in Jeannette's, and together they strolled about the garden. Jeannette did not speak for some time. At length she said:

"Dear Alice, George told me about it last night."

"I hoped that he would not tell you. I was going to keep this one secret from you," answered Alice.

"Alice, did you refuse him on my account?"

"Bless you, child, no. I think any amount of him, and think him a splendid man, but I do not care for him as a husband, because I have grown used to thinking of him more as a brother; and beside this, dear Jeannette, I think he is mistaken, for we are not suited to each other." Jeannette looked half hopefully at Alice.

"If you truly do not want him, and I believe you, Alice, if he can ever learn to care for me, why I am willing to come second to you, just as I used to be in our school reports, and every other way."

"Jeannette, you are a little goose. Don't you know you are like the swift, darting swallow, while I am like the little brown sparrow, a quiet home body, not fitted to shine in society the way you are? and though my face may be passing fair, why so is yours."

Several days afterward Alice saw Mrs. Henry with a tall man beside her, coming into the front gate, and when she knocked, Alice hastened to admit her visitors, and she concluded that the tall and dignified man was he whom Mrs. Henry so gayly called "Rob." As Alice opened the door, Mrs. Henry called out:

"Here's Rob. A pretty long letter, isn't he, Alice?"

This rather embarrassed the young girl, but she shook hands with her

usual sweet serenity and cordiality, but wondering inwardly if she could get up sufficient courage to question this grave-looking man about bees; but she saw his eye twinkle when he looked at his sprightly little sister, and Alice concluded that he was not so very formidable after all.

Mrs. Dayton rose to meet her visitors as they entered the sitting-room, and Mr. Carrington thought he had seldom seen so pleasant a room, with its cool green matting and willow furniture, with big bowls of buttercups placed here and there. Alice's and her mother's somber dresses brought out all the more clearly the light tints of the room.

Alice wore a sprig of apple blossoms in her black gown, and made as lovely a picture as it is a man's good fortune to look upon, was Robert Carrington's inward comment as he looked at her.

"You see, Miss Dayton," he said, "that I have obeyed my sister's summons promptly, although she got me here on a misrepresentation. She wrote me that a maiden lady who lived near her was desirous of going into apiculture, and she really thought it was my duty to come and talk to her. You can imagine my wild disappointment when I met you." All laughed heartily, but Mrs. Henry grew a little red as she answered:

"Well, that is one on me, but, Alice, Rob has always been so determined not to talk to girls, that I thought the maiden lady would bring him quicker. There, sir, how do you like that?" turning triumphantly to her brother.

"I had never met Miss Alice heretofore, and circumstances alter cases."

Alice laughed as she said:

"I can go and put on a cap, if you think you would enjoy yourself more, Mr. Carrington. But indeed," she added seriously, "I think it was ever so nice of you to be willing to help me."

"It will give me more pleasure than you think, to tell you about this hobby of mine, and all that I do, you must put

down to pure selfishness." By this time Mrs. Dayton and Mrs. Henry were chatting together, and Mr. Carrington was telling Alice about his apiary out west. He asked Alice how much she already knew about the bees and their habits. Alice told him that she knew very little except that there was a queen, some drones and the worker bees.

"Then," he said, "you must read how they build their comb, and how the workers feed the young brood, and the development of the larvæ, and many other things; but to begin with, I will tell you just a few practical facts, important for a beginner in bee-keeping to remember. In the first place, you must be contented to start with three colonies, and from them you can gain the experience that is needful before you enlarge your apiary. You must keep your colonies large, and remember that it is not the number of colonies, but the size of the colonies, that is to be your chief care, for it takes a great many little workers to keep the beehouse in order and to enable us to get surplus honey. The first year you will do well if you clear expenses, but after that you will get some profit. Your hives must be frame hives. I use the ten-frame ones, and others sometimes prefer the eight-frame. We all have our own ideas on such subjects. Then there are bee books and bee papers, which you must have and read carefully, if you are to be up with the times."

"I shall study very hard to learn about the subject, as I begin now to see how much there is to it," said Alice.

"Well, if you will be so kind as to accept these books to begin on, it will please me," said Mr. Carrington, handing her a bulky package which he had brought with him, remarking as he did so: "I believe that I have heard that girls always like to untie their own packages, so I shall let you undo this one." Alice thanked him very heartily for his gift, and opening it,

found several of the standard works on apiculture, and in addition, Sir John Lubbock's delightful work on the habits of bees. "You see I had those all ready for the unknown maiden lady," he said.

Alice felt an unaccountable regret that the gift was not more personal, but half-ashamed within herself at such a feeling, strove to overcome it. Robert felt that his last speech somehow had not been a happy one, so he hastily resumed the conversation saying:

"It is hardly possible for me to explain all about the mechanism of the frame hives, but you have doubtless seen the little boxes of honey for sale."

"O, yes," said Alice, "we frequently have had them."

"Then if you will let me, I will bring over a hive this afternoon, for I brought one with me."

"Was it for the maiden lady also?" mischievously asked Alice. At this he smiled at her and said:

"Yes, but with a difference. I intended to do her a favor by giving it to her. Now I ask you to do me the favor of accepting it." The ice was now broken, and Alice said sincerely and graciously:

"I am glad to take your gifts, Mr. Carrington, and I appreciate the giving of them all the more, since you brought them in thoughtfulness and kindness of heart."

"Thank you," he said, leaning forward, and for one brief moment taking her hand. It was a simple act, but in it lay more than in a world of words, for in that touch his heart spoke and hers answered, and as he looked at her half-averted face, he knew that he had found this glad morning the love of his life in a girl so fair that she seemed the incarnation of springtide. During the walk home with his sister he seemed in a deep reverie. At last his sister said, looking curiously at him:

"Rob, how do you like Alice?"

Turning to her, he answered:

"Emma, do you remember that when we were children I read you a legend of a man who travelled the world over searching for a beautiful flower, and one day he became weary of the search, and gave it up, when lo! near by him, he saw it blossoming? Well, that is what has happened to me this morning. The flower's name was love. When I was not looking for it, it blossomed for me unawares."

CHAPTER IV.

"He was a man, take him for all in all."

ROBERT CARRINGTON was practically a western man, having left his eastern home when a mere boy and started his life's career in Missouri. He had become one of the richest land and farm owners in the west, and although so young a man, had been sent to the state senate, and his party were now talking of him as their future United States congressman. He was one of those rare characters whose past is not marked here and there by incipient love affairs, and he paid no attention to women, save in the way of friendship. He was devoted to advancing the farming industry, and his pet hobby was his apiary. He was a man who concentrated his energy and thought in one guiding motive, that was, to make himself a credit to his state. There are two kinds of people in the world, who stand in exact counter relation to each other. There are those who bend circumstances to their course in life, and those whom circumstance bends. Robert Carrington belonged to the former class, and much of his success in life had been due to that charm of personality which we call magnetism, a mystic element in the human composition, that sways men, a chord in one man that, when vibrating, imparts its tone to all the human chords about it. He stood six feet tall, and was athletically proportioned. His face was not regularly handsome, but it was a face

that was pleasing and good to look upon, with the broad, high brow and the firm, square-cut chin. He was a blonde, and wore his face clean shaven, and he dressed well and in good taste. His grey eyes had a straightforward look that inspired confidence, and he was that best of things, an honorable gentleman, in the good old Saxon meaning of the word, a gentle man, strong for the right and tender to the weak.

"Mr. Carrington is a remarkably nice man," said Mrs. Dayton, after Mrs. Henry and her brother had gone.

"Yes," said Alice, in a somewhat constrained tone, but her mother apparently did not seem to notice it, and went on talking:

"I think he will be a great help to you in starting your bee-keeping, for he looks like a man who could put a thing in the clearest way, whether it was something about bees, or the laws of the state."

That afternoon was one of never-to-be-forgotten pleasure to Alice, while she watched the transferring of the bees from the old box hive into the modern frame hive which Mr. Carrington had brought her. The bees had already made a good deal of comb, so it interested her greatly to see it tied evenly onto the frames, and to learn that now the bees would make straight, even combs, and not build corner-wise across the box. She did not stop to analyze why she was so happy, but the soft breeze, as it wafted the snowy petals of the apple blooms onto the grass, sang more sweetly to her than ever before, and the golden light that touched the trees and the grass, and which flooded the atmosphere, seemed to her unspeakably lovely. Such is the beginning of love, glorifying as with a magic wand all well known objects; love who steps so lightly within the portals of the heart that his coming is unheard, but enters, presaging joy or sorrow for time to come.

"Poets and writers talk a good deal about these busy fellows; have you ever noticed that, Miss Alice?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, "and that has always made me think of them in a poetical rather than practical light."

"The practical side need not disillusion you, as the comb building is the poetry of perfect mechanism, and their honey gathering the poetry of work."

"That is a fine way to think of it," she said enthusiastically.

"This is a nice situation for bee hives; this ground gently sloping to the south

and shadowed by these wide branching trees, which shield them from too much sun, and the bees will pay the trees for their kindly shade by fertilizing the blossoms and so improving the apples," he said. "As there are no apiaries near here, your bees will have it pretty much their own way with the flowers, save for the few wild swarms in the woods." They were now standing a short distance watching the bees calm down and crawl into their modern apartment. Now and then, as it was late in the afternoon, some belated workers came flying home, and without apparently noticing the change, crept quickly up the alighting board into the hive. "They are not troubled, you see," said Mr. Carrington, "as this hive is exactly in the same spot, and situation is what bees notice in the main. Their comb shows what geometricians they are, and of course you've heard of the 'bee-line,' which is so straight, the shortest distance between two points. Bee-keeping is divided into two parts, it seems to me—the knowledge of the anatomy of the bee and the habits of the bee are in the first part, and the practical care of bees belongs to the second part, and it takes a long time to learn the practical part, because one must be ready for an emergency and know just what to do. Bees, like people, sometimes fall sick, and must be cured, or exterminated to prevent contagion, and all this demands thought and study, and it seems to me that in bee-keeping there is more difference of opinion than in any other natural industry. One man upholds one kind of hive; another, some other. Bees are such rapid workers and accomplish so much, that it astonishes us, and that is why they are examples of industry and perseverance. You can read all about the formation of wax, in your bee books: how the bees exude an animal fat in little scales between the rings of their abdomen, how they claw it out with their clawed feet and make it soft in their mouths, and how it comes out a long slim strip. These subjects are extremely interesting and hold one with an irresistible fascination. Sir John Lubbock by experiment discovered that the favorite color with bees is blue; hence, they frequent blue flowers, and the blue flowers being fertilized by the bees' visits, have a tendency to become still more blue."

"I have observed in the blue chicory that grows so plentifully in this locality, that some of the flowers are in

tensely blue; while others are fainter hued. Perhaps that has something to do with the visits of bees," said Alice.

"I do not doubt but that the plants having the bluest flowers were from seeds fertilized by the bees," answered Mr. Carrington: "And so you see that bee culture also brings in botany. Although our little black German bee has some advocates, still the general voice is in favor of the yellow-banded Italians, and you can find these facts all set forth clearly in your books. The Italian is supposed to keep out enemies from its hive better, such as the bee moth, but even this I have heard disputed. But all these vexing questions can come later, and we will take it for granted that nothing but success is to attend your apiary. It will be an easy thing to procure two more patent hives, but the question of two more colonies is harder to settle as nobody within twenty miles of us, so I find, keeps bees, unless in some way we can get some wild swarms."

"I know," said Alice, "a queer old man who lives over by those woods," and she pointed to a grove near by, on her land. "His name is Job Willard, and he pretends to be a very wise-acre on the subject of bees, about which he holds all the old-fashioned superstitions. But he is knowing in the lore of the woods and fields, and he might get us a couple of swarms, as he lives by doing odds and ends."

"I would like to see this old-timer, and it would be rather a nice walk to take across the field, don't you think?" asked Carrington, and together they slowly wandered through the fields shimmering in the first soft light of sunset. The home-flying birds circled above them, the wind was rising gently, as in silent happiness they passed along.

(Continued in Oct. PROGRESSIVE).

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MANAGEMENT and MANIPULATION

S. P. Culey.

No. 2.

IN OUR August article we gave full data as to our locality and we want the reader to bear all this data in mind, because, the locality in which we have always kept bees has exerted an important influence upon our opinions—has in fact formed, shaped and moulded our views and he who recognizes this fact will profit most by what we write. All writers for the bee journals should furnish the reader similar data for by the aid of this each apiarist's opinions can be best interpreted and understood. There is a principle involved here that is important. Everyone must have noticed the full discussions on the size of hives that have lately appeared. Greek has met Greek, and we have witnessed the "tug of war." It seems to me so much discussion of the merits and demerits of certain sized hives and so little said of the *principles* underlying the whole controversy (or whatever it is) is liable to be confusing and misleading. To read the bee journals for the past six or eight months one would naturally suppose that bee hives were now for the first time on trial and that nothing at all pertaining thereto had been settled. Occasionally some one regrets that it is not "settled" as to what size or style of hive is best, or hopes it will sometimes be "settled." It can never be "settled" upon the present plan of procedure—at least not till men cease to hold different opinions. THE PRINCIPLES WHICH SHOULD GOVERN can be and should be "settled" but the question, "What size of hives is best," is not one that admits of a definite answer expressed in feet and inches. The correct answer depends—and upon what it depends we shall presently speak. The past and present discussion of this matter may be aptly compared to the following. Suppose the horticulturist of Florida, California, Michigan and North Dakota were to ask what varieties of fruit are best to grow, and suppose they discussed it and disputed about it in the papers. The Florida and California men might contend for oranges, lemons and coconuts; the Missouri and Michigan men might hold out for big red apples; while the

North Dakota men might favor cranberries. Each would be right and all would be wrong; because what is best for one locality would not be best for another. And so of the size of hives. To determine the size of hives best for your use, dear reader, you should consider the following factors:

1. Your locality, as per August article.

2. Yourself—what sort of a man are you?

3. What you want to do—do you want to invest considerable labor and time or very little; do you want comb or extracted honey; are you lazy or industrious, etc., etc. If you want to give your bees careful and constant attention, that is one thing; if you want to let them alone, let them work out their own destiny on the root-hog-or-die idea and take what honey you can get, that is another thing. The best size of hive for the first plan would not be best for the second. Therefore, what size of hive is best depends upon: First—the locality; second—the man; third—what the man wants to do and who the man is. Differences of opinion arise from differences in locality, in men and in what they are and want to do.

If you want to be a Doolittle or a Dadant it is more important to have the Doolittle and Dadant energy, brain, ability and industry, patience and persistence than to have the Doolittle or Dadant hive.

A word here about how men differ. Take men in finance. One man enjoys operating on the board of trade. He speculates in stocks and plunges in grain—mayhaps making and losing millions in a week and the hotter the pace the happier the man. He enjoys it because he is built that way. Another man prefers to loan his money at a good per cent, invest in bonds or solid real estate. To speculate would be a torture to him, to plunge would be a nightmare. There is a difference. Take them in bee-keeping. One man wants to keep one thousand colonies and therefore bends all his energies to devising a system of management adapted to the scale of his operations. Another wants to keep fifty to one hundred colonies and make them yield maximum results per colony, and adopts a system in accordance with that preference. It would be foolish to expect men so different in their very natures to be pleased with the same hive, or system. Their difference is

of temperament and character and cannot be "settled" except by their "agreeing to disagree."

Now, for the principles involved in determining the size of hive to use. We wish to point out how to just let the bees "settle" it—the bees and their keeper—for each apiarist and locality. When you find the size of hive best adapted to the AVERAGE SEASONS in your locality, you have the correct size as near as is practical to get it. You can determine what this size is by experimenting with different sizes in a small way and noting results, also largely by observing closely and using your thinker freely. In fact, a thorough bee man needs only to be in touch with his apiary when his natural bee-intuition will tell him when he has the right sized hives. Owing to the variations of the seasons the right sized hive will be too large for a poor season, too small for an extra good one and just right for the average season. When we used the Langstroth frame exclusively, we used to rather like to have both eight and ten frame hives in the same apiary. This bothered some about tiering up, but we could give the most prolific queens the larger hives and in artificial swarming we could "swarm" the bees from a ten frame into an eight frame. If we had hives of two or more sizes we would not discard any of them but use them all. The idea of having a "standard" hive in the sense of uniformity in size is a dream, and even if it were a fact, its advantages would not balance its drawbacks.

Personally, we prefer a shallow-framed hive and divisible brood chamber, a hive much like Mr. Aikin described in his articles, "Experience and Its Lessons," and which Mr. Doolittle designates as the "tumble up and pull down" hive. Formerly in this locality a hive with 8 L frame capacity was about right; but now we need more room and a hive with 10 L frame capacity is none too large. Something depends on the strain of bees also, on whether their queens are prolific and the bees excel as honey gatherers.

Reports on experiments with different sized hives are worth little unless taken in connection with the surroundings and circumstances. Let the reader recall what we said in August PROGRESSIVE of the seasons '98 and '99 in this locality, and the following report (which is fiction) will illustrate our point:

MR. R. B. LEAHY, Higginsville, Mo.:

DEAR SIR—Last year (1898) I kept six colonies of bees in your latest improved dovetailed hives, with best supers and fixtures complete, and did not get a pound of surplus honey, so this year I put my bees in nail kegs and have taken over 150 pounds per colony. No more "patent" fixtures for me. Yours,
Aullville, Mo., Sept. 1, 1899. N. O. GOOD.

This would prove that nail kegs are better than dovetailed hives. This illustrates the fact that reports may be very misleading, unless *all* the facts are reported.

We notice in last Gleanings that Mr. Ernest Root promises that the Revised A B C of Bee Culture, in the part devoted to hives, shall deal with PRINCIPLES instead of patterns. If Mr. Ernest carries out this idea in a thorough manner it will be a credit to the Revised A B C book and will merit the thanks of the entire fraternity. We repeat, the principles involved can be determined and settled, and then each man and his bees can intelligently do the rest.

When the principles of bee-keeping become thoroughly understood the following fiction will become fact:

MR. M. A. M., Beedom, Mo.:

DEAR SIR—What hive is best? Our locality is subject to drouth, not many bees here, but a friend of mine back in York state tells me of a wonderful new hive and thinks bees will do well in it anywhere. A. HARDUP.
Baked Plains, Western Kansas.

Reply—Think you better let bee-keeping alone. Yours, M. A. M.

MR. M. A. M., Beedom, Mo.:

DEAR SIR—I want to go into bee-keeping. What size of hive is best to get? A friend tells me there are two moderate honey flows here each season. Fruit bloom plentiful, white clover fairly so, fair fall flow.
Puffville, Eastern Kas. A. N. ENQUIRER.

Reply—Think 8-frame capacity about what you want.

MR. M. A. M., Beedom, Mo.:

DEAR SIR—What size hive is best? We have two very strong honey flows each season usually.

Goose Creek, Ohio.
Reply—Ten-frame capacity.

MR. M. A. M., Beedom, Mo.:

DEAR SIR—What size hive is best? Where the honey flow is strong from March till October?

Prosperity, Tex.

Reply—A hive of not less than 12 L frame capacity, we think.

So much for size of hives. Guess we will have to postpone speaking of systems of management.

Higginsville, Mo.

You, We Mean.

You should not fail to read the continuation of "A Summer Idyl." If you are not now a subscriber to the PROGRESSIVE, or if your time has expired, send us 50c, and we will mail you the PROGRESSIVE for one year. Remember, there are many other interesting features, in addition to the prize stories. You should not miss a number. Send in your subscription a once, and make yourself glad.

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

D. P. CLEMENTS, of Carbondale, Kas., writes as follows:

"I received a sample copy of the PROGRESSIVE, and enjoyed Doolittle's writings very much. I used to read his communications in Rural Home, many years ago. Enclosed find fifty cents, for which please send me the PROGRESSIVE one year. I have twenty-five colonies of bees doing fine on the white clover bloom."

ALFALFA clover so far has proved a boon to bee-keepers. It has been considered one of the unfailing honey plants in localities adapted to its culture. Many bee-keepers from the eastern and southern states have recently moved into Colorado and other alfalfa producing territory. It is with much regret we receive the following news with reference to the alfalfa season from our friend, W. J. Fulton, of Garden City, Kas.:

"Our bees have done no good since the first of July. It has rained every day or two since. That is not the worst of it. There is a yellow butterfly that extracts all the nectar from the bloom that appears. There is a web worm that webs the bloom and buds into a knot, so the bees cannot do any good. The third crop will commence blooming in a few days. If they are as bad on that as they were on the second bloom, our honey crop will be almost a failure."

We have received a great many complaints the last season from customers

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to whom we sent short top bar frames and end-spacing staples. The following is a part of a letter received from our friend, George W. Williams, of Humansville, Mo.:

"The goods came some days ago, but I find that you sent the short top bar for the frames ordered, intending that I should use the staple (the staples were sent). I have tried the staples in the end bar, and do not like them a little bit. Don't understand why they were sent, unless I had ordered that kind."

WE are now extracting the white clover honey from our forty colonies of bees, though the white clover honey flow ceased six weeks ago. Though the weather is very hot now, this honey is quite thick, having been thoroughly evaporated by the bees and heat. Such honey suits the consumer best, as it is of better body and flavor than honey extracted a few days after gathering, as then it is thin and watery, will sometimes sour, and in many cases granulates before cold weather sets in. To command a good trade and a good price, honey should be left on the hives till thoroughly ripened, and then it is fit for the gods of old Olympia—or anybody else.

BRO. YORK, of the American Bee Journal, recently addressed one of the Chicago public schools on the subject of bees. The gist of his remarks were printed in a little paper issued by the scholars. Miss Anna Sundberg, a girl of fifteen, who edits the paper, gave the following synopsis of Mr. York's talk:

"Thursday afternoon Mr. York was in our room, and told us a great many interesting things about bees. There are three kinds of bees, the queen, the workers, and the drones. The queen is long and narrow. She lays all the eggs in the hive, but never gathers honey nor goes where the surplus is stored. Her food consists of a finer quality of honey called royal jelly. The worker is like the queen in every way except two. The first is that the lower part of its body is shorter; and the second is, that its work is different. It gathers

the honey and pollen, which it stores away in the cells. The drone is larger and broader and broader than the worker. It does nothing but eat and sleep.

The pollen is stored in the lower part of the hive, and here the queen lays her eggs. One egg is put into each cell. After the egg has been laid, and food put in for the larva, the workers plaster up the opening of the cell. There is some difference in the covering of the cells. Those of workers are flat, while the drone-cell caps resemble a mass of bullets, and the entire queen-cell is different. Her cell looks like a bag, and is shaped somewhat like a peanut. A few days after being laid, each egg is transformed into a small, pearly-white larva.

The queen develops in 16 days, the worker in 21, and the drones in 24. The workers seldom lay eggs; but when they do, only drones are produced.

Bees will gather honey for several miles around. The bee flies around the hive several times before it leaves, and when it comes back, it flies to a certain height, and then in one straight line to its home.

The drones have no stings. The worker dies after using its sting, and the queen uses hers only in killing a rival, if she has any.

There are about 40,000 bees in a hive, and a strong colony of bees will store about 100 pounds of honey in a good season.

When the hive is overcrowded, the queen and a great many of the workers fly away and settle on the branch of some tree. This is called swarming, and causes a great deal of excitement in the hive when it happens."

We hope Bro. York can find time to address more public schools, as we believe much good will come to bee-keepers of the future by the educating of the children along this line. Would it not be a good idea for all of us to follow Bro. York's plan, and see if we cannot have at least one lecture a year on bees, delivered to the children of our public schools?



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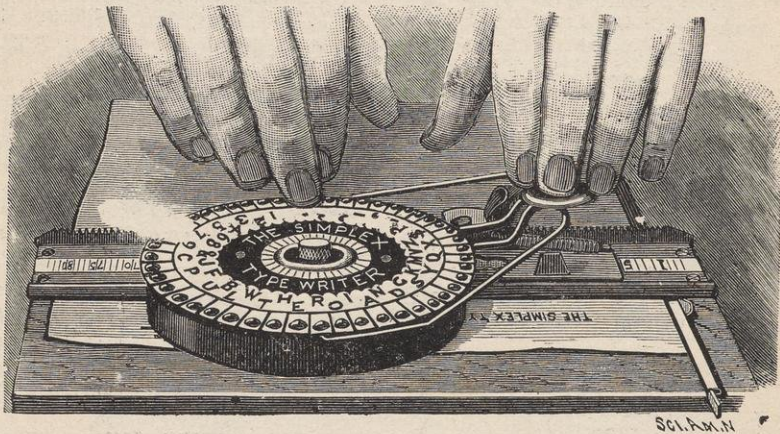
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Every bee-keeper who has had experience with several strains of bees knows that some are far superior to others—that there is scrub stock among bees, just as there are scrub horses, cattle, sheep and poultry. Let me give my own experience: Years ago, while living at Rogersville, I made a specialty of rearing queens for sale. Before engaging in this work, I bought Italian queens, and Italianized not only my own bees, but all within three miles of my apiary. In buying those queens I think that I patronized nearly every breeder in the United States; and even in those years of inexperience I was not long in noting the great difference in the different strains of bees. The queens from one particular breeder produced bees that delighted me greatly. They were just plain, dark, three-banded Italians, but as workers, I have never seen their equal. They seemed possessed of a steady, quiet determination that enabled them to lay up surplus ahead of the others. Easier bees to handle I have never seen. It sometimes seemed as if they were too busy attending to their own business to bother with anything else. Their honey was capped with a snowy whiteness, rivalling that of the blacks. In addition to these desirable traits must be added that of wintering well. If any bees came through the winter it was the colonies of this strain. They came as near being ideal bees as any I have ever possessed. All this was 20 years ago, and several times since then I have bought queens of this same breeder, and I have always found this strain of bees possessed of those same good qualities—industry, gentleness and hardness. In addition to this, they cap their honey as the blacks do theirs. I have frequently corresponded with this breeder, and with those who have bought queens of him, and I am thoroughly convinced that he has a strain of bees that are far superior to the general run of stock. If I were starting an apiary for the production of honey, I should unhesitatingly stock it with this strain of bees.



This breeder has always advertised in a modest, quiet, unassuming sort of way, nothing in proportion to what the quality of his stock would have warranted, and at last I have decided that I can help him, and benefit my readers at a profit to myself, by advertising these bees in a manner befittingly energetic.



The price of these queens will be \$1.50 each. This may seem like a high price, but the man who pays it will make dollars where this breeder and myself make cents; and when you come to read the conditions under which they are sold, it will not seem so high. The queens sent out will all be young queens just beginning to lay, but as there are no black bees in the vicinity, it is not likely that any will prove impurely mated. If any queen *should* prove to be impurely mated, another will be sent free of charge. Safe arrival in first-class condition guaranteed. Instructions for introducing will be sent to each purchaser, and, if these instructions are followed, and the queen is lost, another will be sent free of charge. This is not all; if at any time within two years, a purchaser, for any reason *whatever*, is not satisfied with his bargain, he can return the queen, and his money will be refunded, and fifty cents extra sent to pay him for his trouble. It will be seen that the purchaser runs *no risk whatever*. If a queen does not arrive in good condition, another is sent. If he loses her in introducing, another is sent. If she should prove impurely mated, another is sent. If the queen proves a poor layer, or the stock does not come up to the expectations, or there is *any* reason why the bargain is not satisfactory, the queen can be returned and the money will be refunded, and the customer fairly well paid for his trouble. I could not make this last promise if I did not *know* that the stock is *really superior*.



I said that the price would be \$1.50 each. There is only one condition under which a queen will be sold for a less price, and that is in connection with an advance subscription to the Review. Anyone sending \$1.00 for the Review for 1899 can have a queen for \$1.00. Of course this special offer is made for the sake of getting the Review into the hands of those who are unacquainted with its merits.

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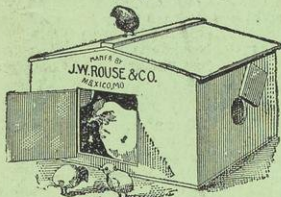
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