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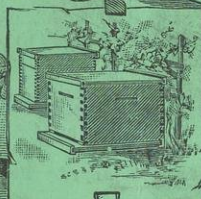
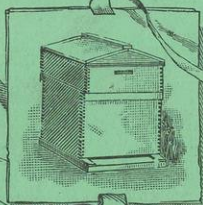
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OCT. 1901.



PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER

A JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO BEES, HONEY AND
KINDRED INDUSTRIES.



PUBLISHED BY

LEAHY MANUFACTURING CO
HIGGINSVILLE, MISSOURI.

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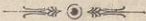
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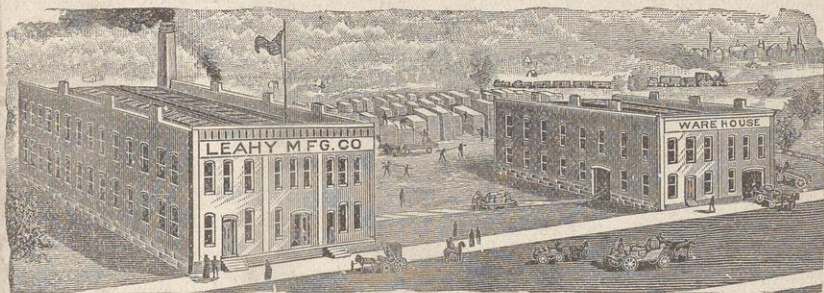
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The Progressive Bee-Keeper.

A Journal Devoted to Bees, Honey, and Kindred Industries.

50 Cents per Year.

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Death of a Pioneer Bee-Keeper— Contraction with Expansion the Keystone of Management for Comb Honey—A Lesson in Geography.

F. L. THOMPSON.

Mr. Lewis Brock, who recently died, was a mainstay of our bee-keepers' associations, especially of the Honey-Producers' Association, in which the power of his unselfish and unsparing efforts for the common good of bee-keepers was particularly manifest. He was a bee-keeper over twenty-five

years near Denver, and a resident of Colorado over forty years. He was conservative and practical, not much of a talker, but always speaking to the point with ideas of value, and friendly without ostentation. He had uniform success in wintering. His plan was to use a hive having cleats all around about an inch below the top, on which cleats a six-inch deep cover rested. A few thicknesses of burlap over the frames, of such dimensions as to be pressed down on the cleats by the cover, without extending outside, was all the winter preparation he used for the hives; and for the yard, he laid stress on a windbreak to the north and west. His plan of running an out-apiary for comb honey was to clip all queens, remove combs of sealed brood from those likely to swarm and replace with drawn combs, making nuclei with the brood removed, and visit the apiary frequently; and in his hand this treatment was a success in keeping the percentage of swarms low, losing very few, and getting good crops.

A key-note is struck by Mr. Harry Lathrop, in *Gleanings*, p. 594, where, in speaking of shallow, temporary brood-chambers for swarms or colonies worked for comb honey, he says: "I like the plan especially, because the working colony in the shallow brood-

chamber DOES NOT become weak from the loss of old bees, for the reason that I constantly strengthen them by shaking off bees from the hatching combs of brood contained in the parent hive. I use that hive as a feeder, and do not expect to make a working colony out of it for the white-honey harvest." Contraction and yet not contraction—contraction in so far as concerns the actual cubic space in the brood-chamber, which condition forces the honey of the main flow nearly all into the supers; and not contraction, but a constant accession of hatching bees. I practiced the essential principle of this plan in running a small out-apiary this summer. As increase was wanted, the original brood on hand at the middle of June was used for that increase, but all the old queens could lay from that time on was used as feeders to the old hives, just as in Mr. Lathrop's plan. The old colonies were hived the second time on starters in a shallow chamber after an interval of two weeks, and a third time after another two weeks' interval, the brood removed being put in a chamber above the supers, separated by a board, but connected with the bees below with a central aperture narrowed or closed at will, and an outside chute to the entrance below. This plan required its share of attention and labor, but it was definite, precise and satisfactory—so much labor, so much results. Possibly, for this particular purpose, it might be as well to make a pile of all half-stories containing unsealed brood, and not connect them with the old hives until sealed, and then by some side arrangement, instead of having them on top, which interferes somewhat with rapid inspection of the supers.

The Land of Living Souls is divided into four parts: south, the Land of Clear Air, where the sky is bluer, the grass thicker and softer, the clouds a more pearly white than elsewhere, and the air always as clear as on a summer

morning after a rain, and there are many lakes and woods, and the inhabitants are happy without any particular reason for it, sometimes gathering nuts and berries, sometimes roaming aimlessly around, sometimes joining in games, sometimes lying in the grass; east, the Land of Abyssal Deeps, becoming more and more broken up, from the west toward the east, into deep and deeper valleys and cliffs, until at the sea-shore it is nothing but gigantic canyons and fiords, overhung by continual mists and rains, the land containing some of the most charming spots imaginable, but having an atmosphere of such peculiar quality that to leave a spot where one has stayed long brings on deep melancholy, and sometimes madness, where all the people have a hunted look in their eyes as if they were searching your inmost soul, where to be alone becomes torture on account of the morbid introspection that wraps the mind as the mist does the hills, while in company one is alternately fascinated and agonized by the keen forces of personality, where the watchword of the most numerous sect is "love", but where cutting affairs among all classes alike are equally frequent, inflicting wounds that, in this atmosphere, never heal, where heroism and sacrifice, and slander and persecution, are alike effects of one and the same cause, the intoxication of the heavy, drug-like air; north, the Land of the Frost-Fire, a land of many industries, garish, blank and fiery in summer, and bitterly cold in winter, where they have piles of bricks at the railroad stations so that when waiting for a train no one need be idle, but can carry the bricks from one end of the yard to the other, and in whose people's system of logic the most convincing proof is to say "I firmly believe," closing the eyes at the same time as a mark of sincerity, and in whose system of education the profoundest maxim is "A canary that can't sing and won't sing

must be made to sing;" and west, the Land of the Ethereal Fire, all high mountains, said by the ignorant to be uninhabitable for any length of time, where a peculiar light towards the west leads one on to discover its source, and the farther up the heights one goes, the more plainly does the whole continent of the Land of Living Souls spread itself, before the eyes like a map, and one may trace the origins and courses of many valleys and streams, thus gaining a feeling of their relative significance which is very serviceable on returning to those lower regions; where those who live long under the light of the Ethereal Fire, ever climbing toward it, acquire a serenity and steadfastness of soul that makes life an anthem and death an incident, and all the wounds inflicted by the cruel knives of the dwellers in the Abysmal Deeps gradually heal, and the dull aches of the Land of the Frost-Fire slowly vanish, providing the first trip here was made early enough in life, and repeated often enough; but few know this; indeed, in past ages, and even now, many have made for themselves solitary retreats in the Land of Clear Air for that purpose; but in that land such hurts are never entirely healed, and the sufferers cannot return safely as they can from the Land of the Ethereal Fire. The easiest approach to those western heights is through the Province of Arcady, in the Land of Clear Air, since that province is connected with the mountains by a broad valley, and by a level country with the Province of Bees and Berries (so named from two of its characteristic industries) in the Land of the Frost-Fire.

It is a peculiarity of the Land of Living Souls that many of its inhabitants are stunted and deformed. But occasionally you meet a tall, well-informed man, and if you inquire you will invariably find he has lived a considerable time in all four of the grand divisions;

and if you inquire about the most stunted and deformed people, you will find they have never lived in more than one; and it is possible to tell which one. Thus, the small people who have never lived outside of either the Land of Clear Air or the Land of the Ethereal Fire are never deformed, but the former, though they continue robust, become very listless and good-for-nothing if transported after a certain age, while the natives of the latter, who are very delicate, sicken and die. Again, those who have always lived in either north or east may be hump-backed or bandy-legged or dyspeptic without distinction, but the dwarfs in the Land of the Frost-Fire will always be found to have big bodies and small heads, while those of the Abysmal Deeps as invariably have big heads and little bodies. For this reason the Frost Fireans often send their youth among the Abysmal Deeps, and the people of the east return the compliment. This corrects the inequality of heads and bodies, but leaves the other deformities and diseases. Yet there is little travel among the other lands, except that the Frost-Fireans sometimes take a short run into the Land of Clear Air to kill game, and in the extreme north-east corner of the Land of Clear Air, next to the Abysmal Deeps, and infected by its atmosphere, is a province known as the Province of Revelry, to which many resort from the north and east. Further, it has been found quite desirable for young children to stay in the Land of Clear Air for a season, for otherwise their unhappiness is too apparent. But large portions of the Land of Clear Air, though eminently fitted for health resorts, are still unbroken solitudes; and as for the Ethereal Fire, the Frost-Fireans scoff at its alleged influence, and say the Frost Fire was good enough for them and is good enough for any body; nevertheless it is a well-known fact that all the useful inventions of

the land were made by those who for a time sought the Ethereal Fire (not, indeed, by way of the Province of Arcady, but by more stony paths), and that their sustained efforts in common work on their return often surpass those of the Frost-Fireans themselves; and the people of the Abysmal Deeps become exceedingly bitter at the idea of any climate being healthier than their own (the true reason being that they crave their polluted air as the drunkard his cup); it is well known to the wise that only those get the good, without the harm from its wine-like atmosphere, whose lungs have been vitalized and been made rugged by the bracing atmosphere of those western heights. And as for particular paths to the heights, while some are naturally much more desirable than others, yet any one, with a plain oaken staff and hobnailed shoes, can take a direct route to a sight of the Ethereal Fire from where he stands, and that once seen, strength is given him to ascend higher. The wisest philosophers who have investigated the subject say that the richest and most successful men have dwelt mostly in the Lands of the Frost-Fire and the Abysmal Deeps, the happiest men mostly in the Lands of Clear Air and the Ethereal Fire, the most wretched in the Abysmal Deeps, those who have been both very happy and very miserable also in the Abysmal Deeps (and they say that so long as man worships his own personality above Nature, so long will the air of that country retain its baleful effects), while those who have done the most good have dwelt about equally in all four; but no one who has not spent some time in the Land of the Ethereal Fire has done much lasting good to his fellow-men.

Now, bee-keepers are especially favored in dwelling in that one part of one land which is easiest of access to the other three. But of late a voice has gone abroad in the land, saying,

"Wake up, bee-keepers, to the changed conditions! Get more bees, and spend your whole time in the Land of the Frost-Fire!" What will you do, bee-keepers?" If you do not care for yourselves, will you endure to see your children growing up deformed and diseased? Is there no way to get more bees, and yet also travel? Let us think of these things.

Denver, Colo.

Shall We Produce Extracted or Comb Honey?

S. E. MILLER.

This is a question that appears from time to time in the bee journals and seems to always come out at the same hole it went in at. Occasionally the commission men add their might to throw light on the subject, one not very long ago in *Gleanings* advocating the production of more comb and less extracted.

Now to my way of thinking and as I see it, this is not a question to be settled by the bee journals or commission men. Every bee-keeper should be able to take a pencil and piece of paper and settle it for himself in a few minutes. To be able to do this, however, he should know two things:

"1st, He should know the value of his honey, both comb and extracted. If a bee-keeper on a small scale and producing less than one thousand pounds, he should be able to dispose of it near home in small towns and villages. In this way, he will likely get more for it than he will by sending it to the large market centers. If he sell to the home market he should know just about what it will bring him. I would add here: Get all you can for it, provided you charge all customers the same price, for this is just what your neighbors will do if they have anything to sell to you.

Just now the farmers here who have succeeded in securing a crop, or rather a part of a crop of potatoes, are holding them at \$1.50 per bushel, while quotations (St. Louis) are \$1.25 per bushel. They add to St. Louis prices, freight charges and a small profit besides, while if they had to ship to St. Louis, they would have to pay the freight and commission sack rent, or likely have to furnish sacks outright, which would net them not over \$1.00 per bushel. Therefore I say, Do like your neighbors. Get all you can for what you have to sell, but do not vary in price, on the same grade of goods, for that is neither fair nor honest. If a large producer who must ship to large markets, he should be thoroughly posted on prices and be governed accordingly.

2d, He should know from experience how much comb honey and how much extracted he can produce with a given number of colonies of equal strength, devoted to the production of each kind. Add to this the difference in time and labor, if any, and also shipping expenses, including cans, barrels or shipping cases. If he knows this, he is ready to calculate. I may say here that there is a great diversity of opinion as to the amount of comb honey that a colony will produce as compared with one of equal strength and energy devoted to the production of extracted honey. If I am not mistaken, some put it as low as half as much comb as extracted, while if my recollection serves me well, I read not long ago of someone claiming that he could produce as much comb as extracted. This last statement seems to me preposterous. As well say that a man can build a granary, harvest and store his grain in it, in the same time and with the same force of men as he can harvest and store the grain if the granary was already built. The bees that are engaged in building comb and ripening honey cannot be devoting the same time to gathering nectar from the fields; hence

the field force must necessarily be less than if they have the combs already in which to store the nectar.

Now let us help Mr. Honeyman to figure out which he had best produce, comb or extracted honey. Mr. H. has a small apiary of twenty colonies, ten of which are devoted to comb honey and ten to extracted. He has a fair locality, and when he has taken off all the surplus and prepared his bees for winter, he finds that those devoted to extracted honey averaged one hundred pounds per colony, while those run for comb averaged sixty-six and two-thirds. He sells his crop near home and can readily get fifteen cents per pound for the comb and ten cents for the extracted. How does it figure out?

100 lbs extracted honey @ 10c	
per lb.....	\$10 00
66 $\frac{2}{3}$ lbs comb honey @ 15c per	
lb.....	10 00

In the case of comb honey he must furnish sections, foundation, and have on hand a supply of supers. It also takes time to put sections together, and put in foundation. In the case of those run for extracted he must keep on hand a sufficient number of extracting combs, which he must, when not in use, constantly watch to avoid the ravages of the worms during warm weather. There is also a certain amount of capital invested in these combs, to which should be charged interest. But we will not parley over these small matters. Mr. H. can figure them out for himself if he wishes to. We will assume that the cost of labor and time is the same in both cases, and we therefore see that it is best for H. to keep right on producing both kinds and thereby giving his customers their choice between the two. Should his comb honey colonies fall below sixty-six pounds, while the colonies run for extracted still store one hundred, and the prices remain the same, it will pay him to run more for extracted; while if he can produce over sixty-six pounds

comb and not over one hundred of extracted then it will be to his interest to run more for comb. The same rule will apply to the large producer who ships to the general market. The thing is to know what each kind will net us, and which we can produce to the best advantage in our locality, for in this there is no doubt that locality cuts a big chunk of ice. I am afraid, though, that Mr H. was not quite fair in selecting his colonies. I fear that he was a little partial and selected most of his strongest colonies for comb honey, because he knew that the weaker ones would give him some extracted honey, while if devoted to comb honey they would probably do very little. I am judging Mr. H. by myself, for that is the way I have to do if I wish to make the most out of the bees; but mine is not a good comb honey locality, the flow of nectar seldom being strong enough for any considerable length of time.

Bluffton, Mo.

Regarding Fabulous Priced Queens.

The following is from Gleanings for July 1:

'In the American Bee-Keeper, which has reached me on the fly, I see that Editor Hill has replied to the editorial on page 476 of Gleanings regarding the matter of high values on queens. While I differ on many of his points, there is one on which I feel constrained to acquiesce, viz., that if one owner of some really valuable queen places a high value on her, other breeders, perhaps less scrupulous, may put equal or higher values on breeders comparatively mediocre or even poor. As the matter is liable to abuse, we have decided to place no values on breeders which we propose to keep and will not sell. But queens from such choice stock, best we have, we may hold all the way from \$10 to \$25.'

It is a matter of no surprise or displeasure to us to note that Editor Root holds ideas different from our own in regard to many points noted on page 119 of the Bee-Keeper for June. It is every man's right to freely exercise his own reasoning faculties; and, surely, no man is responsible for the extent of the weight which certain evidence may have in convincing him upon any matter, nor for the effect which certain arguments may have in displacing his pre-established convictions. It is gratifying, however, to note that, as a result of our efforts to point out the injustice of the practice of advertising such fabulous valuation in queens, the practice is to be discontinued by the originators. This is not the first instance in which Mr. Root has proven himself willing and ready to acknowledge an error when it has been pointed out to him. It is only through such acts of candor that unquestionable honesty of purpose is revealed and established. With an indirect reference to an instance quite different to the one in question, the Bee-Keepers' Review recently published this paragraph:

"Own up like a man, if you are beaten in an argument. It's the manly thing to do, and raises you in the esteem of honorable men. When an opponent does this, the victor feels like grasping him by the hand—there comes over him a feeling that 'here is a man who would rather be right than victorious'."

That paragraph would have been a credit to any of the old philosophers; and it is pleasant to note that the spirit of its teachings is appreciated by some, at least, of those who engage in public discussion of questions relating to our pursuit.—American Bee-Keeper.

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GOOD THINGS IN THE BEE-KEEPING PRESS.

Somnambulist.

In the distraction brought about by our great national sorrow where can we find more soothing comfort than in the peace and quiet of our homes. It is with such feeling that I open the August Review and find a refreshing description of the editor's several homes. In speaking of his boyhood he tells us:

"My first recollections are those of a log house in the woods. When I awoke in the night, and heard the wind howl around the corners of the house, and the swish of the snow as it was driven against the big logs, how comfortable it seemed as I turned over and snuggled down again under the blankets for another long nap. I grew up in the woods. I gathered the wild berries, fished, hunted, trapped, went swimming in the creeks, went through the woods-path to the little brown school house behind the hill, helped father clear up the farm, and was so happy—and didn't realize it."

Simply a tale well told of the beginning of numbers of lives. Then he tells of the first house which was his "very own":

"I built it with my own hands upon one corner of father's farm. I can remember to this day some of the snatches of songs that I sang when I was shingling the roof. It was here that my dear wife and I began our married life, and lived for thirteen, happy, happy years. It was here that the twins and Ivy were born and grew old enough to roam the fields far and wide. It was here that I began my bee-keeping life, and read, and studied, and worked, until I believed that I could publish a journal that would be helpful to other men who were situated as I was then—making my living by keeping bees."

And finally he introduces us to his home of recent build. Of it he says:

"I am not showing it as a spacious mansion, nor as a model of architectural beauty, but as a good, comfortable home."

True idea of home. As I read the expressions, "I wish you to see what a pleasant, restful view I get from my window. Isn't that elm a beauty? It

gives me a feeling of pleasure every time I look at it."—my mind inadvertently reverts to our lamented president and his expressed wish that the view of the trees should not be cut off, they were "so beautiful," and when I think of his promising visit to Buffalo, and its outcome, I am all the more forcibly reminded "there's no place like home."

People resort to different means to assuage grief or to quiet the tumultuous surgings of tempest-tossed souls. Some seek crowds, confusion, and rapid change of scene, amidst which to drown the memory of their mis'ortunes; others avow there's naught hath charms like music, but give me the quiet of the bee yard to soothe and heal my wounded feelings. In this I see I have company as James Hamilton begins his article in the Review in this wise:

"Just as I sit down to write my only daughter has sat down to her piano, and struck one of those soul-melting airs that were so dear to my soldier boy. My pen trembles, my eyes play the woman, the mist gathers on my spectacles, and I can't tell whether I'm on the line or not—I'll stop and take a run into the bee-yard."

He answers the question, "How to get the bees of two queens to work in one super," in the following manner:

"If you expect a honey flow by the first of June, say, examine all your stocks, and mark those that are strongest. They have the best queens. Do this sometime previous. These stocks are the ones upon which you expect to put supers. Remove all combs not occupied with brood. Now go to your second weakest stocks, draw well brooded combs therefrom, putting one in place of each empty comb taken from your best stocks, replace these empty combs where you drew the brood from. If your hive is an eight-frame hive, you now have eight frames of brood in all the strongest colonies. The bees in these hives will soon be so strong that you may put on an upper story. This upper story is simply to prevent overcrowding and to hold other frames of brood. This time I would draw two frames from each of the third weakest stocks, having two brood frames in each hive having an upper story. I would also put one comb of honey beside these two brood frames. This is to prevent the bees from starving in case there might be a few cold or wet days. Now each colony il-

tended for comb honey has, all told, 10 frames of brood. The brood is rapidly hatching out, and by the time clover or basswood is ready, the colony will be ready. This is uniting in the brood form, and it is the form in which the work can be safely and easily performed. This force of brood will soon be young field bees, and will be good for a three weeks' honey flow, or about as long as clover will yield. But there is another plan, and I only recommend it when you have been negligent in the performance of the former and the season of honey is high at hand. Kill off all queens that have but the equivalent of 5 frames of brood and bees. Four or five days later put on an upper story on each alternate hive of the class of stocks from which you removed a queen, alternating the frames of brood and bees, both in the lower and upper story, and there will be no fighting. If your hives are standing close in pairs, nearly all the bees will remain where you put them. At this time I would introduce a young laying queen to each of these doubled stocks. Let them thus remain until most of the brood is hatched. When the time for supers arrives, contract the brood chamber to 5 combs, give each colony a case of drawn comb or foundation, and watch the honey flow. If 'tis slow, one super is enough. My faith in tiering up is about torn up."

Here are a few of the many practical editorials to be found in the Review:

"Wax from cappings is the hardest kind of wax; and if you don't wire your frames keep this kind of wax separate, and use it for making your brood foundation.

Bee-escapes should be placed at the corner of the board instead of the center. Mr. J. B. Hall of Woodstock, Ontario, says that the bees race around the EDGES of the board in their efforts to escape.

LIGHTING A SMOKER is a quick operation if rightly done. Here is a pointer: When through work, don't empty out the fire and unburned material. Stuff some grass in the nozzle to stop the draft, when the fire will gradually go out, leaving some charred brands that kindle very easily. Jacob Alpaugh of Galt, Ontario, uses planer shavings for fuel. When I was at his place he picked up his smoker, poked a hole at one side in the half burnt remains of the last fire dropped in a lighted piece of paper, gave a puff or two, sprinkled in some fresh fuel, gave another puff or two, filled up the smoker, put on the cover, and puffed out perfect clouds of smoke, in exactly one-half minute, by the watch. We went out in the yard and opened hives, and the smoker STAYED lighted. This is away ahead of lighting fresh shavings saturated with kerosene oil.

Fly escapes are needed on the windows of a dwelling as much as bee escapes are needed on the windows of a honey house. It was the last of July when I visited the home of Jacob Alpaugh of Galt, Ontario, and actually there was not one fly in the house. At each upper corner of each window screen the wire cloth was pried up $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch by pushing in two little blocks of wood. Flies get into a house when the doors are opened. Sooner or later a fly goes to the window, runs up to the top, scurries along first to one corner or the other, and if he finds an opening, out he pops, never to find his way in again by the same route. What would we think of a honey house with crowds of bees hanging around the door that was opened dozens of times a day, and no opportunity for the bees to escape over the tops of the windows? We know that it would be full of bees all of the time. A dwelling with screens on the doors and windows is an exact parallel. Put escapes at the tops of the windows and there is no necessity for sticky fly-paper."

Are you tempted to enter or just entering bee-keeping ranks, or even if you are a veteran, perhaps you will enjoy as I did, the following clippings, the first taken from editorials in the Review, and the second from G. A. Deadman's communication to the Canadian Bee Journal:

"The old love for bee-keeping, for actual work with the bees, came back to me most emphatically in my recent trip through Ontario. The first apiary that I visited was an out-yard belonging to Mr. Miller of London. Remember it had been months since I even heard a bee on the wing, and when I stepped out on the green grass, felt the breezes that swayed the apple tree boughs over my head, heard the hum of the bees, saw all around me the white hives, piled up four or five stories high and heard the whirr of the honey extractor in the honey-house near by, there came over me a wave of feeling, a longing for the old life, that left me standing with moistened eyes and a lump in my throat."

"I have more than once after working with the bees on a hot day, gone into the store and finding it so cool and pleasant, wondered if I was not making a mistake in having bees at all. Yet when it came to a choice of the one or the other, I chose the bees and do not think I will have cause to regret it. I mention this, as there may be some of the readers of the C. B. J. who are a little inclined to envy the merchant; but all is not gold that glitters and there may be times when keeping store is preferable to bee-keeping, yet taking it al

the year round, I think the latter is preferable, provided there is sufficient profit in it. Of all secular callings, however, I know of none that can compare with bee-keeping, and nothing that will one work at with so much enthusiasm. No matter how tired I may have felt on leaving the store, I would feel quite as revived and refreshed as in the morning, provided I would go and do something with the bees. I wonder sometimes, if this will ever die out, but it does not seem any nearer to it now than eighteen years ago. The forward look seems always bright, as one anticipates some short cut in the work, some new device to try and so much to learn. There is a Scripture verse, Mr. Editor, that seems to fit our chosen pursuit so well, and which is "Ever learning yet never coming to a knowledge of the truth." I am sure it must be this in part at least that makes it so fascinating. I somehow think that to make this calling a success, one must have a love for it. I suppose it is so with any calling, but it is especially so with this one."

"The lowly ways are best.

The vale and glen.

Where I can toil—and rest

With other men.—Youth's Companion.

Naptown, Dreamland.

Bee-Keeping for A Farmer's Wife.

FRED W. MUTH.

Every farmer's wife appreciates pin money, especially in spring and summer. She wants a new bonnet, but the good husband—well, sometimes he may think as I do about that season of the year ("just dead broke"), or perhaps it's not the right time of the year to sell hogs or corn, and then you see some coaxing. Then the good husband thinks, "Wish there was a way to earn pin money for you women folk."

Interest the good wife and daughter in bee-keeping. Buy a hive or two of pure Italian bees, by all means in modern hives. Nothing on the farm brings such big returns for the little labor and money invested. Perhaps I hear you say, Bees? Nay, nay! they have stings that hurt! Take my word, if by chance you do get stung, always scratch out the stinger; never rub or pull it out, as then you push the poison in the skin,

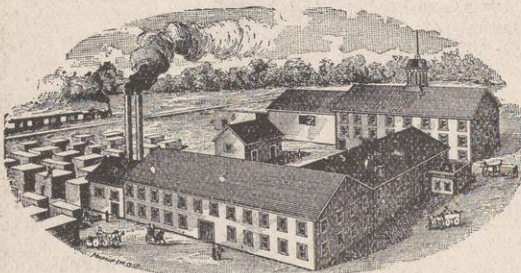
and that is what hurts. For a small sum of money you can buy a veil to protect your face, and gloves for your hands; thereby you avoid being stung. I don't believe in mind over matter, but when I get stung, one scratch and on I go; next minute I forget I was stung.

Don't raise comb honey; raise extracted. It's easier. You raise three times more with one-third the trouble, and sell it at same price.

When I was a boy at school, I spent my vacations on the farm. We had 30 stands, and raised only extracted honey. The summer in question was a good year. During the honey-flow father was too busy at home, and I was the bee-keeper. I extracted over 2-000 pounds in three weeks. We stored it in two big tanks in the work shop. One day while at the town near by. I happened to drop into the little newspaper office, for I knew all of the boys in there. During the course of conversation, I related my experience to the editor. Behold, the next day he gave me quite a write-up. You ought to see the honey I sold after that. They came in buckboards, buggies, farm wagons, and even log wagons, with milkpails and other pails. It was then threshing time, money plentiful, and honey all sold in a few weeks. You ought to have seen my pockets, chuck full of money. When father came out, after the busy time was over at our home, he was simply astonished at my work.

You can do the same at your home. Everybody likes honey. When you have plenty, be liberal; it pays. Make your neighbors a present of a small glass; insist on every person tasting while you are with them; put out a sign on the fence, "Honey for sale," and with a little effort you will be surprised what pin money you will make.

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BY

J. W. ROUSE.

4th Edition.

The above cut represents the front cover of the **Amateur Bee-Keeper**. This book is in its fourth edition, 2000 having been recently printed, 300 of which have been sold within the past month. This little book is especially designed for beginners. Over 4000 have been met with ready sale and the demand is increasing. We do not hesitate to recommend it to those starting in our chosen pursuit, BEE-KEEPING. Price by mail, **25 cents**. Address,

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EDITORIAL.

G. M. DOOLITTLE & R. B. LEAHY, EDITORS.

TODAY, Sept. 24, we are having a fine rain.

O. P. HYDE & SON, who have something like 1,000 colonies of bees, will move to Floresville, Tex.

THE Central Texas Bee-Keepers' Association will hereafter be known as the Texas Bee-Keepers' Association.

THE president of the Texas Bee-Keepers' Association will in future be ex-officio vice-president of the Texas Farmers' Congress.

THE Bennett Bee-Hive Company of Los Angeles, Cal., has bought and sold seven carloads of extracted honey, f. o. b., Los Angeles, at 4c and 4½c per pound in the last two weeks; also 500 pounds of wax at 25c per pound.

THE HOME EDITOR of the PROGRESSIVE took a two weeks' swing through Colorado recently, of which he will have something to say in future numbers. His little daughter, Pauline, and a \$25 Eastman kodak accompanied him on his travels.

THE Pacific Bee Journal and the Australian Bee-Keepers' Review are of the new bee periodicals coming to our desk. The former is not exactly new, but phoenix-like, has risen from the ashes of the past. B. S. K. Bennett, editor, manager and publisher; subscription price, \$1.00 per year. As the bee-keepers of the Pacific coast have become prosperous again, we bespeak success for the Pacific Bee Journal.

MR. F. L. THOMPSON, our correspondent from Colorado, seems to think that an editor of a bee journal should be a walking encyclopedia of all topics nearly or remotely connected with the subject of bee-keeping. Arthur C. Miller of Rhode Island complains of

the silence of text-books and the ignorance of bee editors as to the laws of heredity and the principles of breeding. Mr. Thompson, no doubt, and rightly, too, knew that his thrust would pierce the armor of every bee editor in our land. There are none of us perfect. Both of the editors of this journal have been successful bee-keepers, insofar as making bee-keeping PAY. At the present, however, one has a large interest in the manufacturing of bee-keepers' supplies; is president and manager of a large publishing house; interested somewhat in railroad business, and keeps only 20 or 30 colonies of bees for pleasure, and when he is not engaged in his other vocations, or seeking recreation and health in one or the other parts of the United States, he is experimenting with that little apiary. Mr. Doolittle, however, is a specialist, and aside from what is due to his family and his God, his whole energy, physically and mentally, is devoted to his chosen pursuits, queen-rearing and honey-producing, and his successes and failures are given regularly through the bee-keeping press. Mr. Doolittle is located in New York. It is not likely that he would feel like posing as a compendium of bee-knowledge for Colorado, where the altitude is 5,000 feet higher, where the flora is different and the science of irrigation must be learned in advance of successful bee-keeping. Mr. Thompson has had some experience in editing a bee journal, and from its success or FAILURE should know that bee-keepers of the United States want more than the opinion of one man located on a mountain 5,000 or 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, or of the other situated near the tide-water. "Difference in locality" calls for different methods; then different seasons and different localities have left us all with a bunch of tangled ends. Among the bee journals that are doing the most good today, their editors are asking for more light, and, when they receive it, are passing it on over the names of those who give it.

IF THE BEES are not already prepared for winter, when this number of the PROGRESSIVE reaches you, don't put it off any longer, for much of your success in wintering depends upon an early preparation. Don't forget this part.

TODAY, SEPTEMBER 10TH, finds all the drones driven out and killed off except these in my three story queenless colony, where I have some as fine hand picked drones as it was ever my fortune to keep up to this time of the year, and the great big yellow fellows make the air quite melodious every pleasant day from 12 to 2:30 p. m.

A FEW DAYS AGO I started two batches of queen-cells, and find on looking that one colony has 17 large, nice ones all sealed over, while the other has 16. These nice cells were secured by placing perforated metal down near the middle of the hive, thus keeping the queen on one side while these cells were being built on the other, as I find that the bees will not build cells in an upper story to good advantage when the mercury goes down to near the freezing point nights at this time of the year. A colony fixed as above, together with liberal feeding, will build fine cells at any time when there is unsealed brood in the hive.

I EXPECT to get the queens which emerge from these cells mated to some of those hand picked drones a little later, provided that there are no other colonies which are queenless or have failing queens, in other apiaries within four or five miles of me in either direction, or queenless colonies in any hollow trees within that distance. Should there be no such drones I shall come the nearest to having these queens mated to males of my own selection of anything so far in sight, by way of controlling the mating of queens. But unhappily there is an "if" in there, and one queenless colony in the woods or

some neighboring apiary would spoil all my hopes, for in all probability there would be two or three times as many drones in such a colony as I have of my hand picked drones.

"HOW IS WAX OBTAINED by the bee for its normal uses?" is a question sent in for me to answer in the PROGRESSIVE. If we examine the abdomen of a worker bee we will find that it is composed of six horny scales or segments, the same working (from rear to front) under each other, something on the plan of a telescope. In the process of comb making, little flakes of wax appear, exuding from four of these folds, four on each side of the center of the underside, making eight places in all. These places underneath the folds are called "wax pockets." Upon the scales of wax exuding they are seized by the bee when "ripe," and by the feet conveyed to its mandibles, when it is worked into comb, either for the reception of honey or brood. At most times when bees are building comb these little flakes or scales of wax can be found on the bottom board of the hive, as some are nearly always wasted.

AND THIS BRINGS ME to another question sent in, which is, "What is wax?" It answers to the bee what the fat does to the ox. It is the natural product of the bee's consumption of honey. A farmer will tell you about how much grain he must feed an ox to produce one pound of fat. Bee-keepers can tell about how much honey must be consumed by the bees to give one pound of wax. This is done by confining the bees to the hive, so they can get nothing from the fields to help them in this production. By long and patient investigation, Huber arrived at this result, namely, that twenty pounds of honey must be fed to receive in return one pound of wax, and for many years this was considered as right; and without doubt it is perfectly so, where the

bees are confined. However, it is now conceded by nearly all who have made a study of the matter, that when the bees have access to the fields during a good honey flow, one pound of comb costs less than one-half the above amount of honey.

PICKING UP A PAPER LATELY I ran across this account of how a man was stung: "A Ridgefield (Conn) farmer has a hired man named Burdick, who a week or two ago was picking up some early sweet apples for market. He came across a fair and ripe one and bit into it for a mouthful, without discovering a hole in it wherein was concealed a bee, which stung him in the tongue. It was very painful for a time and his tongue swelled badly. For two days he suffered from constant nausea, and was scarcely able to eat. The effect then passed off and he forgot the matter. But he is now forcibly reminded of it, for whenever he attempts to eat an apple, he experiences the same sensation he did when stung, and if he persists in eating it, his tongue swells and the nausea returns." The last part of this story sounds a little "fishy," but in reading it an incident of the past was brought vividly to memory. The writer of this, when cutting a bee tree in the night, over a quarter of a century ago, had a bee burrow down to its farthest depth into his ear, and then sting. He will never forget the sensation realized at that moment, nor the painful swelling afterward. Of the thousands of stings I have received I can truly say that one "beats all."

AN ADDITIONAL THOUGHT about wintering bees. All colonies should be properly packed for winter by the time this reaches the reader, and if not done, attend to it at once. For packing material, between the walls of the hive, there is nothing better than oat or wheat chaff, unless you are where

you can get cork dust. This last is the best of anything that can be obtained. Beside the packing to the walls we shall need cushions to go on top or above the cluster of bees, such cushions absorbing the moisture and letting it pass off, thereby keeping the bees and combs dry and nice, in which shape it is an easy matter for them to keep up the required heat necessary to successful wintering. After several years of careful experimenting I prefer cushions about four inches thick to those either thicker or thinner. Then, in the experience of the writer, neither the very weak nor the very strong colonies winter best, but colonies having a good average strength in young bees, good queens, abundance of stores, the bees occupying from six to eight spaces between the combs on a cool, frosty morning. If in this shape we can reasonably expect that they will winter well, and if properly managed, that they will do well the season following. It is not only necessary to winter our bees well, but to see to it that each colony has been, previous to this, provided with an abundance of stores and a good queen for the spring following; and in proportion as we fail to provide these during September and the forepart of October, will our failure to obtain a honey crop the season following be guaranteed. Good wintering, good queens, and abundant stores in the spring, are the foundation stones upon which our management for a successful season's work is built, and these are all laid during the latter part of the season previous.

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

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"RIVERSIDE FARM or LED BY A BEE."

BESSIE BOND. Author.

[This story began in the Sept. PROGRESSIVE,]

CHAPTER II.

THE BIRD FAMILY.

Much can happen in a short time. In ten minutes I was acquainted with David Bird, the farmer, his wife, and Robert, the oldest son; Belle, the oldest daughter (and by the way owner of the slipper also), Clara, the little "imp" that called me "madman" and "injins", John Arner, and all the rest. I asked for a drink and Clare soon stood before me with a glass in each hand, saying, "Which will you have?" One held buttermilk, the other, water, both fresh and pure, which made me think of home and Aunt Millie. "I will take both, out of revenge for those names you called me, even if I know it will make me drunk," said I laughing, which seemed to put them all at ease. Then in a short time we were all gathered around the most delicious watermelon I ever saw. I could scarcely believe my eyes. Could it really be watermelon, and this only the first of June? "Why, yes," the farmer assured me they had been eating melons since the twentieth of May.

Miss Belle seemed so shy at first I thought she would never forgive me for giving her such a fright, then having the impudence to show my big ugly self and return the lost slipper in person; but I did succeed in drawing her out, as it were, by asking what seemed in her practical eye many impertinent questions concerning apiculture, for I was glad to learn she was the bee-keeper of the family, and the only one that would try to handle them in any way. But she promised to teach me all she knew about the bees, declaring

all she knew was from her own experience and observation, which if written would not fill half a page of foolscap paper. She had never heard of a bee-journal, or any other bee literature. I had seen Mr. A. I. Root's advertisement of Gleanings in Bee-Culture, in one of my home papers; so I told her of that, and we straightway subscribed for the journal. It was young then, only in its second or third volume, but we thought it the greatest paper in the world. In those days most people kept up the old style of smoking the bees with sulphur, thus killing the whole family when they wanted to take honey from the hive. But Miss Belle pronounced the whole method "too cruel for anything," so she had invented a smoker that would not kill the bees every time she wanted a dish of honey.

"You see," said she, "it takes all the little things to make a world. After having racked our brains for years, perhaps, over some large problem without success, a little thing will happen that gives us the very idea we are searching for. I first tried rags to smoke the bees with, but could not make the smoke go just where I wanted it, so it did but little good, so I invented a smoker. I tried to invent one for two years before I got the idea. One of the children had earache, and I saw father light his pipe, put a cloth over the bowl of it, put it to his mouth and blow the smoke through the stem into the aching ear. A little thing, you see, yet it gave me an idea. I tried caging a few bees the next day, and treated them to tobacco smoke instead of rags, and found I could handle them "just any old way," so long as they

were under the influence of the smoke, and it did not kill them either. Then I prevailed on father to make a large pipe that would hold four or five ounces, with a cap to fit the top, and a hole in it as a mouthpiece through which to blow the smoke. Then I attached a large curved stem to the bowl, about three feet long. I admit it takes lots of breath to run such a machine, but with a bellows, it would be complete."

All this time, while explaining, her smoker, we were going from hive to hive, watching the bees and gathering fruit from the trees above. At length little Clare came confidently to my side and pressing an extra fine bunch of grapes into my hand, said in a half whisper, "Come with me and I'll show you sister's 'speriment hive.'" "Yes," laughed Belle, "you must see my experiment hive. It is more of my own invention and mechanism; but I wish they were all as handy and up-to-date."

It was simply a soap-box with loose bottom-board and cover; two one-inch strips tacked securely at each end, one strip near the center of the end board, the other in one inch of the top; then as many one-inch strips, laid lengthwise, as would fit in one-inch space between; the lower row being tacked securely to the end pieces, the top-bars loose; so when she took out the honey, all she had to do was lift off the top, and with a knife cut the comb from the top-bars and take out the honey.

"How about the lower set of bars?" I asked.

"Oh, I do not bother them. They have scarcely enough room for a brood-nest below; but should I want honey from that part I would turn the hive bottom side up and cut it out."

"Ah-ha!" said I, "quite an ingenious idea," but in my own mind I believed I could improve upon it. So after spending a delightful afternoon at the "Bird Ranch," I bade adieux to all, promising to "come again soon," and wending my way homeward I could not

to save me get the image of Miss Belle's beautiful brown eyes, straight-Grecian nose, rosy lips, pearly white teeth and dark wavy tresses out of my mind. I could hear her voice in every song of the birds, the rippling river, and in my dreams, forever after.

CHAPTER III.

A SAD PREDICAMENT.

Aug. 17. How time flies. Yet it seems like years since I first met the Bird family. Bob and I are quite chummy; he is about my own age, and when he is not at my "Bachelor's Hall," I am at his home. I rather like being at his house best, for there I am with the rest of the family; and with Miss Belle at the old Grand piano, Bob with a violin, John, his harp, and I with a banjo, with little Clare and Mrs. Bird to help sing, I tell you we made music worth hearing, and the evenings passed swiftly by. Miss Belle gave me two swarms of bees "for a start," she said, so now I was a full-fledged bee-keeper with all the up-to-date bee knowledge that could be stuffed into my noddle for the present. I had my hives made 28 inches deep, 14 inches wide and 18 inches long, the sides extending five inches below the floor or bottom board and hollowed out like the old-fashioned bench legs for it to stand upon. The entrance, at one end, with a four inch alighting board. Inside it contains two chambers filled with frames; the lower one has eight frames running lengthwise, 16½ inches deep, 18 inches long, and rests upon a strip nailed to the end of the hive. Now to get to them. I can open an 18-inch square door at the side, and slip out the frames, without disturbing the top frames, which is ten inches deep, 14 long, running crosswise the hive, and takes twelve frames to fill up the space. The top fitted on like the lid of a paper box.

I paid twenty dollars for four hives; lumber was high and wages higher,

but I felt very proud of my invention. I took them to Mr. Bird's so as to have them ready when the swarms issued and presented two of the hives to Miss Belle. A few days later I visited them and before I got there I thought I had never heard such a racket before; so hastening my steps I soon came upon a scene quite amusing. Miss Belle was running for dear life, ringing the dinner bell and throwing dirt in the air; two or three of the children ran after her, pounding on tin pans as if their lives depended upon it. Clare came to meet me, talking so fast and excitedly I could not imagine what had got into them all. So I caught her by the arm and held fast to her till I learned the cause of their music.

"It's the bees, the bees, Mr. Cal! your bees. They are swarming! Let me go!" and away she went, beckoning me to follow, which I did to the best of my ability, and soon came up with Miss Belle. I told her to take her own good time to follow, but I would keep the bees in sight. They did not go much further till they began to settle. Then I had to go back to get a hive to put them in, and several other things of which I saw no need; but Miss Belle knew what she needed, so I asked no questions, knowing I would find out by watching. I made about three trips to the house before I got everything that was needed—the hive, a ladder, a hand-saw, bed-sheet, an axe and some ropes. With the axe I cleared a place under the limb on which the bees had settled, then trimmed the briars from near the trunk of the tree and placed the ladder firmly against the tree. The sheet was spread on the ground, under the bees, and the hive set upon it. Then I took the ropes and ascended the ladder to take my first lesson in hiving bees.

"Tie the rope to the limb on which the bees have settled," ordered my kind teacher. "Now tie it securely to the one just above, and for fear you

will grow dizzy and fall, you had best tie a rope round your waist, and secure it to the limb also,"—but this last direction I did not follow. "Now you may saw off the limb and lower the bees to me—I will do the rest." "Like a natural-born fool" (as Pat would say), I sat astride the limb and sawed it off between where I sat and the trunk. Only a few strokes of the saw, and my nearly 200 pounds weight on the limb brought it off with a vengeance, leaving the rope tied to the stump. The fall did not hurt, but it seemed to madden the bees, till they had no mercy on "poor me." My eyes were swollen closed in five minutes, and I was led back to the house by little Clare, while Miss Belle stayed to hive the bees. Mr. Bird would not let me be taken home, so I was compelled to stay till I could see—yea, and longer: The fever caused from the stings received lasted eight days, and the delirium brought on by the fever, then a bilious attack on top of that made me too weak to walk for more than two weeks; but through it all I could feel the presence of an angel, as I thought, applying cold cloths to my burning face and temples, bathing my hands in the same cold solution, patting up the feathers in my pillows, tucking in the coverlet, and many things too numerous to mention. But poor me! So soon as I became conscious, my "good angel" left me to the care of good old mother Bird and Bob. Good hands and kind hearts, I'll admit, but it was not Miss Belle. I had been trying to hide even from myself that I loved her, for I had given Aunt Millie a half promise that upon my return to Kentucky I would marry Cousin Bess if she would have me. Though I resolved in my own mind to put the question in a way that I knew my high-spirited cousin would reject me. As a cousin, Bess was perfection itself, and I loved her dearly, but as wife I could not think of it. I believe she held me in

the same regard as I did her, for we both held a different opinion to that of Aunt Millie, though the dear old soul never tried to coax us into anything against our own sweet will; we would often do a thing to please her, as a sort of self-sacrifice towards paying for the kindness shown us, but I do not think either of us cared about sacrificing our life's happiness to please anyone, though I would have married Bess, had I thought she cared for me in that way, while I loved no one else better. But now, pooh! I could not think of it. Yet, with all my love for the woodland beauty, I could not tell if she looked on me as a suitable mate for her own fair self, and I did not think it quite proper to ask her to share my fate on such short acquaintance. However, I thought very strongly in my convalescent hours of asking the momentous question, and no doubt I would have done so had she not purposely shunned all my advances towards love making. So my thoughts ran with the old song, "We'd better bide a wee."

(To be continued.)

Seventh Annual Meeting Central Texas Bee-Keepers' Association.

Continued from Last Month—Reported by Louis Scholl, Secretary, Hunter, Texas.

G. F. Davidson arose to make a motion that we invite Prof. Malley, state entomologist at A. M. College, to speak before the bee-keepers at the afternoon session at 2 o'clock, in regard to assistance from the bee-keepers in going before the next special session of the legislature in August, asking for an appropriation sufficient to help cover the costs in establishing a department for the study of bee-keeping and the location of an experimental apiary on the grounds. After some discussions in regard to the great need and usefulness of such an establishment and the great good that could be accomplished, the

motion was unanimously carried, and a special committee, H. H. Hyde, G. F. Davidson and R. C. Knowles, to go and invite Prof. Malley to appear before the bee-keepers, was appointed by Pres. Salyers. Another committee, to assist Prof. Malley and to go to Austin before the legislature, was appointed: G. F. Davidson, Louis Scholl, J. M. Haggood and E. J. Atchley. This business attended to, the regular subject under discussion was resumed. Z. D. Weaver said that bee-keeping must be followed altogether, as a business. Does not encourage farmers to keep bees, but how many would be here now as bee-keepers if not started on their farm? It just depends which—whether the bees or the farm is the thing one should follow, and of course the one not the best paying is turned loose. Some keep bees as a side issue, become enthusiastic and succeed, while others fail. If the farmers keep a few colonies of bees for their own use, it is all right. Otherwise it is not. O. P. Hyde makes a whole business out of bee-keeping and keeps them for the dollars and cents there is in it; has no objections at all to farmers keeping bees, as, if he had 100,000 pounds of honey at his home, not 1,000 pounds of it would be sold there, as all of his honey is shipped to markets in North Texas. To just let farmers keeping bees go on and the matter would adjust itself in some way in the future. Upon this Mr. Atchley objected, as new ones coming in all the time, the matter could not adjust itself, but must be done by the experienced bee-keepers; must discourage the kind who won't succeed. There were many who gave their opinions in regard to this matter. Some discouraged farm bee-keeping, while others proclaimed it all right. Some of our greatest apiarists sprung up by starting on the farm. But to keep bees and a farm, too, was not deemed practicable; that either one should be followed as a

profession, and not to divide one's attention to both. Either be a bee-keeper or a farmer; they can not be made to harmonize, as the bees need one's whole attention to make it successful, and either the farm or the bees must be neglected sometime, especially in the spring. At the time the bees need attention, the farm needs it; and as nobody can be hired to attend to a business as one himself would, so things will be neglected. And what is the use of only half attending to each, instead of following the one most suitable. There are many sections most excellent for bees but not for farms; others just the reverse. Then again there are men more fit for one than the other. This ought to govern as to which line should be followed. The discussion ended that if farmer bee-keepers would keep bees in up-to-date ways, produce their honey by the latest methods, putting it up for market rightly and keep posted in regard to the market price of honey, by reading the bee-journals and books to keep up with the times there will be no harm done. So it will be the duty of the more experienced to teach them all this. Encourage such that will succeed and will try to make a success at it, but the others that can't be taught, won't read a bee journal, won't learn, and come in with their inferior stuff, to lump it off for any old price, should be discouraged in any way possible. Bees really belong on the farm as well as poultry, hogs, cows and such, and should be kept, but rightly kept.

"Production of Chunk Comb Honey" was next taken up, on which M. M. Faust gave his mode of production and the dispensing therewith. He wants the strongest colonies for producing all kinds of honey, but more for bulk comb honey. Lets them get strong and gives them more room, by adding half depth supers, with shallow frames containing foundation starters, one-half inch wide. If the bees are slow to go up, he puts on another half-depth

super, putting up some frames of brood from the brood chamber below and putting the shallow frames in their stead; until well started, when all is readjusted again. Used to produce about one-half extracted and one-half of bulk comb, but this last year he has had to buy extracted honey to fill up his comb honey cans. By giving all frames containing foundation he has had some trouble by the queens depositing eggs in the supers. O. P. Hyde followed with a good paper on this same subject. In its different phases this subject would naturally divide itself into three parts:

1st—How to produce bulk comb honey. 2d—How much more bulk comb can be produced than one-pound sections? 3d—Why should we produce bulk comb honey? On the first part, have all your bees in ten frame dove-tailed hives of standard size; Italian bees and rousing colonies of bees. Then when the flow begins, he puts on one Ideal or $5\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep super with $5\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep frames filled with full sheets of extra thin foundation. By using full sheets of this extra thin foundation the bees enter the super at once and it will not be detected in the honey. When the first super is about half full, another is put under it and so keeps on tiering up. Gives plenty of room and sometimes has as many as four and five supers on his strongest colonies. The above sized frame is preferred, as when one is full it will just make a complete layer in the five-gallon eight-inch screw-top 60-pound cans when cut in two in the middle. The 44-inch frames are too shallow, requiring strips of comb to be cut to fill up the space. The advantage of shallow frames over full depth frames is that capped honey can be obtained. (2) For the second he asserts that twice as much bulk-comb can be produced as one-pound sections, believing that he can prove it. The bees enter open frames quicker, work harder and almost fill two supers as quick as one section super; also the advantage of the extra amount of extracted honey that goes in at comb-honey rates.

(To be continued).



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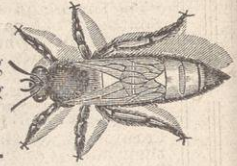
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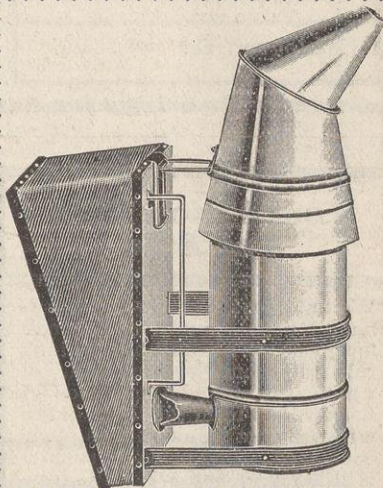
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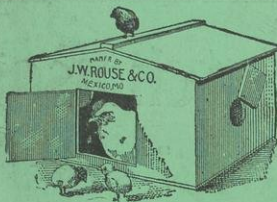
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