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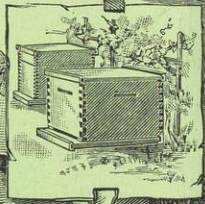
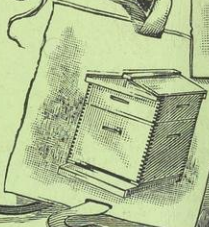
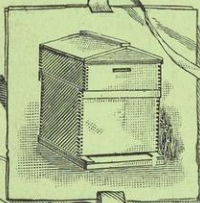
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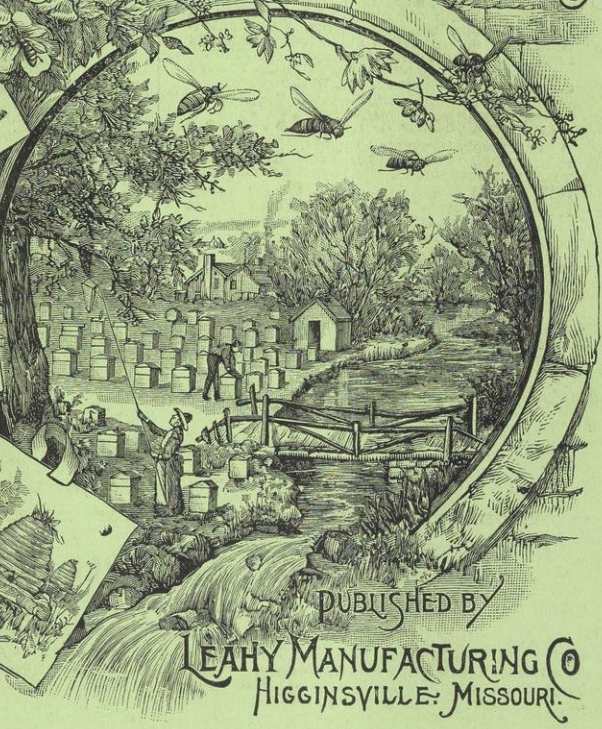
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MARCH 1, 1898.



PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER

A JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO BEES, HONEY AND
KINDRED INDUSTRIES.



PUBLISHED BY

LEAHY MANUFACTURING CO
HIGGINSVILLE, MISSOURI.

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

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Please mention the "Progressive"

Clubbing List.

We will send the Progressive Bee Keeper with

The Review.....	(\$1.00).....	\$1 35
Colman's Rural World.....	1 00.....	1 35
Journal of Agriculture.....	1 00.....	1 35
Kansas Farmer.....	1 00.....	1 35
Home and Farm.....	50.....	75

Bee Books

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

The Amateur Bee Keeper, (a gem for beginners), by Prof Rouse, price, 28c.

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

A Year Among the Bees,—by Dr. Miller; price, 50c.

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

The A, B, C of Bee Culture, by A. I. Root; price, \$1.25.

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

LEAHY MFG. CO.,
Higginville, Mo.

WANTED.

10,000 lbs of Beeswax, for Cash.

LEAHY MFG. CO., Higginville, Mo.

FREE! A copy of **Successful Bee-Keeping** by **W. Z. Hutchinson**, and our 1897 catalog for 2-cent stamp, or a copy of the catalog for the asking. We make almost everything used by Bee-Keepers, and sell at **Lowest Prices.**

OUR FALCON POLISHED SECTIONS are warranted Superior to All Others. Don't buy cheaply and roughly made goods, when you can just as well have **the best**, such as we make.

THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER, (monthly, now in its 7th year.) 36 pages, 50c a year. **Sample Free.** Address,

W. T. FALCONER MFG Co., JAMESTOWN N. Y.

The Review at Reduced Rates.

The **Bee-Keepers' Review** is \$1.00 a year, but, for the sake of getting it into new hands, and being able to begin the year with a large list, I will, until Jan. 1st, send free to each new subscriber, a copy of "Advanced Bee Culture," a 50-cent book of nearly 100 pages, that gives briefly but clearly the best methods of management from the time the bees are put into the cellar in the fall until they are again ready for winter—32 chapters in all. Those who prefer can have, instead of the book, 12 back numbers of the **Review**, the selection to be mine, but no two numbers alike. All who send \$1.00 now will receive the last four issues of this year free, and the **Review** will be sent until the end of 1898. If not acquainted with the **Review**, send 10 cents for three late but different issues.

W. Z. HUTCHINSON, - **FLINT, MICHIGAN.**

"Higginsville" Bee Supplies at Kansas City.

Having purchased the good will and business of H. L. Miller, of Supplies, I will be in a position to furnish all Bee-Keepers' Supplies at Higginsville prices.

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

C. E. WALKER, Kansas City, Kas.

407 Minn. Ave.

PRICES OF Bingham Perfect Bee-Smokers and Honey Knives,



Smoke Engine	largest smoker made.	(4 inch stove)	per doz.	each.
Doctor.....	3½	..	9.00—	1.50
Conqueror.....	3	..	6.50—	1.00
Large.....	2½	..	5.00—	.90
Plain.....	2	..	4.75—	.70
Little Wonder.....	2	wt 10 oz	4.50—	.60
Honey Knife.....			6.00—	.80

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

The four larger sizes have extra wide shields and double coiled steel wire handles. These SHIELDS and HANDLES are an AMAZING COMFORT—always cool and clean. No more sooty nor burnt fingers. The Plain and Little Wonder have narrow shields and wire handles. All Bingham Smokers have all the new improvements, viz: Direct Draft, Movable Bent Cap, Wire Handles, Inverted Bellows, and are ABSOLUTELY PERFECT.



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

Cuba, Kansas, Jan. 27th, 1897.

Dear Sir.—I have used the Conquerer 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 fits 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,

W. M. 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 Bee-Keepers' Review

Closes its Tenth Year with Substantial Improvements.

Increase in Size.—Beginning with the December number, eight more pages are added, making thirty-six in all.

Better Paper.—Heavy, white, sized, and super-calendered paper is used in printing the December number, and its use will be continued.

New Type.—The December number is printed with large, clear, *new* type of this beautiful style called the Ronaldson.

A Beautiful Cover.—The cover is of extra heavy, smooth, cream-colored Paradox, printed in that warmest and richest of all colors—claret.

A Fine Frontispiece.—As a frontispiece, printed on 80-pound Ivory enameled paper, is a half-tone, made from a photograph of a comb badly infected with foul brood. A more perfect picture of such a comb has never been made. In short, the Review will now compare favorably with the high-class magazines, as regards typographical neatness and beauty. As to the value of the information it contains, here is a partial list of

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER.

Foul Brood.—Many descriptions of foul brood have been published, but none the equal for detail, exactness, and clearness, of that given by Mr. R. L. Taylor in the December Review. With this description, aided by the accompanying engraving above mentioned, no one need fall in positively identifying foul brood. Not only this, but Mr. Taylor also gives plain, simple and *exact* methods for getting rid of the disease.

Mr. M. M. Baldridge also describes a novel method for getting the bees of a foul-broody colony into a new hive, and free from the disease by means of the bee escape. He also

tells how to disinfect foul-broody hives by burning them out with kerosene oil.

The Plain Section.—Mr. L. A. Aspinwall has used this style of section for several seasons, and in the December Review he enumerates its many advantages and illustrates and describes the style of super and separator with which he uses it. He also illustrates a simple machine for cleaning propolis from sections of this style, nearly as rapidly as they can be handled.

First-Premium Wax.—The finest wax, that of a clear, pearly "dandelion yellow"—wax that for two years in succession took first premium at the Wisconsin State Fair, was made by E. Oschner, and in the December Review he tells exactly how it was rendered.

Shipping Comb Honey.—The bee-keepers who never have cause to mourn the loss of honey broken in shipment would be more plentiful if all could read in the December Review of the simple yet novel method employed by J. E. Crane to prevent the trucking and "dumping" of heavy crates of honey.

But there is not room to tell more; better send \$1.00 for the Review for 1898, and receive the December number free; or, if you prefer to see that issue before subscribing,

Send Ten Cents, in silver or stamps, (either U. S. or Canadian), and the December number will be sent you, and with it will be sent two or three other back numbers. This will give you a fair idea of the Review, and, if you then wish to subscribe, the 10 cents that you have paid may apply on the subscription. A coupon will be sent entitling you to the Review for 99 cents, if sent during 1898.

W. Z. HUTCHINSON, Flint, Mich.

The Progressive Bee-Keeper.

A Journal Devoted to Bees, Honey, and Kindred Industries.
50 Cents a Year.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY LEAHY MFG CO.

VOL. VIII.

HIGGINSVILLE, MO., MAR. 1, 1898.

NO. 3

Don Quixote.

When the shades of night are fallen and the
even-lamp is beaming,
Throwing dim, fantastic shadows on the car-
pet and the wall.

Idly reading Don Quixote, presently I fall a
dreaming,

While the vagaries of slumber hold my facul-
ties in thrall.

And I see the strange, eccentric figure with
his Sancho Panza,

Riding out to succor damsels and all grievous
wrongs to right.

Rozinante, too, and Dapple enter as Quixote
plans a

Rare and marvellous adventure worthy of so
brave a knight.

For Dulcinea del Toboso fairest idol of his
passion,

He is ever seeking battle, (much to Sancho's
plain disgust,

Who prefers the pots of Egypt to a scarcity of
ration,

Failing to admire the valor oft dependent on
a crust).

Suddenly I see him making for a shadow that
is flitting

In phantasmagorical fashion o'er the curtains
by the door,

Now his glittering sword uplifted through the
shadow-head is splitting,

Though, unharmed, it tantalizes Don Quixote
as before.

Then the conflict waxes furious, all is tumult
and confusion.

Vanish Sancho Panza. Dapple, Rozinante—all
but Don,

Till indignant at his action, his unchivalric
intrusion,

Straight I fling the volume at him. Quick he
falls, and I have won.

Don Quixote de la Mancha, you are vanquish-
ed, but in sorrow.

Glancing upward at the costly bric-a-brac in
strange array,

Broken by the ponderous volume, I decided
on the morrow,

As I glued my ruined treasures, "Darn 'Quix-
ote,' anyway!"

—Will Ward Mitchell.

Springtime.

How sweet it is to greet the spring again,
To feel the fresh, revivifying air,
And catch the dewy sweetness of the world.
The sun comes up like some immortal god.
And kisses springtime with a warm sweet kiss.
And every gentle zephyr softly stirs
Her tresses, as though wooing them away.
Her breath is sweet with scent of violets.
Her voice betimes is like the hum of bees.
And in her laughter is the love of God.
The children love her, and those older grown,
Seeing earth's resurrection, too, are glad.

—Will Ward Mitchell.

WAYSIDE FRAGMENTS.

Somnambulist.

"The hives that have the greatest number
of winter flights in cold, hard winters, are
those that come out in the best shape. It is
for this reason that we object to a northern
exposure when wintering on summer stands,
and for the same cause we do not think the
shade of an evergreen is desirable."—C. P.
Dadant, in Busy Bee.

Too sheltered or too shady a situ-
ation, too thick walls, chaff hives,
are all objectionable, as being diffi-
cult to warm up on mild days in
winter and early spring. Dadant
goes so far as to recommend rousing
such colonies and thereby securing
to them the advantage of a cleansing
flight. I confess to have many times
yielded to such a temptation, and to
have felt comforted over the knowl-
edge that my bees had ALL had an
airing the last chance preceding a
long siege of bitter weather. I only
wish I had less to see after, that I
might spend the mild days with the
bees, but to how many beside my-
self are such treats denied. Honey
scarcely foots the numerous bills, so
perforce one must resort to some-
thing beside bee-keeping, regardless
of natural inclination. But if only
ONE COULD MAKE AND KEEP a closer
acquaintance with each and every
colony, what need of loss from many
of the causes from which we often
suffer? Who does not realize that
careless or close attention decides
the day in any business? Small
farms are being strongly advocated,
and bee-keeping goes hand in hand
with small farming. My own ex-
perience leads me to believe there's
more happiness to the square inch

on the small farm than can be found in any other imaginable place. But alas! there must needs be some other occupations followed than small farming.

"The January number of Ladies' World, a magazine having a circulation of nearly 400,000 copies, has a most excellent contribution 'written for the Ladies World,' by Lena Thatcher, entitled, 'Honey as an Article of Food.' The article is exceedingly well written and evinces, upon the part of the author, an intimacy with the subject that is by no means ordinary. Such wide dissemination of educational matter we regard as inestimable value to the bee-keeping industry; yet in this particular case it is to be regretted that 'Lena Thatcher' was neither endowed with originality in proportion to her ambitions, nor had acquired a knowledge of literary propriety, which demanded that the article be duly credited to Thomas G. Newman, from whose writings it was taken almost verbatim."
—American Bee-Keeper.

"Verily, a little child shall lead them." Of the 400,000 who read the Ladies World, how many would have ever seen Thomas Newman's writings? P'r'aps 'twould be better for the general bee-keeping interests were there more "Lena Thatcher's." A case of "the end justifies the means."

The American Bee-Keeper changes managers with the February issue, and the new editor tantalizes us with a "winter scene in Florida." Ice-bound now, but old Father Time will "balance all," if we only have patience. It would seem from hints thrown out by those having traveled through the south, that there's room for honey on the southern markets. And right here I can not help wondering if the Cuban fever runs as high in many bee-keepers' veins as a short while ago. May have an unexpected opportunity of testing Cuban climate and of prospecting in that palmier isle.

Dan White (Feb. 15 Gleanings) forcibly illustrates the necessity of grading extracted honey. Says while comb honey producers are sandpapering and polishing their sections to attract the eye, producers of extracted honey should combine

to attract the palate. Certainly get it all right for the palate, and its attractiveness for the eye is assured. What more unsightly mess than thin and perhaps WORKING honey? Deserves the same fate as the labor union man's catsup. On being asked why he threw it out, he said the union permitted but eight working hours per day. My faith in extracted honey was well-nigh extinguished through my first introduction to it. The "bee-man" of our vicinity canvassed the place, and had along with him some fair samples of white honey. We agreed to take 5 gallon at \$1 per gallon, the usual price here for many years. The idea that the honey COULD fail to come up to sample, never for a moment presented itself. The 5 gallon duly arrived. The array of vessels containing it had the appearance of a walking menagerie. The coffee pot, and even the decrepit coal oil can, had been pressed into service, the top having been cut off to suit the occasion. The control of the risible propensities became a serious question, but thanks to early training, good breeding held its sway; but judge, if you can, the change in our feelings when the coverings were removed, and a seething, foaming mass proposed, apparently, to meet us half way. What were we to do? Evidently the man needed the money for the honey. And it was equally evident that we had no pressing need of such honey. In vain we contended the honey was fermenting. "Who ever heard of such a thing as sour honey? IMPOSSIBLE!" he exclaimed. However, little as we knew of extracted honey, we were "not to be conwinched except by our own conwinction," and the result is that that man's coldness of manner towards us, even to this day, after a lapse of years, makes one feel like one was in the near proximity to an

iceberg—fairly gives one the shivers, you understand. While our repugnance toward extracted honey at one time bade fair to be eternal, during which time 'twould have amounted to about the same thing as insult to have proffered us extracted honey, we were more than willing to keep on one side of the road, if it would keep to the other. The prejudice only passed away with the raising and handling of crops of honey of our own. And how can we expect to eradicate a thrifty growth of prejudice from the minds of the uninitiated? The planting of it, how easy! the uprooting, how difficult! 'Tis like unto a grain of mustard seed, or the little acorn, insignificant in the beginning, easy to pass by unheeded, but in process of time, its vigorous growth will command your respect. 'Twere better far to totally exclude this mighty giant, but if in the least degree recognized, meet it in its inceptive or embryo state.

Mr. White cites an instance of a man who actually boasted of working for QUANTITY rather than QUALITY. Could there be a greater curse than such a character would prove to the majority of extracted honey men? If the producer follow one plan of adulteration, can he find fault with the commission man, or any other man, for following some other route that leads to the same end? Can people who live in glass houses afford to throw stones? Mr. White concludes his article in these words:

"Say we bee men join hands by doing our part FIRST CLASS in every respect. Suppose we say less about the mixer and adulterator, and hunt out these chaps who will continue extracting this thin, green, raw, unripe stuff. Many a time this stuff has been called adulterated honey; and is it to be wondered at, when we consider the wide difference between well ripened honey and poor unripe honey?"

To secure a uniformly respectable grade of extracted honey, the editor

of Gleanings proposes to ask those who join the United States Beekeepers' Union to subscribe to certain conditions, one of which might be to agree "to not put on the market honey weighing less than 11 lbs. to the gallon." I'm your man. Nothing easier to promise, for honey in these parts never weighs less than 12 lbs., and often runs to 14 lbs. to the gallon. Something more difficult, if you please. Anything so easily obtainable is scarcely appreciated. Next!

I see (Gleanings) some unlucky wight has spoiled some of his best honey, for table use, by the use of tared paper as a cover. Why not offer it in a medicinal way? We're forever seeing tar and honey advertisements for coughs.

One more fragment that I espied along the way was this, from that Bachelor Hasty, or hasty bachelor, of the Review:

"May it not be that all bees, immediately after requeening, haul in their horns a bit, and feel as if home were hardly worth fighting for?"

Now where did he get that notion? No question of its originality; and if THAT'S the way HE FEELS, small wonder there's no queen to his establishment.

Naptown, Dreamland.

MASON FRUIT JARS FOR HONEY.

As Mason fruit jars are becoming quite popular as a package to market honey in, we have made arrangements for an unlimited supply at a very low price, as follows:

Pint Mason jars, per $\frac{1}{2}$ gross..	\$2.75
" " " per gross....	5.25
Quart Mason jars, per $\frac{1}{2}$ gross..	3.00
" " " per gross..	5.50

Now send on your orders, and get wholesale prices with the benefits of all the cash discounts.

LEAHY MFG. CO., Higginsville, Mo.

STRAWS FROM THE APIARY.

Fred S. Thorington.

One of the PROGRESSIVE readers asks if it is advisable to get dovetailed hives for next season's use, or some made like some he now has. He further states that he has several kinds of hives and doesn't like to add any more kinds, and yet is not satisfied with those he now has in use. I would advise him to procure new hives; they can be had cheaper from a reliable supply dealer than they can be made at home by the average bee-keeper. When goods are ordered, they should be of some standard patent.

If hives and supplies are not in general use, that are ordered at the factory, there is always an extra charge for setting the machinery; so the standard, if not the best, is the cheapest.

The hives carried by most dealers embody all the late improvements having much merit; but what suits in one locality often does not in another. Some favor 10-fr.; others 8-fr. I can't say which is best; guess all are good in their place, properly manipulated. The best hive well filled with bees and poorly manipulated becomes a nuisance to its owner. Again, some will take a poor hive and make a success in bee-keeping.

The man wants to work the hive and bees, and the bees the flowers, and the locality wants to produce the flowers full of nectar; and the bee-keeper must know when the main flow comes on, and be ready for it. Then success will follow. But where do we find this happy combination? Perhaps the 8-frame dovetailed is as satisfactory as any. One should decide on a hive to adopt and get used to it, not changing too

often, as that is expensive. Then you avoid getting so many different hives in a yard—a source of annoyance to be dreaded, as the part of one hive fit no other kind. I will make a short confession: I have some up-to-date bees in an out-of-date home, but most seasons in the fall I can see a little surplus honey from my care of bees. I am little blessed with this world's goods, and can't spare the money to change hives every time the season or style does.

When I commenced bee-keeping, I had 3 swarms in as many different kinds of hives—one a box. I was all at sea, and hardly knew what hive to adopt. A neighbor being quite successful with the American hive, I finally adopted that.

I early learned from Mr. Doolittle and other able writers not to procure every new or patent hive and fixtures that came out. My hives were up-to-date then, but out-of-date now; and so it goes. What next? The American hive is good for winter, but for the production of comb honey in pound sections, is not the best, as it has not surface room enough for supers, especially the 8-fr. hive, which I like best for this locality. For extracted honey, I can use them 2 or more stories high nicely.

By the signs of the times, we will in the near future have a change of sections and separators, if not in supers. L. A. Aspinwall, in December Review, gives some very good reasons in favor of the plain section.

The December Review has a neat new dress, the first in 10 years; so says its editor. Not very extravagant, is it, for so good a journal?

The Busy Bee for December, through the suggestion of C. P. Dadant, gives the rules for making candy and feeding bees in winter. He considers it practical, and I don't see why it is not. By E. T.

Abbott cakes are made from granulated sugar by melting it up into syrup, boiling the syrup, being careful not to let it burn, until it will harden; then pouring it out into bread pans, moulding it into thin cakes, which will weigh 5 or 6 lbs. One of these cakes should be placed directly over the cluster of bees after it has formed. Lay 2 or 3 sticks about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch square, across the frames and place the cakes of sugar on the sticks; cover all with a heavy cloth; an old grain bag is very good; tuck the cloth down closely around the edges of the hive, and put over the cloth several thicknesses of newspaper; put on the lid, and your bees will be in good shape for safe wintering. None of the paper or cloth should be left to extend outside of the hive, as they will become wet and carry dampness into the hive.

The editor of the Busy Bee thinks bee-keepers had better not be in a hurry to throw any of their old supers away in order to get the new ones suited to the tall sections. He thinks the majority of those who handle or buy honey would not know a high section from a low one, or the so-called "fence" from an ordinary rail fence. For the average bee-keeper, he thinks the $4\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4} \times 1\frac{1}{8}$ section, open on four sides, used without any separators at all, is the best thing that can be had.

Chillicothe, Mo.

NO-WALL FOUNDATION.

T. F. BINGHAM.

As it offered no immunity, and had no one to champion it, it made its debut just as every change having an important expense factor should. No bee-keeper should be tickled with any exaggeration of anything which may prove to be a

success, but has not been tested.

Honey at 10c built on foundation 10 feet to the pound, with a net profit of 10 per cent, uses too many ciphers to express its value to justify many expensive experiments. The no-wall foundation was brought out as its name implies by the joint contribution of the members of the state convention last year. It was not to be advertised, or not advertised, but the members were to have such amounts as they desired. Some used ten lbs.; some less; and two members used no other. All reports show that the bees accepted it upon presentation, and that no yellow, hard septum could be found in the honey. In the hundreds of sections filled in my apiaries, (and no other foundation was used), not a single patch of drone comb has been found in the usual portions of the honey where it would be detected if any of the foundation had been gnawed away. Of course every bee-keeper is aware that drone or store cells are usually introduced by the bees to take the place of any cells gnawed out of foundation in the sections, and when said cells are capped up, are readily seen when the honey is graded. Much speculative writing will be indulged in in the various journals regarding so great an innovation in foundation. High walls have so long occupied the attention of bee-keepers that the idea became seated apparently that no side walls could be made too high, or even so unlike the styles in use among well-bred bees, that those same well-bred bees would not accept it, just as a man, not a lover of work, would accept the labor of another, even if the work was not exactly his ideal, rather than not to have it done, or to do it himself.

The short lives of bees preclude the possibility of their learning to do differently what has so long been

done their way. It was this fact that led to the no-wall foundation for section honey. The idea may be summarized in this way: No foundation suits the bees. The shape of a piece in a section is not like the heart-shaped piece they build themselves. Neither is a geometrical arrangement of walls such as men build more satisfactory to them. Those beautiful walls, as perfect to human eyes as is the Chinese wall to a resident of the flowery kingdom, do not escape criticism. They must be taken down—not one piece left resting upon another—before the work can go on. If, then, nothing yet made can please the bees in the line of foundation, the inference is plain that the best that can be done for ourselves is to do as little for the bees to undo as will suffice to accomplish our private ends. That being the case, the less wax in the foundation, the more readily the bees will accept it, and the better will be the comb honey that is built upon it.

Farwell, Mich.

MOVING BEES.—AT NEW ORLEANS. ETC., ETC.

E. T. FLANAGAN.

Preparing 300 colonies of bees for shipment is no light job. Loading the same on the car so they will reach their destination, nearly 1400 miles away, is no small matter either. Assisted by Friend Geo. F. Robbins, (formerly of Mechanicsburg, Ills.) both the above were duly accomplished, and the car started for Uvalde, Texas, on the night of Dec. 7, 1897. As but one person was allowed to go in the car with the bees, Friend Robbins undertook that part, while I hurried away on the passenger train. We went over the Illinois Central Rail-

road to New Orleans, and from there over the Southern Pacific, or "Sunset Route," to Uvalde, Tex. I may say here that the bees were landed at their destination with the loss of only one colony.

Owing to better time made, I had a day or two ahead of the bees to spare, and availed myself of the chance to stop off at New Orleans to see relatives, and my old bee-keeping friend, D. McKenzie, near New Orleans, whom I had not seen for a number of years. What a contrast between the ice and snow of Southern Illinois and the green grass, growing vegetables and blooming flowers of lower Louisiana. I am sure it would have done A. I. Root good to have seen the miles on miles of growing vegetables grown for the northern markets, the most of them growing on land that used to be devoted only to sugar cane and rice.

The morning after my arrival in the city, I walked out nearly six miles, in order to see Friend McKenzie and have an hour or two of bee talk. Fortunately I found him at home, and after resting awhile and cooling off, (for it was very warm, though as late as the 10th of December), we took a look at the 200 colonies of bees, and "hefted" quite a number of hives to form an idea of the weight of honey yet to be extracted. Friend McK. called my attention to a large swarm of bees that had clustered about 20 feet from the ground on a limb of a magnificent magnolia tree, some time in July, and had remained there until then. We counted distinctly 9 combs, the largest of which appeared to be at least 15 inches or more in diameter. If time had not been so limited, I should certainly have had a photo taken to present to the readers of the PROGRESSIVE. The bees were Italians, and were then

bringing in honey and pollen, in limited quantities, from a species of Japan plum then in bloom. I learn since my return home that Friend McK. has hived them,

Near by the beautiful grounds of Friend McK. is the former home of one who has become "all the world to me," for it was there I first met the dear one who makes "home" for me. The old place has since our marriage become the property of the state of Louisiana, and is used as an industrial school for colored boys and young men. How familiar it all seemed after so many years of absence. The grounds have changed but little since the day we "stood up" together and linked our fortunes "for better or for worse." The avenue of rosebushes appeared just as it did when we used to walk down it and gather rosebuds for each other, and as the bushes were almost literally bending to the ground with their weight of buds and blossoms, I could not resist the temptation to gather a fine bunch and wrapping them in the long gray moss; and then a few hours later, on my return to the city, mailing them to Wife and children, by whom they were received as bright and fresh as when gathered only 24 hours before. The splendid magnolias, the great live-oaks, the shrubs and flowers, all brought back vividly to mind the happy times I used to have when, after a hard day's work with the bees, I would walk in the hot spring evenings some six miles or more, to spend a few never-to-be-forgotten hours under those trees and amid those flowers with my "lady love." And never "while memory holds her own" will I forget the kindness, attention and courtesies shown me by Friend McK. and his estimable wife, when, after my long, hot, weary walk, I would find the darkened room, the invigorating bath,

the clean, fresh linen, that always awaited me, and above all, the good wishes for success in my "wooing," that always accompanied me, when, "refreshed and clothed," I made my way across to the "home nest" of my loved one. I sincerely pity the one who has never gone through the anxieties, the hopes, the fears, the ecstasy, of "the wooing on it."

For more than 15 years past I have been on the lookout for the best locality in the United States for the bee-keeper who makes raising honey a specialty, and I believe I am tolerably well posted in regard to the advantages and disadvantages of the best and most reliable localities in North America. I have had bees in Michigan, Northern, Middle and Southern Illinois, Iowa, Eastern and Southern Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana, and at one time, in partnership with another, owned as many as 1000 colonies in simplicity hives, the greater part good Italians. I do not write the above to brag or boast, but to simply emphasize the statement that I now have my bees where I THINK the conditions necessary to fair success are greater than at any other place within my knowledge, and with the permission of "ye editor," I will try and tell you something about it in the next number of the PROGRESSIVE.

Belleville, Ills.

[Friend F.—We will be glad for you to tell us of that BEST place on earth for bees.—Ed].



Bee-Keepers,

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NO BEE-WAY SECTIONS AS VIEWED BY DR. C. C. MILLER.

A correspondent wants me to give my views in PROGRESSIVE about some of the new projects, saying: "You may have noticed that in Gleanings the size of the cleat on the separator is given $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide, while others say the bees have fastened cappings to cleats only $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide. What should the width be? I notice that you think the narrow section will be a saving in shipping crates. It will; but will not the crate that holds only 12 lbs bring more on the market than a 15 lb? If not, why is it that a 12-lb crate would bring more than one holding 16 lbs, and has driven the 16-lb crate from the market? How is it that no bee-way sections are having such a boom now, when different ones tried them years ago and abandoned them?"

I'm afraid I don't know enough to answer positively all your questions, but I'll be glad at least to talk the matter over. First, as to the width of cleat on the fence separator. From numerous measurements, I think the surface of the comb comes within $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of a plain separator. At the edge it will be more than $\frac{1}{4}$ if the outside row of cells is not sealed, but if sealed it may come a shade nearer to the separator than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. According to that, to be safe that the comb shall never be built on the cleat, it must be a shade less than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in thickness, in case that the edge of the cleat comes flush with the inside surface of the upright of the section. Two-twelfth inch seems to be the thickness settled upon, leaving 1-12 inch for the outside row of cappings to project beyond the general comb surface, which is probably ample. If the sections fit close together, as in a section holder, and we want everything to fit exactly,

then the width of the cleat must be $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, providing the two thicknesses of the section wood make just $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, as they usually do. Undoubtedly $\frac{1}{4}$ inch is the ideal width for the cleat if we were sure that everything would always fit exactly in place. But there always will be some play allowed in the parts, and there probably will be some variation. With a cleat only $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide, if a section should move 1-16 inch in one direction and a separator move 1-16 inch in another direction, the section would be thrown clear off the cleat and make bad work. Besides, with a cleat only $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide, there will be more catching in putting in the separator. But now comes your question, will not a cleat wider than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch make trouble?

If we make the middle cleat $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, it will close up all the space between the cleats, simply making a thick plain separator. If we make cleats 2 inches wide, it will make two inches of the central part of the section full, and a strip an inch wide on each side will be sunk in 2-12 inch more than the central part. If the cleat is $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide, there will be a half inch strip on each side thus sunk, and as we continue to make the cleat narrower the sunken strip will be narrower. When the cleat is $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide, theoretically there ought to be a sunken strip of $\frac{1}{8}$ inch. Now the question is whether in actual practice the bees will pay any attention to that $\frac{1}{8}$ inch. It's only $\frac{1}{8}$ inch to reach across to the side piece of the section, and will they not build across just as if no cleat was in the way? But there's only 1-12 inch room for them to work in, and that's hardly enough room for them to get their heads in? Will they not build the cappings right up onto the cleats? I should think more likely they would not do so, but that the

tendency would be to cap less cells of the outside row than if the cleats were not in the way. But it's one of those problems whose correct answer you never can get for certain till you get it from the bees. What do they say? A number of persons have used plain sections with fences; get reports from them as to the results with different widths of cleats. I have seen a complaint somewhere that the bees built cappings to the cleats, but if I remember rightly it was because the cleats were not too wide but too thick. With cleats more than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick I should surely expect cappings built to them. With cleats more than an inch wide I should have no fear of it. When it comes to cleats $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide, I should not expect it, but would feel more sure after getting the bees to answer. But it seems to me I should want at least a little more than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide.

On a market where a 12 lb crate has driven out the 16 lb crate, I should expect a 15 lb crate to be at a disadvantage if the 12 lb drove out the 16 lb on account of its weight. But if the 12 lb crate was preferred to the 16 on account of its size, then the 15 lb crate of plain sections would be all right. But is it a general thing that 12 lb cases have driven out 16's? In some places the larger cases are preferred. A commission man said to me that he preferred a 24 lb crate. "For" said he, "a grocer will buy a 24 lb case just as soon as one half the weight, only if there is a 12 lb case on hand he may take that, when he would have taken a 24 lb if the 12 lb hadn't been in the way. The smaller cases make you just that much more trouble."

I asked a wholesale dealer whether he preferred 12 lb or 24 lb cases. "Both" said he. "In some cases a private party will take a 12 lb case

who would not be willing to take anything larger. With the grocer it don't make any difference."

An actual case in point occurs in Review in an article by J. E. Crane. He has shipped tons of plain sections and says he saves $16\frac{2}{3}$ per cent in shipping cases. True, he says nothing about the size of cases, but it's hardly likely that he used anything less than 12 lb cases for the old style sections, and he says his honey in plain sections sells more promptly.

Why is it that no-bee-way sections have been tried, abandoned, and again boomed? I don't know. Sometimes a thing is tried and abandoned by one man, and then another man wants to try it, only to abandon it in his turn. Figwort, Chapman's honey plant, etc., have been tried years ago and abandoned as unprofitable for cultivation, yet you find them bobbing up serenely as a new thing somewhere. You'll see the seed advertised across the water now, and lately a big puff was given on this side, reminding one of several years ago.

Then people don't all think alike. Jones tries a thing—don't like it. Smith tries it—likes it.

It also happens sometimes that a thing is tried and condemned, and afterwards tried and approved, there being some important difference in the two different trials. I have seen mention of two cases in which plain sections were condemned. As to one of them, I know nothing about how the trial was made. The other is reported in Review by James Heddon. He says: "Having been one of the original inventors of sections (whether prior or not, I don't know) I thoroughly tested, as I believe, the spaceless sections. One year I used 5000 of them, opening the spaces with thick separators, and I have relies of them

yet about my home apiary. They became things of the past, wholly because sections with bee-spaces, that is, with tops and bottoms narrower than the uprights, are much superior to them, at every step, from the surplus case to the consumer."

You notice Mr. Heddon says he opened "the space with thick separators." With a plain separator so thick that it allows entrance between the sections, he would simply have a section with top and bottom the same as the sides of the old style section, that is, the whole surface of the comb would recede $\frac{1}{4}$ inch, making the section more lank and lean looking than the ordinary section with bee-way, just the reverse of what is claimed for the plain section with the fence, the soul and essence of which is its plump appearance and the small margin of projecting wood.

If there is any one who has tried the plain section with the fence and found it objectionable, as a friend to the fraternity he should come forward and tell us all about it. For it seems the thing has been tried in several quarters, Messrs. Morton, Aspinwall and Crane reporting favorably. If there are unfavorable reports, now is the time we should have them, but we should also be told something about how the trial was made, and why not liked. In the meantime it isn't always best to try a new thing on too large a scale.

Marengo, Ills.

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, Tex

EXPERIENCE AND ITS LESSONS.

R. C. Aikin.

(Continued from Feb. PROGRESSIVE.)

CHAPTER V.

MANY KIND OF HIVES.

This is the fifth chapter in this series, and has scarcely covered more than as many years. While I was using as my standard hive the "Clipper, Jr.," I was also using other hives of various styles, including the Langstroth. It would be impossible for me to now recall all the sizes and shapes I had in conjunction with the experiences I have related. The fact that I had a multitude of kinds both of my own and others' inventions, should make my deductions the more likely to be correct. Then, as now, and in all the intervening years, bees were offered on the shares, and I took them.

It occurs to me that perhaps I had better make a list of the names of the various hives that I have handled that I can remember, but it would be folly to undertake to detail their peculiar features. There was the Champion. That came first. Next the Langstroth. Then in a conglomerate mixture was the Star Buck, the Palace, American, Kretchmer's New System, the Clipper, Sr., Clipper, Jr., Kretchmer's Simplicity, Root's Simplicity, the Lewis Simplicity, the Wisconsin hive, the Dovetailed, the Farmer's hive (my own invention), more of my own invention not named, box hives, and almost every conceivable modification of a portion of the aforementioned names, and many others I cannot recall. There, now; how is that for a list?

COLOR OF HIVES.

I have painted and used of others' painting, many shades. White, grey, marbled, pink, red, brown, yellow, blue, green, grizzled, etc.,

and one STRAIGHT BLACK with a red rose and a lily painted on the front. This black one was the worst to cast swarms of any hive I ever had. I never tried any others of that color, but I always thought that the color drew too much heat. I have used many hives a dark red, and my opinion is that they get too hot in warm weather, and cause swarming. I prefer light shades. Let us drop the hive question for a little, and talk about some other things that came in the earlier experiences.

HONEY PLANTS AND FLOWERS.

For several years my apiary was in my father's orchard. The sources of honey at first were heartsease, wild buckwheat and Spanish needle. Tame buckwheat was very rarely grown in my vicinity, but one year there were several acres about one-half mile away, and that is the only time I ever got buckwheat honey. Wild buckwheat and some other plants gave a little surplus in August sometimes, or at least filled the brood combs and put them in shape for super work. My principal flow was heartsease the last of August and the fore part of September, sometimes followed by Spanish needle the latter part of September.

The Spanish needle is partial to rather wet, soggy land, the heartsease doing best on good corn ground just a trifle too wet for corn. With these two plants as my main dependence for a crop, I worked for several seasons. If the spring and early summer were wet, heartsease would grow abundantly in the corn fields. The more early rain, the better prospects for heartsease honey. Midsummer rains would bring on the Spanish needle. Sometimes I got surplus from both the same season, though the rule was only one source would yield. These flows coming so late in the season, gave me a grand opportunity to get

the bees ready. Would like to try a fall flow again, but don't have them here.

There was one year that on the average bees scarcely lived from the fields all summer up to August. It was dry, and I was discouraged. My sleeping room was upstairs in the corner of the house next the apiary. Many hives were inside of 75 feet from my window. As the weather was hot, my windows were open all night. One warm morning I waked just after daylight, and heard a great noise of bees in flight. My first thought was that I had left some sweet exposed, and a general robbing was going on. I dressed quickly, and rushed out, supposing I had a very undesirable job to look after before breakfast. Upon reaching the hives there was no sign of robbing, but the bees were pouring out and in, a large per cent of those coming in being loaded with great clots of pollen. It seemed that for some reason they did not make it into pellets, but just stuck it on in clots and strings, some being smeared all over their bodies. By 10 o'clock the work ceased, and nothing more was done that day. The next morning I was astir with the first coming of day, and almost as soon as the bees could see the excitement began and the pollen came in as before. I started out and made a circuit of the apiary to find out which direction the bees went. Nearly all went in one direction, swinging round the house, (they were southwest of the house), passing over the garden, and going off to the northeast. A large meadow of wild grass lay on the river bottom about three-fourths of a mile away in a direct line, and about 100 or more feet below the apiary. I mounted a horse and started out; first east, passing under the line of flying bees; then at the next turn of

the road I went north, and again passed under the bees. Again I turned east, and the third time passed beneath the bees and to the outskirts of the flying thousands. As this brought me into the meadow, I rode through it, and there scattered all over the 40 or 50 acres was a large weed in growth larger than mustard or sweet clover, but of the same general form, and the bees were reveling, the bloom having long stamens covered with the peculiar pollen they were carrying. Just as soon as the sun shone hot, the bloom withered, and no more opened till the next night. The bloom closed anywhere from 8 to 10 a. m. That year was the only one in my experience that I did not get at least a little surplus; but this time winter stores were very scarce, and the following winter nearly all the bees died. That was in southwest Iowa. Since then there have been many poor years in that section, but I left in time to escape them. Later, however, white and red clover became so abundant that there is now always a chance of both a summer and fall flow.

Doolittle has for many years taught us that bees do not gather honey until about 14 days old. That in order to have a colony do good work we must have bees of the proper age when the honey flow is on. I wish I had observed these matters a little closer in those years. However, I had a bit of experience one summer, that while I did not fully comprehend it at the time, there was in it much food for thought, and in the light of later experience I see it clearly.

A QUEENLESS COLONY.

I had one colony that became queenless in the early summer, probably in May. I think the trouble was an aged queen. The colony was not strong, but built cells. The

first hatching failed, I suppose in mating. I gave brood again, and had a second failure. I gave brood again, or a queen, I do not remember which. All this took weeks of time, and the honey flow came and went. This colony was at no time a strong one, at no time had they much brood to care for, and just when the flow was on there was no brood save a very little to rear a queen from. Considering the strength of the colony, it discounted anything else in the yard in honey gathering. This taught me that a colony largely made up of old bees and nothing to do but gather honey, could lay in a surprising amount of sweetness. It is one thing for a colony to be without a queen or the means to rear one, and another thing to always have the means of re-queening though no laying queen is in the hive. As with the apiarist hope is a necessary factor to success, so with the bees.

CHANGING HIVES AGAIN.—SUPERS.

EXTRACTOR.—WAX SECRETING.

SWARMS LOCATING THEMSELVES.

While I was inventing and trying my own "fixin's," Root and other manufacturers were each pushing their wares until the fight was on as to what should be adopted as the standard L frame. The Root measure at last prevailed, and we had a standard frame, and the Simplicity came to be a prominent hive.

It was time for another change. I must now adopt the 1-piece 1-pound sections, and modern lives. I was in Kretchmer's territory, and so far had largely followed his lead, and as he was now pushing his style of Simplicity hive with the standard frame, I adopted his hive. I got a sample hive and as always before, made my own hives, but bought sections. It was not long till my old hives were being thrown aside,

or worked over to take the L frame and top storing only. In the old style of hive I had used wide frames in the side storing arrangement, but now for the first time I used a wide frame or section holder in the super. This was made by nailing two end pieces to a slat, just as section holders are now made. The present holders rest on a tin support at the bottom of the super. The Kretchmer holders had little lugs nailed on at the top of the end piece of the holder, and, projecting outward, rested in a rabbet at the top of the super just as brood frames were supported. It was just as if the holder had been made with a top bar and then the bar sawed out just inside the end pieces. The tops of these holders could be pressed out to receive the sections, but when hung in place the weight tended always to close the tops, thus making the sections remain close together. They could be used with or without separators.

I found two things here that always annoyed me. The sections would so many of them go diamond shape and "kick up," and the slats or holders would sag. Both these faults made trouble with the spacing and propolizing. I have used and seen in use quite a good many pattern slat devices since, but all have one or both these faults. I guess the scalloped separator has overcome the sagging of the holders, but not the "kicking up" of the sections.

I soon gave up the use of all wide frames and section holders, and adopted the T support. I am today using the T super, and can give Dr. Miller the comfort of knowing he has some company. I think there is a goodly number who still use this super, and will till something better than section holders comes out. The T super has one or two faults, but a good one does not sag.

I have seen and used some T's that were evidently made only to sell, for they were not fit to put into a hive. Possibly this accounts in part for their unpopularity.

In the matter of starters for sections, it was several years after foundation began to be much used before I took kindly to it. I had a receptacle in my honey house in which to put any scrap of new and white comb, no matter how small. These were used as section starters, and fastened on with melted wax. If the supply was limited, they were put on small, sometimes not much larger than my thumb nail. I have even used a very small pinch of wax stuck in place and pressed into a line or ridge of wax where the comb was to be. I always tried to have some large starters in each super to do service as "baits." Sometimes I took sections from the more forward colonies to use in the slower ones. I learned more than 15 years ago that bait combs were a help. I think Kretchmer taught this. I know somebody did.*

When the extractor was so highly praised, I thought I must have one, too. We were taught that the brood combs would get so clogged with honey that the brood would be crowded out and the colony get weak. It was said to be a great help to extract at least a part of the brood combs and give the queen room. I got a machine and extracted. Just as sure as I extracted from the brood combs, the bees proceeded to fill them again if honey was coming in. I failed to see that any more honey went into the supers because of this. I suspect I got a little more brood by so doing, but less section honey. One thing I know I did get, and that was unripe honey. I learned to tell that old story about

*[Doolittle taught it 25 years ago.—Ed.]

25 pounds of honey being consumed to produce ONE POUND OF WAX.

Loveland, Colo.

(To be continued in our next.)

Recapitulation by G. M. Doolittle.

Yield of Honey Not in Hives—

Bro. Aikin, in finishing up his talk on hives, asks, "How is that for a list?" Well, I should say it was enough to satisfy any reasonable person that there was little virtue in a BEE HIVE as a means for securing a large yield of honey. Elisha Gallup told us, nearly or quite 30 years ago, that, if of sufficient capacity, bees would store as much honey in a nail keg as anywhere, and no man has been able to successfully contradict the statement. Hives do not MAKE HONEY, and there is NO virtue in any hive as a honey maker. Well, then, what about hives, anyway? Simply this, and this was just the thing I hoped A. would bring out: That hive is the BEST hive that conforms its brood chamber the nearest to the natural habits and wants of the bee, and which also conforms to the wants of the bee-keeper, so as to enable him to take what surplus honey the bees may store in the MOST MARKETABLE SHAPE. That is all there is of it.

What Color Paint Hives.—Again I looked in vain for Bro. A. to tell us what colors he would paint hives, but all the light I get is that he would NOT paint BLACK. Then he thinks RED causes swarming, by making the interior of the hive too hot. But doesn't A. know that black or red will not "draw too much heat," if allowed to stand in the shade from 8:30 in the morning to 4:30 in the afternoon, as should be the case in all well regulated apiaries, after the hives become nearly filled with bees and brood? Then, if the hives stand in the sun, it would seem that all of A's experience should have shown that WHITE was the only color (if that can be called a color)

which should be used in painting hives thus exposed, because that is the only kind of paint that will allow of the hives thus standing, without great "uncomfort" to the bees and danger of the combs being melted down.

Why Paint at All?—Then I hoped he would compare painted hives with unpainted hives; but on this subject he is "as silent as the grave." If he had any bees in unpainted hives, and paid any attention to the matter, it would seem that he must have noticed that the colonies in the unpainted hives did much the best, unless his climate is much different from what it is here in Central New York. If there is a single GOOD reason that can be advanced for painting hives at all, except for looks, I have never seen such reason advanced; and as I believe there is no such reason, and not being naturally proud, or greatly concerned about LOOKS, I leave all of my SINGLE walled hives unpainted. With double walled hives the case is different, for then the bees are practically in an UNPAINTED hive, even if the outer shell is painted. Most people tell us it is ECONOMY to paint hives. I believe this is a mistake, for if cost of paint, time of putting on, etc., is counted, said cost will more than renew the hives as often as those unpainted become unfit for use. If any man would give me \$1.00 a hive for the privilege of painting my single walled hives, he could not thus buy the privilege, for I should consider that I lost two dollars in honey, through the painted hives being against a greater efficiency toward brood rearing early in the season, an efficiency which applies mightily along the dollar and cent line, where the flowers which yield honey bloom early in the season. It must be remembered that the PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER is a paper having a WORLD-WIDE circulation, and we are not going to allow Bro. Aikin to pin it down to his little home locality,

where his honey harvest came from "heartsease the last of August."

Say, Reader, I want you to read the second time what Bro. A. says about "tracking" out that pollen that caused his bees to make him dress so quickly and run down to the apiary in the early twilight from fear of robbing, for in it lies one of the great secrets of successful apiculture, and shows us that A. is one of the LIVE bee-keepers. If you would succeed, it is YOUR BUSINESS to know from just what plants and flowers your bees gather pollen and honey, so you can put your maximum amount of bees and your honey yielding flowers together. Then you have SUCCESS; and the looking after the pollen bloom, as a source toward that maximum of bees on the stage of action, at the right time, bears no trifling relation to the matter. A thorough knowledge of your location is only second to having your bees in sufficient numbers to take advantage of the honey harvest when it comes.

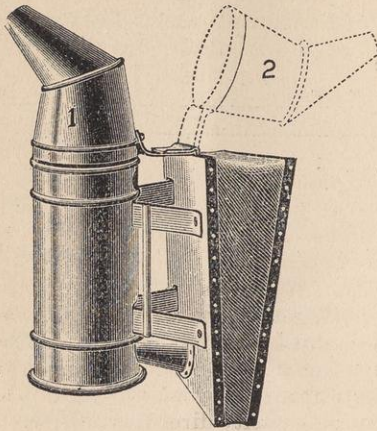
"Kick Up."—Yes, that is right, Friend A. The proneness of all but nailed sections to "kick up," or "go diamond shape," or fall to pieces entirely, was what led me to discard the whole "business," and use only such nailed sections, sections which did not depend upon the honey, comb, and propolis, which the bees put in and upon them to hold them from going to pieces in shipment of the finished product. Since I wholly adopted NAILED SECTIONS, I have had scarce a section reported "arrived broken," out of the thousands of pounds of honey sent to distant markets. I do not wish to step on anybody's toes, or say anything which would seem unkind, but I would not take either the one-piece sections or the dovetailed sections as a gift, if I could possibly buy the material for the nailed sections, even at three times the prices for the others. When my sections are nailed, with the cement coat-

ed wire nails, which drive very EASY and hold very STRONG, I can throw them across my 32-foot shop with all the force I have, and not one will "budge" a hair, or go "diamond shape." If it does take a little longer to put them together, they are "a source of joy" after they are nailed, and something which gives one a freedom from annoyance, not possessed by any other section on the market.

Wide Frames.—Had Bro. A. used wide frames having the right kind of a top bar, it seems to me he would not have changed to the "holders" which he used, nor to the T tins or T supers. I have experimented with all of them, and as far as I am concerned, I CANNOT "give Dr. Miller the comfort of knowing that he has my company" in this T super race. I don't want the bees to have access to any part of the outside of the sections, to daub them all up and varnish them with propolis, this taking much time to clean in getting the honey product ready for market, time that is the most valuable of any during the whole year, to say nothing of other objections. Wide frames, properly made, keep the sections nearly as clean and bright when removed from the hives, *at their edges*, as when put on the hive, while the whole outside looks as clean and new as they did when they first left the saw or sand-papering machine. I can understand how anyone, never having used properly made wide frames, can use the T supers, but I cannot understand how any person, after having used wide frames, could lay them one side, and adopt the section holders or T supers. But my UNDERSTANDING may be at fault along such lines.

The Last Two Paragraphs.—These will bear reading twice, three times, yes, four times, and may the readers not forget to do this. I heartily endorse all there said.

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



THE "HIGGINVILLE SMOKER."

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THE HIGGINVILLE SMOKER A DANDY.

The "Higginville" Smoker is a Dandy with a big D."

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Holden, Mo.

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LEAHY MFG. CO., Higginville, Mo

NEW YORK CITY.

A Visit to the Old Home.—My Mother's Grave.

(Continued from Feb. PROGRESSIVE).

As the train pulled out from Washington City, I looked around among the passengers, and wondered if any of them were destined for that great New York. Was there someone there that lived in New York, or possibly near there, that knew many things that I would like to know? If so, I would like to get acquainted with them, have a social chat, and find out what changes had taken place in the last 20 years that would be of interest to me when I arrived at my destination. But all seemed to be so absorbed in the morning papers that I dared not undertake just then to introduce myself to any of them. All, I said, were absorbed in their morning pa-

pers. I should have said most all, for in one corner of the car, separated from the rest, was a little group, as follows: An invalid man, a young lady and a little boy. They had a good many packages in the seats about them, and the young lady had a bird cage in which were three or four canaries to which she was talking. There seemed to be a cloud of sadness on the faces of the three. I walked over to that end of the car, and entered into conversation with the old gentleman. At first he seemed to be embarrassed, but after talking with him awhile and telling him where I had come from, that I was going to New York to visit the home of my childhood, and seeing he was an invalid and might be going to New York, too, thinking I might be of assistance to him in some way, I had taken the liberty I had of introducing myself to him, he looked up into my face, and said he appreciated very much my kindness; that he with his son and daughter had come all the way from California where he had been for his health; that the trip had been a tiresome, lonely one, and he was so glad they were nearing their destination. He told me that 10 years before he had received a paralytic stroke, from which he had not been able to walk since; that he had been from place to place trying to regain some health and strength, and during all these years, his daughter (I will call her Patience) had been his constant companion, caring for him and her young brother, (who was but a babe ten years before), until sometimes her health would give way and they all three would have to be cared for by others. But as soon as she was able, she would resume her watch again. He introduced me to his daughter. When I took hold of her thin, wan hand, and looked at her frail form,

the sunken eyes and faded cheeks, that sad, pale face, made so by the watching and waiting, with that forlorn hope, and listened as she told me with eagerness and enthusiasm how she expected to bathe her father in sea water and rub him with olive oil when they got to the seaside, I thought, What a noble being woman is.

How many of you, kind readers, would thus for ten years watch and wait at the bedside of an invalid father, administer to his wants, always talk with the same kind, cheering words, and be that same good angel forever and a day? How many of you in the pride of your strength, with your limbs full of vigor, banish worldly thoughts from your mind long enough to offer up a prayer that you are so much better off than the poor invalid who has to be wheeled from place to place in his chair?

When we arrived at Jersey City, I carried my friend from the train and placed him in an invalid's chair, wheeled him onto the ferry boat, and when the boat reached New York City, I procured a cab for this little party, and after receiving their thanks, I bade them adieu. May the bathing in the salt water and the rubbing in of olive oil, bring back to health and vigor the invalid man, and while her little brother chases sunbeams along the ocean sands, may the sea breeze kiss back the roses to that sad, careworn face of Patience, to the dear girl who has watched and waited by the bedside of that invalid father, and cared for and protected that "baby brother" as only a kind, self-sacrificing sister could.

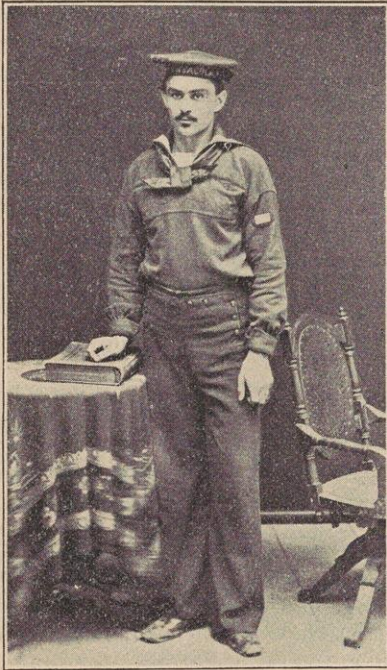
After my friends were gone, I was left alone—alone in a large city; alone in the crowded street; alone amid a mass of surging and eager humanity. Yes, I was alone.

I was lonely. What was all this sea of humanity to me? I, a stranger here, but a bubble on the restless and rolling tide. I thought of Mr. I. J. Stringham, of 105 Park Place, and with all haste I proceeded there, only to find that Mr. Stringham had gone out on Long Island to spend Sunday at his home, his home not being far from where I used to live. I had anticipated a pleasant trip of us going out on the island together, but he had already gone, and I was too late for the train. My next alternative was to stay in the city all night. I looked through the city directory, to see if I could not find some of my old friends and relatives, but I could not.

Twenty years of absence had completely drawn the curtain of obscurity between them and me. At last I went to a hotel and there spent the night. The next morning (Sunday) I went over to the "City of Churches," (Brooklyn), and after a few hours found some relatives, and went with them to church. It was now that I began to realize more than ever before how long I had been away. Looking over the family album, and coming across the once familiar faces therein, I would ask where this one or that one now lived, and half of the responses would be, "They are dead." It seemed that almost all the people who were in middle life when I went away, were dead. Thus, I thought, along the valley as the evening tides are flowing in, we see the loved ones going hence, through the long shadows of the setting sun, and with unseen feet they tread the mystic realm to a fairer world beyond.

While looking through the pages of the album, I came across a picture that I thought the readers of the PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER

would like to see. It is ye editor at the age of 20, dressed in blue, after having been rocked in the cradle of the deep for 10 years.



The editor of the PROGRESSIVE at the age of 20.

After spending Sunday and Sunday night with my relatives in Brooklyn, Monday morning I took the train for Calverton, Long Island, and from there took the stage route, 5 miles further, to Baiting Hollow. Baiting Hollow is near the shore of Long Island Sound, and in an humble cottage by the shore, I had lived from the age of 3 to 10. This cottage by the sea nestled on the hillside, with its large willows before the door, surrounded by old landmarks of happy childhood days, was what I had come so far to see. I did not repair at once to the scene described above, but went to the home of my

cousin, George B. Wells, who keeps the postoffice at that place, and who had given me an urgent invitation to make my home with him while at Baiting Hollow. The last time George and I had met was 22 years ago. Then we were both young and single—now we were both old and rusty, and did not look like our former selves at all. Of course he knew me the moment he saw me; that is, he knew I was coming, and as no one else came on the stage but myself and the driver, who else could it be? I am sure I should not have known him if I had not known that he lived there, and would very likely be at home expecting me. But what a pleasant time we had getting acquainted with each other again. Is it not a pity that as people grow older their faces grow ugly and homely past recognition, and that after 20 years' separation we are unrecognizable by our best friends? Dear reader, it would be, if it were not as we grow older, our hearts become better, our thoughts more beautiful, and our actions more noble.

Three-quarters of a mile from where George lived, and I was to stay for a short time, I could hear the roar of the ocean waves as they burst upon the sands and rocks, and echoed through the cliffs that lined the coasts. The noise made me feel restless. Though I had seen and heard the ocean many times before, in all its varied elements, I had now become used to the quiet of the sleepy prairies of the west, and this restless agitation and turmoil seemed to unnerve me. The afternoon was spent with George and his estimable family, for he was married now, and there were little children, too, to gladden his home.

In the evening the neighbors came in for miles around, some who had known me when I was a real

bad little boy, and who "knew that I would grow to be a good man because I was such a very bad boy," and others who wished to see the man from the "wild and woolly west." They kept me up until about midnight answering their questions and telling my experiences, etc. When the little meeting broke up, I went to my room and to bed, and was roared to sleep by the ocean waves that were pounding on the countless sands.

Next morning I awoke and was up before the sun, and strolled away to the high cliffs that lined the coasts, and looked once more away to the northeast far out on that trackless ocean which had been my home for so many years. No one was in sight anywhere, but in the distance were a few passing ships; but they were so far away they seemed but phantoms in the sky. I was alone, alone as I had longed to be, by that restless sea, that sea which was my father's grave, that sea upon whose heaving bosom I had been nursed to manhood. I walked to the edge of the cliff, and stared with eager eyes into the seething mass that burst against the rugged rocks along the shore, and then fell back to come again. O, mighty ocean, roll and swell. Mountains may be wrought and rivers turned by man, but no hand but God's can curb thy passion. Thou art supreme. Roll on! roll on! These were my thoughts. I saw the ball of fire (the red sun) rise slowly out of the green, squirming waters; then I walked back to my friends, and enjoyed a good breakfast composed of salt-water fish and other delicacies.

After breakfast I told my friends I wished to go down to the old cottage where I used to live. They said all right, and proposed that they would hitch up the team and

take me there, and to other places I would like to see. I told them, No; that when I visited that sacred spot I must be alone. I had heard that the little farm had been sold to the man who owned the adjoining one; I had heard that the old house, from whose garret window many years ago, I had watched the ships pass to and fro, had tumbled down. I could only think how things must be changed there, and my heart was sad. No one could share this sadness with me, so I repaired to the scene alone. On nearing the place, I passed through a wood. I looked for the paths with which my feet were once familiar, but they, the most of them, had faded out of existence. I looked for trees where familiar names were once cut upon the bark, but the bark had closed in over them, and they were no more. I went to the old spring that one time had a little house over it, where milk and butter, and oft-times a jug of root beer, were kept, but the house had decayed or been taken away; but there was a hole, the same hole that had been dug many years before, and curbed up with a piece of a hollow white-oak tree, which still seemed in a good state of preservation. I peered over into the little pool of water with much eagerness, as I had done many times of yore, as though I would expect to see again the face of a boy reflected back. But the boy to a man had grown, and he had come back to this spot after 30 years to weep alone over the sad decay of a once happy home.

With a sad heart and unsteady step I made my way to where the old tumbled-in house lay prostrate on the ground. The first thing I looked for was the old fireplace and the big, hard stones in front of it, on which I used to crack nuts. They were there. A portion of the

wall near the fireplace still stood, and I looked for the nail where I used to hang my cap, and I was so glad to find it. O, dear old house that protected me from so many wintry blasts; beneath whose roof I had heard the pattering rain that lulled me to sleep; by whose fireside I had watched the glowing coals, and from whose windows I had heard the blackbirds sing and the gentle winds whisper among the trees, O, why has cruel time thus treated you? I sat me down beneath the willows, and we wept together over this sad decay. Near where I was sitting, a stream of water was running by. A little farther on it widened out into a beautiful lake, then narrowed again, and passed on to the sea. I bade adieu to the present scene, and followed this beautiful stream to its source, which I knew to be in the foothills about a half mile distant. This stream was fed by little springs, and as I pushed aside the grass and bushes at the foothills, and beheld those baby rivulets gurgling forth from the cradle of the earth, then passing on, getting stronger, into the rippling brook, as they took their course, and then becoming a calm beautiful lake in the lowlands before passing on to the sea, I could but think how much like life this stream of water was. As from the gurgling babe in the cradle, on to that stronger stream, the rollicking boy and girl, then on to that smooth, sublime state of middle life, then on to that grand old age, then to where the sea, the sea of eternity, rolls.

I knelt down and drank of the pure crystal water, the same as I had often done before when a boy. A half dozen mosquitoes lit on the back of my neck, (for they are plentiful here), and bit me. I do not know if they were the same old mosquitoes that bit me 30 years ago, or

not, as they had no "ear-marks," but the sensation they produced was sufficient to awaken me from my musings, and as I had many other places to visit, I said farewell, perhaps forever, to the last remains of the old cottage by the sea; to the babbling brooks and placid lakes which I have described; to the wood where I was oftentimes lost when a child; and to the hillsides where I had in winters wept over the mishap of a broken sled. Thirty years ago, I stood on this same spot where I now stood, with all my worldly possessions tied up in a little handkerchief. I looked back then with tearful eyes and a wishful heart that I might some day come back again to the dear old home. Today it is with a sorrowful heart I take my leave once more, and say farewell, farewell forever.

In the afternoon, George and I visited a bee-keeper by the name of John Young. Mr. Young was the only bee-keeper for miles around, and owned 100 colonies. He was the first bee-keeper I had met for many a day who claimed to be making a good deal of money out of bees. He reported 100 pounds per colony, average, year after year, and sold it all for 20c per pound, both comb and extracted, and that most of his customers preferred extracted honey. I asked him if he meant to say that his 100 colonies of bees made him a profit of \$2,000 a year, to which he replied, About that. He further said that he was to no expense since he had gotten fixed up, in taking care of his bees, as his wife and children took care of them when he was away in the fields. There is no one particular honey plant on these sandy hills of Long Island, the honey being gathered from fruit bloom, and an endless variety of wild flowers that grow in the scrubby woods along the

cliffs. If I had not seen the bees coming in laden with honey, and hefted the hives, and seen tank after tank of water-white and amber honey in the honey house, I could hardly have believed that bees could have done so well there. I found Mr. Young well versed in bee-keeping, and as I had not seen anyone to talk BEES with for nearly two weeks, I enjoyed the visit very much.

Thus visiting, fishing and bathing, a week sped away. Sunday came, and when I heard the old church bell ring, the bell I had often heard when I was a child and used to wonder if they could hear that bell in heaven, and if they rung it to let God know that we had gathered to His house to be good, as chime after chime floated out on the still morning air, I took a shady path along the roadside to the dear old church whose tower overlooked the graveyard where so many of my early friends had been laid to rest. I stayed on through Sunday-school, and was called on by the good pastor to address the children. I don't remember just what I said. I believe I got embarrassed at first; but as thoughts of bygone days flew fast and thick through my mind, thoughts of how I had been blessed and protected all these years, I know I spoke with real enthusiasm. My closing remarks were to the little ones. I admonished them when they had any doubts about what was right or wrong, to advise with their mother. Her counsel would be correct, and if followed, they would grow up to be happy men and women. I hope my humble effort had some effect.

In the afternoon we visited the graveyard, and placed flowers on many graves; on graves of little ones that had come and gone, that I had never seen, that I should like to have seen. These little buds had

opened in the same garden spot that I had, been kissed by the same sunlight, and waved and wavered in the same gentle breeze, then faded away in the early morning. But the grave I most longed to visit was not there.

After spending a very pleasant week at Baiting Hollow, I accepted an invitation from a friend (George's brother-in-law) to visit Southampton. Southampton is on the south side of the island, and on the ocean front. It is a watering-place for some of the millionaires of New York City. There can be seen some of the most beautiful cottages in America, if not in the world, all of which are built in the Queen Anne style. The roofs and walls are covered with shingles, no other material being used, and not a drop of paint is put upon the exterior of these cottages, the idea being, both in architecture and custom, to represent as nearly as possible the old colonial days. The interior of these cottages were, so we were told, furnished in the highest art of the present stage of civilization and progress, and many of them had private telegraph wires in direct communication with Wall Street, New York. Upon the streets these arrogant people would drive four-in-hand, and holding their heads aloft, point their noses to the sky. There is nothing more contemptible in my estimation than the purse-proud people that swell at these watering-places. But distinction is levelled at the ocean side, where I sat for two hours and watched the rich and poor, the great and humble, go in bathing side by side, under the same sun, washed by the same waters, rolled and tumbled by the same ocean waves, and when by chance an unexpected rush of water would catch a group, whirl them around, and stand them on their heads, you would not know to which trunk of

clay the feet belonged.

After a day spent at Southampton, and a few more days of visiting at other places on the east end of Long Island, I packed my grips, and George with the old gray mare hauled me to Calverton Station. I was bound for New York where I was to spend a few days, taking in the great metropolis prior to my journey westward. As I boarded the train and received the kind wishes and warm handshakes of old and new friends, my heart was sad. I realized that this parting would be, with many of those present, forever. As the train pulled out and sped on its way, I looked out of the window, back at the group at the station waving their hands. The train went round the curve, and the scene was closed.

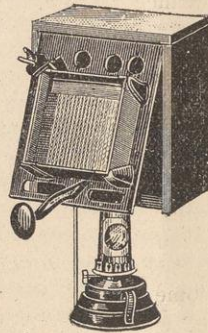
On my arrival in New York City, I went to the home of a friend with whom I had spent a day prior to going to Baiting Hollow. There I found many invitations waiting for me to visit a number of cousins and second cousins in and near New York City, who had heard of my coming.

But there was one place I wished to visit above all others—that was the grave of my mother—that dear mother who brought me to this world; whose smiles chased away my childish fears; whose arms had rocked me in the sweet sleep of innocent childhood; at whose feet I learned to walk, and whose heart would bound with joy at my childish cooing—that mother for whom angels called in the night and bore away on their snowy wings to that better home; that mother whose last earthly words were, "Be kind to my darling boy,"* the words which still ring in my ears. In after years, in my darkest hours,

when temptations have beset my path, the image of that mother has appeared before me, pointing me to a light in heaven.

I went to the graveyard alone, as I wished no one to share this melancholy scene with me. When I came to the grave, I knelt down beside it. I opened the sod with my hands, and planting there a white rose, watered it with tears. [R. B. L.]

(To be continued in our next).



MAGIC PRESS

& HOT PLATE FOUNDATION FASTENER.

This Press is of malleable iron and brass. Non-breakable chimney. Its speed equal to 4000 per day, or more, according to activity of operator. One closing and opening of gate finishes the section. Starts or full sheets. This year a FINE EGG-TESTER goes with it. Supply dealers write for cut for your own catalog. Have sold in thirteen states. Write me if

your supply dealer does not keep them in stock. The BEST and CHEAPEST yet made. Size 7x8½ inches. Price, \$2.00.

JAMES CORMAC, Des Moines, Iowa.

Please mention the "Progressive."



I am now ready to receive orders for May delivery, 1898. Full colonies of three-banded Italian bees in 8 frame dovetailed hives, \$5. Strong three-frame nucleus, with tested queen, \$2.75. Untested Italian queens, each, 75c; per doz., \$7.00. Tested Italian queens, each, \$1.00; per doz., \$10.00. Best breeding queens, each, \$2.00, \$2.50.

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

E. W. MOORE,

Box 103.

GRAYVILLE, ILLS.

*I was 2½ years old when my mother died.

PROSPECTS FOR A GOOD SEASON. "PROGRESSIVE CLUBS."

J. W. ROUSE.

I see in the February PROGRESSIVE that Sommy is "glad to hear Friend Rouse say conditions are good for a bounteous crop next year." Sommy, I will give you my reasons for my predictions. While we had a dry fall, we had a very good season in the first part of the past summer, at least in these parts. Clover had a good chance to grow, and gave us a good crop of honey. Then in the fall, when it turned dry, the plants all matured well, so that they were not sappy, and could stand the winter well. Again, the dry fall caused the fruit trees to mature their fruit buds well, so there is likely to be a very large profusion of bloom. In fact, fruit men tell me that in many cases there will be more bloom than some trees and plants will be able to mature fruit. I know of many others that think as I do, as they are procuring their supplies, and lots of them, for the coming season.

Sommy, do you remember the first time we ever met? I have never been able to settle in my mind whether you were disappointed in me, or not; as we had had some correspondence, I then being secretary of the Missouri State Bee-Keepers' Association. You told me when we met that you had expected to see a large, portly man. I did not learn what you thought of my good looks.

The February PROGRESSIVE sets me all in a trembling exultation on account of the unheard-of-before, but very liberal, offer, of Friend Doolittle, to increase the circulation of the PROGRESSIVE. Friend D., get all five of those queens ready for me, and send them just as soon as it is safe to ship them, and you

can do so, for just as soon as I can get my turning-lath rigged up again, (all torn up now rebuilding). I am thinking of getting up all five of the biggest clubs for the PROGRESSIVE, and as I can turn them 10 feet long, they will be whoppers. I do not know what the PROGRESSIVE wants with such large clubs. I know that Bro. Leahy is a very large man, (not so much in stature as otherwise,) but I do not think he is very dangerous. But he can make things hum, when he tries.

Say, Friend Leahy, I saw somewhere that Friend Doolittle was the uncrowned king of bee-keepers, and then to know that you have him as associate editor, and to see what a very high compliment he pays you and the PROGRESSIVE in the February issue. Well, well! it's just awful nice; but I fully agree with him.

Friend Williams has a splendid article in the February PROGRESSIVE, on the queen bee. And he has added a very useful article to the bee-keeping fraternity in his self-hiver and queen trap. Bee-keeping is advancing, and one has to hump himself to keep up with the procession and keep in the ranks, or he will get left. Just read all the good articles in the bee papers, if you would be one of the wide-awake, progressive bee-keepers.

Mexico, Mo.

[Now, Friend Rouse, I am pleased to hear that you are getting up several clubs of 10, and hope you will send them in soon, but none of your clubs 10 feet long, because I am coming to Mexico next summer, and may bring one of them with me.—Ed.

Second-Hand Foundation Mills.

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

One ten-inch Root Mill, with dipping tank, all complete. This mill, for all practical purposes, is as good as new, and the price of it i. e. v. with tanks, would be \$27. To dispose of it quick, we will take \$16 for the outfit.

LEAHY MFG. CO., HIGGINSVILLE, MO.

OUR LETTER BOX.

A Pleased Subscriber

I am going to do my part to bring the PROGRESSIVE subscription up to 10,000. Please send me your premium offers that are valuable in the apiary.

IRA NYE, Mt. Vernon, Ills.

[Read Premium Offer on page 60-61 February PROGRESSIVE.—Ed.]

§ § § §

Lots of Good Information.

I think a person can get lots of good information in regard to bee-keeping from G. M. Doolittle and the other able writers of the PROGRESSIVE.

Respectfully, M. H. LIND,
Baden, Ill.

§ § § §

Likes the Aikin Articles.

Please send the January and February PROGRESSIVE. I want the Aikin articles, and that is why I write. I would subscribe for the PROGRESSIVE for a year, but times are so hard with me just now, I am not able, so I will send for it copy by copy, as I am able.

Yours truly,

NAT GENN, Cramer Hill, N. J.

§ § § §

Likes the Editor's "Notes of Travel."

Enclosed find 50c for renewal for the PROGRESSIVE. The management of the journal has my approval. Gets better every number, seems to me. O, yes, be sure and tell us everything you heard, did and saw, while you were swinging around the circle. Those Notes are just fine. I always read the editorials first. Success to you.

Yours respectfully,

W. D. HURT, Pleasant Hill, Mo.

§ § § §

After the Doolittle Queen.

The PROGRESSIVE duly to hand, and I am so well pleased with its contents that I thought I would make it more

"progressive." I am after that Doolittle queen. See? I already have some of his stock, and know what his proposition means. Not many beekeepers in this section, but they shall all know of the PROGRESSIVE. I enclose \$1 for the two accompanying subscriptions.

Truly,

W. J. COPELAND, M. D.,
Fetzerton, Tenn.

§ § § §

Pleased with the "Progressive."

I like the PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER fine. Think it gives more information on what we want to know, than any of the other bee journals. Yours,

JOHN ATKERSON, Webb City, Mo.

25 Cents.

Send 25c and get a copy of the
AMATEUR BEE KEEPER,

By mail, 28 cents.

A book especially for beginners. Address
Leahy Mfg. Co., Higginsville, Mo.

Editorial..

THE - PROGRESSIVE - BEE-KEEPER.

A journal devoted to Bees, Honey and Kindred Industries.

TERMS: Fifty cents per year, in advance.

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

At the Election of Officers for the National Bee-Keepers' Union for the ensuing year, all the old officers were re-elected.

* * * *

If you receive a sample copy of the PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER, and are not a subscriber, please consider it an invitation to subscribe for it. The subscription price is 50c per year. Now can't you "press the button?"

* * * *

A Quarter-Inch End-Bar for brood-frames has always seemed to us too

thin, and a great many of our customers prefer a $\frac{5}{16}$ end bar, and orders for these come from our largest customers. Hence, we have concluded to make all the end bars to our frames hereafter $\frac{5}{16}$ of an inch thick.

* * * *

Mrs. Jennie Atchley, of the Southland Queen, has been dangerously ill, (her life having been despaired of for a time), but, we are glad to say, is now convalescing. Mrs. Atchley is one of our brightest apicultural writers, and bee-dom cannot afford to lose any of its best lights. We hope she will soon regain health and strength, and be at her post of duty again.

* * * *

Twelve thousand bee-keepers for the state of Missouri! From a recent poll we made of the state through the postmasters that would answer us, we find there are about that many parties in this state who keep bees in some shape or form. Now suppose we consider that forty other states would average that well. This would give us 480,000 bee-keepers in the United States.

* * * *

New processes for making foundation are constantly coming up. Every little while someone sends in a nice sample and wishes to know if we want to buy a machine to make the prettiest foundation on earth—sheets a mile long, and as transparent as glass. Among some of the latest is a sample from the Bennett Bee Hive Company, Los Angeles, Cal. This sample is quite nice, and no matter how cold the weather is, it will bend and not break.

* * * *

Miss Constance Root and Mr A. L. Boyden were married February 1, 1898, at Medina, O. We have never had the pleasure of the acquaintance of Miss Root or Mr. Boyden. We did know

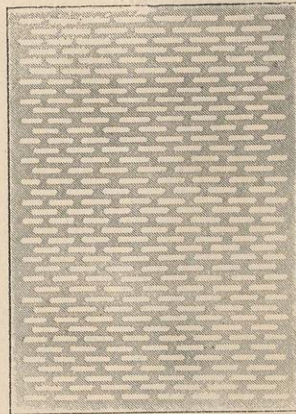
"Blue Eyes," her who sat on "papa's" knee while he had his picture taken for the "A. B. C." book. After a week's vacation, the young people resumed their work in the office of the A. I. Root Co., while A. I. went on their (his) wedding trip to the Island of Bermuda. We wish them (him) much joy.

* * * *

The American Bee-Keeper for February comes to us printed in a new, attractive face of type, and the contents are considerably boiled down. Mr. H. E. Hill is now the editor. We predict for the American Bee-Keeper better success under its new lead.

* * * *

The accompanying cut represents the zinc queen excluder as we now make them, with the perforations crosswise. With the perforations crosswise, and each row alternating, it is possible for the bees to pass up between every frame, thus giving free access to any



ZINC QUEEN EXCLUDER.

part of the supers above. It is a mistake to have zinc honey boards with perforations running the same way as frames do, as from one-half to two-thirds of the perforations are closed when the honey board lays flat on the top bars.

Sweet clover seed at 6c per lb. is quite low, but as we have an over-supply of nice fresh seed, we will furnish it at 6c per lb. to all who will take as much as 10 lbs. at one time.

* * * * *

We have received more real hard cash out of the PROGRESSIVE this month than any month since we have owned it. Thanks, friends, I feel ever so much better when I know the PROGRESSIVE is appreciated.

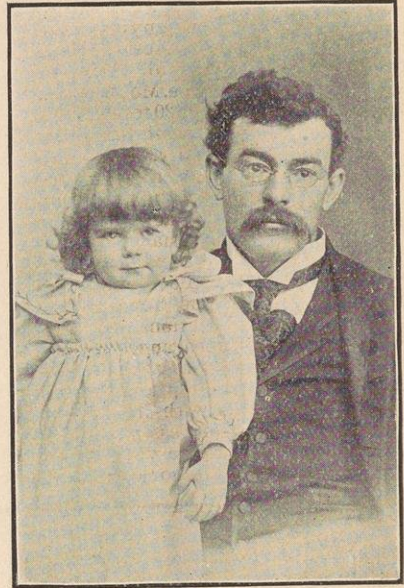
* * * * *

Our Branch House at Omaha, Neb.

For a long time we have had a number of customers in the state of Nebraska and the Dakotas, and realizing the heavy local freight rates that our friends have had to pay, we have opened a branch at 1730 South 13th St., Omaha, Neb., where we will keep a complete line of such goods as we list in our catalogue.



OUR BRANCH HOUSE AT 1730 SOUTH 13TH ST., OMAHA, NEB.



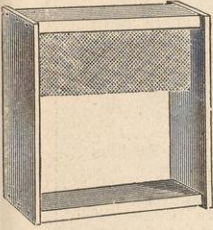
DR. HENRY L. MILLER AND HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER, GERTIE.

Dr. Henry L. Miller, formerly of Topeka, Kansas, will be manager of this branch. Our selection of Dr. Miller for this position is entirely from merit, though he has been a friend of the firm for years.

Dr. Miller is thoroughly conversant with the bee supply business, having been engaged in it for something over four years, and, like many others, is an admirer of the "Higginsville" supplies.

He is also an enthusiastic bee-keeper, and takes hold of the new business with considerable experience as a bee-keeper and supply dealer. We insure our old customers and friends, and new ones, too, who send their orders to the above address, kind and courteous treatment, and careful and prompt attention to any orders they may send in.

Mr. Doolittle uses the nailed section as shown in the accompanying cut. The Messrs. Baldwin, of Independence, Mo., who produce 20 to 30,000 lbs of comb honey annually, use this section also, and their honey brings a fancy price on the market from 1 to 2c per lb, more than ordinary first class honey. Their sections are well-filled, and neat in appearance, and I have sometimes thought that the continuous opening at the top and bottom had something to do with their success, as the holes or depressions in the corners of the sections are very small. Now it may be there is something in



Nailed section box showing comb foundation starter attached.

are not, we will say that our goods are par excellent. Polished, snowy-white sections, beautiful, straw-colored, transparent foundation, improved smokers and honey extractors, and all other first-class goods, are what we sell. Kind and courteous treatment and honorable dealing, our motto. On these bases, we solicit an order, feeling sure that if we sell you one bill of goods you will be our customer in the future.

the section, and it may be in the skill of the bee-keeper, or a combination of both. I am going to give this a test the coming season, that is as far as the season is concerned.

Hurrah for Omaha! is what Mr. Root says when speaking of the advisability of holding the next annual meeting of the U. S. B. K. U. at Omaha, Neb., during the Trans-Mississippi Exposition to be held in that city between the months of June and November, 1898. While not a member of the above union myself, one of the members of our firm is. We also hold two memberships in the National Bee-Keepers' Union, and wish both organizations all the success possible, and believe by holding the next annual meeting of the U. S. B. K. U. at Omaha, it will go a long way toward increasing the Union's membership and strength. Hurrah for Omaha!



Ho, for Omaha!

AS we have many customers in the northwest, and believing they will appreciate the low freight rates obtained by purchasing goods from a railroad center nearer to them than we are, getting a direct through freight rate, thus cutting the freight in half, we have established a branch house at 1730 South 13th St., Omaha, Neb., where we will keep a complete line of all Apiarian Supplies, the same as we do at Higginsville, Mo. With the quality of our goods, we believe most beekeepers in the west are already acquainted, but to those who

are not, we will say that our goods are par excellent. Polished, snowy-white sections, beautiful, straw-colored, transparent foundation, improved smokers and honey extractors, and all other first-class goods, are what we sell. Kind and courteous treatment and honorable dealing, our motto. On these bases, we solicit an order, feeling sure that if we sell you one bill of goods you will be our customer in the future.

PROGRESSIVE BEE KEEPER, 50c per year. "Amateur Bee-Keeper," 25c. Both for 65c, postpaid. Sample copy of the PROGRESSIVE free, and a beautiful catalogue for the asking. Address, **Leahy Manufacturing Company,** Higginsville, Mo., or 1730 South 13th St. Omaha, Neb.

BEE-KEEPERS.

We can make it an object for you to write us for prices on

One-Piece Sections,



We can fill your order promptly, and furnish you the finest Section that can be made.



The One-Piece Section Company.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, Crawford Co., WISCONSIN, Feb. 15, 1898.

Some idea of the real, practical value of the BEE-KEEPERS' REVIEW may be gained by noticing the following items of interest that appear in

The January Review.

The Frontispiece is probably as perfect a picture of comb honey as has ever been produced. It shows eight sections—four of the plain, or "no-bee-way," style, and four of the old-style. The whole story is told at a glance.

The Plain Section.—Just at present the bee-keeping world is intensely interested in plain sections and slat-separators; and the January Review comes pretty near being an old-fashioned, special-topic number upon that subject. J. E. Crane shows up, very fairly, the advantages and disadvantages of plain sections; and describes a novel method for changing the old-style to the plain, after they are filled, and, at the same time, avoid scraping the sections. Mr. Heddon very severely condemns the plain section and slat separator. He says that he used and abandoned them years ago; and he calls their adoption a step backward. Mr. T. F. Bingham also condemns them, and gives his reasons. Finally, the editor gives his views in a "summing up."

No-Wall Foundation.—If we are to have "no-bee-way" sections, why not "no-wall" foundation to go with them? No reason in the world—and it is already here. It is the thinnest and most delicate foundation ever made—running about 16 feet to the pound—and the resulting comb can scarcely be distinguished from natural comb. Mr. Aspinwall used several pounds of it last year, and Mr. Bingham used it for his entire crop. The former gentleman furnished the January Review an article in which he considered foundation in general, and discussed the no-wall in particular. Mr. Bingham furnished a super of sections containing unfinished combs built from the no-wall foundation, and the editor

pulled one side off each section, photographed the whole lot, and secured a half-tone cut that appears in the January Review. There is not room here to explain *why* the picture is given, but an accompanying editorial explains fully, and has considerable to say, besides, regarding the style of foundation that may yet prove to be the most desirable for use in sections.

Various Other Items.—Besides what has been mentioned, there are the usual short, editorial comments upon a variety of topics (eight pages of them in this issue); Hasty's review of the other journals; Thompson's "Notes from Foreign Bee Journals;" and the "Extracted Department," which gives, this month, a cut and description of a section cleaner rigged up from an old sewing machine table and treadle.

Reader, the foregoing is simply a mention of some of the things that may be found in the January Review. To be thoroughly appreciated, they must be read; and, furthermore, what the Review has been for December and January, that will it be in the future; and

A Cordial Invitation

is hereby extended to you to become a subscriber. The price is only \$1.00 a year; and, as a bee-keeper, it is doubtful if you could spend that amount to better advantage than in a subscription to the Review.

If you prefer to see this issue before subscribing,

Send Ten Cents, in silver or stamps, (either U. S. or Canadian), and the January number will be sent you, and with it will be sent the December number, and one other back number. This will give you a fair idea of the Review, and, if you should then wish to subscribe, the ten cents that you have paid may apply on the subscription. A coupon will be sent entitling you to the Review one year for 90 cents, if sent in during 1898.

W. Z. HUTCHINSON,

Flint, - Michigan.



WE MAKE A.....

SPECIALTY OF SECTIONS,

Being located in the great BASSWOOD timber belt of Wisconsin; admitted by all to be the best for making sections.



A GENERAL LINE OF BEE-KEEPERS' SUPPLIES

In stock, and at prices with the times. Write for Catalogue and prices, Free.

MARSHFIELD MFG. CO.,
Marshfield, Wisconsin.

Please mention the "Progressive" in answering this advertisement

Do You Think

of coming to California? Then you should be posted, and the best way is to take the



PACIFIC BEE JOURNAL

Send for free sample copy. Also a Catalogue of Bee Supplies made by

THE BENNETT BEE HIVE CO.,
365 E. 2d St., Los Angeles, Cal.
"There's money in Bees this way."

Please mention the "Progressive."

"Fruitage,"

FOR FRUIT MEN ONLY.

The Exclusive Fruit Paper of America

is a 32-page paper, the reading matter of which pertains to nothing but fruit. It is indispensable to any one engaged in fruit growing. Is a great fruit section, (PORTLAND, OREGON), and costs 50 cents per year. We want every one of our readers to have it on their table and will therefore club it with the **PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER**, both for one year for 60 cents, to all our subscribers who will send their back subscription and one year in advance, or to new subscribers who will pay one year in advance. This offer is good for but a short time.

Please mention the "Progressive."

A KLONDIKE FOR YOU is our 40-page Catalogue of supplies and instructions to beginners, etc., free.

We keep on hand the new style sections, fence separators, and other improved **BEE SUPPLIES**, made by the A. I. Root Co. Can fill orders promptly at factory prices. Send us a trial order.

2-1f

John Nebel & Son,
High Hill, - Missouri.

Please mention the "Progressive."

Coming.

The year 1898 is here, and we are happy to inform our friends and customers that we are now better prepared than ever before to fill your orders for Queens and Bees. We have the largest stock ever operated by us, and we mean to be ready with plenty of bees and queens to fill all orders without delay that are sent to us.



Bees by the pound, \$1.00; ten or more pounds, 90c each. Untested queens for 1898, \$1.00 each in February, March, April and May; \$5.00 for six, or \$9.00 per dozen. For larger amounts write for prices. Have your orders booked for your early queens. Safe arrival guaranteed.



Root's and Leahy's goods, comb foundation, and Bingham smokers. A steam bee-hive factory, and all kinds of bee supplies.



The **SOUTHLAND QUEEN**, the only bee paper in the South, monthly \$1.00 per year.



Send for catalogue, which is almost a complete book on Southern bee-keeping, giving queen rearing in full, all free for the asking. If you want full information about everything we have, and the bee book, don't fail to ask for our 1897 catalog.

The Jennie Atchley Co.,

12-

Beeville, Bee Co., Tex.

American Bee Journal.

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

GEO. W. YORK & CO.,

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118 Michigan St., Chicago, Ills.

Please mention the "Progressive"

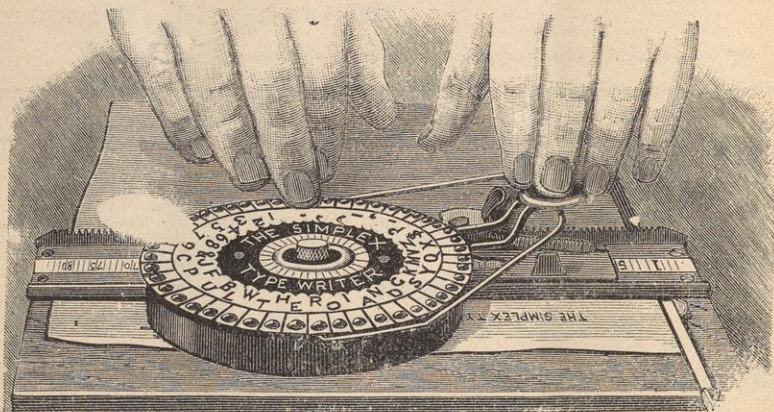
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— *The Simplest Thing in the World.*

The only really practical cheap typewriter ever put on the market.
Is Rapid and Does Good Work. Is Easy to Operate. Is Handsome. Can be
Carried in the Coat Pocket.

PRICE \$2.50.



Sci. Am.

THE LATEST OF THE BEST TYPEWRITERS. THE CLIMAX OF IMPROVEMENTS. THE
MINIMUM OF PRICE. DESTINED TO REVOLUTIONIZE WRITING, AS THE SEW-
ING-MACHINE REVOLUTIONIZED SEWING.

The "SIMPLEX" is the product of experienced typewriter manufacturers, and is a
PRACTICAL TYPEWRITER in every sense of the word, and AS SUCH, WE GUARANTEE
IT.

FOR BUSINESS MEN.—Every man, whatever his business, has need of the "SIMPLEX." LAWYERS find them indispensable. MERCHANTS acknowledge their great value. CLERGYMEN write their sermons with them. AUTHORS their manuscripts. Letters written with the "SIMPLEX" are legible and neat, and at the rate of FORTY WORDS PER MINUTE.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.—The "SIMPLEX" will be hailed with delight by BOYS AND GIRLS. It will improve their spelling, and teach proper punctuation. It will encourage neatness and accuracy. It will print in any colored ink, violet, red, green, blue or black, It will PRINT A LINE EIGHT INCHES LONG, and admit any size letter paper. The printing is always in sight. A USEFUL, INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING NOVELTY, AT THE PRICE OF A TOY.

Nothing is of greater importance than correct forms of correspondence. The "SIMPLEX" encourages practice, and practice makes perfect. Writing with this machine will be such jolly fun for your boys and girls that they will write letters by the dozen. This may cost you something for postage stamps, but the improvement in their correspondence will repay you

EXTRA POINTS,

The alignment of the "Simplex" is equal to the very highest priced machine. It is positive in action, and each letter is locked by an automatic movement when the stroke is made.

It has no ribbon to soil the fingers.

The "Simplex" is mounted on a hard-wood base, and put up in a handsome box, with bottle of ink, and full instructions for using.

"I think the 'Simplex' is a dandy."—D. L. Tracy, Denver, Colo.

"The 'Simplex' is a good typewriter, and I take pleasure in recommending it as such."—B. F. Bishop, Morsey, Mo.

"I received the typewriter one hour ago. You can judge my progress by this letter. It much better than I expected, and with practice I think I will be able to write very fast with it."—E. T. Flanagan, Belleville, Ill.

Price of Machine, \$2.50. By mail, 25c extra for postage.

LEAHY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, HIGGINSVILLE, MO

Sydnor's Tecumseh, 17368,

(By Chief Tecumseh, 2d, out of Ina Wilks), and

Sydnor's Hands-Off.

These two great Boars head my herd. *Sydnor's Tecumseh* cost \$495.00 at eight months old.

Here you will find great bone and size. Pigs quick growers; Fatten at age.

Stock for Sale.

Service Fee, \$25.00 each.

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Prices Reasonable.

H. C. SYDNOR,

Please mention the **PROGRESSIVE** in answering this advertisement.

Corder, Mo.



THE DIETZ DRIVING LAMP

Is about as near perfection as 50 years of Lamp-Making can attain to. It burns kerosene, and gives a powerful, clear, white light, and will neither blow nor jar out. When out driving with it the darkness easily keeps about two hundred feet ahead of your smartest horse. When you want the very best Driving Lamp to be had, ask your dealer for the "Dietz."

We issue a special Catalogue of this Lamp and, if you ever prow around after night-fall, it will interest you.

'Tis mailed free.

R. E. DIETZ CO.,
60 Laight St., New York.

Established in 1840.

MAKE YOUR OWN HIVES

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



W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.,
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New CATALOG,
PRICES,
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1898

QUEEN BEES IN SEASON.

Three-frame Nuclei and Fall Colonies a Specialty.

Hives,
Smokers,
Sections,
Honey
Extractors,
Comb
Foundation.AND ALL KIND OF **APIARIAN SUPPLIES**AT
BED ROCK.

Write for estimates on large quantities. Send for my 24-page, "large size" catalogue.

P. S. Save freight! How? Send for my Catalogue and find out.

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E. T. FLANAGAN,

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21st Year DADANT'S FOUNDATION 21st Year**Why Does it Sell So Well?**

Because it has always given better satisfaction than any other. Because in 21 YEARS there have not been any complaints, but thousands of compliments. WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION. What more can anybody do? Beauty, Purity, Firmness, No Sagging, No Loss. Patent Weed process of Sheeting. Send name for our Catalog, samples of Foundation and Veil material. We sell the best veils, cotton or silk.

BEE-KEEPERS' SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS.**LANGSTROTH ON THE HONEY-BEE, Revised.**

The Classic in Bee-Culture.—Price, \$1.25 by mail.

CHAS. DADANT & SON, Hamilton, Hancock Co., Illinois.

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LATEST IMPROVED HIVES, AND ALL KIND OF**Apiarian Supplies. Bees and Queens.****EVERYTHING CHEAP.**

Send 25c for the Amateur Bee-Keeper. It will tell you how to begin and how to succeed in bee-keeping.

THE MODEL COOP.

Rat, Cat and Varmint Proof.

One nailed and five packed inside, making six all, \$3.50
Eggs for hatching from S. L. Wyandotte, B. Langshans,
\$1.50 per 13; 26, \$2.50. S. C. B. Leghorns, \$1.25 per 13; \$2 per
26. B. P. Rocks, \$1.50 per 13; 26, \$2.50.

Catalogue free, but say if Bees or Poultry Supplies are wanted, or both.

J. W. ROUSE & CO.,**MEXICO, MISSOURI.**