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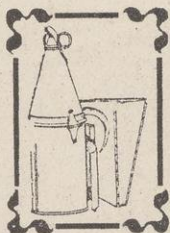
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Respt., O. W. OSBORN.

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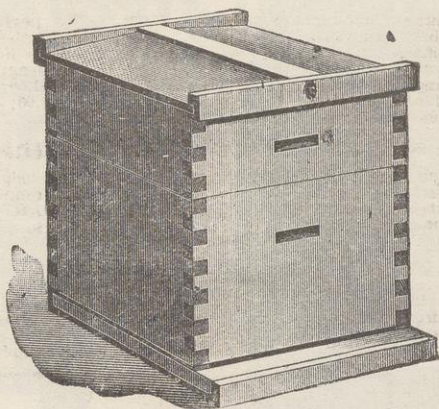
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Five-gallon can. per gal.....1.50

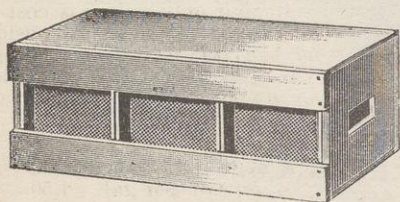
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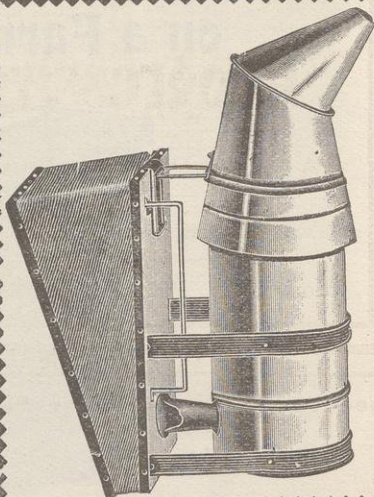
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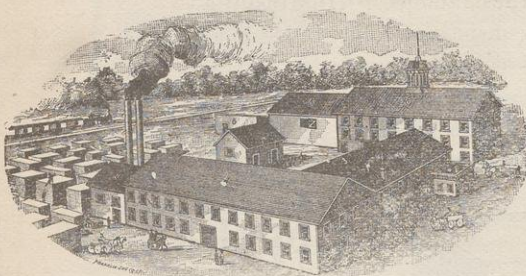
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needed in the apiary, assuring
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ONCE FOR A CATALOG.

The Progressive Bee-Keeper.

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

50 Cents per Year.

Published Monthly by Leahy Manufacturing Company.

Vol. XI. HIGGINSVILLE, MO., NOV., 1903. NO. 11.

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GOOD THINGS IN THE BEE KEEPING PRESS

SOMNAMBULIST.

Lots of comfort to be found in W. Z's reflection in Review: "Michigan seems doubly desirable as a home since taking my western trip" also in Ed York's conclusion, as follows: "On the whole taking into account ties of friendship and old associates, as well as trouble and expense of making a change, the probability is that not one bee-keeper in ten will find himself better off any-

where in the world than right where he is now."

In commenting on the newly elected officers of the National Editor of the American Bee-Keeper has to say.

"Some one predicted several years ago that the "Great West" was to become the producer of the bulk of America's honey crops. If the pace with which the National officary is moving in that direction is any index of nectar-producing conditions, the prophecy is being more speedily fulfilled than even the prognosticator anticipated. However, it is gratifying to note that the management of the National's affairs is passing exclusively into the hands of active producers of honey. Bee-keepers themselves, perhaps, know better than any one else what they want. A thorough knowledge of parliamentary law is by no means the chief essential in meeting the present demands of the industry, and it is a gratifying sign of the times to see the responsibilities of our associations passing into the hands of the man with the smoker—the man whose personal experiences have deeply impressed him with the importance of action upon urgent and practical questions, as well as familiarized him with the details and intricacies involved in surmount-

ing the problems which loom up before him as a menace to his means of livelihood."

This journal contains notices of world's fair doings of general interest, which occupy almost two whole pages. Hope we will see lots of eastern friends there. In the same number J. E. Johnson of Williamsfield, Ill., presents an unusually interesting article on "inoculating the soil," from which it is difficult to cull the choicest paragraphs. However, I give in full what he says of sweet clover and catnip:

Of all the bacteria that inhabit the soil and cause the clover to live from nitrogen of the air, sweet clover is probably the most powerful of all, which shows plainly for itself, as it will thrive and produce both seed and honey in abundance on soil so poor that the worst weeds will not grow at all, and even on alfalfa land that is poison to nearly all other vegetation.

Why is this? Simply that sweet clover when aided by its own bacteria lives almost entirely from the nitrogen of the air, (of course, getting a small amount of phosphates, etc., from the soil). Not only so but these nitrogen gathering bacteria are constantly and silently gathering nitrogen—the most precious element to plant life—and placing it in the soil.

One sweet clover plant will furnish a home in its tubercles for a thousand million bacteria, or even more. Now in the far East are old farms which have become so deficient in nitrogen that they are considered worn out or worthless and have been abandoned, notwithstanding these farms contain the other elements in abundance or could be so with slight cost, as the other elements are cheap in price.

If sweet clover were known on these same farms they could be made valuable and rich almost without cost. Infected soil would probably have to be

also sown to get quick results, but when once set thickly to sweet clover with their nitrogen gathering bacteria the acres of the same would gather nitrogen from the air and fix it in the soil when plowed under faster than one man could haul it in a wagon from the nearest city in the form of barnyard manure. That despised sweet clover will some day be found to be the only hope of reclaiming many barren farms.

CATNIP.

I have experimented a good deal with catnip. Besides sowing in waste places I sowed one acre last fall. I find that it does best in every rich soil, in fact in poor soil it did nothing. Where there is waste land containing leaf mold, old brush piles or any decaying logs or wood I believe catnip ahead of anything as a honey plant, but for poor or only medium rich soil I think sweet clover is far ahead of anything I have tried.

From the foregoing 'tis plain sailling for sweet clover and no "trick" to keep in the lead.

This matter of preparation of soil has long been recognized by the practical farmers. When turning the sod on prairie lands he never expects a first-class crop but knows the second year will be better and a third year an improvement on the second. The same on the sandy bar land, on made lands of our river bottoms, several successive crops are necessary before a paying crop is realized. In the mean time all forage from the first crops is left on the ground and turned under to prepair soil for after crops.

In sizing up the Cuban situation M. F. Reeve after reminding us that the land is rotten with foul breed says: "It looks as if many years will elapse, if ever, before Yankee apiarists will locate in numbers in Cuba if they are to be exposed to the ravages of this disease through the careless, antiquated methods of the natives. This is but another gentle hint to let 'good enough

alone." He propounds the question, "why is it that the makers of foundation persist in using the worker or small cell dies for section foundation instead of stamping drone cells on the sheets?" and adds, "Natural combs is generally composed of large cells. Bees are economical of wax and build drone cells for the reason."

He also enlightens us as to a fraud perpetrated in the good old city of brotherly love: "There is one concern in Philadelphia which sells what is called 'compound honey,' to the retail trade. There is very little of the real article in the so-called honey, the remainder being glucose. The word 'compound' is printed on the labels in such small letters that unsuspecting buyers are tempted by the price to purchase, thinking they are getting pure honey.

Among notes from Belgium we find during the honey flow the bees ought not to be disturbed if possible. He had two colonies on scales, doing about equally well. One day he visited one thoroughly for some purpose or other. At night the one undisturbed had increased its weight by four pounds more than the one visited.

"The following effective method of branding robber bees is taken from notes from Jamaica:

The entire colony that is being robbed is banked with hay which is freely sprinkled with a brush dipped in whitewash containing about a tablespoonful of turpentine. Every robber is branded 'white,' and the bee-keeper can then detect the colony from which the robbers are issuing, when the entrance is forthwith closed. No matter how thickly the hay is placed around a colony, the bees get ample ventilation, and at night the covering may be removed. The whitewashing is of course, superior to dusting with flour; and since it saturates the hay, the bees get disgusted as soon as their bodies get foul and

sticky, while the smell of the turpentine adds to their disgust."

It is not absolutely necessary to cross the great salt pond to learn that which an Englishman complains of, namely:

"A certain proportion of the wax that is offered for sale in the drug market is grossly adulterated; not artistically so as to require the services of an analyst to detect the adulteration; but with such things as stones, earth and dead leaves, and some of it is very wormy."

All of these things are a mere sprinkling as compared to the shower of good things bestowed by the American Beekeeper. American Bee Journal culled from Rocky Mountain Bee Journal, "those little insects are in the alfalfa by the millions, and are in some of the bee-hives eating up the honey, resulting in only a fourth of a crop."

One more item for which to be thankful, we Missourians have yet to become acquainted with said insects.

This idea is also taken from the Australian Bee Bulletin:

"We, ourselves, have not used wired foundation for several years, both on account of its stretching when the frame is full of comb and honey, became the horizontal stick across the center of the frame is much better, and less trouble to put in. We know a number of good bee-keepers who are adopting the stick-plan instead of wires.

And from Farmers Advocate the following valuable hint: "A matter which is at present sadly neglected is the advertising of honey. The very heavens resound with the names of food fads and medicines, while the most pleasant and nutritious of natural sweets is comparatively unknown."

Editor York had decidedly the advantage of the other, on that little sea voyage and he must have enjoyed it immensely, judging from his humorous description as given in the Journal in this wise:

"We all finally got aboard the boat for Catalina—the famous outing place of Southern California. The boat hadn't gone far before some of the passengers seemed to feel as if they had had too much breakfast. So they began to "unload," and thus help the fish out with "a bite to eat." Dr. Miller concluded he'd better go into the cabin and sit down, and meditate on what he "didn't know." Mr. Hyde couldn't find a vacant seat or chair, or any place to hide, so he sprawled out on the carpeted floor, and tried to "enjoy" himself. He was a perfect picture homesickness, lonesomeness, seasickness, and general goneness and despair. He wasn't a bit sociable, and that is an unusual condition for him. We really enjoyed the ride all the way, our stomach keeping right side up and in good shape all the time."

In the sisters department is found.

Alva Agee, in the National Stockman and Farmer, gives the following for driveways, walks etc:

"All grass and weeds can be exterminated in driveways, walks, etc., by a very strong solution of blue vitriol. I prefer to dissolve one pound of the bluestone to each one gallon of water, and enough of the solution is used to wet the surface of the ground slightly. It is far superior to salt. To dissolve as many pounds of the bluestone as there are gallons of water, it is necessary to suspend it in a bag at the surface of the water, as the strongest solution sinks to the bottom of the barrel. The solution eats through tin quickly."

Why would this not be a fine thing to use in the apiary to keep down the grass and weeds around the hives?

Miss Wilson also gives some specimens of how bee-keeping is taught in the school books of the great state of Texas as follows:

"First of all we see some half-dozen bees around the door. If we approach too near the front of the hive, one of

these sentries will dash forward with an angry buzz; and if we do not wisely take the hint, the brave little soldier will soon return with help from the guard-room to enforce the command."

Fancy a cross bee letting up to go and get some other bee to do the stinging.

"The honey-gatherers and the 'wax-gatherers' carry their stores in their throats." Do they gather the wax from flowers, or where? and is so much wax in their throats a sure preventive of croup? Just one more precious bit:

"The honey-gatherers and 'wax-gatherers' draw in the sweet juices from flowers by their 'trunks.' The 'trunks' serves as a mouth and pump. The liquid passes through this into the throat, and is thus carried to the hive."

Isn't that richness for you?

On the succeeding page Hasteley gives us an entirely different view of Texas:

"Texas the only state having an experimental apiary, and the apiary manuel. Hardly thought it. Well, one out of Uncle Sam's family of forty-five is some better than that apiculture should be totally ignored. Credit to Texas."

Regarding an appropriate honey vehicle he shows his practical side in these words:

"You've right to agitate for just the right kind of a honey transporter about the apiary. I use a hand cart, which is much better than a wheelbarrow in some respects—worse if anything, about getting tipped over; and the lift's are too high. Just comes to me that perhaps a four wheeled hand care is the thing—a hand care with the body all in front of the wheels and low down and furnished in front with two wheels no bigger than plow wheels, which some are to carry, or to be carried, according to load and circumstances. Must our vehicle have springs or can we do without them?"

SELLING HONEY.

S. E. MILLER.

As I have frequently written on the above subject, some of the readers may think I am a crank on this particular subject, but I believe there is no one point pertaining to bee-keeping that offers a greater opportunity for educating the average bee-keeper to make the most out of his labor than to teach him how to secure the best price for his honey after he has secured a crop.

Almost every subject from hives, fixtures, manipulating spring management, swarming, how to secure the greatest yields and everything else reasonable and unreasonable on down to wintering is threshed over each year in the various bee journals, but we seldom see a really good article calculated to teach the bee-keeper how to dispose of his crop to the best advantage after he has succeeded in securing it.

I think it is every man's duty to secure the highest market price for his labor, and with the bee keeper his honey crop represents his labor.

To take advantage of one who is in a position where he cannot help himself and charge him an exorbitant price for some slight service rendered is downright mean, but to secure the highest price for our labor on the market, where it comes in competition with the labor of others, is our duty to ourselves, our wives and children.

For the past few months I have been shipping fancy comb honey to a retail merchant in a certain city and receiving 16c per lb. for it wholesale or in 100 lb. lots, and I flattered myself that I had a very nice market, but a few weeks ago I received a letter from a friend living in the same city in which he informed me that a bee-keeper from another place had been there offering his comb honey at 15c per lb. retail. Now the merchant to

whom I sell probably gets 20c or more per section at retail. Here, you see, is a difference of twenty-five percent. The question is this: If the man who is selling his honey at fifteen cents has a large enough crop to cut any figure, how long can the merchant to whom I am selling maintain the retail price at twenty-cents, and therefore how long will I be able to sell to him at sixteen cents? A slang phrase of the present day is to say of a man that "he looks like thirty cents." Now the man to whom I have referred to above looks very much to me like fifteen cents. No doubt, however, if I was personally acquainted with him I would find him to be a very good and agreeable man. But he needs educating—he needs to be taught that he can get sixteen cents per lb. for his comb honey without the trouble of retailing it (provided he has a first-class article) easier perhaps than he is now receiving fifteen cents. If I had the time and means to spare probably it would pay me well to hunt this man down and buy his entire crop to keep him from interfering my market. As it is I can only hope that his crop will be exhausted before he breaks the market. If this man was as well educated in the selling of his crop as he probably is in the production of it he would have ascertained the price at which honey was selling in that particular place before he put a price on his product. Of course I have no more right to that particular market than he has but I only wish he was well enough educated in the selling of his product to keep from running the price down. Here is where co-operation would be a good thing. If that man and I belonged to an organization we would likely have some understanding about prices. I am glad to see bee-keepers working the smaller cities, towns and villages, and I certainly believe that if every city, town and village in the United States was thoroughly canvassed by

bee-keepers and the honey crops disposed of there instead of throwing the great majority of our product onto the large market centres that are already over-supplied, the price of honey would soon advance several cents per pound.

There are hundreds of thousands of people in the United States who do not use or purchase honey simply because it is not offered to them by some reliable person whom they know will furnish them with the genuine article. Why do we not reach them? The main reason is because the average bee-keeper is not educated as a salesman and rather than set a price on his honey and go out and sell it at that price, he ships it in bulk to large cities and allows the commission man to set the price for him. Educate the bee-keeper. Make a salesman of him. Teach him to keep his product away from the large markets instead of teaching him how to produce more of it and the price of honey will advance.

Bluffton, Mo.



"40 Years Among the Bees" By Dr. C. C. Miller.

A new book every bee-keeper should have. Over 300 pages, cloth-bound, \$1.00; or with the weekly American Bee Journal one year—both for only \$1.75. Sample copy of Journal and Catalog of Bee Supplies free.

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MY EXPERIENCE WITH BULK COMB HONEY.

D. L. TRACY.

Last year I run 10 colonies for bulk comb honey and I am so well pleased with the results that I will try it on a larger scale this year. My first flow was from sumach and buck brush, which is light in color. Some unexperienced took it for white clover.

Eldorado Springs is my market. I hauled my bulk honey to town in the super, just as the bees stored it, which created quite an excitement. Passers-by stopping to look at it, each asked a number of questions about it. An old gentleman said he had lived in California, but had never seen any nicer honey in that state.

My grocerman wanted some honey, but did not like the bulk honey. He said he would not deal in it, but would take some for his own use, and was anxious to get it out of sight before someone came in and wanted to buy some of it. But before he got it out of sight a gentleman stepped in and wanted some of it. He asked what one of those frames weighed and was told. The merchant asked him if he had anything to carry it home in. He answered "no," and said: "I only live a few blocks away and I can carry it home in the frame, cut it out and return the frame," which he did.

A new kind that I may mark as being a local one I could haul supers, frames and all to my groceryman, he could sell it in the frames and when I come again I could take up empty frames and have full ones.

One of the clerks being handy with the saw and hatchet soon sized up a place to honey the frames so I didn't have to leave my supers.

I sold my bulk honey right along with my section honey at the same price, the only trouble about it I did not have enough of it to supply the demand.

Denver, Colo.

QUEENS



GOLDEN ITALIANS AND LEATHER COLORED

Warranted to give satisfaction, those are the kind reared by.

QUIRIN—THE—QUEEN—BREEDER.

We guarantee every queen sent out to please you or it may be returned inside of 60 days and another will be sent "Gratis."

Our business was established in 1888, our stock originated from the best and highest priced LONG TONGUED CLOVER BREEDERS in the U. S. We send out fine queens and send them out promptly. We guarantee safe delivery to any State, Continental Island or European Country.

The A. I. Root & Co., tell us that our stock is extra fine while the editor of the American Bee-Journal says that he has good reports from our stock from time to time. Dr. J. E. Gandy of Humboldt, Neb., says that he secured over 400 pounds of honey, (mostly comb) from single colonies containing our queens.

A few more testimonials:

P. F. Meritt of Breckenridge St. Lexington, Ky., writes, "The bees sent me last July did splendid. Each colony has at least 75 pound honey. (pretty good for two frame nuclei.)"

Mr. J. Roorda of Demotte, Ind., writes saying, "Send me six more queens, the 48 sent me last spring are hustlers."

Mr. Wm. Smiley of Glasgow, Pa., writes saying, "Your bees beat all the rest, now send me a breeder of the same kind."

A. Norton of Monterey, Calif., writes saying, "Your stock excels the strain of Mr. ——— which is said to outstrip all others. Your stock excels in profitable results as well as in beauty."

Queen rearing is our specialty, we give it our undivided attention and rear as many queens (perhaps more) than any breeder in the north. No order is too large for us, as we keep 300 to 500 on hand ready to mail. Send all orders to

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Price of Queens After July First.

	1	6
Large Selected.....	75c	\$4 00
Tested Stock.....	\$1 00	5 00
Selected Tested.....	1 50	8 00
Breeders.....	5 00	
Two-Fram e Nuclei (no queen).....	00	

At the price of whatever queen is wanted to that of nuclei. Our nuclei build up fast and if not purchased too late will make some surplus honey.

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Mention this paper.

East St. Louis, Ills.

DEPT 1122.

A STORY OF BROTHERHOOD

A funeral went out from a publishers' little home in a country town. Sore and weeping hearts were there, and grief in the souls of all; and yet, the dead man was no blood-kin to husband, wife or child.

Behind that funeral there had been created a story of human affection, and bravery and nobility. Nay, the story was not created—it was lived.

Years ago—no matter how many years—a homeless boy had come into the shop for work. The editor took him in charge, taught him his work in person, encouraged him, and then employed him permanently.

He did more. I said this boy was homeless. The employer and his wife thought over the situation. They, also were young, and it is always a sacrifice for young home-makers to divide their home. The man said: "Can we take him?" and the good wife said: "Let him come." So their home became his home, and each was worthy of the other.

The boy, turning to young manhood, became a good workman. Seven years he worked at the case for his employer. Faithful, patient, industrious, clean in character, blameless in life, he swept into the years of manhood; and in this home he was a member of the family—idolized as a brother by the tiny daughter of the house, respected and cherished by the parents.

Suddenly a cloud came. The two men returned from an excursion one day and the younger man showed symptoms of illness. For a time he braced up, but before the stealthy step of disease he was doomed to give over the race. His employer anxiously bore him away to a health resort and put him in the best obtainable care,

and there left him, while he returned to his own home and work.

Varying reports came as to the invalids condition. But a startling message reached the old office one day; the sick man desired the immediate presence of his friend. Speedily the editor left his business and his home to answer the call. So does one faithful heart respond to the call of another. Coming to the bedside he was touched in heart at sight of the afflicted lad. The doctors said: "If you take him home, he will die on the road." But the boy was thinking of his room in the little western town, of his books, of the friendly faces, and of the loving embraces and soft prattle of the little girl that looked to him as an elder brother. And he said to his benefactor: "Take me home." So through the hours of the long journey they sped on, and the thought of home seemed to invigorate him. Home was reached and a few days went by with no apparent reason for anxiety. He rested; rest—so sweet, in the midst of true friends and old associates. One evening the elder man came in and gave a word of inquiry as to his situation and feelings. "I feel so sleepy," was the reply. "Well," they told him, "lie down on the couch here and sleep awhile." He did so. Sleep settled over him and with the peace of sleep came the peace of death. Going to him in a short time they found him beyond the reach of voice or touch.

Then there was sadness in the home, and grief of man, woman and child. But pass that by. It is not meet to dwell on such a scene. It was a rare thing under such circumstances; but, after all, the practical lesson and the richest good of this story is in other

things than its pathos. A day or two later these friends found a little red memorandum book in some pocket or trunk. Therein was a clear statement, in the handwriting of the dead boy, of certain moneys, notes and properties he possessed. It was a revelation indeed. He had loaned money by hundreds of dollars to various parties, and in this record directed his friends as to where the securities were and what disposition he wished to be made of them. Very touching were some of these gifts, and very surprising was the wisdom with which he had sought to recompense benefactors and bless the future life of their little child—his comrade. Out of his meager wages as a type setter, he had saved a fair little fortune. His employer said: "If ever a boy was spotless in character this one was. I never heard him use im-

pure or profane words. He was always in good company and liked his books. He was economical, but generous. We loved him as our own."

Young men of the world—here is a situation worth considering. You who think of getting rich quick by gambling and by other questionable methods; you who think ordinary wages are insufficient and spurn them while you delve into schemes of infamy and plunder—when your days of vigor are numbered, you will be more penniless than this manly workman. And after you have spent a life-time in boasting of social exploits and social worth, and blue-blooded ancestry, you will fail to find anything in your lives more really manly and truly beautiful than the faithful service, charity and associations of the two men in this little, true story.—Plattsburg Leader.

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Two Years for One Dollar!

After a man succeeds in publishing a good journal, the next step is that of getting it into the hands of the people, getting them to reading it and becoming acquainted with its merits. This can be done by advertising, sending out sample copies, circulars, etc. All this costs money. I think I am safe in saying that for every new subscriber I have received, I have paid out \$2.00 in advertising; hence I have often said that a publisher of a good journal could afford to send his paper one year free for the sake of getting it into new hands. It would cost no more than other forms of advertising and would be very effective, but, for obvious reasons this plan could not be put into practice. I am going to come as near to it as I can. I have between 200 and 300 complete sets of back numbers for the present year and as long as the supply holds out I will send a complete set, and the rest of this year free to anyone who will send me \$1.00 for the Review for 1904. For a few particulars regarding the numbers already published read the following:

REVIEW FOR 1903.

January illustrates and describes a Queen Incubator and Brooder which allows the bees access to the cells and queen at all times. It also contains several excellent articles on the subject of Commercial Organization among bee-keepers.

February contains a five-page article, perhaps the best ever published on foul brood. It tells how to detect the disease with unerring certainty, to prevent its spread in the apiary, to keep it under control, build up the diseased colonies, secure a good crop of honey, and at the same time surely rid the apiary of the pest, all in one season, with almost no loss.

March gives the portrait of a veteran bee-keeper of Michigan who manages out-apiaries 50 miles from home with only four visits a year, averaging a profit of \$150 each visit. He describes his methods in this issue of the review.

April has a frontpiece of bronze blue showing Mr. T. F. Bingham's apiary and wintering cellar, and Mr. Bingham describes the cellar and its very successful management. L. Stachelhausen tells how to prevent both natural swarming and increase in an out-apiary, and secure a fine crop of honey.

May illustrates and describes a tank and method for fumigating foul broody combs with formalin. This is the largest tank and most extensive, successful experiment that has been made.

Perhaps you have been thinking of subscribing at the beginning of the year—do it now and you will get the back numbers—probably won't get them.

June illustrates and describes the use of the cheapest power for hive-making, wood sawing, feed-grinding, water-pumping, etc.—a power windmill.

July has articles from such men as R. L. Taylor and H. R. Boardman, on "End of the Season Problems," those problems that come up just as the honey harvest is closing and preparations for winter come on apace. Mr. McEvoy also tells how to treat foul brood after the honey harvest is over.

September has an article from Mr. R. Boardman, in which he describes his wintering cellar above ground, and tells how he succeeds in controlling the temperature and ventilation—sometimes using artificial heat. R. L. Taylor contributes an article on "Commercial Organization Among Bee-Keepers," in which he states the case so clearly that no more argument is needed.

October is pretty nearly taken up with only two articles. The first is by R. L. Taylor on "The Cellar Wintering of Bees." It is an old subject, but Mr. Taylor has the faculty of saying new things on old subjects. He covers the ground very completely, and gives many a useful hint to the man who winters his bees in the cellar. The other article is by the editor in which he writes of California as a bee-keeping state, giving eight beautiful illustrations made from photos taken by himself when on a recent visit to California. Several of these are full page.

November or December will be a special number in which the editor will describe that paradise for bee-keepers, Northern Michigan, using a large number of cuts made from photos that he took last summer while on an extended visit to that region.

SUPERIOR STOCK! The price of a queen alone is \$1.50, but I sell one queen and the Review one year for only \$2.00. Just at present as explained above as long as the supply of back numbers for 1903 holds out, all new subscribers for 1904 will receive them free. In other words, if you order soon, you can get the Review for 1903 and 1904 and a queen of the Superior Stock next spring for only \$2.00.

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BRACE AND BURR COMBS are most troublesome during late summer and fall. They are then filled with honey, so that when broken by removing supers, or inspecting the brood-chamber, they daub the bees and smear the fingers and tools of the operator. Moreover, at any time of the year these excrescences along the top bars of the frames, and ends of the hives, are very liable to kill bees when frames are removed for inspection.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE? well, there are anti-brace—comb frames sold. But it is both expensive and troublesome to change the frames of a yard. How one may best get along with the materials at hand is worthy of consideration. Brace combs behind the ends of the frames are not the fault of the frame. Their presence indicates that the hive is too long for the frames, so that the remedy lies in so reducing the inside length of the hive that the space between the ends of the hive and the ends of the frames shall not exceed one-fourth to three-eighths of an inch. If there is much space to fill up, a thin board may be nailed in at each end. If not very much, a little separator stuff tacked in will do, and this may also be used for greater spaces, if thin boards are not available, by putting cleats behind it. Burr combs on top of the frames are somewhat due to an improper interval between the bottom of the super and

the top of the frames, and may be reduced by reducing that interval to one-fourth of an inch, by applying a draw-knife or a plane to the top edges of the hive. But if there is nothing between the brood-frames and the super, this will not eradicate them by any means. The bottoms of the supers generally have to be scraped when removed or tiered up, first smoking the bees out of the way (but they don't all go) and the dripping stuff put in a special vessel carried along from hive to hive for the purpose.

IN REMOVING FRAMES the first impulse is to pry the frames apart and take them out just as they are. If they can be pried so far apart that the projecting fragments of brace-combs on the top bars of the frames adjoining the one lifted out do not scrape its surface, well and good. But in most cases this can not be done. Then when the frame is lifted up, bees are caught and crushed between those fragments and the comb of the one that is being lifted. If the combs are reasonably straight, this may be avoided by a little care. Suppose we call three adjoining frames A, B, and C. We desire to remove B. The first step is to sever the brace-comb connections with a knife, not half-way between B and A, and B and C, but close up to the top-bars of A and C. Then when B is lifted up, all the brace-comb connections rise with it and are at once out of the way. But, of course, this is fussy work.

CORRECT SPACING THROUGHOUT.—why not apply this to the intervals between one top-bar and another? Why should we not thus get entirely rid of brace-combs? Such is the theory of anti-brace-comb frames, now applied to the Hoffman frames, as now made and scattered broadcast. After several years, experience with them, and especially a chance for comparing them on a large scale, by last summers work, with several other varieties, I have

come to the conclusion that the one-fourth inch spacing principle isn't much good, if any, immediately around the region of the top bars, and that the lessening of brace-combs there by its application is apparent, not real, due only to the actual space occupied by the wood that would otherwise be filled with comb structures. For as a matter of fact the colonies that had those wide top-bar Hoffman frames were exactly as lavish with their superfluous work as the colonies on seven-eighth by five-eighth inch top-bars, of which I took care of about 60, and an equal number of the others in the same yard. Of course I always preferred to open and look at a hive with Hoffman frames to inspecting one of the other kind; but that was on account of the self-spacing feature, a different matter altogether, which is better provided for by closed-end frames. In short, the only difference in brace-combs was in the actual bulk of the material to be scraped off or severed. The editor of *Gleanings*, who has been the boomer of the wide top-bar idea, and who invited another editor to inspect his apiary to verify its working, recently let the cat out of the bag by telling a correspondent (I quote from memory) that his company sold so many colonies that the ones they had on hand at any time were comparatively free from brace-combs on account of being in new hives. It is the new hives, then, not the wide top-bars, that accounts for the condition of that apiary.

ARE BRACE-COMBS INERADICABLE? It would seem so. Something is undoubtedly done by good queen-rearers by including freedom from brace-combs in qualifications for breeding. But that is beyond the reach of the ordinary bee-keeper. Still, there are two ways in which they may be modified. First, use a honey-board, either a slat honey-board or a queen-excluding one. This settles the matter of scraping off the

bottoms of supers. There will be no more of it. But underneath that honey-board the brace and burr-combs will run riot the same as ever. This will not matter much if the hives are not much looked into in the middle and end of the season. Second, use a sheet of perforated queen-excluding zinc, not a bee-space above the frames, but lying right on them. This also settles the super bottoms, and modifies the brace-combs besides. I have only tried this with one kind of top-bar, however (seven-eighths by three-eighths inch, with closed-end frames), and do not know how the combination works with other kinds. The modification of brace-combs consists in reducing them to lines of irregular wax at the junction of zinc and top-bars. These also might kill bees if the frames were removed without precaution, but in this case it can be done by simply scraping the tops of the top-bars instead of cutting in between them. In addition, it is better to scrape the zinc before putting it back; or, better, have an extra sheet of clean zinc to substitute with.

WHAT IS THE CHIEF OBJECT depends on the person, I suppose. For myself, as I aim at inspecting the brood-chambers as little as possible after June, the chief object then is to keep the bottoms of the supers so they can be lifted off without any to-do. Therefore I prefer honey-boards or zinc sheets, but cannot make up my mind which is better.

THE DISGRACEFUL SCENE at the last National convention has been described from one point of view. At this writing, Mr. Abbott's side has not yet been given, and even if it had been, it would be likely to be incomplete, as it would be foot-noted, and then the lamb-like editor would declare that both sides had now been heard. I have no particular reasons to suppose Mr. Abbott was right, nor do I favor him in any way; in fact, I feel an unseemly tempta-

tion to rejoice that he met precisely the same treatment that he accorded Mr. Benton a few years ago. But if Mr. Abbott is wrong, it is very evident even from the biased account given in the Review, that something is wrong somewhere else, too. It does not appear that there was any necessity for a committee on amendments, or constitutionally required that amendments should pass through that committee, which by the way appears to only a convention committee, not an association committee. It does not appear that Mr. Abbott was not within his rights in refusing to recognize it, and it seems as if the convention did a rather silly thing in referring his amendments to committee for the express purpose of overriding the right of a member to bring his amendments directly before the association. It is quite possible that the members of the convention, which is only a small part of the association, were as much, or more guilty, as Mr. Abbott in wanting to run things their own way. It is stated that Mr. Abbott met such a storm of hisses, stamping and jeers as to be unable to be heard. The mere statement is a disgrace to the convention. Such an occurrence is pure mob spirit, nothing more, the most base of cowardly acts, whereby each member insults one man in the most offensive manner as he would not dare to do if he met him man to man. But the worst feature of all is the disposition on the part of some to insinuate that behavior of any kind is an excuse for injustice. Whatever a man may say or do he has the inalienable right to be heard in his own defense, and to be accorded justice. Even Guitteau was granted that much. If every feeling of decency had been outraged by Mr. Abbott he would still be entitled to a hearing. Not until both sides are heard, comes the proper time for a judgment to be delivered. As it is, we

really do not know whether Mr. Abbott was originally treated badly or not: we have as good reason to suspect that as anything, and if he has been very passionate and indiscreet in his endeavors to right himself, that has nothing to do with the absolute right and wrong of the matter. One thing is sure, that Pharisaism is not justice. If the National Association is going to continue to act and talk as a few of its leaders do, the time will come when justice-loving people will feel it a disgrace to belong to it. But I do not believe that the majority of the Association favors mob rule.

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My Wood Nymph.

By D L. TRACY.

(Continued from last issue.)

"Then I should like to try it "

"For the pleasure?"

"The pleasure? No, for the money."

She spoke in such a determined manner that I, who thought she was not mercenary, was surprised.

"Are you a worshiper of the golden calf?" said I.

"Yes, or rather for what the golden calf will bring."

She gave me no entreating look which was half troubled and wholly sweet, and which brought back the image of my wood nymph as I saw her that first day.

"Fannie, why that troubled look?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Why not, Fannie?"

"Mr. Tupper she began, when I stopped her, and taking her hand in mine, said:

"Fannie please call me Tom, just once."

"Well, Tom," she said blushing prettily, "It is sometimes hard to answer a question, without giving offense to some one else."

She could not mean me, so she must refer to her mother. I knew from the modest way in which they lived that they were poor, but didn't think they actually suffered from poverty.

But perhaps there was a lack of money, and for this reason the widow seemed so distressed at times. The face beside me was very sad, the bright eyes were filling with tears.

"Fannie," said I, "Do you remember the first time I saw you?"

"Yes," she answered in a tremulous voice.

"I thought you were a little girl,

and was about to take you in my arms and console you when you turned your head I saw you were a beautiful young lady. But, Fannie, may I not comfort you just the same, will you not tell me what troubled you?"

I still held her hand and I gently drew her toward me until her head rested against my arm, while her tears fell fast.

"Will you think the less of me for these tears?"

"No," said I, and for a moment my lips touched her forehead. "But, come, tell me your sorrow."

"Well, Tom, we are about to lose our home."

How these words brought back to my mind the keen pangs of sorrow my mother and I had suffered, when a like misfortune befell us. I had never spoken of these sad things to Fannie, but now told her the story of my life, and when I finished it, she raised her eyes to mine and said:

"Then Tom you know what it is to suffer."

"Yes, Fannie."

She took one of my hands and carried it to her lips, looked into my eyes and told me all the sorrow that weighed so heavily upon her.

Her father had fallen upon the same battle field mine had, and he left them nothing but this little home, which was mortgaged. They had managed to keep the interest paid so far.

"You remember the day you found me sobbing in the woods? My mother had just informed me that she did not know where the next interest money

would come from and that we would lose the old home."

"Never mind, Fannie, we will raise the money."

"We?"

"Yes we, what is the amount?"

"The interest is fifty dollars."

Well, little girl, do not worry any more, for the money shall be raised. When is the interest due?"

"On the first of December."

"Then my wood nymph, the money will be on hand."

I spoke no words of love to her, yet as I looked into her eyes and felt the clinging touch of her hands, I knew that I loved her with a warm and tender love.

This little wood nymph, with her pityful story, so much like my own, had drawn my heart so completely to her that, boy though I was in years, I knew that she was the only woman I would ever love.

I set my wits to work to devise some plan whereby I could help them keep their little home.

It was now October, and too late in the season to make any money off the land. I had saved most of my salary, which made a tidy little sum, but had a delicacy in offering it to Mrs. Long.

As it turned out, however, I need not have hesitated, for upon my telling her, about the middle of November, that I had a little money by me which I did not need for a while and would be glad if she could use it, she said:

"Thank you, Mr. Tupper, it would be a great accommodation to me. But I may not be able to return it when you need it."

"Don't let that bother you. I may not need it for months."

So that was settled, and the home of the girl I loved was safe for the present, while I was still searching for some way to make the money to pay the mortgage and leave the little home free of debt.

I had cut the bee-tree and had taken

a cut out of it, placed it on end near the house and fitted it up for the winter. I had read of honey being placed upon the market in small boxes, or frames. Some of these boxes were made of part wood and part glass, others were made of lath. They would hold from two to eight pounds of honey. The only kind of hives I had ever seen were those made of straw, though I had heard of their being made of boards. I thought I would make some of these board bives in addition to the five lengths I had cut for gums from the bee-tree and leave them in readiness for next season.

When Fannie heard of the money transaction from her mother she thanked me and said:

"Tom, you are very kind to loan us the money. How can we thank you?"

"By saying nothing about it. But may it not be selfishness on my part instead of kindness?"

"How could such an act be selfish?"

Yes, reader, I think it was a species of selfishness on my part, for by advancing the money to pay off the interest, did I not hope to gain the good will of both mother and daughter? Yes, I think so. But I was young and had yet to learn that the love of a good woman could not be bought.

"Why you see I might be making a good investment in helping your mother. I may in time hold the notes and then I can foreclose the mortgage and take home and all."

The young girl looked bewildered and said:

"Oh, Tom, you could never be so cruel as to do that!"

"Well, Fannie, I am glad you have a good opinion of me, for of course I was only joking. But come, can you tell me the amount of the mortgage?"

"It is five hundred dollars."

"Well, Fannie, we must set to work to make this money, and I believe it can be made in the bee business. I

found another bee tree to-day and we must fit up a bait and try to find some more trees so that we may have as many gums as possible to begin with next spring. Then we will employ some of the improved methods for handling bees, and I think we will find the business quite profitable."

"Oh, Tom, I shall be so glad to help you."

"Then, as you enter so heartily into the scheme I know we will succeed. I shall have to board with your mother all next summer, if we carry out our proposed plan—if it is agreeable to her—for we will have to devote considerable time to it if we make a success of bee-culture."

"Of course it will be agreeable to her, Tom—I can answer for her. We both think it is so kind of you to help us."

She did this so earnestly that I began to think she did care for me a little, and it gave me the courage to work all the harder to help them save their home.

I had called once during the winter on Judge Jones, the man to whom Mrs. Long was indebted, and I was quite favorably impressed with him. He didn't seem to be the kind of man who would grind down the widow and orphan. I remember his cordial greeting, after these many years that have passed, as vividly as though it had been yesterday. Extending his hand he said heartily:

"Ah, Mr. Tupper, the new pedagogue?"

"Yes, sir."

"Glad to meet you and pleased to hear that you are succeeding so well with the school, and success is the result of well directed labor."

"Thank you, Judge."

"Fifty-five years of active life has taught me this and here for twenty-five years I have toiled and dug and they say now, ha, ha, that Judge Jones

has enough to keep the wolf from the door."

We were interrupted by the entrance of a young lady, whom the Judge, taking fondly by the hand, introduced as his daughter. It was easy to see she was the light of his eyes.

"Miss Jones, it is a pleasure to meet you, and a surprise as well, for I had not heard that the Judge had a daughter."

"Not heard it?" said the Judge. "Well, that is generally the case, the best that can be said of one is usually left unsaid. I suppose ha, ha, you have heard me called 'old skin-flint' and 'old money bags?'"

"No, Judge, I have not heard those names applied to you, though I have heard that you are quite wealthy."

"Yes, Mr. Tupper, they generally mention my money and they usually come to me when they want to borrow some. But, to change the conversation, can you read faces?"

"Not very well," said I.

"Then learn the art, it is most useful. To it I attribute most of my success in life. When you can read faces, the battle is half won."

"You think so."

"Think? I know it. You have an honest face."

"Thank you."

"Yes, young man, and to prove that I am in earnest, will say that should you wish to borrow a hundred dollars today, you could have it without other bond than your word."

"Judge, you are very kind."

"Kind or not, I very seldom fail at reading faces. This art, my daughter and my money are all that I possess."

"That ought to make any man happy."

"Happy?" For a moment his eyes seemed to rest upon vacancy. "Happiness stays with us such a little while. My dear wife has gone, and I am only a pilgrim staying here for a time. But,

Julia, turning to his daughter, "Let us have a little music to dispell these gloomy thoughts."

"Yes, father, what shall it be?"

"My favorite, daughter."

Going to the grand piano she played a short prelude in a masterly manner, then in a full rich voice, which rose and fell in sweet cadence, she sang:

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, Oh, Lord, hast power to save."

When the song was finished the tears were flowing down the Judge's cheeks. He arose, imprinted a kiss on his daughter's forehead, turned to me with courtly dignity saying:

"Excuse me for a while, Mr. Tupper, my daughter will entertain you," he left the room.

The daughter turned to me very simply and said:

"You must excuse papa, it is not often that he shows his heart to anyone but me."

"He has experienced a great sorrow."

"Yes, but my mother died when I was too young to remember her. My aunt has often told me about it, and of the great love which my father bore my mother, so great, in fact, that he has never recovered the shock of her death."

"It must be grand to love like that."

"It must indeed. So few of us are capable of feeling such a deep affection."

She was silent a moment and when she spoke again it was on a different subject."

"You are staying at Mrs. Long's, I believe?"

"Yes, that is my home now."

"I admire Miss Fannie very much."

"Yes, she is an admirable young lady."

"So I found her to be, and always so kind and gentle to her mother, who,

poor woman, has had her share of trials."

The Judge entered the room while his daughter was speaking and stopping beside her chair, said:

"Julia, my dear, you are speaking of Fannie Long and her good qualities."

"Yes, father, you have taught me to speak only of people's good qualities,

"Right, my child, always follow this rule and you will do your neighbor no harm. The widow Long is a very good woman, Tom, but she has a great weight of sorrow resting upon her."

"Yes sir, she has."

"Yes, she is one whom God holds down for some reason or other--can't tell why. Some day, perhaps, He may reveal these things to us weak mortals."

"You think then, that God deals individually with his children?"

"Certainly, I do."

"And as you express it, he holds down some while he deals more favorably with others?"

"Yes, God deals differently with His children, and for a purpose we do not understand. Do we not often see one man prosper, while another one seemingly as well qualified, will toil along and never attain any degree of success? Then again circumstances and environment play an important part in life. It is a very good thing that some men do not succeed, for they would domineer over their fellowman and cause a great deal of misery."

"Yes, that is true."

"I suppose you know that I hold a mortgage on Mrs. Long's home?"

"Yes, I have heard that you do."

"Well, I have offered to cancel the debt, but she would not hear of such a thing."

"What, live in a house of charity?" said she, "Never." But I feel mighty mean every time I take the interest money, and once I refused it, but she felt so hurt at this and said it was a

just debt, which her husband had contracted and that she would pay it as long as she possibly could. She has often told me that when she is in trouble and there seemed no way out of the difficulty, that the Lord sends help to her. But she can rest easy for if the worst comes, I shall never molest her."

"Judge, I am glad to meet a man like you. You are a friend, indeed, to the widow and the orphan. But I must be going."

"Must you go so soon? Well come again."

"Thank you, I will, not only for the pleasure of your company, but for the pleasure of hearing your daughter sing."

The Judge grasped my hand heartily as he bade me "Good night."

I bent low over Miss Julia's extended hand a moment, and then I was walking through the frosty air on my way home.

PART II.

TOLD BY THE AUTHOR.

While Thomas is walking home through the leafless woods, Judge Jones and his daughter are carrying on an earnest conversation of which he is the subject.

"A fine young man Julia," said the Judge.

"Yes Father."

"And a smart one, too."

"Yes."

"Did you ask him to bring Fannie Long with him the next time he called?"

"No, Father."

"Julia, can you say nothing but 'Yes, Father, No, Father?' How strangely your eyes glow, and your cheeks are crimson. Are you ill?"

"No, Father."

"Well, kiss me good night and retire."

She barely touched her lips to his forehead, then sped away to her chamber. Once there, she consulted her mirror for the tell-tale signs of agitation which her father had mentioned. Yes, her black eyes are glowing and her cheeks are like roses.

She had a pretty, plump little figure, great masses of blue black hair which curls around a fair, sweet face, and between her parted lips appears two rows of pearly white teeth. She makes a picture fair to look upon, and with her brilliant coloring, glows like some tropical flowers. Gazing back defiantly at her reflection in the mirror, she said:

"Do I love him? Aye, that I do, and with my whole soul. Yet, alas, I know by the way his eyes sparkled when he spoke of Fannie Long that he loves her. What matter, can I not win him from her? Perhaps she does not love him! Vain hope, for, of course, she must. But whether she does or not, he shall be mine—I can not live without him."

Turning away from the mirror, she let down the great mass of black ringlets and seating herself before the fire, twisted them round and round her finger while she gazed fixedly into the dying embers.

For more than an hour she sat meditating, until the hearth was stone cold and the candle burned low in the socket, when she arose, slipped off her dress,

(To be continued.)

TEXAS QUEENS

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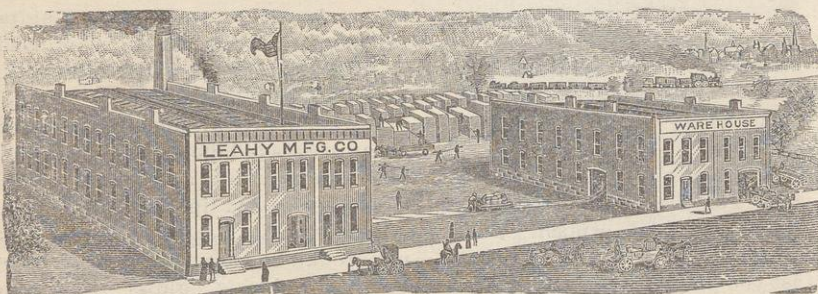
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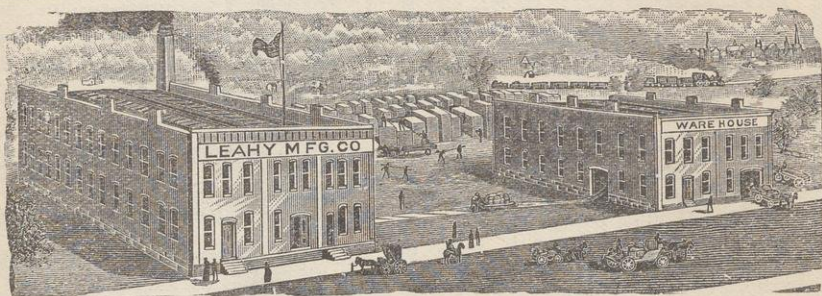
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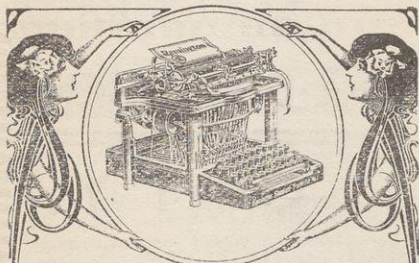
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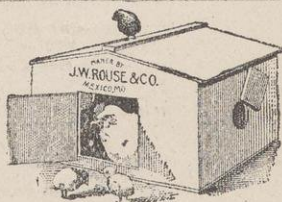
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