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## **The progressive bee-keeper. Vol. IX, No. 8 Aug. 1, 1899**

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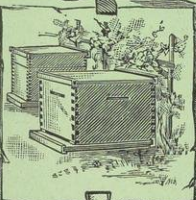
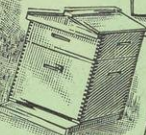
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W AUGUST 1, 1899. W



MURRAY-HEISS CLEV.O.

# 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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Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Please mention the "Progressive"

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The Review.....	(\$1 00).....	\$1 35
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Journal of Agriculture.....	1 00.....	1 35
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**Advanced Bee Culture**,—by W. Z. Hutchinson; price, 50c.

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

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

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

**LEAHY MFG. CO.,**  
Higginsville, Mo.

## WANTED.

10,000 lbs of Beeswax, for Cash.

**LEAHY MFG. CO., Higginsville, Mo.**

# 1899.



I am now ready to receive orders for May delivery, 1899. 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.

# PATENTS

Quickly secured. **OUR FEE DUE WHEN PATENT OBTAINED.** Send model, sketch or photo, with description for free report as to patentability. **48-PAGE HAND-BOOK FREE.** Contains references and full information. **WRITE FOR COPY OF OUR SPECIAL OFFER.** It is the most liberal proposition ever made by a patent attorney, and **EVERY INVENTOR SHOULD READ IT** before applying for patent. Address:

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**PATENT LAWYERS,**  
Le Droit Bldg., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Please mention the "Progressive."



## TEXAS QUEENS.

Golden Italians, Adel or Albino Queens.

Dr. Gallup of California, writes Oct. 6, 1896: "The queens received of you are decidedly the very best honey gatherers I have in a lot of 30 stocks, and I have received queens from ten different parties this season." Price of Untested Queens, \$1.00.

J. D. GIVENS, Lisbon, Texas.

## BEE STING CURE.

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

CHARLES CHANDLER,

E 12th Ave.

Emporia, Kas

I have used Ripans Tabules with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tabules in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5-cent boxes of the Tabules and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tabules induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now.

A. T. DEWITT.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tabules advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tabules. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tabules for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

Mrs. MARY GORMAN CLARKE.

I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tabules from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mrs. J. BROOKMYRE.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tabules. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bower, Ph. G., 588 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules with grand results.

Miss BESSIE WIEDMAN.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tabules regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tabules in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tabules.

ANTON H. BLAUKEN.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

RIPANS

The modern standard Family Medicine: Cures the common every-day ill of humanity.

TRADE



MARK

Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tabules, I tried them. Ripans Tabules not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tabules. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

E. W. PRICE.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES packed in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABULES may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some liquor stores and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.



# **"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.



419 Walnut St.

**C. E. Walker,  
Kansas City, Mo.**



## **PRICES OF Bingham Perfect Bee-Smokers and Honey Knives.**

	largest smok- er made.	per doz.	each
Smoke Engine	4 inch stove	\$13.00	Mail, \$1.50
Doctor	3½ "	9.00	" 1.10
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 suttly 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.

Dear Sir:—I have used the Conqueror 15 years. I was always well pleased with its workings, but thinking I would need a new one this summer I write for circular. I do not think the four inch "Smoke Engine" too large. Yours,

W. H. EAGERTY.

Corning, Cal., July 14th, 1896.

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

O. W. OSBORN.

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

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

WM. BAMBU.

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

Please mention the 'Progressive.'

**T. F. BINGHAM, Farwell, Mich.**





# The Progressive Bee-Keeper.

A Journal Devoted to Bees, Honey, and Kindred Industries

50 Cents a Year.

Published Monthly by Leahy Manufacturing Company.

Vol. IX.

HIGGINSVILLE, MO., AUG. 1, 1899.

No. 8.

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## COMMENTS.

F. L. THOMPSON.

ON page 262 of the American Bee Journal occur these words in the report of a Vermont convention: "Would it be practical for Vermont bee-keepers to establish headquarters for the purchase of supplies? Mr. Fassett said with headquarters we might get supplies much cheaper, but he thought bee-keepers were not organized sufficiently to do so at the present time. Mr. Lowrey said he was in favor of drawing as close together as possible, in purchasing supplies, and thought we could save quite a percentage in buying in car-load lots." Of course we know that nothing but the inertia and unbusiness-like methods of bee-keepers prevent them from organizing sufficiently to purchase supplies in common. But there is an intermediate method that has successfully been practiced in Colorado a number of years. A supply dealer finds it profitable to make reduced rates not only for wholesale deals, but also in regular retailing, providing he has a greater or less assurance of getting a greater amount of it. An association in that case puts up no money and incurs no risky obligation, but simply offers to give its retail custom to a certain house, provided the latter will make it an object for it to do so; and both are satisfied. To be

## WHEN TWILIGHT SHADES.

When twilight shades are creeping

Above the grave of day,

And stars are shyly peeping  
(Far angel's eyes they say)—

When dusk soft kisses even,

And day-cares flit and flee,

I think of one forgiven,

My love, I think of thee.

When night is throned about us,

And all the world is still,

And nature does not doubt us,

Her voices softly thrill:

And through the casement, tender

A star peeps down at me,

And thinking of the sender

Of love, I think of thee.

I think of you at morning

When dewdrops bathe the grass.

And at the noontide warning

I miss you so, alas!

And in the hours of parting,

Wherever we may be,

I feel the tears a-starting—

My love, I think of thee.

—Will Ward Mitchell.



sure, the reductions are not so great as could be made by the plan of buying out and out, but the plan is a good deal better than nothing, and experience shows that it is a powerful factor in strengthening the membership of associations, thus laying the foundation for future development in organization.

That Vermont convention report is a fairly good one, and shows that the secretary had an ear for vital points. But it contains two instances of common and annoying defects in convention reports. One is this: "The Professor [why capital P?] was asked a large number of questions, which were answered in a very pleasant and satisfactory manner." We might be interested in the questions and answers themselves, but we do not care a cent to know merely whether they were pleasant or snappy. The information is quite worthless. The other instance is this: "Then came general discussion on the different kinds of foundation. I think the Weed process came out ahead." He thinks; why doesn't he know? And what do we care to know that a discussion was held when we are not told what was said? I suspect, judging from experience, that this ignorance of which we are uselessly informed was really not the fault of the secretary, but that his attention was distracted by some necessary business during the progress of that discussion, so that he not only failed to get down the points made (which might have made very interesting and valuable reading) but was not even sure of the outcome. It is asking too much of a secretary to keep the business records, prompt the chairman, keep an eye on committees, receive new members, answer private questions and take a satisfactory report all at once, and then write out his notes in addition

to the clerical work required in abundance before and after the meeting. An association that holds meetings devoted to bee talk ought always to appoint some one to take the report, and do nothing else; and the one appointed will find that is enough alone to keep an ordinary man busy. It is not at all essential to know anything of stenography, though that would make it nicer. One invariable rule should be observed—never make it a point to write sentences. Catch-words and catch-phrases are nearly all that one can capture who strives to take down EVERY LINK IN THE CHAIN OF ARGUMENT, as by all means should be done. But they will suffice if he writes out his notes soon after the meeting. He should be a fast writer, and always use a lead pencil. The attempt to write the first draft grammatically and connectedly is what has spoiled most reports. Occasionally a complete sentence can be put down, but it is the exception, not the rule. Often a speaker will say so much in a few words that the pencil has to keep galloping to give the barest indication of what is said. Another speaker will meander around without saying anything in particular, and this gives a chance for a rest to the cramped fingers. But one needs to be on the alert, for the latter class of speakers often surprises one by suddenly dropping into specific information without the least warning. It goes without saying that a reporter who does not depend on stenography must know enough of bee-keeping to decide instantly what to put in and what to leave out. (By the way, the Weed process foundation did not come out ahead at the Colorado convention. See page 86, *American Bee Journal*.)

I must take back completely what I said on page 155 of the reason for



the crossness of bees in a certain apiary. The bees in that apiary approach and leave through the dense foliage above the hives, not among the trimmed trunks. But when the leaders so often draw false inferences, it is no wonder that we novices do. Some time ago a questioner in the American Bee Journal complained that his smoker dropped inky-looking stuff on his nice white sections when smoking the bees out. Dr. Miller advised him to clean his smoker. I happened to have just cleaned my smoker when I read that, and went out in the yard and smoked a few hives, and that black stuff dripped around more copiously than I ever knew it to do before.

Because J. J. Cosby said he wants the queen of his queen-rearing colony to be the mother of his drones, Dr. Miller infers on page 341 of *Gleanings* that inbreeding will result. But Mr. Cosby said "Proceed as Mr. Doolittle has instructed" and Mr. Doolittle makes it pretty plain on page 66 that he grafts his cups from other colonies.

Dr. Miller, instead of wiring full sheets of brood foundation, uses up-right sticks 1-16 of an inch square, soaked in hot wax and imbedded in the foundation, five sticks to a frame, without being fastened to anything else than the foundation, and says on page 314 of *Gleanings* that he knows of no advantage in any way that the wires have over them. I think there is one big advantage, namely, that wires can be used with starters in the frames as well as full sheets. I had 300 combs built over wires once that were all right, in closed-end frames and spirit-leveled hives.

"How is the B. Taylor wire-end frame constructed?" asks a questioner in the American Bee Journal. Dr. Miller replies "It would be somewhat difficult to describe it so

that you would understand without seeing, and my remembrance is hardly clear enough to describe it even if you would understand it." Look it up, doctor, look it up. What are those shoe-string binders for? Or isn't there enough in the job? My remembrance of it without looking it up (for I left nearly all my back volumes in Denver) is that it is a frame without any projections of the top-bar beyond the end-bars, but instead two wire nails driven partly into each end of the top-bar, with their heads clipped off. Ease in picking out the frames on account of their freedom from propolis seems to have been the object.

I see by the Review that Mr. Doolittle hints I don't know when to stop a discussion, and also that an article of mine in the Review was for the purpose of showing that discussions on evolution, etc., are all right in our bee journals. The time to stop, Mr. Doolittle, is not when false accusations are made; and your case is not helped by misrepresenting an article or discussions. In the American Bee Journal, the matter is thus referred to: "Mr. Thompson says that the immediate cause of his Review article was our 'shutting off a discussion' in the American Bee Journal some months ago—a discussion on evolution, in which he apparently wished to engage also." It is strange that a journal supposed to be engaged in the investigation of truth can not leave the suppression and perversion of truth to disreputable political sheets. Simply because I did not put both reasons in one sentence, this sapient editor conceives himself justified in deceiving his readers by quoting one only. To be sure I "wished to engage" in the discussion of evolution, or more accurately the correction of errors (for it is a gross error to suppose that the



conclusions of those who alone are in a position to judge can be set aside by the theories of bee-keepers), and said so, as was right and proper; there was no "apparently" about it. I also made it equally plain that the chief cause of my Review article was the ignominious implication which every reader of the footnote on page 180 of the American Bee Journal for 1898 will understand is expressed, which was not disavowed in the same public manner in which it appeared, though the editor knows it is false. Face the music like a little man, Mr. York, or give up any claim to the reliable presentation of information.

To return to the minor but equally true point, the correction of errors is always in place, whether they have anything to do with bees or not. On page 394 of *Gleanings* for 1898 occur these intellectual wanderings: "Sound and light will in the near future be recognized as forces (especially sound)." "Can the subtle ether more easily penetrate dense glass than porous wood?" One does not need to be a scientist to see that these may be theories of a practical and sincere person, but are not and never could be enunciations of one acquainted with the principles of science. The matter would be hardly worth mentioning had not the editor put in the sub-head "An Interesting and Valuable Article" and started his footnote with the words, "Your science, theory, and practice are all right, save in the reference to the telephone." This is carrying blandness a good way. After this, we may expect almost anything—and we get it, on page 355 of 1899, where it is asserted that the queen sees to lay her eggs in the proper place by RAYS OF DARK; and the editor, the all but graduate of Oberlin—says nothing. I trust the reader will excuse my

omission of the customary typographical devices as hopelessly inadequate to express that gone feeling.

On page 909 is illustrated and described what the editor in another fit of careless blandness calls "the best device for cutting foundation for sections that has yet been gotten up, though somewhat similar" to others—the plan of cutting a number of sheets at once on a board, by means of a form like an inverted mitre-box fitting over the foundation and the board, with saw-cuts through its top and part way down its sides for the knife to pass through. I should say it was somewhat similar to others. On page 377 of the American Bee Journal for 1896 the same thing is figured and described; and later in the same paper Mr. Doolittle described his plan, which is the same thing, only a little better, in that twice as many sheets are cut at once by having the board and form twice as wide and cutting two piles of foundation at once.

On page 186, still in *Gleanings*, the editor said "As to soaking honey-combs [empty combs?] in carbolic acid solution to kill foul-brood germs, I do not know that any one has ever proposed the plan." I have not the volume of *Gleanings* here, but it certainly was not only proposed, but described as successfully practiced by a correspondent in Ireland a few years ago. For that purpose I believe a solution in the proportion of one to fifty was used.

On page 230 the editor says "No one has yet, so far as I know, ever succeeded in wintering successfully, year after year, in a house-apiary." I had occasion not long ago to look up all that was said on the subject of house apiaries in the Review, the American Bee Journal and *Gleanings*, and while it is possible I may have overlooked something, I



do not remember that a single writer referred to comparatively unsuccessful wintering in a house-apiary year after year. B. Taylor referred to some loss, but expressly said it was no more than in a well-built cellar, or something to that effect. But the editor says "No one, so far as I know." Have all these writers been carefully concealing something? Has the editor access to some universal method of gathering inside information?

On page 170 is reported a conversation in which the editor assented, no doubt with a bland smile, to Mr. Crane's strictures of tight board fences as windbreaks; but on page 400 he advises that variety of windbreak among others without indicating which is better. Has new light been shed on the subject? Mr. Crane said that a tight fence turns the wind, which is liable to go over the fence and swoop down in the yard with even more violence than when there is no fence; but a hedge of evergreens or a picket fence breaks the force of the wind, allowing a very moderate amount to pass through. He now considers the question of wind one of the most important in the location of an apiary. I think very likely, having found the out-apiary in very much better shape, both in bees and honey (though with about the same percentage of loss), than the home apiary, though but a mile distant, and being able to account for it in no other way than by its situation in a not very dense grove, where the trees are thickest on the side whence the prevailing winds come.

On page 318, the editor says he associates with the pronoun HE smartness and wickedness. Blandness, pure blandness. No experienced person seriously does anything of the kind. This conventionalizing of sex is simply ridicu-

lous; isn't it, Rambler? Sh-sh, Emm Dee. Try peddling awhile, Mr. Gleanings Editor, and see if you don't come to associate softness and gentleness with the pronoun HE by learning to feel relieved every time a big rough man opens the door.

Montrose, Colo.

#### GRANDMA'S PRAYER.

I pray that risen from the dead,  
I may in glory stand—  
A crown, perhaps, upon my head,  
But a needle in my hand.  
I've never learned to sing or play,  
So let no harp be mine;  
From birth unto my dying day,  
Plain sewing's been my line.  
Therefore, accustomed to the end  
To plying useful stitches,  
I'll be content if asked to mend  
The little angel's breeches.

—Eugene Field.

### GOLDEN ITALIAN QUEEN FREE.

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

**GEO. W. YORK & CO.,**

118 Michigan St., Chicago, Ills

### MANAGEMENT and MANIPULATION

S. P. Culley.

No. 1.

LOCALITY, VARIATIONS OF THE SEASONS AND THEIR RELATION TO MANAGEMENT.

THE locality question has been discussed and discoursed upon until it seems to have become a sort of fad or hobby with some writers, and a by-word or joke with others. Still, in spite of exaggeration and belittlement, it has a rank of importance that should be as well and as clearly defined as may be, that its real importance and bearing upon success may be understood—especially by the A B C class. Closely related to locality is the variations of the seasons in each locality, and also the gradual changes of condi-



tions brought about by changes in the local flora. It is important, yes, essential, to any marked success, that the bee-keeper adopt a system of general management suited to his locality. And the details of his general system should be varied and modified as the variations of the different seasons make necessary. Surely it would be folly to leave the consideration of locality out, or even in the background, when devising or adopting his system of general management. And what locality is to the system of general management, the variations of the seasons is to the details of management. In other words, the general system should be devised with reference to the locality, its sources of honey, its probable honey flows, its climate, etc.; while the details of management should as certainly be varied and modified each year with reference to each particular season.

In many sections, particularly in the eastern and northern states, the sources of surplus honey are few, the flow or flows reasonably regular and reliable. In such localities everything pertaining to management is simplified, and skill and good judgment are not quite so important as in the central and southern states, where the sources of honey are more numerous, but the honey flow more irregular and unreliable. We write more especially for bee-keepers in the central and southern states, where the sources of honey are more numerous but the honey flow more irregular and unreliable. The principles we discuss are general in their application, but we can better present our ideas and far better illustrate each point by basing what we say upon the conditions which actually obtain in some locality, and this because it is easier usually to resolve the particu-

lar into the general than the general into the particular. We choose our own locality to illustrate and explain the principles we discuss. Therefore, let us next present a brief of this locality—central, western Missouri.

When we began bee-keeping 20 years ago there was little or no white clover here. The principle sources of honey then were, first, hazel (pollen), maple, elm and box-elder. Then, in about the order named, fruit bloom, locust, wild cherry, prairie flowers including pleuresy and milk-weed—all of which were valuable for brood-rearing only. The first surplus honey was to be expected from dogwood about June 10 to 15. Basswood not at all plentiful. The best flow was to be expected from the latest variety of sumach, which began July 15 and lasted from 3 to 5 weeks. This often made a flow of honey, and the old settlers thought it was from the corn-tassel, as the flow came when the corn was in full tassel. After sumac was the "yellow bloom," including Spanish needle, resinweed, etc., Aug. 15 to Sept. 15. Between sumac and the autumn bloom was a fairly good flow from the buckbush, sufficient to keep brood-rearing active. But note that the surplus was to be expected from dogwood, sumac and the "yellow bloom," with sumac the leader. Since 20 years ago the conditions as to flora have changed as follows: The dogwood and sumac groves and the prairie flowers are gone—replaced by fields and pastures. But white clover is now abundant and furnishes a flow in May and June to take the place of the flow sumac formerly gave July 15 to Aug. 15; and just here who will contend that this change from sumac to white clover, from harvest in mid-July to May and June, does



not make necessary very important changes in management? Then early brood-rearing was not important; now it is all-important. Then the bee-keeper needed to see to it that his colonies had bushels of bees by July—an easy task; now he wants them strong by May 25—a thing far more difficult.

The bee-keeper should know the honey-plants of his locality as intimately as the farmer knows the cereals. He should know their blooming time, their reliability as to yield, the effect on their yield of wet and dry, hot and cool seasons, etc. Each fall he should know the prospects of each honey plant for the coming season, and thus be able to partially forecast each season in advance. See illustration of this point further on. With full knowledge of the flora of his locality and the prospects of the surplus producing plants for the coming season, the bee-keeper can intelligently plan in advance the details of his management in accordance with what this knowledge suggests, pondering his plans by the winter fire, maturing them as the season advances, thereby greatly increasing his chances of success and avoiding costly mistakes and unwise ventures.

To illustrate how the details of management should vary in order to adapt itself to the variations of the seasons (and also illustrate the forecasting idea), let us take the seasons of '98 and '99 in this locality. In the summer and fall of '97 it was very dry, and the white clover seed did not grow in '97. Hence it would have been stupid to expect a yield from that source in '98, as there were no plants of blooming age. In '98 it was very wet during fruit bloom, there was no white clover, and what few flowers there were seemed to yield no nectar; so bees (which had wintered well

and started brood-rearing early) were in a starving condition and actually dying outright in June and July. But the autumn flow was excellent and the harvest of the year was from Aug. 15 till frost. It was the poorest season for 20 years, yet the writer secured about 100 pounds of extracted honey per colony, spring count, which sold readily at a fair price. This year, 1899, the maple, elm, box-elder, fruit trees, willow, and everything else, yield nectar in abundance. Even the oak, nut, and Osage orange trees have been humming with bees. White clover has given a fine flow. So far it has been as good as any season for 20 years. Now, it is evident that in order to secure the best results both years, the details of management must be very different. As white clover was bound to fail for want of plants, it was good management in '98 to be ready for a flow Aug. 10 to 15, not sooner; as white clover was promising in fall of '98, it was good management this year to be ready for a flow by May 25, not later. In '98, an 8-frame hive was too large; this year a 10-frame is too small.

In our next we shall enumerate the factors which, in our judgment, should be carefully considered before deciding what size of hive and what system of general management are best for any given locality. Then discuss manipulation, the value of reports and experiments.


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#### ARE ITALIAN BEES YELLOW OR MAROON?

Dr. C. C. Miller, in American Bee Journal.

A "STRAY STRAW" in Gleanings in Bee Culture for July 1, reads as follows:

"G. M. Doolittle says in American Bee Journal, 'I never saw a single worker bee from an imported queen that had any *yellow* on it at all. The color was always a maroon, chestnut, or leather color, not yellow.' My imported queens, or those that I bought for imported, have always had workers that I called yellow. Now the question is, Have I been swindled, or has someone been working off maroon bees instead of yellow on Doolittle? I don't believe I ever saw a dozen imported Italian queens, and I doubt whether Doolittle has seen many more than I, for I've been buying since he thought no more importations were needed, and at Medina you've had perhaps more imported queens than at any other place. Please tell us, are the workers of an imported Italian queen yellow or maroon?"

Editor Root, in his footnote to the above "Straw," says this:

"I do not know where Mr. Doolittle gets his notion of colors; but if he will consult his good wife I feel sure he will have to revise his idea somewhat. I do not think I am boasting when I say that I have seen perhaps 50 imported queens where Doolittle or yourself have seen one; for we import from 50 to 75 every year. Years ago, as you say, Doolittle went on record as saying that he believed further importation was unnecessary, so I take it he has not seen an imported queen for some time. The color-bands, both on bees and queens, are what are generally called 'leather' color. I never saw one queen or bee direct from Italy that had bands that were either chestnut or maroon. Maroon? my, oh my! what's the matter with Doolittle's eyes? To my notion these colors are the same as those given in the English Standard Dictionary, the latest and best in the English language, under the heading of 'Spectrum'. Strictly speaking, the yellow on the Italians is not exactly yellow, but leather-colored; but when we use the term 'yellow' we usually mean it in the broadest sense, and that may mean from a leather color to a lemon yellow. To say that Italian queens and bees do not have any yellow on them is to pervert the word from its ordinary accepted meaning. We say that the sun rises in the morning. While the statement is not correct, the phrase has an accepted meaning; in the same way, yellow, when applied to Italians, conveys an impression to the average person that is not misleading."

I have no extended remark to make, but I trust Mr. Doolittle will gratify my curiosity by answering a question. I don't remember ever seeing Italian bees called maroon until the present, and there was nothing original in my calling them yellow. Now, Mr. Doolittle, if you knew them to be maroon, while all the authorities, the books, and the bee journals were calling them yellow these years and years, will you be kind enough to tell us why you never mentioned it before?

Marengo. Ills.

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### HOW HE WAS CURED.

"I don't believe all I hear about the unwholesomeness of cigarettes," said a young man who was addicted to the cigarette habit "I acknowledge they are nasty things to smoke, and very offensive to some people, without doubt, but I won't be abused into reforming, and I won't 'swear off'.

"It always seems to me," he went on, "that a fellow can't trust himself if he has to quit anything by swearing off. If anybody will show me some good, sound reason why I should be ashamed to smoke cigarettes, I'll quit for good and all without taking a vow."

"Do you mean that?" asked the friend to whom he was speaking.

"I do."

"Then come with me."

The two young men went out on the street, stationed themselves at a prominent corner, and waited. Presently a little Italian boy came along. He had a basket on his arm. It was half full of the stumps of cigars and cigarettes which he had picked up from the gutters, and he was adding to his stock momentarily from the same source.

"What do you do with those, my boy?" inquired one of the young men.

"Sell 'em. Cigaretta factory. Ten centa quart," replied the lad.

"Do you believe in doing anything to encourage that sort of industry?" asked the friend.

"On my honor, no!" answered the cigarette smoker.

He took a box of the "coffin-nails" from his pocket, deliberately tore them to fragments, threw them away, and never smoked another.—Youth's Companion.

### FROZEN FISH.

General Lysons, of the British army, in telling his experience of winter fishing in Canada, mentions some of the effects of severe cold. Among these are the cracking and splitting of hardwood trees, with loud reports. He describes the sound as like that of rifle-shots in battle. He says that the nights in the bush were like the battle of Waterloo. But the most wonderful thing of all was the effect of the cold upon the fish as these were taken out of the water.

We went down to the lake and made a number of holes in the ice and lowered our lines through them; but the wind was so cold that we were obliged to make screens of branches to sit behind and save ourselves from freezing. We got a good number of trout, but nothing large. That evening I saw the realization of what I had considered a Munchausen story.

The boys had brought up the fish from the lake, and had thrown them down at the entrance of the camp near the end of the fire. The fish were all frozen hard in the shapes they had last twisted themselves into, and were so brittle that some of them were broken in halves.

While I was cooking the dinner I heard a peculiar tapping noise, which I could not make out. At last a little bright flash caught my eye. I looked on the ground, and there I saw all the silvery trout flapping and jumping about as merrily as possible. I do not think the broken ones came to life again—the ends certainly did not reunite—but all the others danced a merry jig till I required them for the frying-pan.

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## A SUMMER IDYL.

BY ELLEN BRAINARD PECK.

### CHAPTER I.

"Or the yellow-banded bees,  
Thro' half-open lattices,  
Coming in the scented breeze."

**A**LICE DAYTON stood, one fair May morning, out in the apple orchard, where the trees were so laden with blossoms that they looked as if covered with snow flushed with a sunset.

"Half light, half shade, she stood,  
A sight to make an old man young,"

for each year of the twenty which she had lived brought added graces. She was tall and well-formed, with a face that expressed strength of character as well as beauty; her brown hair rippled back in gold-tinted waves from her smooth broad brow; her clear dark eyes were as open in their gaze as those of a child.

The fine brilliant skin, slightly tanned, was the gift of Dame Nature, in whose woods and fields so much of Alice's time had been passed; the beautiful white teeth, and the dimples that came and went, as she talked, all combined to make her the beauty of the country-side; and she was, what her firm, well-shaped hands denoted, capable.

The orchard lay back of the old-fashioned house which had always been her home, and to the west and north stretched away the farm-land, divided into lots by the stone walls, those landmarks of New England now so fast disappearing from the face of the country, for Alice lived in Meadow Brook, Connecticut.

Her father had recently died, and as he had carried on his farm on a too extravagant plan, he left to his wife and only child nothing but the farm and a

few thousand dollars. Now that Alice and her mother were left alone and all the affairs attendant on Mr. Dayton's death were settled, the question of support presented itself to them, as they did not want to spend the little capital which they had. They had decided to remain in the home and hire a "head-man" to run the farm, but, even so, this would scarcely keep them in the comfort to which they had become accustomed, so the debate of how to add even a little to the income, remained an open question.

Mrs. Dayton was a sensible, comely, middle-aged woman, and one who was able to do a good deal on a small amount, as she was altogether free from the extravagant notions of her husband, but in spite of his spendthrift habits he had been a kind husband and father, and his wife and daughter mourned him deeply.

While Alice, who had finished her morning work, was standing out in the orchard, her mother churning on the back porch looked from time to time at her daughter, wondering what held the girl's interest for so long a while, for Alice stood gazing intently up into one of the trees, absorbed in some object that seemed to be just above her. The mother smiled as she watched her, then sighed softly to herself, thinking of how great a change a few months can make in a life. Mrs. Dayton knew that Alice could marry well if she chose, but the girl's heart still remained untouched, and the mother was glad that as yet it was so.

"What can the child be watching so intently?" murmured Mrs. Dayton, as she let out the milk from the churn, took out the dasher and busied herself washing and moulding the butter. After she had finished this work, and the butter was put away in the cool milk-house, she permitted herself to gratify her curiosity, and started for the orchard.

"Alice," she called as she came near



her daughter, "what on earth are you looking at for such a spell?"

"O, Mother, do come here," was the reply, "and see this great swarm of bees hanging in a cluster to this branch. They are as quiet as can be, and I guess they are taking a nap," and she laughingly pointed at the cluster as her mother came near to look at it.

"You wouldn't think they were asleep if one came at you; but I believe that they are full of honey when they cluster that way, and cannot sting; but there might be some empty fellows among them. But this is a good-sized swarm, I know, and the old saying goes that 'a swarm in May is worth a load of hay'. These bees must come from the woods, as I know of no one near here who has an apiary. When I was a small girl, Father kept bees, and I have watched him hive many swarms, and what do you say, Alice, to trying to keep this one, for it would be so nice to have our own honey."

"It certainly would be nice to have it, and in our farm paper I have sometimes looked over the column on bees, and although I read it too carelessly to understand much about the subject, still it seemed to me it might be both interesting and paying, and as this swarm has come right into our yard, it would be a pity to let it fly away," replied Alice.

"It surely would, daughter, and I believe I can recall enough of the way Father used to go about it, to hive this cluster. Do you remember the old box hive in your father's shop? Well, I am going to try to get these bees into it. You go and get the hive, while I go into the house and get some things to wear to prevent the bees from stinging us, for as we are new at the business, it would be wise to take every precaution."

When Alice returned with the cast-away hive, her mother was there before her, with some mosquito netting, two old hats, two pairs of gloves, and a

sheet. Alice looked at the things and wondered what her mother intended to do with the sheet, but she looked on and said nothing as her mother spread it on the ground underneath where the cluster was hanging.

"Now, Alice, do you think you can reach that bough by standing on tip-toes?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Then let me tie you up in a piece of this netting, and you put on a pair of the gloves, and then take hold of the bough and shake it gently, so that the bees will fall onto the sheet softly."

Alice did as she was told, and the bees fell easily in a black heap on the white surface, but being disturbed, they began crawling here and there out of the mess. Then the hive was placed close to them, and they concluded to crawl into a home so conveniently provided. This performance interested the two women, and they stood for some time watching the little fellows taking possession of their new home. At length Mrs. Dayton said that she thought that it must be near dinner time, and she and her daughter went into the house. While they were eating their dinner, bees were the topic of conversation, and Alice remarked after the subject had been under discussion for some time:

"I do not see why we might not keep bees ourselves. I do not mean just for pleasure to amuse us, but a good-sized apiary from which we could get enough honey to sell."

"I declare, Alice, that is a good idea of yours, and well worth thinking about. Of course there will be a great deal for us to find out before we can decide, and then we have always to consider the cost of things."

"Then, Mother, in the morning I shall go down to see Mrs. Henry, as she once told me that she had a relative who keeps bees on a very advanced plan, and so I suppose she knows something about the subject, or at least can



tell me how to go to work to find out myself."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Dayton, "after you have slept over this new scheme, your enthusiasm may abate a bit."

"I am positive," answered Alice, "that in the morning I shall feel just the same about it as I do now."

During that bright May afternoon Alice stayed in the orchard, looking at her one hive and watching the bees as they circled about, getting used to their new home. A queer old neighbor, called Job Willard, passed by the orchard, and catching sight of Alice, he called out:

"What be you a lookin' at, Alice?"

"Some bees which Mother hived this morning," she answered.

"Want ter know?" replied Job in an interrogatory voice, as he stopped and leaned on the stone wall. "Goin' ter keep bees, be ye?" he continued.

"Perhaps," she answered smiling.

"Wall now, I reckon ye see the king, didn't ye, when ye ketched 'em?"

"Why, I thought they had a queen," replied Alice.

"Land, no! 'taint no queen. Thur's a king, and them stubby black ones is his queens, an' tother ones is meant to make honey an' sting."

"That's something I never heard before, Job. I shall have to tell Mother," and she laughed merrily to herself as she watched old Job's bent figure shuffling off down the road toward his little shanty that stood near by, on the edge of her father's woodland.

## CHAPTER II.

"What words of mine can tell the spell  
Of garden ways, I know so well?  
Another path that leads me when  
The summer-time is here again."

A FIRST thought that inspires us to enter upon an undertaking, is born of the enthusiasm of the moment, and lifts us up for the time being above

all thought of difficulty; but it is when the reaction sets in from this elation, when the first step is taken, that our energy is shown, and yet, hard as beginnings are, it is in the faithful pursuance of a task day by day that the steadfastness of our purpose is tested.

The next morning was enough to cool the ardor of a beginner in any undertaking, for when Alice looked out of her window, the chill, drizzling rain of spring was falling fast, and she could see the weather-stained old hive standing insignificant out in the orchard.

Alice's was not a nature that was affected by dismal aspects, for she had not a particle of morbidness about her, so she smiled a little at the first representative of her apiary and went downstairs to help about breakfast. Nothing was said about the new scheme until at breakfast, when Mrs. Dayton, handing her daughter a steaming cup of fragrant coffee, asked:

"How doth the little busy bee' this morning?"

"Splendidly, Mother. I expect my whole family of busy bees is taking advantage of this rainy day, and all hands are working hard indoors. You see my enthusiasm has grown, like Jonah's gourd, in the night."

"Well, I also still think the idea a good one, so all that now remains is for us to find out something about this bee-keeping, and then begin."

"Then," said Alice, "after I've done my work I'll run down to Mrs. Henry's and try and learn how to start out."

"All right, dear; and you must be chief bee-keeper, and I'll be primeminister."

"That's because the prime minister always knows the most," answered Alice laughing.

Mrs. Henry was a brisk, lively, little brunette woman, about thirty, who had been a school teacher; her maiden name was Emma Carrington, and she had been married a year. Her husband was a prosperous man, owning a large



farm, which he ran according to the most scientific principles, and Mrs. Henry was greatly interested in all things pertaining to farm life. As soon as she could, Alice started out on her errand, and when Mrs. Henry opened her door to her, the bright little woman exclaimed in her crisp, clear voice:

"Why, good morning, child; come right in."

"I guess you think this is an early call, but as I've come on business, you will excuse it, and let me talk to you while you work," said Alice.

"Certainly, my dear; why not? I'm baking today, as I wanted Martha to sweep; so come right into the kitchen. It is cheery there, and we can be alone."

When Alice was seated in the kitchen and Mrs. Henry rolling out cookies and cutting them deftly, she said:

Now, dear, what is it?" And while she worked busily, Alice told her about her plan of going into apiculture with her mother.

"I remember, Mrs. Henry, that you told me once about a relative who was a big bee-keeper, so I came to you to find out how to proceed."

"The relative is my brother, Rob, whose pet hobby is his apiary," said Mrs. Henry, "way out in Missouri, and he happens to be here in the east now, at Homstone, where we used to live. He is there seeing to some repairs about the old homestead, as it has been rented and is sadly in need of attention. I will send him a letter, and get the information you need; but I expect him here before long, and then I shall bring him to your house, and you can ask him all the questions you wish."

"That is ever so kind of you," replied Alice gratefully, "and I shall be so much obliged;" and after this they chatted on about the interests of the neighborhood for a little time, until Alice started for home, leaving Mrs. Henry in the doorway, cheerful and smiling, with a daub of flower on her small pug nose. As Alice walked

briskly home through the drizzling rain, her dreams of her future success in bee-keeping were so golden that she never missed the sun. Reaching home she found her mother in the pleasant sitting-room sewing, and she listened with much interest to what Alice had to tell her about her call at Mrs. Henry's.

"There is nothing, then, for us to do but wait," she commented. "It will be hard for you, Alice, to possess your soul in patience. I expect, for there is nothing so hard for young people to do as to wait."

"I know it, Mother, and I shall have to content myself with air-castles, while I do some prosaic mending, and if it clears this afternoon, I'll watch my bees again." And almost while she was talking the rain began to slack up, and the sun burst out, lightening up the scene into one of glistening beauty. "Isn't this perfectly lovely?" said Alice throwing open the back door and stepping out onto the porch, and as she did so she saw her intimate friend, Jeannette Benton, coming up the path thro the old-time flower-garden, and with her a young man. Jeannette always entered the yard by the side gate and walked through the garden.

"Here comes Jeannette, Mother, and she has with her her cousin, George Benton."

George Benton was a young lawyer in the neighboring city of New Haven. He came of a highly respected family of wealth and position; he was gifted with good looks and agreeable manners, and bid fair to make his way in his profession.

When the two reached the house, Jeannette exclaimed:

"Good morning, Alice. I've brought George, you see, for as soon as he reached the house from the station, he asked after you. You here, Mrs. Dayton?" she called, as she peered round the doorway into the sitting-room, and then went in to talk to that lady.



George Benton shook hands with Alice with unusual fervor; then both entered the sitting-room, where George greeted the mother.

"Jeannette always brings the sunshine when she comes," said Mrs. Dayton patting the girl's hand softly.

"Thank you, Mrs. Dayton," and the piquant, brunette face smiled gayly at her.

At this they all laughed, for happiness laughs easily. Mrs. Dayton brought out some delicious freshly-baked cookies, and some milk that was half cream, which the young people enjoyed as they talked, and then she again sat down to her sewing, and now and then joined in the animated talk which was going on about her.

"I declare, Miss Alice, if my cousin resembles a sunbeam, you remind me of a June rose, and roses and sunshine always go well together," said George.

"The sun has certainly brought with it a complimentary atmosphere," said Alice, "and all I can say is that people who say such nice things are very nice."

Jeannette Benton was the only daughter of Howard Benton, the wealthy mill owner of Meadow Brook. Her mother had died when Jeannette was a young child, and so, though Mr. Benton had given his daughter all the care that was in his power, and every advantage which she desired, still the girl, who had never known a mother's restraining guidance, was somewhat spoiled but full of noble, generous impulses. She and Alice had been the closest of friends from the time they had begun to toddle to school together, for Jeannette rebelled at the thought of a governess, and went to school with the other children. She had never desired the leadership in the town's society, which by her wealth and position she might have taken, and she was beloved by all of her father's mill hands.

After the two callers had left, Mrs. Dayton and Alice had their dinner, and later in the afternoon Alice went out

to the orchard to pay a visit to her bees. She took her seat a short distance from the hive, where she could observe the bees easily as they flew in and out, many of them bringing back from their journeys great balls of bright yellow pollen on their posterior legs.

"They are such downy-looking little chaps that I do not believe they are very old—just old enough to work good, I guess," she said to herself, "and they look so cunning, it doesn't seem possible that they would sting anyone."

Alice had begun to regard her bees in the light of pets, with whom, however, it was best not to be too familiar, and she was full of the delight of expectation of the time when she would be able to take off the little boxes of surplus honey. While she was sitting altogether absorbed, with her elbows on her knees and her chin resting on her palms, she was startled by a familiar voice:

"Perhaps I'm making myself twice welcome, but I thought I'd chance over and see if you would not take a walk this lovely afternoon, Miss Alice, and help me gather some buttercups for Jeannette: as she wants some to decorate the table, at her party tomorrow night; but she doesn't seem to take as much interest in it as usual. I suppose because you will not be there." It was George Benton.

"I shall be glad to help you gather the buttercups, but I am afraid we will not find many, although the spring is very early this year."

"What is this we have here?" he asked, pointing to the little, old-fashioned hive.

"That is my bee hive. I am thinking of going into apiculture. Come, stand a little way off to this side, and watch the bees carrying in pollen."

After she had finished speaking, George flushed and looked half indignant and half distressed, and said shortly:

"Now, come; you will be stung to



death, and there is no need for you to work." Alice flushed in her turn as she said:

"I think work is honorable, and any honest work done well is as noble as another."

"I didn't mean that," he replied quickly. "I meant why should you, who are so lovely, work at all?"

"If I am good to look at, that is no reason I should be an idler any more than if I were the plainest person upon earth. But, outside of that, due to circumstances, it has become necessary." She finished gently and looked away, her soft eyes filled with memories and unshed tears. He came toward her quickly, a look leaping into his eyes that had never harbored there in all his young, untroubled life before. It had come to him suddenly that this girl had become very dear to him, from the crown of her dainty head to the soles of her small feet. Grown almost unconscious of his presence, she stood very still, looking toward the western sky, down whose golden slope the sun was descending. Taking her hand, (which was hanging loosely at her side) impetuously in his, he said:

"Alice, dearest listen to me: I love you." She turned wide, startled eyes to him, and looked mutely and wondering into his face. "Cannot you care for me? Perhaps it seems strange to you that I should ask you so suddenly. before giving you an inkling of how matters stood with me; but you see, I grew very fond of you last summer when I was here. I think I loved you and did not know it, and I have been dissatisfied all winter, somehow, without being able to define the cause; but this morning, when I felt my pulses leap at seeing you again, I knew that something wondrous, new and strange had come to me. I knew then it was an all-abiding love, that longing to cherish and keep you from all care forever."

Alice had taken her hand from his now, and stood white and contrite be-

fore him. Through her mind flashed the thought of Jeannette, who, she knew, loved George, who was only her second cousin, and Alice had hoped that he was beginning to care for her merry little friend, and she felt like a culprit, almost accusing herself of being traitorous to her friend.

"I am so sorry," she faltered, "so very, very sorry. I did not dream—I never knew you would ever think of me in this way. Our lives are so different. I am a plain farmer's daughter, and you have wealth and position to choose where you will. Forgive me, George, and let us forget this, and in the future be the best of friends."

"Be sure, Alice, you are not to blame, but oh, my darling, do not say that you mean no."

"I am afraid I must. I cannot give you a false hope, hard as it is to say this. Goodbye."

"Goodbye. But it is *not* goodbye, for I shall never give you up while there is a thread of hope," and he turned and left her standing under the apple tree.

The last downy, wayfaring bee had crept into its hive and deposited its load, the wind of twilight sang chilly through the branches as the sun dropped down, and the buttercups were ungathered.

(Continued in Sept. PROGRESSIVE).

### 300 Selected Golden Italian Queens.

Large and yellow all over, warranted purely mated, reared by Doolittle's method. Queens by return mail. Safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. Have eleven years' experience. Price of queens, 75c each; 6 for \$4.00, or \$7.00 per dozen. Order quick, as above queens are young and will soon be taken.

#### READ TESTIMONIALS.

Mr. Quirin: Dear Sir:—

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

Romeo, Mich., July 10, 1899.

Mr. Quirin: Dear Sir:

The queens got of you last year are giving good satisfaction—better than some untested queens I paid \$1.00 for to breeders who will sell for no less at any time of year.

EDWIN BEVINS.

Blockly, Iowa, July 5, 1899.

Address all orders to

H. G. QUIRIN, Parkertown, Erie Co., Ohio  
(Money Order office, Bellevue, O.)



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## OUR LETTER BOX.

### GOOD REPORT.

Enclosed please find my second order for bee supplies. Bees in my locality are doing fine for this time of the year. They came through the winter few in number, but with lots of stores. Have built up nicely, and are now making a fine lot of white clover honey. I have them working in the supers, and have some with frames above for extracting, which will soon be ready for extracting. Since I began handling your goods (which are very fine) I have several of my neighbors who have become interested in bees. Coffey county is getting to be one of the best localities in the state for bees.

Respectfully,  
J. M. CHRISTIE.

Waverley, Kas.

### FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

My dear old friend, R. B. L.—I suppose you have been looking for orders from me. Well, the loss in bees has been very heavy. Some have lost their entire stock. You know what that means in the supply business. I have quite a stock on hand, but if in need of more, you will get my order. Do you recollect our first deal at Kansas City some 15 or 18 years ago? and in all that time I have paid you a good many hundred dollars, and I must say that our business transactions in all this time have been very agreeable. I have only 80 colonies left. Clover plenty. Bees tumbling over to see which can get there first. Would like to write more,

but can't. Am writing lying on my back. Have been down for 3 months with rheumatism. Bees taking care of themselves. Please excuse pencil—can't use ink in bed. Yours truly,  
Edgerton, Kas. B. F. DETAR.

[Friend DeTar—We are sorry to learn of your affliction, and hope you may soon be out again.—Ed].

### JAMAICA JOTTINGS.

The Canvas gloves came duly to hand. Thanks for same. They knock the rubber gloves into fits. My friends, the bees, do not seem to like them at all. You have a little balance of a few cents in hand for me. This with a dollar bill I enclose will pay for two pair of the gloves, which kindly send me per return mail, a pair of gents' and a pair of ladies'. How can I clean the propolis off them? I hear alcohol is good, but that is somewhat expensive out here. I feel there is a missing link if the PROGRESSIVE does not arrive when I expect it. We are having a rather hard time of it in this locality Robbers galore. No rain for over five weeks, therefore nothing out in the way of honey plants. We live in hopes, etc. Might I make a suggestion which I think would be a little improvement on the PROGRESSIVE? That is, find a corner for "Contents of this number," as in some of the other journals. With best wishes,

I am yours truly,

L. C. B. YEOMAN.

Oxford Penn., Orange St., Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies.

### A PLEASED CUSTOMER.

The bill of goods you shipped to me on the 27th ult. to hand. I have put up the hives and painted them. Everything came just as I ordered it, and I'm well pleased. Those supers with the key wedges are far ahead of anything I have ever seen before, and those hive covers—they are just as near perfection as I want them. How clever it was to ship from the nearest point for my



accommodation. The freight was very reasonable. Thanks for your kindness.

Your friend,

Tracy City, Tenn. ISAAC BROWN.

#### A MICHIGAN REPORT.

The honey crop here has not been as good as last season. Bees are doing the increase finely. Buckwheat is yielding now, and the late crop may be good.

Truly yours,

Farwell, Mich. T. F. BINGHAM.

#### WHEN SHADES OF NIGHT.

When shades of night begin to fall,  
And darkness o'er the fields to crawl,  
A solemn peace, a quiet sweet  
Pervades the fields of corn and wheat.  
Far in the valley shines the light  
Of myriad fireflies flashing bright,  
And from the lonely, dismal bog,  
Is heard betimes a croaking frog.

The stars peep out, a phantom host;  
Astarte pales, a witching ghost.  
Far in the trees the song-birds rest,  
Each head 'neath fluffy wing close prest.  
An owl's hoot, its flapping wings,  
The tread of evil, stealthy things,  
The stir of faintly moving leaves,  
As soft as dew on summer eves—

The call of some nocturnal bird,  
The watch-dog's bark—all these are heard.  
Through wood-paths wild the crafty fox  
Goes forth in quest of feathered flocks;  
And where the moonbeams faintest stray,  
The raccoon and opossum play,  
Stealing away, when calls the shrill  
And mournful-noted whippoorwill.

The blind bat hurtles through the glade,  
A thing obnoxious, unafraid;  
And at the noon of night, from near  
And far, crows shrill-voiced Chanticleer.  
And so the hours of night go by,  
Till daylight tints the eastern sky.  
And presently awakes the sun,  
Looks on the world—and night is done.

—Will Ward Mitchell.

#### You, We Mean.

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

#### HER HUSBAND'S PARTNER.

"Among what are known as the laboring classes in this country the woman is the financial head of the house," writes Francis Evans, of "The Wife and Her Husband's Business," in the August Ladies' Home Journal. "The man is the wage earner; the woman the wage holder. Every mechanic who is considered a steady man hands over his wages to his wife when he is paid off. She handles the money and directs the financial interests of the entire family. The women of that class estimate a man's character by his willingness to intrust his earnings to his wife or mother. The wife of a day laborer is compelled by necessity to be a partner in the matrimonial concern; but let the husband of one of these women rise gradually or suddenly into large means and wide business interests and you will see her little by little accustom herself to coddling, in the form of servants and luxuries."

## 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

"THAT other editor" left Higginsville July 31 for a short vacation, which he is spending in Omaha, Neb., attending the Exposition.

WE are in receipt of the following of recent date from Bro. Doolittle:

"Honey crop from basswood short this year. Honey not all off, but enough so that I can estimate pretty closely that the average will be from 40 to 50 pounds of section honey per colony.  
G. M. DOOLITTLE."

Borodino, N. Y.

"MANAGEMENT and Manipulation," by S. P. Culley, the first of a series of articles by him, appears in this issue;



read carefully what Mr. Culley has to say.

WITH this issue of the PROGRESSIVE we wish to cancel all prices quoted in our "special" and "dealers' lists," and all contracts and agreements to furnish any goods at any price lower than our regular catalogue prices. The reason we take this step, there has been a steady advance the past year in the price of lumber, tin, galvanized iron, glass, nails and zinc. Some of these goods are 50 per cent higher than they were 18 months ago, and we fear the end is not yet. In the near future we will issue a new dealer's list of prices known as our No. 10A list. In this list we will make prices low as we dare to, and it will be subject to any future changes in prices in material that we have to buy. Should you need any goods before we get out our new list, write for prices, and we will quote you on what you want. The enormous advance in lumber does not seem to be from any cause of pools, combines or manipulations of the market, but from the fact that white pine lumber is becoming scarce. The white pine forests have almost disappeared in this country, and it will only be a matter of a few years until they are no more.

#### PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION PROGRAM

Dr. A. B. Mason, Sta. B., Toledo, O., the secretary of the United States Bee-Keepers' Association, has sent us the completed program for the national convention to be held in Philadelphia Sept. 5, 6 and 7, next. A copy of the same follows.

Necessity of Pure Food Legislation from a Bee-Keeper's Point of View—Rev. E. T. Abbott.

Out-Apiaries and their Management for Comb Honey—W. L. Coggschall.

Possibilities and Difficulties of Bee-Keeping in Cuba and Porto Rico, and the effect of Our New Relations with those Islands on our Honey Market—

Fred L. Craycraft and W. W. Somerford.

Best Method of Comb Honey Production, with Latest Hive Improvements—F. Danzenbaker.

Possibilities of Bee-Keeping—Address by G. M. Doolittle.

Marketing Honey—Can and Ought We to Control Prices?—P. H. Elwood.

Bee-Keeping and the Source of the Honey Supply in and Around Philadelphia—W. E. Flower.

Foul Brood: Its Detection and Eradication—N. E. France.

Our Pursuit as Viewed by an Amateur—F. Hahman.

Why Bee-Keepers' Exchanges Fail—C. A. Hatch.

Bees or Honey—Which in Spring Management?—R. F. Holtermann.

Bee-Keeping as a Profession—W. Z. Hutchinson.

How to Successfully Conduct a Bee-Keepers' Exchange—J. Webster Johnson.

The Fall Honey Crop of Philadelphia—John L. Kugler.

Organization Among Bee-Keepers: If Desirable, Why, and How Best Accomplished?—Thomas G. Newman.

Best Method of Extracted Honey Production—Frank Rauchfuss.

Address by A. I. Root.

Fads, Fancies and Follies in the Apicultural World—Hon. Eugene Secor.

The Products of the Bee—Pollen, Propolis and Honey—W. A. Selsor.

Food Value of Honey—Its Adulteration and Analysis—Hon. H. W. Wiley.

President's Address—E. Whitcomb.

Secretary Mason announces that since his last notice was published about rates, the Western Passenger Association has written that the rates in their association will be one fare for the round trip plus \$2.00, added to the rates charged by the other association through whose territory the person may travel. By enquiring of the local station agent, any one may learn the rate. For further information, address Secretary Mason.

**The Bee Escape.**—Many beekeepers seem to think it necessary to lift the supers entirely from the hive in using bee escape boards, for ridding the sections of bees. But such a course is very laborious, as well as unneces-



sary, as there is a much easier way, as well as quicker. Go to the rear of the hive, having your escape board, a lighted smoker, a wedge about eight inches long and one and one-half inches thick at the heavy end, and a stout heavy knife or chisel, the latter being preferable. The chisel I use is what is called a "firmer" chisel, and is one inch wide. Now with the chisel pry the rear end of the super up a little from the hive, just enough so you can enter the sharp end of the wedge, but not enough so any bee can come out. This gives a crack, open enough so you can send in a little smoke from the nozzle of your smoker, just enough to drive the bees from the crack you have made. Next pry a little harder with your chisel and slip in the wedge till a crack half an inch wide is made. If your frames are of the hanging, loose kind, it is barely possible that some of them may lift up with the super from being glued to it, or from burr combs. If this happens you can now catch the chisel between the ends of the frames and the super, and by a little pry cause them to go back on the rabbets where they belong; and if you used a little more smoke just before you did this, no bees will be caught between the ends of the frames and the rabbit. Next, lift a little on the super with one hand and push the wedge up with the other till a crack about an inch wide is made, when you will blow plenty of smoke over the tops of the frames and under the supers, this causing nearly all of the bees to run below or up into the super. Now take hold of the super with one hand, lifting the back end of it till it is at an angle of 45 degrees, when the heavy end of the wedge will cause it to fall to the ground, so you do not need to touch that any more for this operation. Now pick up the escape board with the hand at liberty and put it as far under the super as it will go, immediately lowering the super upon it. Now pick up the chisel

and catch the point under the super, when with a little pry, and a pull with the other hand, it is slipped square on the escape board. Then quickly go to the front end and catch the point of the chisel under the escape board, and with a little pry and pull, the escape board and its load are over the hive in the right position, and you have done the whole thing with very little physical exertion, at least not enough but what the weakest of men or an ordinary woman could do easily. The telling of it takes up considerable room on paper, and makes it appear like quite a job, but if anyone will practice it on a few hives till they become somewhat familiar with it, they will never go back to the old, slow, laborious way of lifting the super off on something, putting on the escape board and then lifting it back again. Editor Leahy saw me putting on the escape boards in this way when he was here two years ago, and the result of such seeing he gave in the PROGRESSIVE by saying that Doolittle handled supers the most rapidly of anything he had seen, and that without irritating the bees but very little. At least that was the import of what he wrote. Have not time to hunt up the exact wording.

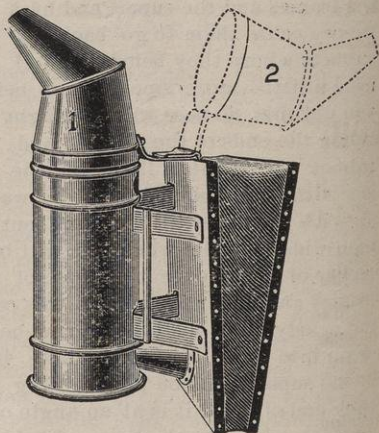
***Keeping Drones till Late in the Season.***—Several wish to know how they can coax the bees to rear drones in the fall of the year, so they can be sure of the safe mating of queens late in the season. Of all the things I have tried to make the bees do for me, the securing of drone eggs late in the season is hardest, for feed and coax as best I may, I never succeeded in securing drone eggs during the last of August or in September but once in my whole experience of thirty years. So I have learned better than to try any more. Well, what do I do? Just what I did yesterday, July 21st, which was to go to each hive which had my drone breeding queens in them and take all of the drone brood there was in their



hives and "mass" it together in one hive, making that hive two or three stories high, according to the amount of drone brood I found. Some of this brood was in the egg form, and will not be out of the cells under nearly a month, so that these last will be in the "full vigor of manhood" during the month of September. Why I am massing this brood now is because it is at the close of the basswood honey harvest, and a few of the colonies are showing signs of persecuting their drones, from which I know that I must take care of this drone brood if I would preserve it, as the next thing after driving out the living drones is to destroy all drones in the brood form. This is something every bee-keeper desiring to raise queens during the latter part of the season should attend to, unless they live in some "Eldorado" where drones are not persecuted and driven out of the hive at the close of the honey harvest. Before massing this drone brood over the colony, which should always be a very populous one in worker bees, the queen is taken away, as only queenless colonies will keep drones after the honey flow is over. This colony is now allowed to rear its own queen, and when she gets to laying she is taken out, and the bees allowed to rear another queen, and so on, thus keeping them in a queenless state nearly all the time, otherwise they will kill off the drones we are trying to preserve as soon as the queen has been laying long enough so that many larva have hatched. If, by being kept thus queenless, the colony becomes weak in worker bees, brood should be given from other colonies, enough to keep them strong enough so they do not become a prey to robber bees. Then, such a colony of drones requires lots of honey, for each drone fills up on honey every time it leaves the hive for a flight, which is every pleasant day after it becomes of suitable age. But as we use a two or three story hive for

these drone combs, and there is generally much honey in the combs containing drone brood, there is generally honey enough to last well into the fall, when it is to our interest to feed some warm, thin syrup each day at about noon, when it is warm and pleasant, so as to insure a full flight of these drones. Then, if in addition to this, we go some cool, cloudy day, a day not in accord with the pilfering ideas of robber bees, and yet not cold enough to chill the bees handled, and carefully look over all of these combs in our drone colony, picking out and pinching every inferior looking drone, we shall have something which will give us stock the next year we may well be proud of, for after all other drones are killed off, our queens do not have any other drones to meet except those preserved in this colony, which, under this system of securing and "weeding," are the best possible to obtain under any light known at the present time.

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



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roll, the round bottom cell, of  
which the foundation comes off  
so easy, and from the looks of the  
mill, I do not think it has ever  
been used. The price of such a  
mill is \$30.00, and we will take  
\$18.00 for it on cars at Higgins-  
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so, try my Improved strain of  
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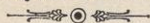
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After May... 50c each.  
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sample copy of the Journal free. Address,

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118 Michigan St., Chicago, Ills



# Superior Stock.

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



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



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



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

W. Z. HUTCHINSON, Flint, Michigan.



# 1899.



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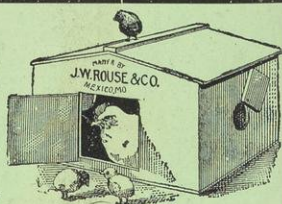
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