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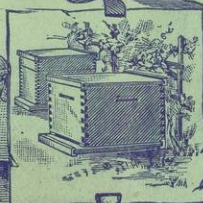
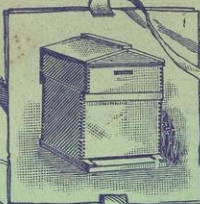
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Vol. 10.

JAN. 1, 1900.

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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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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.

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Box 103.

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Colman's Rural World.....	1 00.....	1 35
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Kansas Farmer.....	1 00.....	1 35
Home and Farm.....	50.....	75

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

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

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

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Langstroth on the Honey Bee, revised by Dadant; price, \$1.15. Address.

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Please mention the "Progressive."

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 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. Bowser, Ph. G., 538 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules with grand results.

Miss BEGIE 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.

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. BROOKMYER.

My seven-year-old boy suffered with pains in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a saffron color.

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.

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.

The Amateur Bee-Keeper



SEND 25 cents, and get a copy of the *Amateur Bee-Keeper*, a book especially for beginners, by Prof. J. W. Rouse. By mail, 28c.

Address, LEAHY MFG. CO., Higginsville, - - Missouri.

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The Progressive Bee-Keeper.

A Journal Devoted to Bees, Honey, and Kindred Industries

50 Cents a Year.

Published Monthly by Leahy Manufacturing Company.

Vol. X.

HIGGINSVILLE, MO., JAN. 1900.

No. 1.

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Good Things in the Bee-Keeping Press.

SOMNAMBULIST.

HAIL to 1900! And as you welcome the New Year, can you not extend your graciousness to the new department to be known as "The Good Things in the Bee-Keeping Press"? While I feel that Editor Leahy might have displayed more sagacity in his selection of a foreman for this department, I also feel that the readers of the PROGRESSIVE are to be congratulated, inasmuch as ye editor does not propose to be outdone in the race.

The PROGRESSIVE serves an excellent spread of its very own (of course I am more than willing to admit that in this, as in other affairs of life, there are some very common things, such as "Wayside Fragments," but outside of such there is more than sufficient to render man too full for utterance). And now with the help of all the bright, entertaining and practical writers of the bee-keeping press, what's to hinder Sommy's department from looming up in a manner that will impress the bee-keeping public as to its value? It will be a regular bargain counter, one not to be snubbed or neglected. Step this

IN JANUARY.

The Spirit of the Summer lies
Upon the lap of earth, and soft
Old Winter draws the coverlet
Of snow while human beings mourn
The loss of her they loved.
But hark!

The old man says:
"She is not dead, but sleeps. Come lay
Your ear upon her breast and hear
The throb of her warm heart and see
The signs of life in death revealed.
This sleep was sent that thou might'st hail
The footsteps of the Sun, the Prince
At whose fond kiss, repeated oft,
The Sleeping Beauty wakes. We greet
The lost, when found, with joy;
"Tis this
That makes the Spring so sweet."

—Dame Durden, Ohio.

way now, and throw in your half-dollars, for never before did the PROGRESSIVE nor any other bee-keepers' journal offer so much for so little. And be sure you don't forget the bargain counter. If you do, I pity you when your wives discover your short-sightedness. You will, most probably, find yourselves in need of pomades or some of the many now famous hair tonics on the market. Now, I pray you, don't make laughing stock of yourselves. In this very case "an ounce of preventative may be worth a pound of cure." Many times in the

past I've been tempted to suggest the reprint of certain articles, but it would suddenly occur to me that it was none of my business, and there the matter would rest. But now the tables are turned, and who knows but that ye editor will yet learn, to his sorrow, that one of the hardest things in all public affairs is to keep the brass band from mistaking itself for the entire procession. Being possessed of patriotic streaks prompts me to begin with the journal which in its name embraces the whole western hemisphere, as well as islands of the sea,

THE AMERICAN BEE-KEEPER.

It is, as near as possible, true to its name, for its readers, during the last year, have been taken from Canada to Florida, and thence to Mexico, California and Chili. All favored bee-keeping haunts have been most faithfully described and illustrated, and should any UNKNOWN ones be discovered, their merits and demerits will, most probably, receive their due.

In the December issue a dash of cold water is thrown on the Cuban fever business, in an article by Col. G. Garcia Viete. The necessity of covering apiaries in Cuba is so forcibly put as to leave no room for

doubt. An expense almost unknown to we of the states. Here are some clippings from his article:

"As a medical doctor, the first reason I will mention is hygiene. As the heat of the sun will melt foundation in exposed hives, in one hour, bees must be kept in a perfect shade; yet I would not advise anyone to spend the day in such a natural shade, where the purifying rays of the sun cannot penetrate. A tree could, of course, be found under which, with more or less comfort, several colonies might be located, but in case you have many hundreds of colonies, close enough for convenience in handling, as is required, it would take a grove, and in Cuba groves are avoided as a place of residence. Malaria in its most malignant forms will have become established in such shaded places even before your arrival; and notwithstanding your good health and strength, will surely attack you.

Rain is here so heavy that bees are frequently obliged to abandon their guard at the entrance, leaving it exposed for the wax-moth to rush in and deposit its eggs.

After several days of continued rain, the bee-keeper will be kept by the mud from outdoor work for several days, and as this condition of affairs is ordinary throughout the summer, and the grass grows very rapidly during the whole time, I will leave the reader to draw his own picture of the result where an apiary is unprotected. During September and October, if not the hurricane itself, its proximity must be expected, and recalling your recent experience in Florida with one of these, I would suggest that we not only need a roof, but must have a strong protection to withstand their force.

We have no winter dangers here, but we have summers without nectar in the flowers, as it is washed out by the heavy rains, and the bee-keepers must feed to keep queens laying. He must also look well to his queens, and assist the weaker with frames of brood from the "rich" colonies. If he is obliged to do all this outside, on the muddy ground and under the scorching heat of a tropical sun, he may at times regret that he ever embraced a profession that is usually supposed to be fraught with pleasure.

Experience has proven to me that one man cannot possibly attend to more than one hundred colonies, even though they are conveniently located, and in Cuba living expenses are too high for the bee-keeper to depend upon only one hundred colonies."

As the passing of the locusts was as nothing compared to the outgoing of Americans to Cuba this fall, perhaps these hints and others might have a beneficial effect on those on the verge of contracting this fever.

The same salary which gives a comfortable living in the states is hardly sufficient to pay board with in Cuba. Board is \$45 per month; a room \$20; washing \$10; so with no other considerations, that means \$75—good American, ones, too. It is the most blithering idiocy to give

up good positions and homes and go to Cuba, or anywhere else for that matter, with the impression that others will be thrown at you merely for the asking. Cultivate a good crop of self-reliance, and the weeds of discontent will spring up sparingly. They are but infirmities of the will.

Under the heading of "Locality," December number, the editor, H. E. Hill, quite entertainingly proceeds to draw comparisons between the careers of one who steadily remained in the same field with which he was thoroughly acquainted, and as a result of strict application to business, achieved success and prominence among bee-keepers, and one who was "allured by stories of the 'joyous hum of bees in mid-winter,' dreams of 'lands of eternal springtime,' visions of 'floral seas' and such notions hither and yon, spending his energy to enrich railroad and steamship companies." The former "regularly carried his colonies from cellar and placed them upon the old stand; watched for the skunk-cabbage to 'start the ball' in the spring; the apple blossoms to come and go, year after year; building up for the great harvest annually anticipated to begin about June 10th, when the first white clover peeps through the fresh green grass by the roadside; with eyes shaded from the morning sun, peered through the tops of the tall basswoods, to see what the indications were for a July flow, and finally went back into winter quarters. The latter might have been seen climbing the foot hills of the Allegheny range to see the bees poison themselves (?) with mountain laurel; chasing a runaway swarm among the sage brush, up and down the precipitous canyons of California; viewing the broad acres of purple alfalfa bloom in the arid west; standing aghast at

the oceans of mesquite which stretch away to meet the horizon of Arizona or Old Mexico; camped in some mangrove swamp of South Florida, testing its producing capacity; or tangled in the bellflower vines of Cuba's south coast." While admitting the truth of the old adage, "a rolling stone gathers no moss," he wants us to distinctly understand that his friend, the former character, is no moss-back.

Why, my friend, the state of Missouri, the birthplace of the PROGRESSIVE, has always been charged more or less with moss-backism, and while it is undoubtedly ~~mental~~ mental in some cases, the extreme at the other end of the line is the more to be dreaded, for is it not better to be a moss-back than a mortgage-back? Sometimes I am tempted to think a little moss-backism thrown in to temper this fast age might be an improvement. He further adds:

"With nearly twenty years of study and practice in bee-keeping in widely different locations, involving more than 25,000 miles of travel, I may be pardoned for assuming to advise that we must learn well our locality, its peculiarities and varying resources and conditions, before we can hope to take anything like the full advantage of its capabilities. It is not less important that we should be thoroughly familiar with these, than with the natural habits of the bees themselves; and to acquire a practical knowledge of several different localities requires no small effort. The noticeable inclination upon the part of some writers to ridicule the 'locality' idea is a clear evidence of limited experience."

A few more cold water applications like these will serve to greatly subdue the too popular craze for change.

THE BEE-KEEPERS' REVIEW

for December, 1899, is the next one I happen to pick up. In a dozen words, Editor Hutchinson undesignedly gives the key to his success: "If I wake up in the night, I think of the Review." The same degree of enthusiasm evinced in bee-keeping, or any other avocation,

would furnish the key that unlocks the gates opening to success.

A part of "Some Hints and Suggestions to Shippers of Honey," by M. H. Mandelbaum, is here reproduced. "There are honest bee men, but also dishonest ones, the same as in other lines of business, and in our experience we have come across a number who are very tricky." Sorry, but the commission men are, most probably, not the only class that have had this most disagreeable lesson to learn. The bee men themselves have been compelled to swallow this same bitter medicine, and that, too, at the hands of the commission men. It has been a sort of "tit for tat" business, the only difference being, I suspect, the bee-keeper has had much the larger dose.

"The trade buys honey according to color and not flavor. I have often stated that if you would give me white comb, it can have vinegar in, and the trade will buy it. I KNOW THAT DARK COMB HONEY is often the BEST FLAVORED, but honey sells only on COLOR. Of course, the sections should be well filled, clean and neat, for the neater the package, the more catchy for the eye."

All honey producers know this. Is there not room for education in regard to this point?

"A few seasons ago, we received large quantities of honey-dew; and at that time were not posted as to what it was, and it injured our trade considerably. Today we would not sell honey-dew for anyone; and, in my opinion, it is as unfair to put honey-dew on the market, for honey, as to put up glucose with the label "Honey."

Every bee-keeper should have his name on the crate; never put on his address, because some trade is partial to some localities. A customer might say: "Sell us white clover from Wisconsin," and yet, when we give him white alfalfa from Colorado he doesn't know the difference. Or if we give him white basswood from Michigan, it meets his approval; therefore, leave your address off the crate; but always put on your name. The gross, tare and net should be on the case. In shipping comb honey to market in less than carloads, cases should be crated, handles on the crate, and straw on the bottom of the crate, and have a sign, "Handle with care." Then it is much easier to re-ship honey to the trade at distant points and have it arrive in good order. When our customers know that we can deliver honey without its leaking, they will be more anxious to handle it, and always make a profit; but it will take more than one article in the Review to convince the apiarist that he should make extra crates as part of his expense in getting honey to market. I know of

no commodity that is shipped by freight that is so liable to damage as is comb honey. Glass is not, because that is packed in straw. A claim agent told me a year ago that he would not pay a claim on broken comb honey simply because it broke from the jar of the car. Now then, if honey is a commodity that is so perishable, why should not the bee-keeper buy crates containing eight cases, and then if there is any damage, railroads must be responsible. Honey that leaks always sells from 2 to 3 cents per lb. less than if it did not leak, and a crate certainly will not cost this amount of money.

The writer thinks the honey producer could, with profit, copy after the methods of advertising used by the great brewing and patent medicine establishments. And further suggests that an article in the September magazines showing the value of honey for food and medical purposes would create a wonderful demand.

J. E. Crane tells us that experiment has most thoroughly convinced him of the great value of queens that have been bred for business for many generations.

J. A. Golden says he has

"learned that slacked lime dumped on the bottom-board of a hive containing bees will absorb all the dampness thrown off from the cluster during cold weather, thus enabling the bees to winter better.

I have learned that the application of honey will cure poisoned flesh. During the hot weather I was severely poisoned in the face by poison ivy and my face became so badly swollen that my vision was cut off, but an application of honey rubbed over the face twice, in two days and nights, reduced the swelling. Three applications of honey cured a case of eczema."

In commenting on Mr. Ed. Jolly's plan of protecting the sections from soil by the use of a piece of glass the size of the section crate placed over the top, Dr. Mason says

"Probably there are many localities where a glass honey board like that would be real nice to have, but I'll guarantee that if Mr. Jolly were to produce honey in my locality he would need to buy his glass by the carload or scrape the propolis from the bees legs before they entered the hive, for they would so fasten the glass to the sections that the easiest way to remove it would be with a hammer; but it would be a treat to be able to see the bees at work between the sections.

Much to my thinking, Dr. There's one comfort in your comment, and that is, on the principle that misery loves company. Glad to know that we are not the only ones seeking to solve the propolis problem.

I imagine I hear Bro. L. shouting "ring off;" so as there is no stopping place when you get among the bee writers, I may as well make one right here.

Naptown, Dreamland.

A SCARE.



De cullud people had a fright a week
or so ago,
De smallpox was reported frum a cabin
on de row.
A faded brunette niggah was de victim
so dey say.
And it kep de white folks busy driv-
in' cur'us coons away.
Dar was Washington Fitzsimmons sed
dat he wuz gwine ter know
Ef it really wuz de smallpox—kase he
wanted to be sho'.

And he slip a-pas' de watchman, an' he hur-
ried in to see
What was aillin' Mistah Snowden, and dey had
to let him be.

Den Mis' Sapphira Lincoln (she wuz sweet up-
on de coon)
Pulled out an ugly razor, an' dey scattered
mighty soon.
So by an' by de cabin it wuz fulleze it could be.
For every coon in niggah-town had gethered
dare "to see".
Dare was jubileein', dancin' an' cake-walkin'
down de line,
De marshal tried to stop it—oh, his widdah's
doin' fine.
De mayor sent a posse, but de posse hesitated
Till de doctor cum frum callin' fo' dey wuzn't
vaccinated.

In de meantime in de cabin time wuz gayly
goin' by.
De town would have to feed 'em; golly! dey
wuz libbin high!
De niggah wid de smallpox wuz de envy of de
coons.
Wid his secon'-handed collah an' his striped
pantaloons,
Till a lady, gettin' jealous, pulled a razor
frum her shoe,
An' the fun begun in earnest, wid anudder
gal or two.
De niggahs pulled dare razors and began to
carve away—
Dare wuz ninety-lebben funerils in niggah-
town next day.
Dey didn' die ob smallpox, but de scare is off
you see,
For dare's only one poh darkey lef' in town.
and dat am me.

—Will Ward Mitchell.

TRAVELING FOR BEE-KEEPERS.—TO PREVENT QUEEN-TRAPS FROM OBSTRUCTING. — A SAFE METHOD OF WINTERING.

F. L. THOMPSON.

SOMNAMBULIST struck the right
chord in the October Pro-
GRESSIVE. Shake. Yes, those

whose business takes them close to
nature are generally forced to ig-
nore her presence as much as in a
big city, in order to succeed. There
ARE inconsistencies and wrong con-
ditions in life; and it is the mark of
a truthful, honest nature to frankly
own up to them, and state them, in-
stead of resorting to the deceit of a
complacent, conceited optimism.
By so doing we take the first step
toward a remedy, and do some real
good.

Too much gush is poured over
the life of the farmer, for example.
I would rather never see the blue
sky except through the dingy win-
dows of a machine shop, than to
view it through the eyes of the av-
erage farmer. He sees it with his
eyes, not his soul; he hears the song
of birds, but the city-dweller better
appreciates the chirp of sparrows in
the park, and gets more refreshment
from its trim angularity than the
farmer from the infinite variety of
his trees, hills and streams. Why?
Because the most successful farmer
is he who never loiters, who allows
no consideration to interrupt rou-
tine. That is the fact, gentlemen.
Why not face it? To a great ex-
tent, the acquirement of financial
success by farming, as by many
other occupations, or the EXCLUSIVE
cultivation of bodily feelings, even
invigorating ones, or even of those
mental results caused by bodily vig-
or ALONE, are in their way as hos-
tile as complete idleness to spiritual
growth. What are you going to do
about it? Evade the truth, as the
writer does who implies that the
necessary opposite of "lots of phys-
ical work" is to "sit about" or to
"swing in hammocks all day"? Or
confess it and work for better
things?

Bee-keeping as a specialty is not

quite so badly off, for it does not last all the year around; but the rush and absorption from daylight till dark during the loveliest seasons of the year, form a serious drawback. In the fall, however, there is a period that may be seized and utilized for some natural, all-round wholesome living.

One way of getting out of the ruts is to travel. And right here I must quarrel with Somnambulist for calmly quoting the phrase "the uselessness of travel" without the faintest protest, and for accepting the false contrast made between travel and the pleasures of nature. The travel of the man who went around Paris two hours, and declared he had seen it all (as if traveling was just to SEE things!) I should call nearly useless; but to call travel in the broad sense useless is a contradiction in terms—it is as if a clam should say that if a mud-bank was good enough for him, it was good enough for anybody.

A man running may be exerting his whole will to go fast—yet he can and does go still faster when running a race. The sum total of one's exertions depends not only on native power, but also on stimulus. The stimulus of breathing out-doors is greater than that afforded by the air of a close room. The stimulus of the play of several faculties is greater than that of the monotonous practice of one. The stimulus of observation in a hundred ways by moving for a time among unaccustomed surroundings may add nothing directly to the native powers, but there is no getting around the fact that it does stimulate. The uselessness of traveling! Nonsense. Hear Wordsworth:

"The earth is all before me. With a heart
Joyous, nor scared at its own liberty,
I look about; and should the chosen guide
Be nothing better than a wandering cloud,
I cannot miss my way. I breathe again;

Trances of thought and mountings of the
mind
Come fast upon me; it is shaken off,
That burthen of my own unnatural self,
Not mine, and such as were not made for
me."

I have several times taken little trips just for the sake of traveling, and have invariably been richly repaid. Once, armed with a stout cane, I walked from New Haven to Willimantic and Norwich, thence took the steamer to Block Island, returning to Middletown, thence walking again to New Haven, averaging twenty miles a day. To the dweller on the great plains these intimate glimpses of New England farms, hillsides, rocks, woods, well-sweeps, stone fences, winding roads, brooks, dells, salt marshes, and the ocean, were a veritable revelation; and the experience has been a mine of pleasure ever since.

"I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought;
For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure thrills,
And dances with the daffodils."

—Wordsworth.

The long walks taken during a summer stay in Clinton, on Long Island Sound, and another tramping tour through the White Mountains have also aided in forming such a delightful and lasting picture of New England—delightful by CONTRAST—that I sincerely pity those people, now more numerous than ever, who have never been further east than Kansas or Nebraska. The occasional traveler realizes as no one else can that a thing of beauty is a joy forever, and does his home work better for the mentally invigorating effect of a change.

The love of change and the love of home, both deeply seated in human nature, mutually strengthen one another. "Now the soul in a flutter of anticipation longs to wander; now the feet grow glad and strong with desire. Farewell, dear

comrades!" wrote Catullus, nearly two thousand years ago. Then when he returned, "Sirmio, eye of islands, how willingly and how gladly I see you again, scarcely trusting my senses that I have left the Bithyrian plains and behold you in safety. O what is more blissful than with cares relaxed and mind freed from burdens, wearied with foreign toil, to come to our own hearth and rest on our own longed-for couch!"

No, it is not a bit inconsistent. One cannot rest without having worked; one cannot appreciate home without having been away. Therefore it makes me indignant whenever I see short-sighted parents repress the promptings of nature in the young to travel. What if they do seem childish fancies?

"Would I were free to cling,
Faint bird or unseen thing,
To a ship's gleaming wing,

Far, far away!

All is so fair, I know
(Once a song told me so),
There where the white ships go;
There would I stay."

—Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

Logic isn't everything. It does not matter so much that the ports where the white ships go are much the same as those on this coast, according to statistics; the main fact is the necessity of the voyage for the full expansion of humanity. The boy's instinct is correct. All is fair far away, when achieved by efforts that develop.

And not only the subtle influences of nature, or the storing of memory, or the effort to achieve through a larger stimulus, are profitable; the direct, broadening effect of contact with other beliefs and customs is no mean item. Are not the prejudices of the stay-at-homes largely the cause of wars and all manner of bitterness between nations? If the Boers had not isolated themselves, there would have been a better understanding between them and the

English, and the war might have been averted. To study outside life is not a mere gratifying of curiosity. Patriotism is well, but cosmopolitanism is also necessary. "My country, right or wrong," is a devil's maxim.

But to return to the subject, this source of joy, self-improvement, public improvement, and sweetening of home life is open to BEE-KEEPERS, if they will but take advantage of it, and not farm at the same time, or in some other way trade their birthright for a mess of pottage.

In this persuasion I took a month's trip this fall to Utah, and as usual feel amply repaid. But I have left myself little more room, so will now only chuck in a couple of bee-items. The first bee-keeper I met was Geo. E. Dudley. Mr. Dudley has I believe evolved a valuable idea. Comparatively few bee-keepers use queen-traps as an aid in swarming-time, I suppose because they hesitate to obstruct the entrance in any way. When the colonies are so strong that the hive-fronts are covered with masses of bees, it does seem like officious and perhaps hurtful meddling to plant a queen-trap right there. Perhaps the feeling is unreasonable, but it exists. I have always felt so, and have not used the traps. Mr. Dudley's plan completely does away with this objection. He uses two entrances, to only one of which he applies the queen-trap (an ordinary trap, without any special modification). The queen always comes out through this entrance, and is always caught in the trap; but the workers return from the fields through the other entrance, the unobstructed one, though they use both entrances indifferently when they leave the hive. This is accomplished by a modification of the bottom-board, so simple that I

believe it would pay manufacturers to make all their bottom-boards on this principle. About two-thirds of the board, the rear end, is composed of a solid board, as usual; but the front third is composed of two $\frac{1}{4}$ inch pieces, the top of the upper one being on a level with the top of the rear solid portion, and the bottom of the lower one on a level with the bottom of the rear portion. This leaves a space or hollow passage between them, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch or more deep and the width of the hive, and extending about seven inches back of the ordinary entrance, which is provided for as usual by a bee-space on top of the bottom-board. The underground passage, as it might be called, is connected with the interior of the hive by two transverse slots, each about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, where the solid portion is met. These slots are under the SIDE FRAMES, one slot at each side of the hive, and that is the secret of it. The side combs usually contain honey rather than brood, and the queen is usually not on those combs, but on the center ones, containing brood, and when a swarm issues she makes a straight shoot from the brood-combs to the only entrance that appears to be available—the ordinary entrance, where the trap is placed. The bees, as aforesaid, always return through the lower entrance when bringing home honey or pollen, hence it does not matter how much the upper one is blocked up by the trap and by masses of bees hanging out. Mr. Dudley has tried this on a large scale two seasons without a single failure, and has made 200 such bottom-boards for future use.

Mr. Dudley told me that three Utah bee-keepers practice with entire success the plan of wintering in a room above ground, in such a manner that the heat of the bees keeps

up the temperature. They are Miles V. Gardner of Deweyville, J. A. Smith of Heber, and J. Bouck, near Salt Lake. Mr. Gardner, he said, has his colonies all around the walls of the house, in such a way that they fly during winter, so that it is like a house-apiary. Mr. Smith's bee-house has the walls packed with sawdust. That is really all I know of those two; but Mr. Bouck I subsequently visited (in company with Mr. E. S. Lovesy, who was kind enough to take me around to see several bee-keepers), and it seems to me, after interviewing him, that the idea is a valuable one. There are more spring than winter losses in Utah, as in Colorado; but there are some strictly winter losses, nevertheless, and besides we cannot doubt that prosperity in spring may be influenced by the character of the wintering. Mr. Bouck, however, during the seven or eight years he has put his bees in the house, has not lost a single colony in the winter of those indoors. They are put in with settled cold weather, and taken out about the middle of March, being kept in darkness and not allowed to fly. The house is a mere lean-to against the east side of a granary, composed of inch boards, not battened, but the chinks are stopped in winter for the purpose of excluding the light. There is no floor. A cat-hole from under the granary lets the cats in to keep down the mice, and affords ventilation. The room is about 11x14, and the hives are piled all around the walls up to the roof, facing in, with a row through the center. A tier is put in all about, then each cover raised at one end by putting a half-inch stick under, then another row set on, and the covers raised, and so on till completed. The heat from the 80 to 100 colonies keeps the apartment so

Montrose, Colo.

HIVE PRINCIPLES—A DEFENSE.

In Chapter 12 I began a discussion in regard to hives. I anticipate that our good friend Doolittle would be touchy on that subject, yet there are times we should speak out in meeting even if a big brother

THOS. C. STANLEY & SON, Fairfield, Ills.

R. C. Aikin.

(Continued from Dec. PROGRESSIVE.)

IN the July, 1898, issue we discussed marketing. I set forth the ideas of advertising, moderate prices, selling in small or retail packages, and in the candied condition, for extracted. At this date, Dec., 1899, I take back nothing said in that article. We can sell

is sitting by to criticise. I do not now re-open the subject to bring on a fight nor to enter into any lengthy discussion about the matter, but to defend myself. I must say that Friend Doolittle has not been altogether fair in his comments. He no doubt meant all right, but he is a very busy man, and in reviewing these articles he has done so in a disjointed jackrabbit style—particularly about hives. I do not need to say this upon my own responsibility, for Mr. Doolittle told us he reviewed without looking ahead to see how it would come out in the end, and this manner of review has led him into saying some things he probably would not have said had he “suspended judgment” till I was thro. That I am not the only one who thinks so is proven by the fact that at least two writers came to my defense in public print. I hereby publicly thank those Friends for their support and kind words.

Do not think because I am pitching into Doolittle that I am “hoping mad.” Not so. If Mr. Doolittle would come along this way, I would be highly pleased to meet him, and don’t you forget it, we would have a regular convention and good-humoredly fight out those questions. I hope yet to meet Mr. D. face to face before we shake off this mortal, and while I am going to touch him up a little for his carelessness, we are friends still.

Now let me repeat some things hereinbefore stated in this series of articles, possibly not in identical language, but in substance. Here is the substance: I am not advising apiarists to change from L frames to any other style, or from any reasonable hive they may now be using. I am using L frames myself, and expect to keep on using such, because what I have I cannot afford to throw away. Am also us-

ing a lot of American hives and frames, because I have them and cannot afford to waste them. I am also using a lot of DIVISIBLE BROOD CHAMBER HIVES, wide end, close fitting, standing frames, 13 inches long by 6 inches deep, enough of them to make a respectable apiary for Friend Doolittle, (the big end of a hundred hives,) and have used them for EIGHT YEARS. I have urged apiarists to study the principles I have set before them, and apply them as best they can with the hives they have in use.

Now, Friend D., was it fair to REPEAT the accusation that I was writing theory and theory only, when discussing divisible brood-chamber hives, when I told distinctly that I had had years of experience with such hives on a scale that would be called extensive? I refrained from advocating the Heddon hive, or any distinct make or pattern, knowing that there were principles worth considering, yet not wishing to lead the brethren to unnecessary experiments.

No, no, I discussed something practical and from an experimental knowledge. You laughed at my ideas of a big hive for winter, a hive in which there would be much room for the bees to spread downward into as they increased in numbers in the spring, yet in spite of your laughing, such a hive will help us to big rousing colonies much better than a hive too small. I care not whether the hive be one divided horizontally or one continuous deep hive—either makes a good BROODING hive. The divisible chamber, when the proper time comes, can be contracted “telescoped,” if you please—down over the bees, showing the workers into the supers, for surplus work when the flow comes.

You want to know why you did not succeed with such a hive?

Probably because you did not know how. I will tell you why I did not till I learned it, and others have made the same mistake. A hive of the Heddon style is so easy to manipulate the honey into the surplus that some have starved their bees and did not know it, and have also prevented sufficient brood rearing for best results. It is so easy to have the lower half of a divisible hive almost without honey, that some have done so and lost the colony.

It looks reasonable to crowd a colony into one section of the hive to winter, reasoning that they can keep the hive warmed better if the bees FILL the hive COMPLETELY with the cluster. My experience is that there is a fallacy in that complete filling. Such colonies will usually get through the winter, and we think in spring we will just let them remain in the little hive till they fill it to overflowing, but somehow they fail to overflow, and the hive is counted no good. Shallow frame divisible hives need more room rather than less, a brood chamber whose cubic inches of space within the hive walls is greater than required in other hives, and even the square inches of COMB should be greater.

The reason a divisible hive is better is because we can more easily and quickly contract or expand it, divide colonies, spread brood, and all such manipulations. "Brooding sticks and spaces" is like the honey board and thick top bars, and a great lot of sticks and lumber and things BETWEEN BROOD-NEST AND SECTIONS, things that Doolittle can take right along, now that he has gotten used to them, though he used to kick most vigorously against them.

Yes, Friend D., I am using a lot of those nuisances, old style thin

top frames. It COSTS MONEY to get the "new-fangled" things frames and combs, but guess will have to do it, or you will make more fun of me.

Seems to me somebody a few years ago wrote that burr combs were fine things—made "ladders" and steps for the bees to "climb to supers." Can you tell who it was said so? To help you find him, I will say that he gave his address at a little town in New York, and his initials "G. M. D." There are a whole lot of statements made at different times and places by that same fellow, that would make people laugh if they were gathered together for comparison.

I do not and never did like burr combs, and the building in between the sets of frames in the divisible chambers is their very worst feature, but some things are worse. THAR, NOW!

Loveland, Colo.

Recapitulation by G. M. Doolittle.

Selling Candied Honey.—Bro. A. says we can sell candied if we *will*. Amen to that. In fact, the call for extracted honey about here has changed from that of liquid to that of candied, during the last ten years. The people seem to like to take out a pound or two at a time of this candied honey from a package, put it in a vessel on the back part of the stove till it becomes liquid, when they have "fresh honey from the hive at its best," as they term it, the warming over making it seem so fresh, fine flavored, and of such a good body, as the heating of honey to liquify it always evaporates some of the water which remains in the best ripened article, and thus they have honey which will "stand alone" when it becomes cold. Yes, there is no trouble selling candied honey in the extracted form, "if we will."

Doolittle Gone Crazy.—Thank you, Bro. A., for having respect for my feelings enough, so as to keep still regarding plenty of supplies without having much capital invested in them. But it was not Doolittle's going crazy the readers were so much interested in, as it was how *we* could have plenty of supplies without having "not much" invested in them. And we are far more interested in this matter than we were a year ago, for in pricing of supplies for bee-keepers a short time ago, I found that an advance had been made of nearly one-half over the price for the same supplies one year ago. Now, Friend A., wasn't it "sort o' mean" in you to "hedge" in this way, when we all wanted to know how we could have "plenty of supplies" without having much "money invested in them"? Come, come; if you have a good thing, out with it, no matter how many go crazy, or how many "big brothers" are "sitting by to criticise."

Hives.—Bro. A. tells us in starting out on his "Hive Principles," that he does not "re-open the subject to bring on a fight," and then goes on to "flay" me most unmercifully. Well, probably he does not call it "fighting" where he knocks a man down, gets his foot on him, and then proceeds to pound him. Oh, no, that is not fighting. That is more as a cat does with a mouse, "have a play, and after slay." But as A. comes over to my side of the house wherein he says, "I am not advising apiarists to change from L frames to any other style, or from any reasonable hive they may now be using," I am going to forgive him for the terrible "playing and slaying" he has given me. As long as he tells us about things which he considers good, yet at the same time advises us to test things slowly, only adopting those which we find good for ourselves and our locality, and, according to the financial state of our pocketbook, thereby going

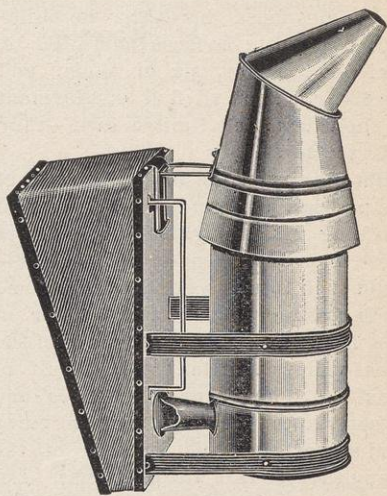
against the greed of some who would force us, so to speak, to buy their much lauded and patented goods, I am going to take what he says about me in good part. Yea, more: I am going to welcome him to my side against a common enemy, as did the boy under the bed. A certain boy did something which displeased his mother, and she started for him with a stick. The boy ran, and crawled under the bed, getting clear under to the farthest corner. The mother tried to hit him with a stick just a little 'too short,' and after expending her energy in the vain attempt to reach him, she gave it up till his father came in. She then told the father about the matter, and explained that the boy was still under the bed. The father got a longer whip and started for the bed, coming in a very hasty manner and raising the bed valance quickly. Immediately upon seeing his father's head the boy exclaimed: "Is she after you, too? Come in quick! I'll move along a little. There is room for us both beyond where she can reach." And the story says that boy was greeted with laughter instead of the deserved "licking." So "I'll move along a little," for there is room enough for both Bro. A. and myself, on a platform which will caution bee-keepers to go slow on all new things which they cannot enter into without sacrificing the comforts of themselves and families.

Burr Combs.—Bro. A. seems to think he has got the "clinch" on me when he throws back some sayings of mine of a decade or score of years ago. But, Friend A., I have nothing to take back about those "ladders to climb to the supers" on. "Ladders" between the top bars to the brood frames and the bottom bars to the wide frames holding the sections, are a very different thing from the same between the frames, with a divisible brood chamber. They are a nuisance in either place. In the former a *paying* nuisance. In the lat-

ter, a disgusting, bee-killing, temper-losing, *non-paying* nuisance. To be sure, I wrote not long ago, something about killing any queen whose bees covered the top bars to the brood frames with burr combs, and I would. Such covering, and "ladders," are quite different. By ladders. I mean from one to three or ten "flights of stairs" to get to the "upper rooms" by, not a nearly solid lot of timbers with just room enough to squeeze up between, the latter being more nearly what we get between brood frames, or between the super and the brood frames, where the thin, sagging, nuisance style of top bars are used. Then the divisible brood chambers must be handled more or less the *whole* season, while with the surplus, the ladders are never of any trouble, except just once, when the surplus is taken off, to the apiarist who uses a quilt over the frames, at all times when the surplus is not on the hive. I said that ladders were a "*paying*" nuisance. Well, what did I mean? Just this: This past poor season I had several colonies which did not have a single ladder on top of the frames, while the majority did so have, from one to ten, perhaps twelve to fifteen on some, as I do not take these ladders from the tops of the frames in either fall or spring; but *always* from the bottoms of the supers, as there are no bees to bother after they are off the hives, and these ladders on the bottom of the supers prevent their being gotten ready for the next season, and storing away after ready. But to the main subject: Those colonies having *ladders* to the supers, gave an average of about ten filled sections more to the colony than did those having no ladders. This honey averaged me 12 cents per pound net, or \$1.20 was given by those laddered hives or colonies over the no laddered ones, as the pay I received for the nuisance of having to pry a little harder when taking off the supers, and having to clean off that part of them which

adhered to the bottoms of the wide frames used in the supers. If I used a super which required the *sections themselves* to come into contact with these ladders, I might stop to consider further. Another thing: Some are claiming that they have the cappings to the honey in the sections punctured full of holes by the bees in loading up with honey preparatory to going down through the bee escape, where such are used to rid the sections of bees, this depreciating the market price of the honey. Now it is a noticeable fact that where these ladders are filled with honey, as they generally are at the end of the season, no such puncturing of combs occurs, as the bees fill themselves from this in order to have things sleek and clean. This also saves the dripping honey nuisance, which used to arise from separated or broken ladders when taking off honey.

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



THE "HIGGINSVILLE SMOKER."

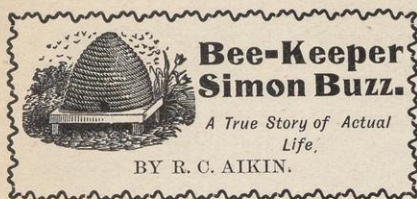
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(This story began in the Dec. "Progressive.")

CHAPTER IV.

Family History—Character—Lessons of Life.

FOR the second time Simon's apiary has been destroyed by the ravages of winter. How he had longed to be the possessor of 100 colonies of bees. Once before he had reached the goal, only to lose nearly all, and now, a second time, when almost to the goal, dashed back by the hand of fate. The wealth he foresaw in his chosen pursuit has so far eluded his grasp. Every dear and cherished thing, seemingly, has flown, even health in a measure gone. He faced hardships in childhood and youth; he faces them still. A family of brothers, six of them, and one sister, cannot all find employment all their days, on a limited farm—they must scatter.

But, as companion of the Simon of the present, standing with him and thinking his thoughts as he views these scenes, we wonder if 'tis true—could such things occur and not become common history? The real center of the field of action was in one of the great valleys tributary to the Gulf of Mexico. The persons, places and circumstances are real; Simon views real scenes, and tells but one of the many thousands of life's dramas. Let the reader, as he views through a misty glass, turn a little stronger light upon the canvas, and thus you will draw closer to the truths reflected.

We have seen a little, just a little, of the inside home life of Simon Buzz. Of the seven children born into the Buzz family, Simon was the third. The

sixth was a daughter, the only one. Thus, although not the eldest in the family, yet being one of the older ones, he had considerable of the care and responsibility of helping to supply the necessities of life. His training in this respect was indeed quite full. Father Buzz was a man of considerable local note. He was of Irish birth, but American education. In build and appearance, he showed some of the Irish make-up, but in speech was almost entirely free from the brogue. In religion, of one of the strict Presbyterian sects. Stern, vigorous and aggressive; his aggressiveness at times merging into impertinence.

Father Buzz was not a man to be trampled upon. He would resent any interference in his affairs or meddling with his business, almost as quickly and earnestly as a colony of vicious bees in his son's apiary. He was a wonderful reader. So great and diversified was his fund of knowledge that it was not safe for an antagonist to meet him in argument upon any subject, unless he was willing to be vanquished. The elder Buzz feared no man, was full of combativeness, and knew no such thing as surrender. Such men rarely live a pleasant life. In spite of education and great capabilities, the combative spirit keeps its possessor at sword's points with his fellows, and particularly so if coupled with a stubborn disposition.

Father Buzz was undoubtedly a Christian. He not only professed Christianity, but he was a worker in the church and in philanthropic and charitable enterprises. Being a Christian, he was always found favoring all that was just, barring errors of judgment. Being aggressive, he would not let slip an opportunity to push what he considered right. Full of combativeness, he would ever contend with any and all opposers, and would never yield even though ingloriously defeated.

Just such men as Father Buzz were

the men to be found in the front ranks of every reform, and so it was that Simon's father was ever foremost and aggressive in society, church and state. He was a true blue loyal unionist, a fearless abolitionist and friend of the slave. Once upon a time a colored Sambo, fleeing from the hardships of a tyrannical master, had used one of his master's best horses as a means of escape. By some means these runaway slaves knew where to go for comfort and help, so Sambo appeared at the home of the Buzz family, riding his master's fine steed. The man and horse were duly fed and cared for, and although it was early in the day, they must need rest and sleep. One of the qualifications necessary in an "underground conductor" (for so were dubbed those who aided the fugitive slave) was wariness and caution. To guard against possible discovery, Sambo was ordered to proceed to the back of the farm to a good grass plot, and there let the horse pasture while he slept. It was a wise precaution, for the irate master was hot on the trail, and ere long made his appearance, and at once proceeded to search the stable for any evidence of his missing horse and slave. Sambo and the horse were safely resting in the meadow behind the corn field.

Accomplishments in education, and in all that goes to make a man useful, are indeed to be coveted; and once having acquired these valuable aids to useful citizenship, it behoves the possessor of them to use them diligently and with care. The elder Buzz was indeed a capable man so long as he could control his angry passion, but this passion often destroyed the force of his otherwise very exemplary life.

A CONTRAST.

The queen of the Buzz hive was indeed a queen. A thorough Christian woman, kind, courteous, gentle, peaceable, despising wrong and oppression, unselfish, cheerful and happy in disposition. A model of neatness, a real

home maker. Her boys were always her boys, and she was always MOTHER. Her reproofs were so very tender that the most sensitive could receive them and yet not lose one iota of the love and respect bestowed upon her. Her influence, who knows? Like the mighty water flowing steadily on, almost imperceptibly but yet on and on, bearing refreshment to many souls, so her life influence will never be measured or known till the day "we shall know as we are known." May the influence of that noble woman ever be felt while time lasts. Could there be more such mothers, the world would surely be better.

So Simon Buzz was the result of the union of, in many respects though not in all, very opposites. At times the passion and fire of the paternal, sometimes the mildness of the maternal, prevailed. Upon the whole his temperament was largely that of the mother. No doubt much of the paternal element existed, but the fact of the mother having such a mild, persuasive temperament, and that of the father being rather antagonistic, a warning example, caused the maternal largely to prevail.

Bearing in mind the temperament of our friend, Simon, will materially aid in understanding his life. His smooth, even temper was not only a prime requisite in the mastery of insects and higher animals, but was a power to sustain him in all his disappointments. The first years of his apicultural experience being upon the whole, quite successful, he naturally gained a degree of confidence bordering on dangerous ground. Continued success, increasing wealth, and with it power, would no doubt have developed in him the latent aggressive spirit of his father, and led him into an intolerant, unsympathizing feeling. He would not have been like his race had he not soon ceased to be the mild, backward, timid person, and instead become more greedy and grasping.

As it takes trouble, and tumble after tumble to bring the child to a sense of danger in carelessness, so the children of a larger growth must be made to "bite the dust" ere they will learn that there is a common brotherhood among men, and that charity is due to all and from all. Simon had no desire to be oppressive of others, nor indeed was he. No, no; and yet he might have become so. He looks back, and in the light of his experience when he analyzes it all, and as he turns upon the whole scene the magnifying glass of the example of mankind in general, he rejoices that he has been kept from the evil that befalls many.

Has Simon's bringing down been for good or no? We shall see.

CHAPTER V.

Hope—Business Experiences—A Professor Humbled.

WE have watched Simon as he passed through trials and tribulations, his struggles in school, his labors on the farm, attains adult years and mates, bereft of his betrothed, his starting in bee culture and its success and failure, and now he is for the third time about to build up an apiary. You wonder that he has any ambition left to do anything. Simon wonders himself. But listen.

Hope—that wonderful something—hope. We "hope against hope," and continue to hope. 'Tis said "while there is life, there is hope;" but may we not reverse this and say while there is hope there is life? Once hope is dead, life soon goes, too. Simon still had hope. He refused to look on the dark side, but with faith looked forward and determined yet again to try. He had not now enough bees to occupy his time, but while the bees would again increase, he turned most of his time to mining.

The mining operations, though not

extensive, brought him into contact with men and business methods. He must face the difficult matter of managing men, men who drink, chew, smoke, swear, live from hand to mouth, strike, complain, and do many things that are neither becoming nor pleasant. A class who are ever on the move; a restless, changeable sort.

On the other side, he must face the customer who bought his goods—the mine was a coal producer—and thus he was brought into direct contact with the world in a business way. In pursuits like agriculture, and as well in many positions as a wage earner, one does not come into direct every day contact with his fellow-man in such manner as to give a deep insight of men's motives and purposes, but here Simon, while yet little more than a youth, was so placed as to tax his ability to cope with all manner of trickery in business, and to test his faith in his fellows. He wished to do unto others as he would have them do to him, but he soon found that the rule with many was to get all they could, whether fairly gained or not. To try to do fairly by men, and in turn to be deliberately deceived and even robbed in an indirect way, was a sad trial of his faith in humanity.

But why did he not serve others as they served him? Because it was against his nature, contrary to true religion, and to be condemned by all right thinking men. He disdained to stoop to unfair means; he loathed corruption. While he could not do the things practiced by greedy and grasping men, he could study their follies and determine that he should forever fight evil.

Oh, that men would display manliness and not prey upon one another like wild beasts! If a man will deprave himself, why will he drag down others with him? These and many similar things did Simon think upon, and discuss, and tried to inculcate into the

minds of others. In this, as in other things, he learned that experience was a very good, but very expensive teacher. While he was thus engaged in direct business relations with many men and of varied character, his bees multiplied.

How often we find that what seemed to us a great and sad blow, a thing evil and only evil, proves in the end a blessing. A ludicrous but rather serious affair once occurred in Simon's bee yard that makes a very fair illustration of this point. There was a certain young man, a school teacher, who was an intimate friend of Simon's. This friend came one day to call upon Simon, and finding him in his apiary and in the midst of manipulating a colony of bees, and with the hive open and bees and comb upon the outside, he concluded he would just stand ten or a dozen feet away, and see how the bees were managed.

Simon had become very familiar with the ways of the little insects, and knew that an unprotected face so near to a colony being manipulated, was in danger of receiving hypodermic injections in homeopathic doses, but without the sugar coating and without much preliminaries. This friend not only so exposed himself, but, probably to get a better view of the bees flying from the hive entrance, took a position in front and in the space usually used for a fly-way for the colony. Not only did the colony being manipulated fly that way, but other colonies near about from other hives.

Seeing the friend's danger, Simon promptly requested him to pass behind the hives and to get among the branches of the fruit trees. A school teacher is supposed to know a thing or two as well as anyone else, so he replied that he was not afraid, and if he let them alone, they would let him alone. Yes, though he was an instructor of the youth, knew how unreasonable were some of the reasoning creatures he had

to deal with day by day in the pursuit of his profession, and now to be so unreasonable himself as to think that an insect without reason would stop to consider whether it was Simon or some professor that was in its way, such a thing seemed to Simon to be bordering on the ridiculous.

Simon well knew that something must be done and done quickly to get his friend out of danger, and as it was not the time and place to argue matters, he was getting his hands free to lead the professor aside; but, alas! a pair of idle hands suddenly flew from the pockets of the professor and began to fan his face as though the weather had suddenly become very warm. Sounds much like water poured upon a hot skillet also began to come from his mouth--a spitting and fizzing. As if to further aid in reducing the temperature about his head, his hat came off, and it also began to whirl about his head. While all this was going on, his feet were struggling to find a way out of the maze of hives, and before Simon could possibly render any aid, his friend was making a greater display of fleetness than was ever displayed by one of his pupils when dodging the "black men," and all the while performing with his paws like a cat trying to pull a mitten off its head.

Moral: The professor knew that the bees were not guided by reason, that they had stings and would use them. This one short drama, although while it was being enacted seemed to him a terrible thing, yet it impressed upon him lessons that perhaps he never would have learned without the severe manner of its bestowal. The after-thoughts of our calamities, if in a proper spirit, may indeed reveal rich blessings to be gotten out of them.

The professor, however, was not as badly hurt as he thought, and was soon as quiet as usual--rather more sober and a wiser man. Simon, too, found that his losses had made him a wiser

man. He knew that not only did his reverses keep him from becoming too vain, but taught him that there was much, very much, that he did not yet know. As he looks back now, he sees still greater lessons than he could then comprehend. How that much snow and cold made better crops for the farmers. That the intense cold that slew his bees also destroyed many disease germs that would afflict man and beast. Even the very plants that were the source of his bees' feed and furnished the honey he so liked himself, were benefitted.

He found that many, very many, things that seemed to him as useless, have indeed a great use in nature. He looks and thinks, and while knowing that his reverses have been but the making of the man—not the body, but the *man*—he yet sees not the end of it all. He sees that as a father or mother (or both together) so weaves about a child the circumstances that influence its will and actions, and all for good, so a Power higher than man is throwing about His creatures the influences that make or unmake them, and if properly received, make for good; otherwise, for evil.

CHAPTER VI.

Incidents of Travels—Things Pathetic and Humorous, as Seen by Simon Here and There,

THE scene changes again. Simon has been viewing occurrences and happenings that transpired within rather prescribed limits as to geographical extent. He now looks over events and experiences in more remote places. Not only was he a quiet home sort of a man, but as well roamed over considerable of the domain of "Uncle Sam," otherwise called the United States.

Once he traveled by railway, starting well up the great Missouri River, and headed for St. Louis. Readers of current news of railroads, and especially

of the wrecks and disasters that occurred between the years 1875 and 1885, will remember the great wreck of a stock train that fell with a portion of the wonderful bridge at St. Charles, over the Missouri River, precipitating the whole mass into the river. This bridge was rebuilt, and a second time gave way. It was after the last break in the bridge, and when it was being repaired, that Simon came on this journey and crossed the bridge. Great ropes and cables were used to stay parts of the structure, workmen were busy upon the bridge, evidently removing defective parts and inserting new, and at the same time trains were using the structure. An old gentleman was on the train, and scarce could he be induced to remain aboard, so great was his fear that the train would go down. The train men evidently felt much fear, too, for they waited long before entering the bridge, and, once on it, crossed at a very slow pace, at times scarcely more than moving.

Here was art and nature in such relations as to make a study for the observing mind. The mighty river, the high bridge, the swift railway train, a gray-haired man who had been a son of toil in its true sense, but now on his way to a sick child. This father had, within about one year, laid beneath the sod two daughters, and was now hastening to a third one who was soon to be placed beside her sisters in the grave. It was indeed a touching scene to see this aged father, troubled and anxious, dreading to cross that flimsy bridge so high above those muddy waters, and yet he must cross to reach the sick child.

Another incident occurred upon this same trip, but this time between St. Louis and Indianapolis. A young man was traveling, and had evidently been some time on the train, and was sleepy. It was a night trip, and dark and rainy. The conductor was instructed to wake the youth and tell him when to get off.

He did his duty, and just before reaching the youth's station, waked him and told him to get off when the train stopped. The boy, however, like many another one, instead of rising and being ready to get off, settled down and went to sleep, while the conductor went on about his business. The train stopped and started again, and soon the conductor in passing through to lift tickets of new passengers, found the boy sleeping in his place. This time it took the traveler about one minute to get on his feet, get his satchel, and make for the door to jump off; but he was restrained by the conductor and told that a little out the train would stop, when he could get off and walk back.

Upon arriving at Indianapolis, Simon had a little experience—got lost in the city. Arriving just immediately before daylight on a damp and very cloudy morning, he essayed to view the city, having four or five hours waiting until his train went out. Leaving the depot, he passed out into the city. After a few blocks the street merged into the next one, not at a right angle, but at about a forty-five degree angle, this again into another in a similar manner, the third leading into a circular park. From this park he passed out first, into what seemed right angle streets, but in a block or two found he was again in a system of streets, all taking diagonal courses from each other.

Reader, imagine yourself in an altogether strange place, dropped there in the darkness of night without a single star visible, no moon, and not one single mark or anything to tell one direction from another. Later, daylight comes, but so very cloudy and misty that it was impossible to tell where the sun was. Start to walk the streets for a little exercise, every little way diverge not on squares but on "bias streets," walk around a circle or two and on some more bias streets, and you have the plight of our friend, Simon, his first morning in Indianapolis, Indiana.

diana.

True, our traveler was not in distress—not by any means. He had said to himself that he would walk about the city awhile, count the squares and so time himself as to be again at the depot in time for his train, returning by another street than the one he departed on. At last when it was evident he would utterly fail, he appealed to a resident to tell him where to go to find the depot, and even then he made the second appeal to a policeman before finding it. To direct him intelligently on those bias streets was altogether out of the question, but once on the squares and the patrolman said so many squares to right and so many to left; it was clear sailing—on walking.

Simon now considers the diagonal a very poor system, a thing to be avoided in the making of a city. Another mistake, like it but not so serious, is square blocks, but the streets otherwise than to the cardinal points of the compass. To our reviewer, it seems that our city makers are like most other mortals; they build cities without regard to having them in a suitable location, and so start that the first work has all to be done over again. Man is far from being perfect, and his works are like him.

A very good illustration of man's weakness was shown very forcibly in another railway incident about two months later than the preceding ones. It was upon a large excursion to Niagara Falls, a crowd of 500 people. This excursion was under the management of one man who went with each excursion in person to see to the interests of those who saw fit to take the trip. The organizer had prearranged with certain parties controlling the main points of interest about the great falls, and had also provided a place where those having satchels or other extras, could leave them free of cost on the check system, and thus be unencumbered while viewing the sights.

Upon arriving at the Niagara station the whole crowd of excursionists was called together and instructed how to proceed. All were to follow the leader into the grounds, and not to heed anybody whomsoever until he should halt and turn them loose. None were to give their satchels or such things to anybody, though many places were open and would want them, until the proper place was shown. But Simon was astonished to see very many part with their luggage, handing it over to almost anyone who would ask for it, even though not five minutes had elapsed since they were clearly and specifically warned not to do so. A personal acquaintance of Simon's was one of the victims, and almost immediately paid 25 cents to get his satchel returned that he might put it in the proper place.

But who can comprehend the wonderful works of nature? To view that stupendous fall and the mighty wonders displayed in that region, surely the thinking mind must be spell bound with its immensity and grandeur. It seems to Simon that a man cannot view that natural wonder without being the better for having done so. Go with Simon to the top of some rock and peer down the mighty falls; then go with him to the rocks beneath, and look upward, like him, surely you must look beyond to the Power that made it all.

(To be continued in our next).

The Western Bee-Keeper,

is exclusively devoted to Apiculture in the

ALFALFA REGIONS,
and to
ASSOCIATION WORK.

of all kinds among bee-keepers; and also gives the main points of what the other bee-papers are saying,

Monthly, 50c a Year.

C. H. Gordon, Editor and Publisher.

Room 47, Good Block.

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Make your own Hives.

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



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MANAGEMENT and MANIPULATION.

S. P. Culley.

No. 6.

THE HEDDON HIVE AND SYSTEM IN
THE PRODUCTION OF EXTRACTED
HONEY.

IN our last we promised to discuss somewhat at length the merits of the Heddon hive and the system of management adapted thereto.



THE HEDDON HIVE.

As this article may be read by some who do not know how the Heddon hive is made, we will begin by describing it:

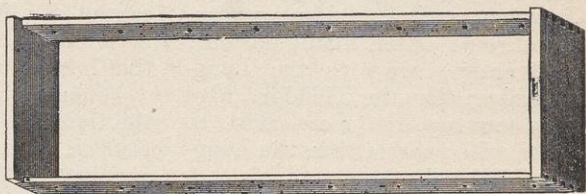
DESCRIPTION.

Some of the principal features of this hive are as follows:

HEDDON SECTIONAL BROOD CHAMBER.

The brood chamber is in two sections, each $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches deep, and contains eight closed-end, close-fitting frames, $5\frac{3}{8} \times 18$.

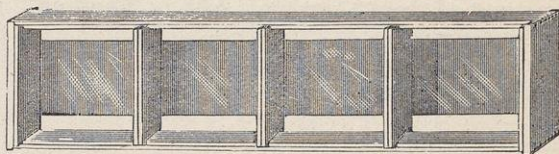
The frames are clamped up tightly and held in place by



HEDDON BROOD FRAME.

two thumb screws, thus making each sectional brood chamber invertible at will. The valuable features of these brood chambers are as follows: Invertible at will, interchangeable at will, easy of manipulation, and by the brood chamber being in shallow sections, one can

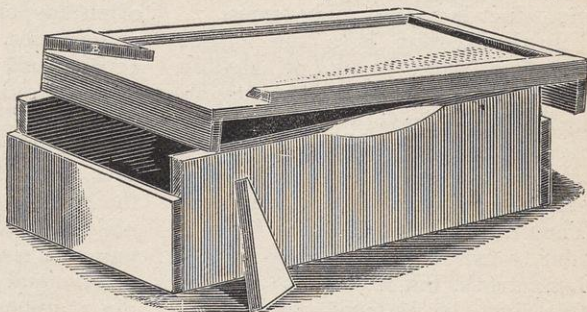
tell at a glance the condition of the colony by handling sections of the brood chamber in place of handling frames. Late swarms can be hived in one section of



HEDDON SUPER FRAME WITH FOUR SECTIONS.

the brood chamber, and it is just the thing to winter weak colonies in. The sixteen shallow frames in the Heddon hive are equal to ten Langstroth, hence the dimension of the hive is equal to a ten-frame Langstroth hive. The supers

hold twenty-eight sections, $4\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ 7-to foot, (a popular package which holds just a scant pound), fitted in seven close-fitting frames, and keyed up with thumb-screws the same as in the brood chamber. Innumerable pages have been written about the merits of this hive.



HEDDON HIVE STAND.

It will be seen at once that a hive so different in construction to the Langstroth movable frame and all modifications thereof, that is to say all movable frames of whatever size, requires a system of management as different from the L system as the hive itself is different from the L hive.

In the production of extracted honey this hive and system saves over one-half the labor; in other words the labor of one man can be made to produce twice as much in honey and money as his labor will produce using the Langstroth system.

In the production of comb honey it gives with the least expendi-

ture of labor and time that control and alignment needed to secure comb honey in paying quantities.

In queenrearing, dividing swarming and some other manipulations, the advantages are with the Langstroth hive; also the Heddon hive and system requires more skill to operate with success than the Langstroth hive and system.

Its particular and special construction carries with it the obvious fact of a special system and requires special knowledge of that system to operate with success, just as he who has always used box hives and been ignorant of bees (perhaps calling the queen a king), must study and learn the Langstroth system to succeed therewith, so he who has used the Langstroth system and would change to the Heddon, must study and learn that system in order to attain success. But in both the foregoing suppositional cases, the effort will pay.

In the Langstroth hive the prominent fact is the movable frame.

In the Heddon hive the prominent fact is the CASE of shallow frames. In the first the frames are handled in all manipulations; in the second the CASES of shallow frames are handled, and the handling of single frames reduced to a minimum. Theoretically the Heddon hive is four to five times as speedy as the Langstroth, but in actual practice this must be reduced about one-half or thereabouts.

In producing extracted honey the procedure is about as follows: Starting with two cases, the beekeeper may tier up by adding first an extra case below or above the top case. After the above has been added, all other cases should be placed below the top and full case. Practically this adds the prized "one-half story at a time," and this tiering-up can be continued till the

apiarist gets round to the extracting, or the apiarist can himself tier up and let his help extract, and he can let his honey "ripen on the hive," or humor any other whim that is current and credited.

When the time comes to extract the tiered-up cases, the "proposition" is to get the bees out quickly, and just here the inexperienced are liable to hastily conclude that the Heddon hive is a delusion and a snare; but hold. Some say you cannot shake Italians out of the cases. That depends on your nerve, on your strength, rapidity of motion, and on the PRACTICE YOU HAVE HAD. It's easy to be a theoretical typewriter. There are the keys; touch them as you want them; but it takes much actual practice "touching" the keys before one acquires speed. With practice you may learn to twirl the cases till you break the heavy combs, and sometimes with Italians new combs will break down before the bees let go. The same often happens even with wired movable frames. But how shall the inexperienced get the bees out wholesale and quickly?

Have a Higginsville or other good smoker in good trim, uncover the hive, blow smoke quickly between the shallow frames to run down the majority of the bees, shake out all you can, set case on one end on top of hive and take smoker again, begin at upper end of case, smoke rapidly across and down to run the bees off bottom end of case into the uncovered hive below, carry cases into honey room provided with bee escape, and let the few remaining bees escape as you do with sections. If you have no honey house, tier up cases over open smoke in the yard somewhere.

In the production of comb honey in paying quantities, the Heddon hive is without a peer. It admits

of all the manipulations necessary, without extra work. Every principle necessary to observe can be followed without extra labor. For example: Do you want to contract the brood chamber? Then remove one case. Do you want no honey between brood and sections? Then remove the top case. Do you want colony very strong and get all honey gathered in the sections? Then dequeen your comb honey colony, put queen excluder over lower case, set on any other case in the yard, and run down with your smoker all the workers wish to spare, replace the borrowed case, and repeat till you have bees enough in the comb honey hive, then put on as many supers as the bees need.

Read also article in July PROGRESSIVE by the writer, and one in June PROGRESSIVE by Mr. Hyde, and note Mr. Hyde's subsequent "Comments."

Further details as to how to produce comb honey with the Heddon hive, and why this meritorious hive has not been more widely introduced, etc., etc., will be noticed in order.

Higginsville, Mo.

THE DEAD BEE.

Dead amid the dewy clover
Lies a bonny little rover
Who could shape his course afar
Without compass, without star.

Nevermore across the azure
Shall he sail in search of treasure;
Nevermore, when day is gone,
Home shall hie his galleon.

From the jonquil's golden chalice,
And the lily's ivory palace,
And the violets' divine
Cups of white and purple wine.

Smile, smile on, thou faithless summer.
To forget thine early comer.
Say, if thou hadst first departed,
Had he still been merry hearted?

On the boughs in rapture swinging
Gleelessly the birds are singing,
I, who mourn thee, little bee,
Will pronounce thine elegy.

Be it meetness or unmeetness,
Thou didst garner up life's sweetness,
Wiser than the sages wist;
Earth has one less optimist.

—Alice Lena Cole in Century.

BEES AND QUEENS

Three Apiaries—Three Races.

*Either Golden Italians, 3-Band Italians
or Holy Lands.*

We secured our stock regardless of cost,
Rear queens by the best known methods.

Queen rearing is our specialty. We
have been at it for years. Our Mr.

H. H. Hyde will have charge of
this department.

We want the address of every bee-keeper for our queen circular, which gives prices on bees and queens, besides valuable information on queen rearing, swarming, etc. We are also headquarters for Root's supplies for the Southwest.

Prices, either race, for June, July, August and September—Untested queens, each 75 cts. 6 for \$4.25; tested queens, each \$1.25, 6 for \$6.75. All other months—Untested \$1 each or 6 for \$5.00; tested queens, \$1.50 or 6 for \$8.00. Discounts for quantities. Select tested and breeding queens a specialty.

O. P. HYDE & SON; Hutto, Tex.



A Great Improvement.

I received my shipment of bee supplies in good order, and must thank you for your promptness. I think you have made a great improvement in the brood frames you sent me. Wishing you a large business another year, I remain,

Yours truly,

Forreston, Tex. S. H. STEPHENS.

Enthusied With Bee-Keeping.

I am an old bee-keeper, but I have not got far up in bee culture. I like to read letters from the field from men who have spent their lives in bee-culture. I often see the question asked, "Does bee-keeping pay?" I answer yes. Not only does it pay in actual profits, but in other ways. It teaches men to use economy, and to be saving by using every moment of time in harvest. Bees ward against disease by cleaning out their hives. I wish that men would profit by their examples.

The honey bee is a God-given help to man to furnish the good things of earth for his table. I do not think the farm is complete without bees on it. Solomon was the wisest man who ever lived, but the honey bee was wiser than he. When the queen of Sheba visited him, she presented him with some roses, some real and some artificial, and asked him to distinguish the natural; but he could not without the aid of the bee. He set the flowers in a window where some bees were working on other flowers, and they flew over the artificial and lit on the natural roses. Then he could tell which was nature's work. I ask in conclusion, What was Samson's riddle? It was concerning bees.

Enloe, Tex.

J. M. HAGOOD.

Likes the "Progressive" Family.

I am truly glad you have been able to keep with the PROGRESSIVE ranks, Bros. Doolittle, S. P. Culley, R. C. Aikin, F. L. Thompson, Geo. W. Williams and dear old Sommy, and I hope Will Ward Mitchell will also remain, and there are a number of others we would be glad to hear from occasionally. Wishing the PROGRESSIVE and all its readers a happy New Year,

I am very respectfully,

Springfield, Mo. MARK E. DARBY.

P. S. Yes—We would be very glad to hear from Bro. Darby occasionally.—[Ed.

"Glass Sample Cards."

While Dr. Miller and the Root Company are discussing the color-sample-card question, if there is sufficient demand to justify having such a thing, why not go ahead and have small panes of glass made varying in tints from clear to the shade of the darkest honey, viewed through a flask $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. By having one flask or flat bottle of a given thickness and a set, say twelve different shades, beginning with white for number one, anyone could grade his extracted honey by color and

number. Of course the glass could be framed at an insignificant cost. It might be more expensive but the same thing could be arranged for grading comb honey, by having one side of each pane ground to imitate the cap-pings. I do not think they will make cards to answer but believe glass would. I imagine that the sampling flask or bottle should be about $1\frac{1}{2}$ x $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. For comb honey the panes should be the size of the sections, so as to look "thru" both, side by side at once. The outfit for grading extracted honey would only cost a few cents and by this means there could be a uniformity of grading or describing so far as color is concerned. Extend my subscription to the Progressive to the extent of the remittance and oblige. Yours truly,
Creek, N. C. W. A. PRIDGEN.

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

WITH this issue, Somnambulist starts out in his new role, that of reviewing the bee journals in general. None are expected to escape, not even the PROGRESSIVE.

BUSINESS at this date is excellent, equal to if not better than last year. We have shipped out several cars already, and have orders enough on hand to hold us down for a month or more.

ON pages 22-25 will be found an interesting article from the pen of S. P. Culley, showing the merits of the Heddon hive. We are pleased to inform patrons that we have made arrangements with Mr. Heddon for the manufacture of this hive, and those of our friends who wish to purchase can get them direct from us.

WHILE on a recent trip among the Colorado bee-keepers, I called on Senator Swink, of Rocky Ford. It was right in the height of the honey harvest and as Senator Swink has something like 400 colonies of bees, all



branches of the industry were being carried on on a magnificent scale. Sections were being put on and filled ones taken off, cleaned, sorted and put in shipping cases. Sections were being folded and starters put in them. This last job was attended to entirely by Mrs. Swink, using the Daisy Foundation Fastener arranged to be operated by the foot, leaving nothing for the hands to do but placing the starter in position. The accompanying cut illustrates the idea.

EDITOR ROOT visited the Colorado Bee-Keepers' meeting at Denver recently, and has a synopsis of it in January 1st, Gleanings. He reports such a diversity of opinion among the bee-keepers of Colorado, that it would seem that almost every bee-keeper has a hive and a way of his own of producing and put-

ting up honey. Hive covers also received a round at the hands of the bee-keepers present. None of them, it seemed, made of wood, would withstand the hot dry climate of that state. Now Mr. Root is going to try hunt something in the way of a paper mache or straw-board suitable to cover bee hives with. We investigated this same matter about four years ago, with a view to having all our covers made of paper, but we found nothing at that time from which a cover cheaper than wood covered with tin could be produced, that is nothing that we would like to put our guarantee on that it would last 15 or 20 years exposed to the elements.

Friend Doolittle writes us on the 27th of December as follows:

"Our fall and winter has been extremely nice and mild, with the best of roads; but while this has been so, bees have not flown since November 10th, and should winter in earnest now come on, and hold till April, as is often the case, look out for reports of serious losses in bees throughout Central New York during next April and May. With kind regards, I am yours truly,
Borodino, N. Y. G. M. DOOLITTLE."

WE regret to hear that our Friend Doolittle has a severe attack of rheumatism. I was afflicted with rheumatism a few years ago; also more afflicted from the suggestions of dozens of people who wished me to try their different remedies. Eventually I was cured, not by the use of said remedies, but in spite of them. No doubt our friend Doolittle is undergoing this same siege. Bro. Doolittle is better-natured than I am under affliction, and may be able to get some mirth out of the following from the American Bee Journal:

"Editor York—Please tell Mr. Doolittle to keep a few bees—they are good for rheumatism."

Another friend, R. G. Haun, advises three drops of oil of wintergreen three times a day for eight or ten days.

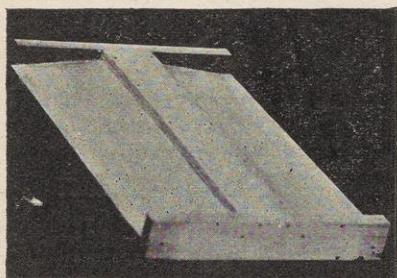
To the above Bro. York answers as follows:

"Mr. Doolittle might act on both of the above suggestions—take the oil of winter

green internally and the bee stings externally. Still, the concussion caused by their meeting might not be so beneficial to the patient. But Mr. D. can experiment along that line and find out."

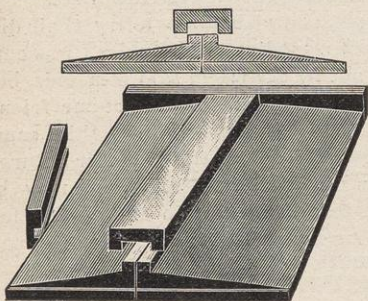
THE date on the wrapper of this journal shows when your time expires. If you are delinquent, we desire a renewal of your subscription. If you do not desire us to send the PROGRESSIVE longer, please send us the balance you owe us, and notify us to take you off the mailing list, and we will do so.

THE "HIGGINSVILLE" HIVE COVER.



No. 1.

In the December number of the PROGRESSIVE we promised to illustrate the Higginsville bee hive cover in the next issue. As the illustrations speak so well for themselves, they need no com-



No. 2.

No. 2 "Higginsville" Hive Cover, with one end cleat removed to show how the joints are constructed.

ment from me. However I may add that we have never received a single complaint about the quality or durabil-

ity of this cover, yet we were the first to put it on the market years ago.

We get a great many complaints like the following :

"What is the trouble with the PROGRESSIVE? I have not received it for Dec. '99, or Jan. 1900. My subscription is paid for 1900. I made the advance payment last summer when I got one of your queens. I think too much of the PROGRESSIVE to miss any of its copies. By giving this your prompt attention you will greatly oblige.

Chicago, Ills.

Yours very truly,
WM. H. HORSTMANN.

The PROGRESSIVE is mailed about the 10th of each month, after being carefully wrapped and labelled. We take special pains in this direction, as we wish everyone to receive their paper regularly. We should be glad to know when any papers go astray, and if our subscribers will so inform us on these occasions, we will forward another copy at once.

THE great advance in lumber the past year has forced manufacturers to chalk up supplies very materially, and we have been compelled to do so as well as the rest. These new or higher prices bring several comments from bee-keepers. Some of them can't seem to get it in their head that lumber has advanced from 30 to 50 per cent. One friend takes us to task without any figures, and says flatly it is a fish story gotten up by the manufacturers as an excuse to raise prices on supplies. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat's special correspondent in Washington quotes Chairman Mercer, of the House committee on public buildings and public grounds, as saying:

"The prevailing prosperity is reacting on the government. Our estimates on public buildings have been knocked out. It will require 30 per cent more than was appropriated to complete the public buildings for which provisions were made at the last congress. I find on adding the public buildings appropriations made by the last congress that they gave a grand total of \$11,400,000. According to the prevailing prices, we will have to expend about \$16,000,000 for the completion of these structures upon the identical plans, to carry out which \$11,400,000 would have been sufficient at the time the buildings were authorized. But as prosperous times have brought the government a great increase of wealth, it can well afford to pay advanced

prices. We will have to make provision for these necessary increases-without delay."

The Mississippi Valley Lumberman says:

"No. 5 boards, formerly called 'scoots,' and used as filling for depressed real estate, have been contracted in considerable quantities at the head of the lakes at \$7 per thousand, for next year's delivery. Sawdust and bark are also valuable chattels in Minneapolis. If things keep on as they are now headed, the drippings of the logs will be gathered, evaporated and pressed into salable shape, while the noise of the saw mills will be baled and sold for political platform purposes. Good times bring many small economies."

The above are solid facts in the case.

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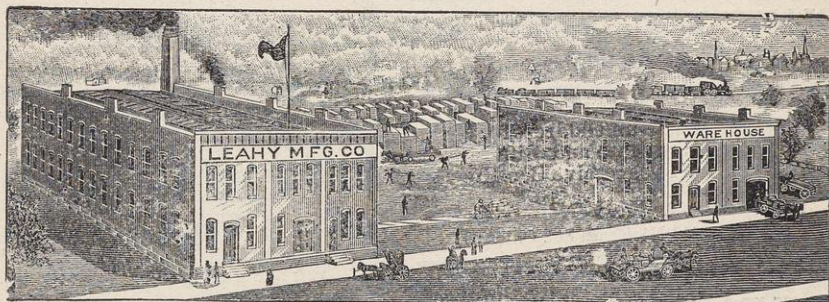
5 oz jar, 30c	for 10; \$2.50 per 100;	weight 30 lbs
8-oz "	35c for 10; 3.00 per 100,	" 45 lbs
1-lb "	45c for 10; 4.00 per 100;	" 75 lbs

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

LEAHY MFG CO., Higginsville, Mo.

PLEASE don't neglect to mention the PROGRESSIVE BEE-KEEPER when answering advertisers.

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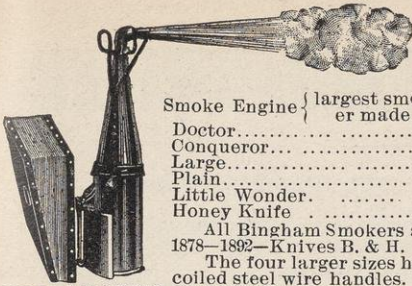
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Smoke Engine	largest smok- er made.	4 inch stove	per doz.	each
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All Bingham Smokers are stamped on the metal, patented 1878—1892—Knives B. & H.

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

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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,

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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,

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

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Respectfully,

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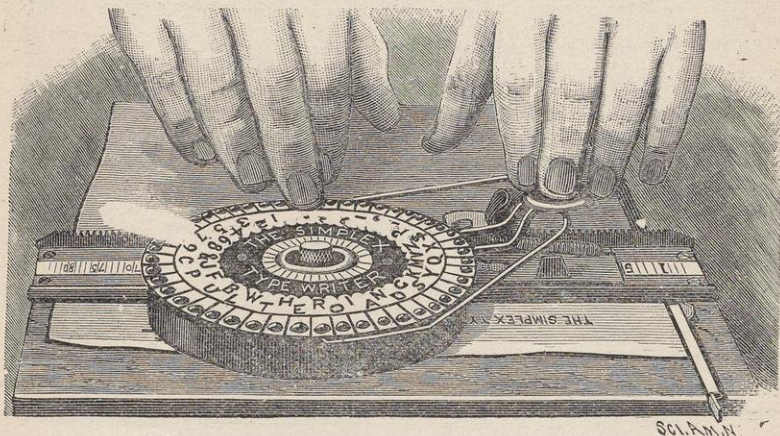
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jolly fun for your boys and girls that they will write letters by the dozen. This may cost
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It is positive in action, and each letter is locked by an automatic movement when the
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FORTY PICTURES!



The editor of the Bee-Keepers' Review, in July last, spent nearly three weeks with note-book and camera among the bee-keepers and supply-manufacturers of Wisconsin, bringing home with him many items of interest and value, and about forty views of apiaries, hives, factories, etc., all of which will eventually find their way into the Review. Arrangements have also been made with some of the best bee-keepers of Wisconsin to describe in the Review, before the opening of another season, the methods whereby they have been so successful.



Back Numbers Free.



I have found it profitable in the end, to make some extra offer in order that bee-keepers may be induced to subscribe for the Review, and thus become acquainted with its merits. As such an inducement, nothing has given better satisfaction than the offer of back numbers of the Review. Back numbers of the Review are different from those of newspapers and some journals. The information that they contain is just as valuable now as when first published. Each issue of the Review, especially if devoted to the discussion of some special topic as is the case with all of the copies printed during the first five or six years of its existence, is really a little pamphlet containing the best thoughts and experience of the best men upon the topic under discussion. Some issues are now out of print; of others only a few remain; while of others there is still a good stock upon hand. Instead of letting these back numbers lie on my shelves gathering dust year after year, I think it better to use them in getting new subscribers, and, at the same time, have them out doing good. I shall, therefore, as long as these back numbers hold out, send 12 of them free to each one who sends me \$1.00 for the Review for 1900. Not only this, but all subscribers for 1900 will get the Review the rest of this year free. The selection of these back numbers must be left with me; but I will see to it that no two are alike. To be sure that I am understood, let me tell it again: Send me \$1.00, and I will send you twelve back numbers of the Review, then the Review for the rest of this year, and for all of next year.



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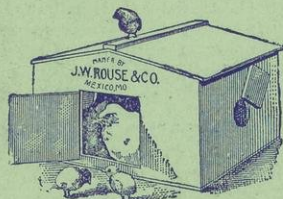
on January 1st, 1900. It is now under the editorial charge of Mr. H. E. Hill, and is regarded as strictly up to date. Send for a sample copy, and we are sure you will subscribe (50 cents a year). Also get our catalog of Bee Supplies, free. Our prices are low, and our goods are the best. Address,

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