

## Correspondence.

PROVO CITY, June 20th, 1872.

Editor Deseret News:

In your issue of the 12th appears a communication from my friends Putnam, Thurston and Morgan, which I consider unkind, unjust and a personal attack upon myself. \* \* \* Do these men wish it to be understood that their opinion is the end of controversy, that they are the practical apiarians of Utah, and that none have the right to differ with them? Why sir, it is different among the bee keepers who write for and who publish our best bee journals. They encourage all bee keepers to express their views, but these wise men would seem to have us understand that their opinion is right and must not be questioned. \* \* \*

All bee-keepers in the Territory should in my opinion be encouraged to extend their knowledge and experience through the columns of the NEWS, as much so as can be without intruding on your kind patrons who are not interested in bee-keeping.

Now to the subject in controversy. I claim, from knowledge gained by experience and in conversation with the best and most successful apiarians in the United States, that we should always leave a small piece of drone comb in each hive, say from six to eight inches square. The gentlemen say, in their reply to me, that I seem to have forgotten the fact that they were giving instructions from month to month, and not for the whole year, which I understand to imply that at some time of the year they will tell us to leave the drone comb. Why not let a sufficient amount remain, and not force the bees to the necessity of making more? I can tell you that bees will have drones, and if you deprive them of drone comb they will rear them in worker cells, as they have done in several instances in my apiary, and the drones thus raised will be of an inferior quality.

They tell us the drones are of no use except to pair with the young queen; in this I differ with them again. It is a well known fact among apiarians that young brood and eggs must have a certain degree of warmth, and when there are drones to supply that warmth the workers are released to gather supplies; and for this they are useful, always being in the hive, except in the afternoon, when it is warm and pleasant.

I am aware that some hives have too many drones. This we can prevent by not leaving them too much drone comb. But follow the gentlemen's advice and you violate one of nature's laws concerning the honey bee.

If what has been said by my friends Putnam, Thurston and Morgan and myself shall stimulate the bee-keepers of Utah, (those who do not) to take some good and reliable bee journal, and to gather information from every source possible and learn to manage their bees successfully, my object will have been accomplished and I am willing to accept all the ridicule to which I subject myself from intelligent and experienced apiarians.

Respectfully,  
WM. D. ROBERTS.

**SANITARY MATTERS.**—Numerous petitions have lately been presented, signed by bodies of citizens, to the City Council with regard to a public nuisance which has now reached a point when it has become absolutely intolerable. We refer to the great numbers of teams and vehicles which daily crowd the streets in front of residences and places of business in the central portion of the town. The petitions alluded to have been referred to City Marshal, John D. T. McAllister, who is determined to carry out with strictness the ordinance relating to that and other similar matters of equal importance. He was busily engaged to day endeavoring to do so, but his task is a somewhat difficult one on the start. He cleared East Temple street pretty well this morning, of teams, but in less than half an hour afterwards it was filled up again as bad as ever.

Of course, as with every other measure of the kind, it will be somewhat difficult to enforce it for a short time, but perseverance will eventually accomplish it. Those who do not comply with the requirements of the ordinance will be arrested and fined according to its provisions.

Of course it is necessary for teams under certain circumstances to stand on the street, as for instance when their owners or teamsters are doing business in any establishment, but if parties leave their animals for this or any other purpose unattended or not hitched to a post, they are liable to be fined. Wood, hay and coal wagons are not permitted to stand on the streets, but are required to be taken to the Eighth Ward Square.

People from the country who come to town to spend a few hours, and who have heretofore been in the habit of letting their teams stand on the main thoroughfares must, in future, take them to the west side of the Market Square, and the wagons of vegetable and other produce vendors must stand within the market square.

It may be as well to state in connection with the above that a man in the employ of the city goes round the business portion of the town every morning, starting about seven o'clock, with a dirt cart, for the purpose of taking away store sweepings and other refuse, and it is incumbent on the owners of establishments of all kinds, when they sweep out their stores and offices to place the sweepings in a box, which should be placed by the edge of the sidewalk so that the contents may be carted away.

There have been many complaints raised against a practice which has been indulged in by some saloon keepers and others on East Temple Street, that of casting the filthy sweepings of their premises into the water sect, thus fouling the water which numbers of people living in the southern portion of town have to use for drinking and culinary purposes. A person guilty of such a filthy practice cannot have much manliness of character, and every case discovered should be treated rigorously.

We remind people who have heretofore infringed the ordinance for the regulation of the above matters with impunity that they will not be permitted to do so in future, and all such should take due notice that prompt action will be taken by the city officers in the enforcement of the regulations.

## SATAN IN PARIS.

I have read somewhere an Eastern allegory which told of a lovely enchanted garden, where fruits and flowers, mighty trees, sparkling fountains and verdant lawns were combined in supernatural perfection and where, to the sojourner therein, the eyes glided onward in an unbroken dream of bliss. But, sometimes, under the dim radiance of the twilight hour, or the silver loveliness of a Summer night, a sudden fissure would yawn in the green sward before the traveler's feet, and reveal within the intense and horrible luster of a sea of liquid fire, for the fair garden had been fashioned by demons, and it floated on the awful waves of the central lake of hell. And so the observant traveler may sometimes, amid the brightness, the gaiety, the charms of Paris, descry some tiny opening which reveals to him the unspeakable horrors of the hideous depths hidden below the brilliant surface.

This subject may seem to be one unfitted for discussion by a woman's pen, and certainly no modest woman could ever venture to enter into the ghastly details, the hideous statistics by which she might prove her point to illustrate her theme. I only wish to contemplate the subject from the common-place standpoint of an American woman traveling in Europe and sojourning in Paris for a limited space of time; I desire merely to take a superficial view of the question, and to ask what manner of sights and sounds and creatures are likely to surround the path of a modest American matron who may happen to speak and understand French and who wishes to show her young daughter the wonders of that city which claims to be the metropolis of the civilized world. The pair may promenade Broadway and Chestnut street for years and never meet with anything calculated to disgust or annoy them, provided only that they choose the hours of daylight for their rambles. Miss Anonyma might, it is true, brush past them and astonish them with the splendor of her *rouge* and the grandness of her attire, and Mr. Deuce might possibly stare at the pretty face of the younger lady; but there all annoyance would end. But in Paris it is not so. An atmosphere of evil hovers over all things, and under its influence there spring to light horrors from which modesty and innocence can neither veil their faces nor avert their eyes. Let the careful mother, if she will, confine her daily walks to such elegant and frequent places of resort as the Boulevards, the Rue de la Paix, the Rue de Rivoli, or the Palais Royal, yet shall she not escape from the vileness which surrounds her like a sea. Acts of the grossest indecency, perpetrated by the well-dressed strollers on the asphalt, or by the elegantly dressed children that frequent the garden of the Tuileries and the Palais Royal, will assail her gaze. Let her strive to take refuge from such sights by turning to the windows of a fashionable print-shop, and her eyes will rest on pictures of indiscribable indelicacy, daintily engraved and colored pictorial double entendres, and many where the entendres is not double at all, but where the purport of the pictured scene is perfectly unquestionable. She flies for es-

cape to the photographer's next door, and portraits of shameless women in attire befitting their characters are the leading attractions of the window. The image-shop across the way looks innocent enough, and she turns to that only to behold the immodesty of print and photograph surpassed in the marvelously executed little groups of clay figures which stand side by side with statuettes of the Virgin and our Savior. She enters a book store and purchases some of the works of the leading novel writers of France, and she sees upon the title page the names of such large and well-known publishing houses as Hachette or Michel Levy; but on opening the pages she finds herself seeking for amusement and instruction by perusing minute descriptions of scenes of atrocious vice, if, indeed, the story does not turn upon the perpetration of some crime too horrible for her even to have imagined its existence. She goes to the theatre, and from her box at the Gymnase or Comede Francaise she beholds unfolded before her scenes of unbridled and unpunished profligacy from which is to be learned the moral lesson that to be virtuous is to be stupid and uninteresting, and that to be vicious is to be brilliant, charming and successful in society. She takes up a newspaper, the *Figaro*, for instance, and the anecdotes which crowd its columns will bring scorching blushes to her already burning cheeks. The trail of the serpent is over everything. The vice, which in other large cities is like an ulcerous sore on an otherwise healthy body, is here, like a scrofulous taint, pervading the entire system. Woe to the careful mother if she suffers her fair young daughter to walk the distance of half a block in bright daylight in the most fashionable quarter of Paris, for French politeness will be at hand to insult her youth and innocence by foul words and looks and insulting touch. Such is Paris; such, I doubt not, was Sodom.

During those early summer days of 1870, while peace and prosperity and gaiety were as yet the portion of France, the theatre-loving populace of Paris were stirred to excitement by the debut at the Grand Opera House of a young danseuse, whose wonderful gifts were said to be destined to revive the waning glories of the ballet in France. The young debutante more than realized the high-wrought expectations which had been formed respecting her.

Josephine Bozacchi was not yet seventeen years of age, but her dancing was the very perfection of artistic and poetic grace; a refined æsthetic style which fled from the boards of the Grand Opera when Taglioni retired from the stage. Beautiful, graceful and elegant, perfectly modest in looks and gesture, such was the youthful dancer about whom all Paris raved when the Parisians had nothing more to drive them insane than a poem, a play, a new color, or a new actress. A few weeks after M'le Bozacchi's triumphant debut the musicians of the orchestra, according to an old established custom, presented her with an elegant bouquet. For some reason or another this bouquet was composed entirely of white flowers, and on this theme one of the leading newspapers of Paris took occasion to wax jocose, and to insinuate in a most mirthful style, that it was a highly inappropriate gift, M'le Bozacchi (poor sixteen-year old child) being no longer entitled to wear the snowy blossoms typical of purity.

It is hard to believe that out of Pandemonium beings can be found to whom the ruin of a hopeless child could be matter for mirth or mockery, yet the center of civilization supplied such creatures, and in no small numbers, apparently, as one newspaper after another took up and repeated the dainty jest.

A year or two ago a young American lady, who chanced to be a Catholic, was spending some time in Paris with a Protestant family, her near relatives. This young girl was remarkably beautiful, a perfect example of that brilliant type of American loveliness wherein exquisite coloring and faultless outlines are blended in dazzling combinations. She had brought a letter of introduction to an aged and distinguished French prelate, and he accorded to her the favor of an interview, wherein she besought him to aid her with his counsel respecting the proper performance of her religious duties. Looking on the lovely creature before him with parental and admiring eyes, the old man gave solemn utterance to this warning:

"My child, as you value your honor, do not go to confession to a French priest. *It would not be safe.*"

Comment is unnecessary, and I will, therefore, conclude with the hope that

better days and purer morals may be in store for the Paris of the Republic than ever blessed the dissolute capital of the Empire. The *bourgeois* virtues of the family of Louise Philippe once called forth only sneers from the gay jeerers of the Parisian press. But the vices of the Bonapartes may have inclined their souls to look with more leniency on such stupid and unfashionable qualities as purity in woman or purity in man.—*Paris Correspondent Home Journal.*

## Cheap Sugar From Corn.

The Davenport (Iowa) *Gazette* says that Mr. H. G. Weinert has made a discovery whereby sugar can be produced from corn, and offered to the purchaser at 3½ cents per pound. It says:

Some effect or other that he had noticed of certain chemicals used in his trade upon the potatoe led him to believe that sugar might be obtained from this esculent, and, after the destruction of his tannery, he commenced experimenting with that end in view. He found the sugar in it, and also found that its production from that source could not be made profitable.

He went to work with corn, and so devotedly that he became very poor, consuming his means until he had used up everything but his little homestead. One of our citizens stepped in, told him to go on and held him up. Recently he made his discovery and made it known to his friends.

It is sugar that will be in demand by confectioners, wine-makers, and brewers, but will not be popular for table use until after further experimenting. This discovery will doubtless work a revolution in the use of sweetening in those occupations.

Mr. Weinert says that with corn at forty cents a bushel, this sugar can be delivered to purchasers at the factory for three and a half cents per pound. White corn is better than yellow in this business, because there is no color to be removed.

Of course Mr. Weinert keeps the secret of the production to himself; but some of our best citizens are going to furnish capital with which to erect works. The building and machinery will cost about \$8,000, and the venture will be made with a capital of from \$10,000 to \$40,000. A stock company will be called for in a few days, with a capital of \$5,000. There is no doubt that it will be a success.

In less than ten years from now the corn fields of the West will be supplying half the nation with sugar. Corn sugar will be to this country what beet sugar is to France—a blessing to the people at large.

## The New Postal Law.

The new postal law goes into operation on July 10. Then may be sent all pamphlets, occasional publications, transient newspapers, magazines, handbills, posters, unsealed circulars, prospectuses, books, book manuscripts, proof-sheets, corrected proof sheets, maps, prints, engravings, blanks, flexible patterns, samples of merchandise not exceeding 12 ounces in weight, sample cards, phonographic paper, letter envelopes, postal envelopes and wrappers, card, plain and ornamental paper, photographic representations of different types, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, scions, and all other matter which may be declared mailable by law, and all other articles, not above the weight prescribed by law, which are not, from their form or nature, liable to destroy, deface, or otherwise injure the contents of the mail bag, or the person of any one engaged in the postal service. All liquids, poisons, glass, explosive materials, and obscene books shall be excluded from the mails. Samples of metals, ores and mineralogical specimens shall not exceed twelve ounces in weight, and shall be subject to examination and to rates of postage as hereinafter provided. No package weighing more than four pounds shall be conveyed by mail, except books published or circulated by order of Congress. Newspapers less frequently than once a week are one cent for four ounces. Packages of clothing for persons in the army or navy may be sent at 1 cent an ounce. The present rate is 2 cents an ounce.—*New York Star.*

"You don't do work enough to earn your salary," said the head of a certain government department to one of his clerks. "Work!" exclaimed dandy. "I worked hard enough to get here. Surely you don't expect me to work now I am here?"