

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for this Paper.

WITH HONEYMAKERS.

I thought it would be interesting to bee-keepers generally, and particularly to those in this part of the Territory, to learn something of my labors as bee inspector of Cache county, in the interest of the bee industry here.

In my work of inspection I found six cases of foul brood in the county. Two were at Logan, two at Richmond and two at Providence. All were destroyed.

The heaviest loss in the county has been from bad management. There are not more than a dozen scientific bee-keepers in the county, if there are that many. There are but eight extractors in the county; all the bee-keepers outside of the owners of these extractors produce strained honey.

The general idea seems to be that when a man gets a hive of bees he expects them to furnish him all the honey that himself and family can eat and then take care of themselves. Now bees are among the cleanest and most particular things in the world; they love to be in the woods and among the trees and flowers. Then how must they feel to be put on top of each other, close together, and that, too, beside some stinking hogpen, cowshed, or in fact anywhere out of the way, and then have half their number killed in taking away their honey, or robbing them? Robbing them, sure enough, and murdering them too. Yet this is the general state of bee-keeping in Cache county.

There are 2,164 stands of bees in the county, distributed as follows: Logan, 364; Greenville, 92; Hyde Park, 86; Smithfield, 142; Richmond, 180; Hyrum, 246; Wellsville, 200; Mendon, 70; Paradise, 100; Providence, 380; Millville, 137; Coveville, 80; Lewiston, 63; Newton, 61; Clarkston, 15.

The yield of honey per colony has been about one-half what it should be, or not over twenty-five pounds per hive. The increase of bees is the smallest ever known and is not more than ten per cent; the reason was because of the late spring.

I have been requested to give some information regarding the proper handling of bees and feel that I cannot do better than relate some of my own experience in this matter.

I began eight years ago with one swarm in a box commonly called a beehive; it should be called a bee-killer. It is made in two parts, the bottom part in the broad chamber and the top for the bees to deposit their surplus honey. These parts are nailed together so that when you want to take the honey you must use an iron bar to pry the top off. When I did this I found part of the honey in the top and part in the bottom, and half the bees were drowned in the melting honey. I could not but feel what a fool arrangement that was for bee-keeping. Yet two-thirds of all the hives in Cache county today are of that kind. No wonder that a man would rather go to the canyon and get a load of firewood than take the honey from such a hive of bees. I came to the

conclusion that if that was bee-keeping I had had enough of it. It took my wife all day to get the dead bees out of the honey.

Just when I had come to the conclusion to have no more to do with bees, I saw an advertisement of A. T. Root, Medina, O. I sent my address and by return mail received the magazine entitled *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, and Root's catalogue of bee supplies. I learned that there was a proper system of keeping bees, who could be made to build their combs in frames which could be taken out and the honey be removed by an extractor, the frames then being put back again to be refilled, without killing the bees. So I tried another year, with eight Simplicity ten-frame hives. When I lifted the tops off to take out the honey that season I was disappointed, for the bees had built all across the frames and I had a worse mess than ever. I almost gave up in despair, but in looking over the catalogue of bee supplies I found I had omitted what is called a "foundation," which leads the bees to build their combs straight. I sent to Medina for one and tried again.

When I lifted the lids off the hives the third season, I was overjoyed. I called my wife to behold one of the most beautiful sights we had ever seen. There were ten frames in each hive filled with comb honey as straight as a board and as white as snow. I lifted the frames out, brushed the bees off in front of the hives, extracted the honey from the frames and put them back without killing a bee. The next day the little workers were as busy filling the hives again as though they had been undisturbed. I had met with success by following a proper system.

As some people do not know the difference between extracted honey and strained honey, it may be well to explain that extracted honey is thrown out of the combs with a machine called an extractor, in the same state as the bees put it in, and as pure and clean as it was in the flowers. The work is done without killing a bee. With the straining process the honey and comb is mashed up, together with bees, bee bread, and often young brood. As the work is generally done in the fall when the weather is cold, the mixture is melted and strained through a muslin cloth. This treatment takes away the flavor of the honey and leaves it little better than molasses, besides killing half the bees. The mixture is a dirty mess before the straining. On one occasion I asked a lady who was straining honey what she was going to do with it, and received the reply that she did not know, but she was not going to eat it.

In going through the county I found people who were prejudiced against the extractor, as they had been told it caused foul brood. Now the extractor has nothing to do with foul brood. The latter originates from brood that has died in the cells and rotted there, or from a germ as in contagious diseases. I have extracted honey from 100 hives this season, and never interfered with a brood chamber; the queen never laid any eggs in

the surplus department. In fact the extractor is a preventive of foul brood. It has contributed largely to my success.

The wise man said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." In this part of the country I would say go to the bee. It is one of the best examples of industry that we have, and it is wonderful how bees resemble mankind. Just notice them in spring after a long winter, when there is no bread and butter in the house. Take a pan of meal and put it against the hive, and how soon they will crowd in it to get it on their legs to pack to their young; put your hand among them, and they will walk over it, hum around you and kiss your hand, and you would not have the faintest idea that they possessed such a thing as a sting. They are humble and gentle in poverty and trouble. But try them in the summer, when their house is full of honey and see if they kiss your hand. Not much; you have to clear away then. Yet the workers never loaf around, but make the best of the harvest of honey.

If it was not for the wisdom and industry of these wonderful little things over thirty tons of honey would have been wasted in Cache county this year. All this was gathered from vegetation much of which we in our ignorance call weeds, and with proper care and system much more could have been garnered. I wonder how many more of God's choicest blessings we in our ignorance trample under our feet.

HENRY BULLOCK.

OUR POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

[The gentleman who writes the following letter is a practical poultryman and has made a success of it. Further communications from him will be at all times welcome.]

POULTRY WILL PAY.

SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 30, 1894.

In reading your editorial of January 29, where you refer to the small economies of this life, and especially refer to poultry and eggs, I thought how little the majority of the people know about producing fowls and eggs.

I visit farms with from 100 to 200 fowls upon them at this time of the year, and I ask the question, "How many eggs do your fowls lay now?" The invariable answer is, "Oh! we don't get any, bless you! We have to buy it we use any; and they are eating their heads off and will only lay when eggs are 12¢ per dozen. There's no money in poultry." When I tell them that at least one-third and if properly attended to one-half of them should be laying through November, December, January and February, and two-thirds in March and practically all in May—"Well, what do you do with them? Take them up and squeeze them?" "Well," I say ironically, "Yes; I see that they get the proper housing and food and the right kind and at the right time and regularly; also attending to their wants in the way of cleanliness, and the hen, if of the proper age and vigor, will do the rest."

We have an abundance of feed and other material—and that cheap—required for the wants of the fowls right here without going outside for any one article to produce poultry and eggs, with the exception that some of us