

VOL. XXII.

JAN. 1, 1894.

NO. 1.



CULTURE

EARNINGS

BEE CULTURE

A JOURNAL DEVOTED
TO BEES HONEY
AND HOME INTERESTS.

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MURRAY-HEISS
CLEVELAND O

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE, MEDINA, OHIO, AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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and worldly things bind the strong man or still the voice of conscience.

In the same chapter from which I take my text there is a beautiful verse describing the character of Christ Jesus; and it should also, dear friends, describe the actuating spirit of his followers. Let us read it: "He shall not strive nor cry, neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets." Perhaps some may think I am making too much of a little matter. They may say it is right and proper to test the speed of horses or of wheels. Well, I agree, providing the matter can be managed good-naturedly and without *strife*. In the contest above, I think my friend lost his temper when I came out ahead. Of course, I was pleasant and good-natured while I was the victor. It is easy enough for the man who *wins*, to look pleasant. When the circumstances were changed, however, and the horse ran ahead of me, I tell you it was a pretty hard tussle for me to give up. I was relating the circumstance to a lady. She is a cousin of mine, and has the Root blood in her veins. She too is a professing Christian. When I told her about it she declared that, if she had been in my place, she would have gone ahead of that horse if it had been a possible thing; and as I go over the matter and think of it, my blood yet tingles, and one part of myself seems to feel sorry that I gave up; but the better part—the *manly* part and the *Christian* part—says most emphatically, "Get thee behind me, Satan."



ON THE WAY TO LAKESIDE.

In riding a wheel we need not go over the same ground unless we choose—that is, at a season of the year like this, when the roads are all passable; and I always make it a point to go one way and return another, in order to study the country and see more of God's gifts to his children. As there is an electric railway from Norwalk to Sandusky, I decided to run directly from Medina to Norwalk, and then, if tired, I could ride a portion of the way. By consulting my pocket-map I discovered that East Townsend, where H. R. Boardman resides, is a little north of Medina; therefore I took a diagonal bearing northward until I reached a point directly east of East Townsend. Then I selected an east and west road and followed it straight ahead for about 30 miles, and was pleased to find myself right before friend Boardman's door. By consulting the parallels on the map you can follow an east and west road pretty accurately; and I was pleased to find that a cheap pocket-map of Ohio was accurate enough for the purpose, and to find also that our east and west roads are laid out exactly east and west. I started at 7 o'clock, and had made something over 40 miles just as friend B. and his people were sitting down to dinner. His pretty home looks just as neat and tidy during our intense drouth as it does at any other time of year; and although he has but little basswood, comparatively, in his locality, he has, as usual, a crop of something over two tons of beautiful basswood honey. His bees were fed as usual, so as to have every colony full and strong when the honey flow opened. As the day was very hot, the bees were exceedingly busy taking water from a feeder of his own invention. He uses it for giving them

pure water, or for giving them sugar syrup or any thing else he chooses. They are made of half-gallon fruit-jars, on the atmospheric principle. But he has an arrangement so that he can lift any one up to be replenished, and put it back, without injuring a bee. He also uses it as an entrance feeder, without having any unpleasantness, even though he was feeding thick sugar syrup right during the middle of that hot August day. His crop of honey hangs overhead in the room where he winters his bees. The room, although above ground, is as cool as a cellar, during the heated months of July and August.

After chatting until nearly time for the electric train to leave Norwalk, I started ahead. On reaching there I was informed that the electric car would not receive my wheel unless it happened to be one that had a freight car along with it. I asked what speed they made, and found I could pretty nearly equal it with my wheel, make a sure thing of my passage, and save my money. In all such cases, the simplicity of a wheel commends itself. In coming home on the same route I was informed at the office in Sandusky that it would be an hour and a half before any cars would leave Norwalk; and as 16 miles is not a big ride for that length of time, I found I could make the trip while I was waiting for the car.

Up toward the lakeshore we meet with a serious obstacle to wheeling, in the dry loose sand. By a piece of thoughtlessness I took in a strip of this soft sand for about two miles; and had it not been for the experience and drill that I told you of a year ago in coming from Akron after dark, Saturday night, I fear I should have had to walk the whole distance. And, by the way, when I tried hard that night to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, I made a big investment that I did not know of, in learning to ride through sand. One who has had little experience would declare the thing to be impossible; but I think I could manage to get through almost the worst piece of sandy road we have here in Ohio, without getting off my wheel; but it is hard work, and it does not pay unless you happen to get caught. Inquire ahead, and avoid sandy roads where possible.

I reached Sandusky just as the evening boat was preparing to leave the wharf, making 66 miles in about 7 hours, that being the longest ride I had ever made in one day. I wanted to make Port Clinton before going to Lakeside; therefore I purchased a ticket to the nearest point to Port Clinton, leaving the clerk to decide what point that should be. They landed me on Catawba Island. For a time I was somewhat concerned; for what can one do on a wheel on an island? Somebody kindly informed me, however, that Catawba Island is attached to the main land by a bridge. Catawba Island is at present the center of the great peach industry. When I arose next morning at the peep of day a sight met my eyes that was worth the whole trip. Beautiful luxuriant peach-trees were growing everywhere. The leaves were not curled, and the trees did not have gum oozing out of worm-holes. In fact, the trees were all healthy and sound, and models of thrifty luxuriance. Some of the trunks were as large in diameter as fair-sized apple-trees, and the heads are usually trained so as to be about evenly balanced. Each trip the steamer makes, it carries away great loads of baskets of beautiful peaches.

Catawba does not seem to be a town—at least, there were no houses except great boarding-houses. They are not hotels, for there is no sign out—at least, I did not see any; and I understand they are mainly for visitors, who use it as a pleasure-resort. There were former-

ly great quantities of Catawba grapes raised here; but they are now cutting them out and putting in peach-trees instead. The trees are planted between the rows of grapes, and the latter removed when the trees begin to bear. One of the passengers asked me what I supposed they called those peach orchards worth an acre. I guessed two or three hundred dollars. He said the orchards along the lakeshore, in full bearing, were valued at from two to three thousand dollars per acre. Surely, farming *does* pay—at least, some kinds of farming. Even away back from the coast, he said, the orchards were frequently sold for from five hundred to ten hundred dollars per acre. I supposed that we should, of course, have peaches on the bill of fare; but one of the guests told me they would have no peaches while they were so high-priced as at present, fine early ones bringing \$2.00 and upward per bushel by the wholesale. I greatly enjoyed my ride through the great peach-groves, some of them comprising several thousand trees, and so on through to Port Clinton.

It was at the latter place that I had a pleasant visit with our friend Julius Johannsen, who has written somewhat for these pages. The drouth has been unusually severe in his locality; in fact, great cracks or fissures showed themselves in the rich black ground comprising his garden. He had an opinion that it was not of much use to cultivate while the weather was so very dry; but I felt quite certain he could stop the ground from cracking and get tolerable crops by keeping two or three inches of the surface soil stirred constantly, and kept fine and mellow. This is the secret of their raising crops without irrigation, in California; and, in fact, the finest peach-orchards on Catawba Island are cultivated so constantly that the ground was as fine and mellow as a posy-bed, and not a weed was to be seen.

Of course, there is not any honey when months pass without any rain. If I am correct, friend Johannsen has not yet taken a pound from his hives. His ground is nicely under-drained, and he is getting small fruits well started. His land is a little outside of the peach locality; but plums do beautifully, and he has something like 200 as handsome and thrifty trees as I ever saw. His plum-orchard is well-cultivated, and the earth is kept fine and loose.

A beautiful graveled road runs from Port Clinton to Lakeside. Just a word here about graveled roads. Through the sandy regions of the northern part of the State of Ohio I have been delighted to find some of the finest roads for wheeling that can be made. In fact, one can make better speed on them than he could on a road made of planks, paving-stones, or even sawed flagging. None of these can be laid so that there is not an unpleasant vibration as the wheel goes over the joint. With the graveled road, however, there is no break and no jar. It may be undulating a little, but these undulations are like the waves of the sea; and one feels, while riding at high speed, as if he were on the water. I have found the finest roads in Marion County. There they have also a soft dirt road at the side of the graveled road; and in summertime some of the teams—sometimes all of them—take the dirt road in preference to the hard gravel; this leaves the well-built and expensive road entirely for the wheelmen. As the surface of the road is made crowning, the summer rains wash off all soil, dust, and trash, and the rubber tires strike nothing but the smooth, unyielding graveled surface. One day, after plowing through sand and dust I struck one of these graveled pikes, with a pretty good wind at my back. It seem-

ed like flying; and I pretty soon discovered that my rate of speed frightened the teams in the adjoining dirt road, and therefore I had to slow up in passing. I once had an opportunity, however, of running four miles without any thing to hinder; and as I looked at my watch it showed that I made the four miles in ten minutes. I do not think this can be, however. I must have made a mistake of about five minutes in looking at my watch. In making these fast runs, the chickens from the farmhouses are a great annoyance—not so much those that happen to be in the way, but those that get frightened by such an unusual sweeping apparition. I don't know what ails chickens' sense. Instead of running out of danger, they seem bent on running into it. They will manage to get right before your wheel, even if they have to run several feet in order to get there; and they will squall, and make the gravel fly with both legs and wings, in an insane attempt, apparently, to beat the wheel in a straight run. Of course, we do not want to hurt them; and I hope no wheelman is guilty of running over chickens when it can be avoided. If it can not, I think he had better offer to pay a reasonable price for the damage done.

By the way, where there is not a graveled road, there is now scarcely a road in Northern Ohio where the wheelmen have not apparently chosen a path on either one side of the road or the other. After one wheelman selects a fair runway, all the rest seem to follow by general consent; and the more the wheel-track is used, the firmer and smoother it becomes. Where the roads are very sandy, in a little time a very good path (a very narrow one) will be made right through the grass on the roadside. Such a path is not hurt at all by foot-passengers. In fact, the more it is used by the barefooted boys and girls on their way to school, the nicer it becomes. It is a great mistake, however, to let horses get into the wheelmen's path. I judge that something will soon be done for the protection and encouragement of a way expressly for wheels, where they will not interfere with other travel, and where other travel will not interfere with them.

In our next issue I will tell you something about my exceedingly pleasant visit at Lakeside; but I wish to mention one little incident right here. At one point on my ride I saw a fellow beating a poor old horse unmercifully. Without thinking of the consequence, I turned my wheel into his barnyard and was standing by his side so quick that he hardly knew where I came from. I asked him to stop whipping his horse. He was mad at my sudden intrusion, and refused. When I got out my pencil, however, and told him to please give me his name, he cooled off a little. He said the horse came very near running over his little girl, and he was going to teach it not to do it again. I told him I was a Christian man, but I believed in *law* as well as *gospel*, and that, unless he would give me his promise not to whip the horse any more, I would feel obliged to teach him something about the law. He finally promised, and, to make sure he would keep his promise, I told him I would ask a neighbor to keep watch of him; and if he whipped any more horses in that way he would be called to account. The neighbor told me that this man had been fined, several months before, for whipping the same horse. Now, here is a suggestion: Have such men put under this kind of bonds for good behavior. It may be best for several of the neighbors to join hands, in some cases.

Every thing is O. K. That Crane smoker is a dandy.
THOS. MYERS.
Carsonville, Mich., May 22.