

We have a farm along with our bees and time is pressing these days, and the first thing we know several other colonies are out of stores, and although we could have fed these syrup, now we have neglected it until too late and some more bees are lost while others have failed to build up as they would with plenty of stores.

It is nearly time to put on supers and many of our bees are not in condition, but we get them in as good shape as possible and double up the weak colonies and make the Resolve No. 5—That we will take time for our bees next year, if it does make something on the farm a day later.

It's a bountiful crop which comes pouring in and we are obliged to empty our limited supply of extracting frames more than once to make room for more, and our hearts grow light as the tank grows heavy with the delicious, sparkling liquid which means dollars and cents in our pockets, and what pleasure we get from viewing the beautiful piles of comb honey which have grown so rapidly. Suddenly we realize that we are nearly out of filled sections and we surely shall need a lot more. We haven't extracting combs enough to go over half of them, and so we hustle off an order for more foundation. A great many others are realizing just about this time that they too have set their stakes too low for this bountiful year, and so when the order reaches the supply dealer, it finds him swamped with orders and it is some time before he can fill it. So long in fact, that by the time it is received, we find that the honey flow is about over, and we have lost a lot of our best honey on account of it, and, moreover we had a lot of extra work, for the bees determined to swarm, and we made another resolve—No. 6—We'll see to it next year that we have plenty of sections ready for a bountiful crop, if it comes.

As we finish up extracting this time, we take care that all combs are stored away so the mice cannot get at them, but we forget one important item, which is, that moths will get in where mice cannot, and another bunch of combs are destroyed as a result. Resolve No. 7—We will keep our combs where we can sulphur them next year—and then we will sulphur them.

We put up the honey in tin cans or glass jars, as the case may be, and once when we are in a hurry and the honey is running slow we make up our minds it is a waste of time standing and watching it so long, as we will have plenty of time to do one or two chores that need attending to. All this time we are busy planning out some scheme for the future, or something else is occupying our thoughts, and when wife calls us to help her a few minutes, we forget that there is a stream of honey still running out there. So we help her—and then go about something else until our wandering thoughts suddenly focus on the dreadful remembrance, that honey is still flowing! We race to the honey house and our dismal forebodings are more than verified in the lake of honey which greets our eyes. The floor was dirty—and oh, the pity of it! A nectar fit for a king, and there it lies in the dirt, a veritable lake of it. I'll never so long as I live—Resolve No. 8—leave another can of honey to fill while I go galavanting off after something else.

These are a few of the leakages to be found in many bee yards. Not many beekeepers have found all of them true in his case, but less of them who have not found some of them in his experience. The margin of profit in the business is not large enough to permit these leaks to go on and still give us an income, so we must stop them up and the only way to do this is to carry out our resolves. Profiting not only by the mistakes we have made, but those of others as well.

Barryton, Michigan.