

nooks around the apiary, as soon as the bees commence to fly in spring. In proof of this statement I have had young bees flying about the middle of April, that were beyond a doubt reared on such and more particularly this spring. I shall continue such conduct in the future, as I have done in the past, as I have never seen any bad results follow so doing, to say nothing of keeping the bees legitimately employed at home, instead of being lost while in search of it elsewhere. Substitutes in the form of rye, or wheat flour, mixed with fine saw dust, or coarse pea or cornmeal answer admirably.

CLIPPING QUEENS WINGS.

I read with considerable interest the replies to this query in the last issue of the C. B. J., on the above subject. Like Will Ellis, I am a clipper, not however of quadrupeds, but of a six legged 4 winged insect called a queen, and consequently side with those who follow such a practice. I am therefore going to try and convert the non clippers. First on the list, is Warrington Scott. Well Mr. Scott, don't you worry about the future generations, on the score of loss of wing power. Just leave that to be demonstrated by some one who has more time to make such experiments, and for the present read and profit by all the good arguments in its favor, and rest contented for a thousand years. The same advice will apply with equal force, to Mr. Geo. B. McCulloch. Now I am not going to tackle Mr. Hoshal, for I understand he uses "knock down" arguments, when he gets mad, so I will let some giant in apiculture tackle him if he dares talk back at me, and that will settle his hash.

Next comes R. A. Morrison, who objects, because he never knows where to find the queen. Why in the hive of course, or on the ground, and not up a tall tree in your neighbors garden, or more probably in the woods 3 or 4 miles away. See here, don't you know, that queen traps, cost lots of money, and all liable to be closed up with drones too. As for wire cloth catchers, I am not going to kick about them, for I find they are a convenience sometimes, even with clipped wings.

Next comes Mr. Armstrong, who does not like to make a cripple of her majesty, or she might get lost in the grass, or she could not be sold, or something else. Say James I have often heard of a man "walking off on his ear," although I never really saw one doing so, but I never thought a queen walked off on her wing, I always supposed she travelled with her legs, when not flying. Anyway what use has she for two, or rather four wings after she has

been fertilized, any more than a queen ant, except to give trouble by skeddling when she takes a notion. The ants take matters into their own hands, and dehorn, oh no, I mean de-wing their queens, so they will not be putting on airs, and looking too pretty, etc. Another thing, bee-keepers cannot afford to let the "grass to grow under their feet" about swarming time. By all means cut the grass also, and everything will walk as the ladies say "just perfectly lovely!"

[Look here F. Alexis Gemmellaricus, (this is a typographical error) if you are in the apiary—No I will not say that—I mean if I am in the apiary, it is all right to have the queen's wings clipped; if I am not in the apiary and not likely to be even after the bees swarm, it is better to sometimes lose a queen than the entire swarm. But, if I have someone watching with little experience, who sends for me when the swarm issues I would sooner not clip the queens wing. In my locality (don't smile) the queens are frequently lost in their attempts to follow the swarm, not up a tree, but if such are available down under the roots, or under and in another hive—she is not particular—anything within reach. Or the bees may, instead of returning to the old stand like clockwork, attempt to enter half a dozen hives in a row. These are certainly objections. I am not saying that under certain conditions clipping is not advisable, but bee-keepers can defend themselves. In closing let me say, there is a great difference in the case of the ant, the workers have no wings. Perhaps they are jealous of the queen and steal her wings'—Ed.

Winter time in Georgia—
 Fires in smoky huts:
 But what I want to know now
 Is—where's them hick'ry nuts?
 Winter time in Georgia—
 Frost on hill an' plain;
 But no one huntin' squirrels,
 An' no one grindin' cane!
 Reckon I've been dreamin';
 Has the world turned round?
 Winter time in Georgia,
 An' blossoms drappin' down!

—Atlanta Constitution.