

in the waste basket. Probably you will have to read it over two or three times before you can fully appreciate its merits. Note if you please how nicely "breezes" chimes with "bees'es, and what a musical jingle "mason" makes with "basin". These are but samples of its many excellencies.

We wait thee gentle spring,  
We enjoy thy balmy breezes;  
We pine to hear thee sing  
Our pets, the little bees;  
Then come fair fragrant spring,  
Friend Clarke, he waits to see  
The trowel-ended sting,  
Unsheathed and bright and free.  
He hopes returning spring  
Will prove by his own testing,  
That hibernation is the state,  
Of bees in winter resting;  
Quiescence is the word  
Explains their drowsy sleep,  
No matter how he's slurred,  
He'll this opinion keep.  
Come fresh and blooming spring,  
Jones sits with hands extended  
To rake the shekels in  
For capital expended  
In sections, hives and frames,  
In bellows, veils and smokers;  
The quality and price he claims  
Will stop the chronic croakers.  
He waits approaching spring  
To show "Doubting Thomas" Mason  
That Beeton's basswood rains  
Down honey in a basin.  
Bright sunny days of spring  
We all await thy coming;  
Emigh, Hall and Holterman  
Would hear the bees a-humming.  
To brighten up their joys,  
And make their pulse go bounding,  
Then fancy freely toys  
With extractors a-sounding;  
To see the honey flow  
In streams of liquid beauty,  
From tins and taps and so,  
Be up and do your duty.  
For balmy breezy spring  
Is certainly a-coming,  
And bees on joyous wing  
Will soon be out a-humming.

NEMO.

For the sake of our health will Nemo please not do it again.

From the American Bee Journal.

### VENTILATION.

I wish to write of two things which do not agree with my own experiments; the first is, the ventilation of bee-cellars, and the other, crating honey upside down.

#### VENTILATING BEE-CELLARS.

Mr. Doolittle tells us that his bees winter, and have wintered, nicely for a number of winters, without any ventilation of his bee-cellar. This we have no reason to doubt, as Mr. D. is held

in high esteem by bee-keepers; but we must consider the different circumstances, and the way Mr. Doolittle puts his hives into the cellar; also the make-up of the cellar itself compared with those of most of the other bee-keepers.

In the first place, a great majority use hives with tight bottom-boards, and therefore they cannot remove them when they store the hives in the cellar, and have only the hive-entrance for ventilation, instead of a suspended cluster with circulating air all around it, as with Mr. D's way. This, of course, accounts largely for the differences of cellar ventilation; also for the difference of the best degree of temperature for the bees, in ordinary bee-cellars.

I would estimate that bees suspended in the hives without bottom-boards, would winter better in the same cellar with from 60° to 100° higher temperature, than bees with only an entrance in the hive  $\frac{3}{4}$  x  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches; and bees suspended can surely stand it better without ventilation of the cellar, than those in a hive with the bottom-board on, as the former have more free air around the cluster; but the number of colonies plays a big part in the matter.

If Mr. D. had 150 to 200 colonies in his cellar instead of only 50, he would find that the ground on the sides and top of his cellar is not porous enough to supply sufficient pure air for them all; and would be glad that he made ventilators which he could open the same as I do, this mild winter, and keep the bees healthy.

I am convinced that pure air, with the right temperature in a bee-cellar, has more to do with the safe wintering of bees than anything else, not excepting honey-dew or other unsuitable food, although good sealed honey is the best winter food for bees, no matter what the "sugar man" says.

C. THIELMAN.

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Read at the Wisconsin Bee-Keepers' Association by the President.

### REVIEW OF THE SEASON OF 1888.

ENCE more, fellow bee-keepers, are we permitted to give you greeting; once more, at the beginning of the new year, do we meet to exchange ideas, renew social ties, report success or failure, draw lessons from the past and fix plans for the future; while our busy workers are snugly stowed in well provisioned hives. Either in cellars or double-walled hives, where blizzards may howl or thermometers freeze, they are snug and comfortable.

THE SEASON—Although not what could be called a good one, has been far from a failure. The diligent and persistent bee-master has had