

a barn door, true up the pile as evenly and nicely as you could do it with your fingers.

Nearly all of this is the result of the brains of one man, Mr. E. B. Weed, whose picture I take pleasure in presenting at this time. If he had done no more, his happiness would be all but supreme. But he is the inventor of the new deep-cell drawn foundation, to which I have referred in former issues. Even before he came here he was the inventor and patentee of a number of other articles, one of which I know he sold for a round sum.



MR. E. B. WEED.

Like every inventor, he has had his discouragements. His machinery and his appliances for wax-working all seemed to fail to work until he ran across the skilled employees of The A. I. Root Co., and the confidence of the firm itself in his inventions. Many and many a time it looked as if failure was sure to meet him as it had done when he worked for others having less confidence in his wild(?) schemes; but Mr. Weed, undaunted, and with a hope almost superhuman, and with assurance that our country would back him, would work and plod away until success was his.

When trying to solve a problem I have seen him so excited, and so thoroughly absorbed, that he scarcely knew what was going on about him. I remember once when one of his machines got into a "balky spell" (at the start they all had 'em), and in

order to make his kid "come to time," as he called it, in passing to the other side of the machine he collided with one of the women-folks carrying a pile of wax—knocked the pile over, and the woman too, nearly, but scarcely seemed to realize that he had had a collision and scattered the nice wax all over the floor. I have seen an idea seize him so quickly when walking, that, when he turned about face in his sudden nervous way, his feet slid from under him, and down he went in an ungainly heap. But he quickly regained his feet and so absorbed was he, that he seemed almost totally ignorant of the episode, but he had the idea; and not withstanding I was convulsed with laughter he went on to tell me what it was; and as I continued laughing he incontinently asked me what I saw so funny.

During the last few days Mr. Weed has been fussing (I guess that's the word) with a machine that would not do his bidding. It had balky spell after balky spell. He knew it would work, but was so tired out when I came into the room that he could not think any more, much less see where the naughty "kink" was. The next day after a night's rest—if indeed he rested at all—he went at it again with a determination that I knew meant the machine had got to work, and it did; and to-day he sees the triumph of his perseverance and skill with that particular machine. The benign smile that now plays upon his face is contagious, for one can not but admire such pluck.

While he does not profess to be a mechanic, he seems to have a remarkable perception for mechanical possibilities. He will grasp an idea in an instant (he doesn't always tumble down). As indicative of his quick perception, he will take a whole page of reading-matter on the most obtruse subject, catch the whole idea, read every word of it in a tenth of the time it takes people generally.

Just where he will turn his inventive genius after he has made the wax business reach its summit, is hard to say.

[As the above applies very largely, in fact almost altogether, to our own method of making comb foundation, and as the first sheeting machine was made in the Gould Shapely and Muir Co. Ltd. factory, we reproduce the above article from *Gleanings in Bee Culture*. Mr. Weed deserves a great deal more than we believe bee-keepers at the present time realize, and we venture to predict that his name will before long be recognized amongst the greatest of apicultural benefactors.—Ed. C. B. J.]