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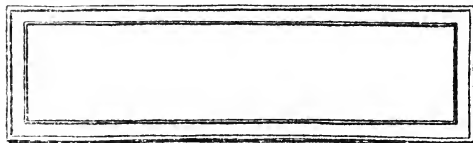
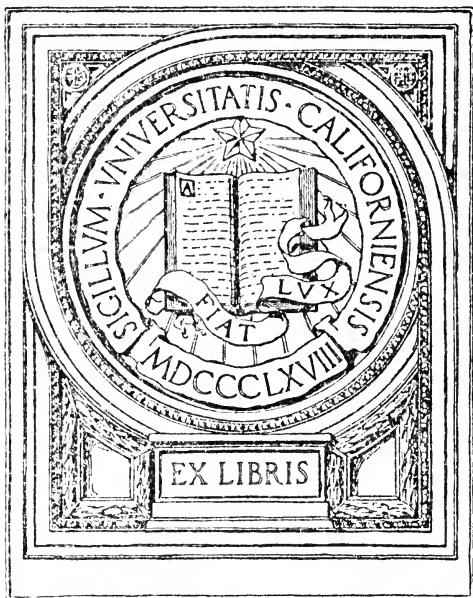
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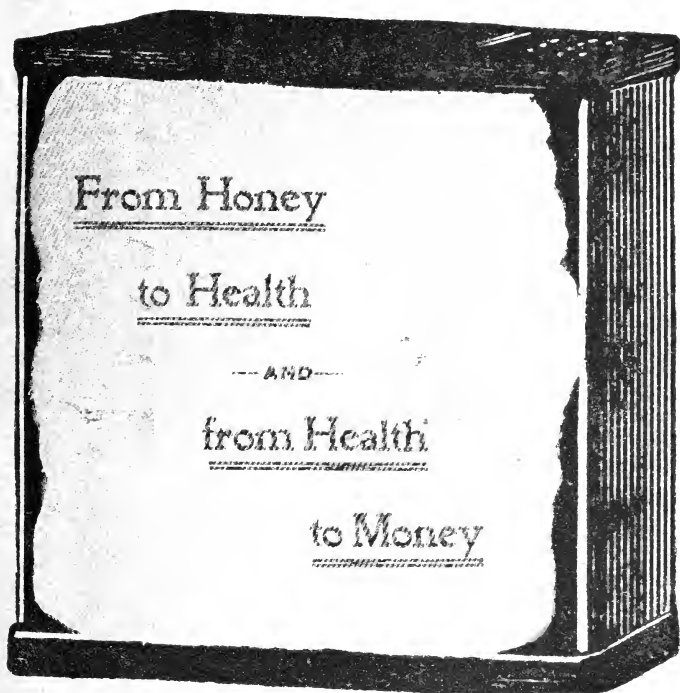
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THE HONEY-MONEY STORIES



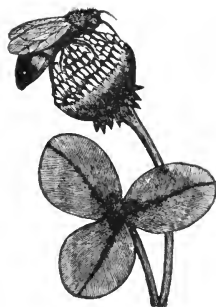
By Paul Point,
Orvice Sisson and Albion Girard

With Valuable Items by Charles C. Miller

Thirty-three Illustrations
Price, 25 Cents

“ If the reader of this book ”—
See last paragraph on page 38

“Use this Book
as the Bees
use the Flowers”



Eating Honey
Improves Health



Better Health
Increases Wealth



Eat its
product
and imitate
the indus-
try of the
bee.

THE HONEY=MONEY STORIES

—BY—

ORVICE SISSON

Of the Society of Economic Research,

PAUL POINT

Of the Chicago Registration League,

ALBION GIRARD

Of the Accuracy Press Bureau,

—AND—

CHARLES C. MILLER

On Honey Information.

Edited by EARL M. PRATT

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CHICAGO, ILL.
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PUBLISHERS.

Why spend
money
for things
that will
injure
you?



Get more
of your
money
to hunting
honey for
your meals

The peo-
ple do not
eat enough
honey for
their own
good.



This Book is not on money
pure honey for your plate



from honey, but is about
and money for your purse.

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THE HONEY-MONEY STORIES

The Gudgeonville Bridge

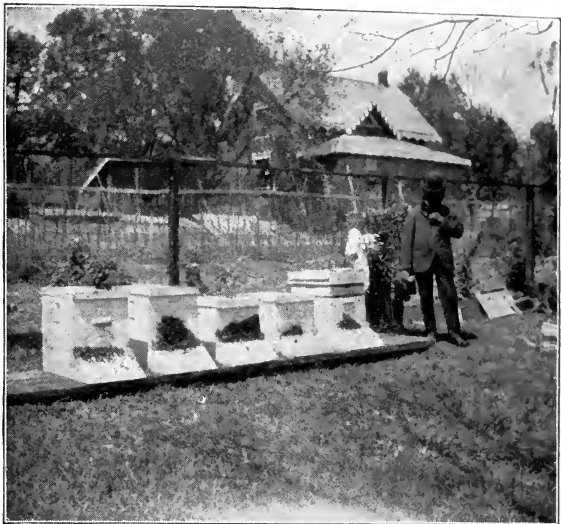
Wilmer had been a school teacher, but was now looking for something different in the way of opportunity, and the trouble was he didn't know what he was looking for. He owned several acres of fine woods or timber land, near a deep ravine where there was a big, busy tannery. One day when the clouds over his hopefulness were the thickest, the old tanner met him, and said, "Wilmer, I will give you ten dollars a day for the use of a bridge across this ravine. You build the bridge and keep it in repair, and I'll begin paying you from the first day it is ready to use."

This was the unknown something that Wilmer had been getting ready for.

He used up a great deal of the timber on his land, and mortgaged the land, and had done everything he could to finish the bridge, but it was not quite finished. He needed some more money, and he didn't know where to get it. One thing he had decided not to do, and that was to ask the old tanner for money in advance.

While trying to figure out a solution to his perplexity, he got a letter asking him to deliver a \$25 lecture at a teachers' institute in the next county. This brought a good-sized ray of hope to him, and the next day he went to the county seat of his own locality to do a little business, and while walking by the front of a store which was being painted, a painter accidentally splattered up his clothes in a ruinous manner, and they were the clothes he intended to lecture in, and he had

Gift of G. W. York



The Truck Garden Home with Bee-Veil on the Man

HARVEY'S WAY

HE EMPLOYED from three to five men by the year and insisted on each man saving two-thirds of his income. They were given board, washing, and \$150 a year. Unless they saved \$100 a year Harvey would not employ them. Some did not like his arbitrary way and left him for liberty, but those who remained five years had some good ideas and \$500 in cash. Then Harvey was ready to help them get started for themselves.

no money for new ones. What to do was beyond his imagination, but in less than five minutes he met a young man who was full of enthusiasm and very glad to meet him, and this young man seemed to think it was a big joke to have the paint on Wilmer's clothes. As Wilmer did not cheer up very much over the young man's hilarity, the latter got down to serious thought, and said:

"Now, Wilmer, I have been wanting to see you for weeks. You may have forgotten about helping me start my truck-garden a few years ago, but it has been quite a success, and my health is ten times as good as it was at that time. I got down to eating plain food and using a little honey every day. The work in the truck-garden gave me good exercise, and while I have some money ahead to-day, my improved health is more important than the money. I wish you would tell me where to put \$200 at 4 per cent interest. I have it with me now, and I want to do something with it, and you are just the one to advise me."

Wilmer asked the young man to let him think a few minutes, and they stood there by the curbstone until Wilmer invited him to come into a restaurant and have some lunch. There he told him the story of the bridge and how he was situated. Then he offered the young man 5 per cent interest for the money for six months.

The young man replied, "Wilmer, I am willing to give you the money for nothing, both principal and interest, if it's of any use to you, because my success to-day is due to your kindness."

Wilmer insisted on the 5 per cent and written recognition of the loan. New clothes were purchased, the lecture was a success, the bridge was finished, and all the debts paid.

Now there is a little house on the wood-lot, and no happier home in the world.



Hiving a Swarm of Bees

PULL FOR PEACE

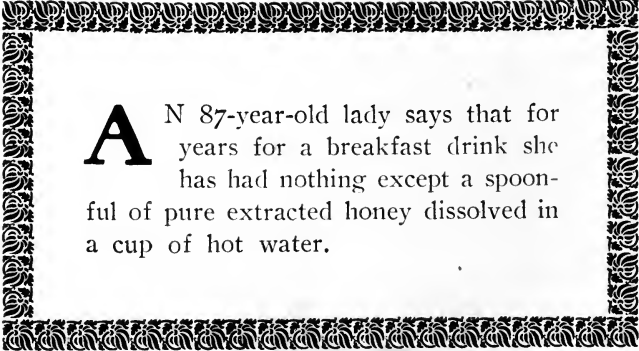
WASTED energy is an enemy of wealth. Poor tools and abused earnestness make trouble, and trouble is also made by dishonesty before good tools and unrespected kindness. Every thinker should also be a worker in the interest of real wisdom between man and man. Conditions might be better for everybody on earth.

Using a Horse-Food

To prove to you that I am not the only one in the world who thinks that there is some relation between what you eat and your business ability to do things, let me tell you the story of a man who had been watching for a food to add to his bill of fare.

When he read that some horses in New York had been improved in appetite and appearance by being given a little molasses daily with their grain, he jumped to the idea because he remembered how he wanted it on his bread when a boy and his mother laughed him out of it.

Now he started in to make up time, and had two slices of bread and molasses the first thing every breakfast. It was rather objectionable to some members of his family, and when warm weather came his zeal let up a little, but just as he was thinking about a vacation on his horse-food he was interested in the pure food law and extracted honey. This took the place of molasses and pleased the group at the table, but he claims that if he could not get the honey he would not be without molasses.



AN 87-year-old lady says that for years for a breakfast drink she has had nothing except a spoonful of pure extracted honey dissolved in a cup of hot water.

FOOD AND EXERCISE

THE DAY is coming when every disease will be cured by specially prepared foods and exercises. The foods will be inviting to the eye and pleasant to the taste, but man will never make anything superior to the product of the honey-bee. The exercises will be mental and physical, but they will never be superior to working for others, to their benefit and your profit.



Canadian Experiment Bee-Yard at Ottawa

Money Mentally

The old man had been in trouble and lost everything except the refusal of some property out in the country. He had to go on crutches, due to an accident. But he had a head. Advertising agencies, printers and other business men told him he could have anything he wanted, and pay for it when he got ready.

The old man started in anew. He fixed up a flat for a home and office combined. With credit he began, and in a couple years he had a prosperous mail-order business with but one thing to sell. It was worth selling, and gave buyers satisfaction; but many men with a bag of gold to start with would have failed because they would not know how to manage and make money. He knew how. Nine people out of ten know how to manage and lose money. He had a head which could manage other people in a way to give them a living, and leave him a profit. People have never had enough respect for heads such as this old man's crippled body possessed.

Credit is money, and what is money? While on a street-car I heard a man tell another man this about a young fellow who had some money: "He has money, but he does not know what money is—money is a lever."



Nestor of American Bee-Keeping

OLD BEE MAN'S WISDOM

THE REAL food value of honey in milk or on bread and crackers, is worth knowing. If you are not aware of it make some tests. If you eat too much you may injure your appetite for a wonderfully useful food. You can secure or regain an appetite for honey by using a very little of it daily.

From J. B. W.

It struck me that the following from "Success" might interest some of your thinkers:

CHEERFULNESS IS POWER.

Fate itself has to concede a great many things to the cheerful man. The man who persistently faces the sun so that all shadows fall behind him, the man who keeps his machinery well lubricated with love and good cheer, can withstand the hard jolts and disappointments of life infinitely better than the man who always looks at the dark side. A man who loves shadows, who dwells forever in the gloom—a pessimistic man—has very little power in the world as compared with a bright, sunny soul.

The world makes way for the cheerful man; all doors fly open to him who radiates sunshine. He does not need an introduction; like the sunlight, he is welcome everywhere.

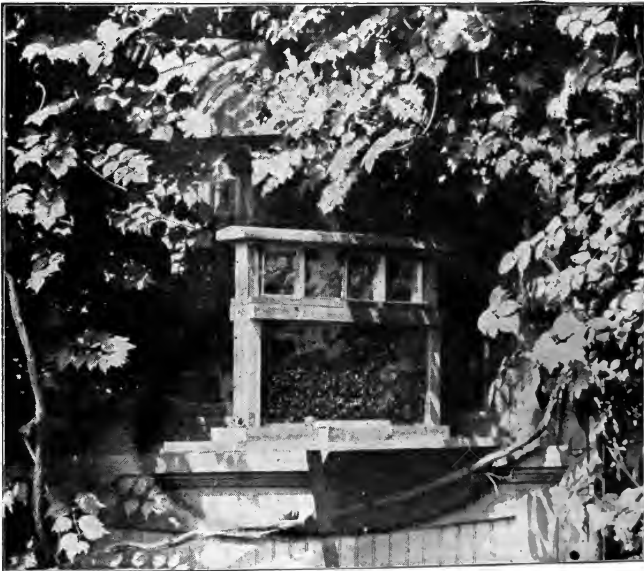
A cheerful disposition is not only a power, it is also a great health tonic. A depressed mind makes the system more susceptible to disease; encourages its development because it kills the power of resistance. A cheerful soul can resist disease, and it is well known among physicians that there is a greater chance for recovery from exhaustive diseases of a bright sunny soul than of a gloomy, despondent one. Cheerfulness is health; melancholy is disease. Gloom and depression feed disease and hasten its development.

I am thankful to J. B. W. for sending this to me. When we know how to get and use pure milk and honey, good wheat and corn breads, and then exercise wisely, we must be cheerful.

MONEY

BOIL down your wants until you boil up your energy and get your income in advance of your expenses.

The ability to do hard work and keep at it is wealth in itself. To be accurate and follow the orders of those who pay for the work is a source of executive skill. To know how to work is a trade and a profession combined.



Observation Bee-Hive Inside of a Sitting-Room Window



A Bee-Yard in the Winter-Time

The Difference

A man worked over thirty years on a machine and without success. A practical young man married this man's daughter and made the machine a money-maker. Why and how? You cannot go in two directions at the same time. You could not take breakfast in Augusta, Maine, and supper the same day in Sitka, Alaska. But the inventor could go up into theory while the practical son-in-law could go down into supply and demand. The inventor could breakfast in Maine while the young man could supper in Alaska.

Men starve their purses while in love with their theories, and men starve their minds while in love with their bursting purses. But there are many men who think and love theories, and also make money. The latter are the fortunate people of all.

Yet, the world gains great things by those who are sacrificed in their efforts. That zeal, without wisdom, which is adding to the world's wisdom and conveniences and wealth, should get the respect which it does get in centuries after the expensive victory is won.



A deep poem for your eyes

NO MANUFACTURED COMB HONEY

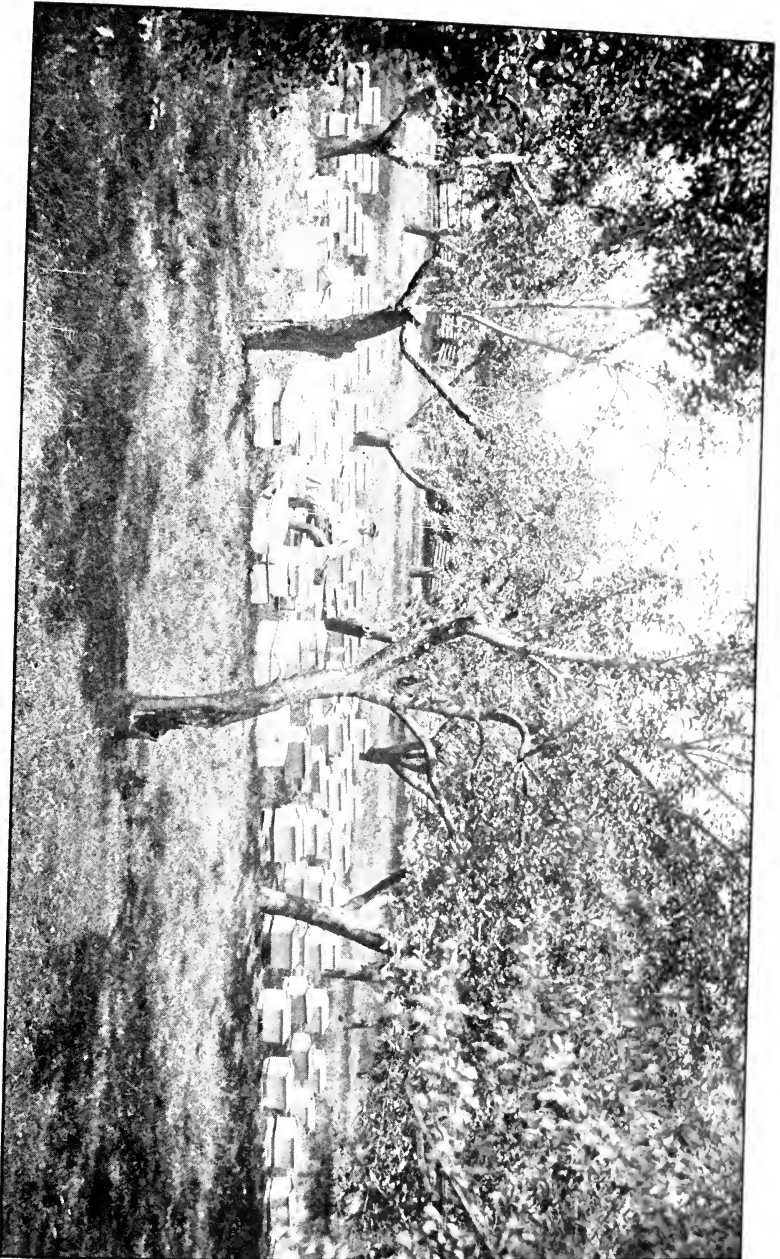
IN THESE days of prevailing adulteration, when so often "things are not what they seem," it is a comfort to know that *strictly pure* honey, both extracted and comb, can still be had and at a reasonable price. The silly stories seen from time to time in the papers about artificial combs being filled



with glucose, and deftly sealed over with a hot iron, have not the slightest foundation in fact. For years there has been a standing offer by one whose financial responsibility is unquestioned, of \$1,000 for a single pound of comb honey made without the intervention of bees. The offer remains untaken, and will probably always remain so, for the highest art of man can never compass such delicate workmanship as the skill of the bee accomplishes.

With extracted honey the case is different. When you see in the grocery a tumbler of liquid honey with a small piece of comb honey in the center, you may be pretty sure the liquid honey is not honey at all, but glucose. If not familiar enough with honey to detect it by the taste, your only safe course is to buy of some one who *knows* as to its source and upon whose honesty you can rely.





The Bee Cans Up Sunshine for Your Blood and Brain

A Piece of Rubber

It is the size of a little child's fat hand, but I am told that the inventor who made it worked 17 years and spent \$30,000.00 on his experiments.

He may never make much money out of it, and yet he may become wealthy from the sale of the machine of which it is a main part.

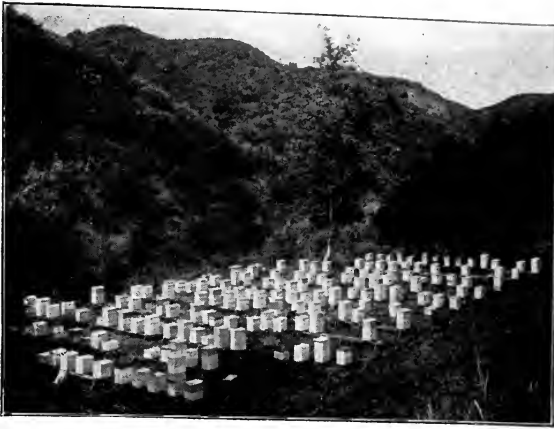
If he fails he will be called by some a fool. If he succeeds these same people will call him a genius.

Do such seekers after new ideas work for years for the money there may be in the discovery? There must be a love for the work rather than a love for the wealth which may come from success, though a hope of wealth or glory may start many on this path.

How can inventive people become more successful financially? One man told me that his father invented many good things, any one of which would have made him wealthy if marketed correctly, but he kept all of them on the shelf for fear of getting cheated, and never profited by his originality.

One thinker was in jail for debt while studying out a chemical compound, but later became a national success. He had a marketable product when it was ready, and he put all his time on it when he once got it started.

Yesterday a good business man told me about a man who had a good article but he got rid of his partners and then found that he did not know how to market his own good article. Sales fell to a small figure,



In the Foothills of California

CO-OPERATION

MINES, forests, the waters and the earth are the foundations of all wealth, but the man who invents a machine that helps the workers get twice as much for their labor is certainly useful. Then the person who lengthens the life of the inventor for the creation of more useful machinery is a helper.



FLOWERS are benefited by the bees as they gather honey for the good of man. Some money makers benefit all humanity while making their money.

and he was forced to hitch up with a man that knew how to put things on the market and keep them there. It is easy to find good things to push, and difficult to find men who can successfully push them. Why? Well, to market an article requires a steady energy and ready resourcefulness few people possess. You can walk ten miles in ten hours but can you run ten miles in one hour? Competition may require the business man to think ten days in ten minutes or to work twenty hours a day for a month. I was told about a wealthy American who marketed an article successfully but who had never recovered physically from two weeks of work done at a critical period in his business.

Down in the heart of Indiana a year ago I sat in the office of an energetic and resourceful man who had forced the world to stop and think, and purchase his goods. As he finished his day's work and turned to me he said, "This work is something fierce—these people who come in and tell me how to do things make me tired—they know about as much about it as"—then he got off some special remarks which were characteristic of the man.

He was right, and he was wrong. Outsiders knew little about the hard work he had to do to make his big money, but as great men as he have been ruined by not recognizing the telescopic wisdom in the suggestions of some caller or agent. Everyone needs to know more, and everyone knows something useful. A barber does not cut his own hair.



BETTER be useful than rich, but never forget that it is possible to be both.



SOME people love the busy hum of factory life as much as a bee enjoys gathering honey. The scholar among his favorite books is never happier than some mechanical workers among the machinery. Men go from farm to factory, and from factory to farm, and some think most of the oil and iron odors of the shop, but city people are seeking the farms more and more every year.



A Farmer's Confession

Several years ago I saw a prosperous farmer standing in his barn door, and as I had a little time to spare I drove up to try to find out why he was prosperous. One reason for my curiosity was due to having heard that he had plowed under a field of wheat because he was ashamed to let such a poor crop as it was likely to be, be seen on his farm. I knew that other farmers would have lacked the nerve to plow under such a crop. They would have gone on caring for it, though they lost money by doing so.

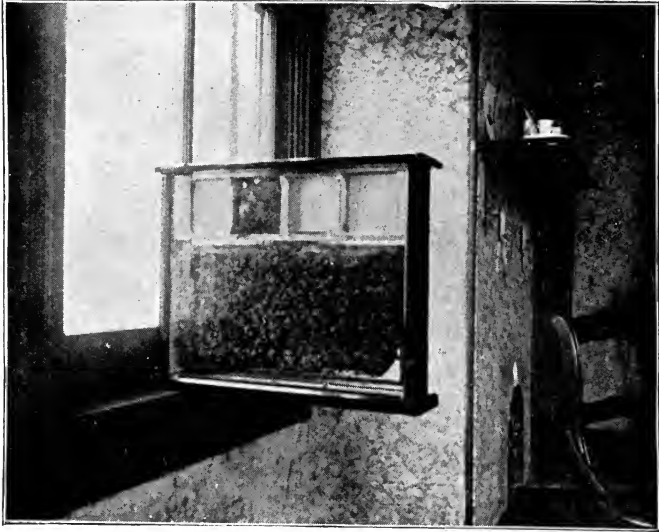
This farmer in his barn door had some answers to my direct questions, and one was that the reason why he was a good farmer, or, rather, why he was successful as a farmer, was because his father was a good farmer, one of the best that he'd ever known.

This made me think of a young man who was given a farm by his father, who was a good farmer, but the son was not able to pay the taxes, and soon the farm got away from him. The good farmer in the barn door said he had read many things in the papers that had helped him, and one was that it paid to roll the wheat stubble for the clover crop, while the clover was a few inches high. This was an entirely new idea to him, and it had been decidedly worth while to do.

The above was written months ago, and this morning I read that this farmer had been in charge of some railroad lands which he managed so successfully that the railroad officials had invited him to another locality in consultation over some property which had been depreciating in value.

GRANULATED HONEY—TO RELIQUIFY

WHEN honey is kept for any length of time it has a tendency to change from its clear liquid condition, and becomes granulated or candied. This is not to be taken as any evidence against its genuineness, but rather the contrary. Some prefer it in the candied state, but the majority prefer it liquid. It is an easy matter to restore it to its former liquid condition. Simply keep it in hot water long enough, *but not too hot*. If heated above 160 degrees there is danger of spoiling the color and ruining the flavor. Remember that honey contains the most delicate of all flavors—that of the flowers from which it is taken. A good way is to set the vessel containing the honey inside another vessel containing hot water, not allowing the bottom of the one to rest directly on the bottom of the other, but putting a bit of wood or something of the kind between. Let it stand on the stove, but do not let the water boil. It may take half a day or longer to melt the honey. If the honey is set directly on the reservoir of a cook-stove, it will be all right in a few days. In time it will granulate again, when it must again be melted.

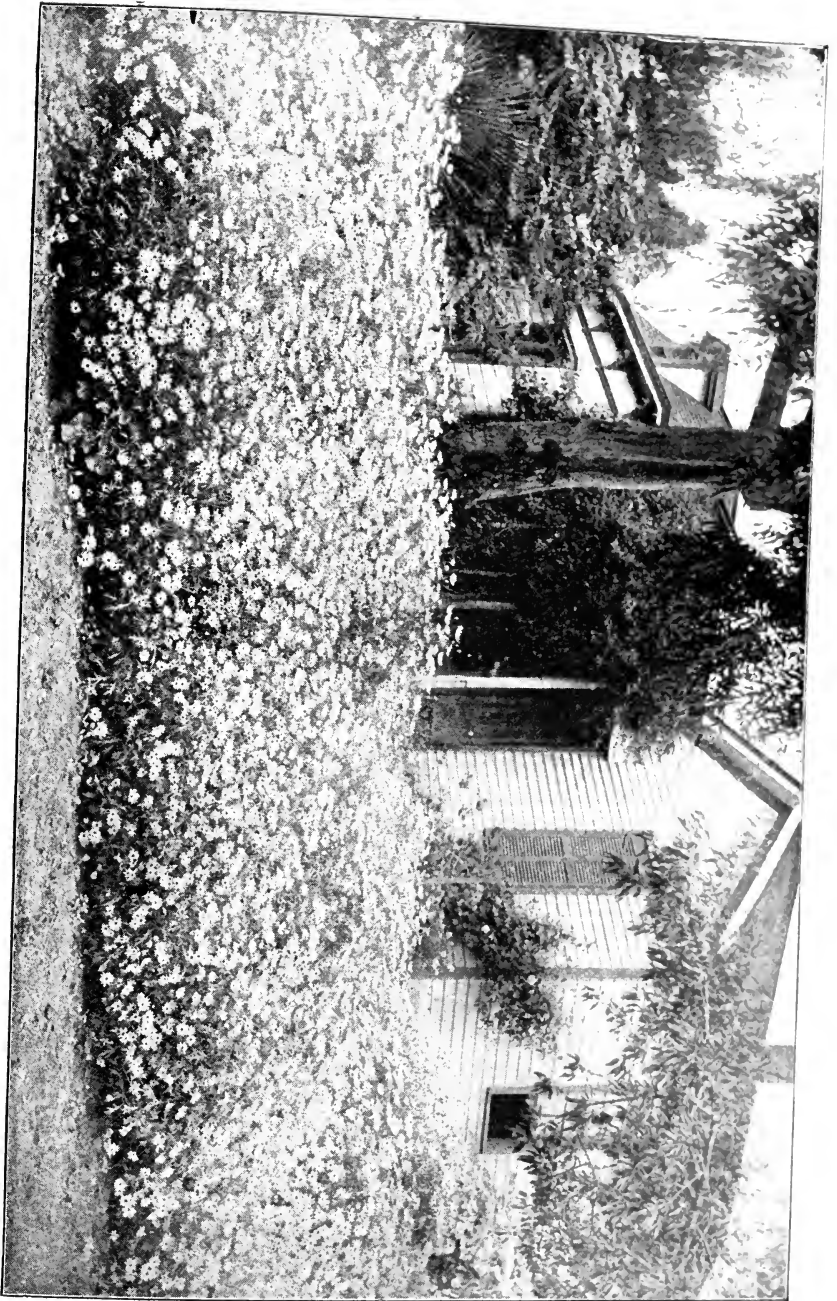


Observation Hive Inside of Sitting-Room Window

Sawdust

That is what the girls called him because he kept telling them that their dolls were filled with sawdust. Of course they didn't enjoy his ridicule. If you have a piano and some one comes in and tears it to pieces to prove to you that it is veneered and not solid wood, your love for that person grows smaller.

"Sawdust" was a boy born to grow as thoughtlessly as a tree, and he was not born mentally until about 25 years of age. His parents had been too busy to think, and when he was a few years old he went to live with an uncle and aunt where there were no pets and no garden. The uncle had a yoke of old oxen with which he did his farming. The nearest neighbors were miles away. To many it would seem impossible for a boy to



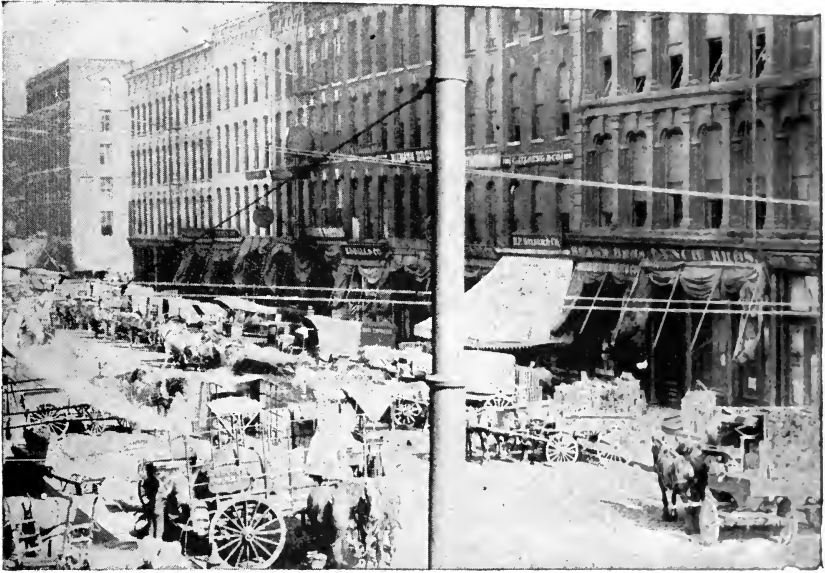
The Old Homestead

be as ignorant as "Sawdust." One day his aunt thought enough about his future to have him visit his cousins, two girls about his own age.

He walked the 15 miles to their home and spent a few days with them. About all he did was to make fun of the girls for playing with sawdust-filled dolls, and they were thankful when his visit was over and he went back. That is how "Sawdust" got his name. But he went back to work early and late—work so hard that for years he did not think beyond the mechanical circle of his daily duties.

Again he visited the home of his cousins. This time to pay their father some money due him from the uncle with whom the boy lived. "Sawdust" could not believe his eyes. He had not thought that he had changed until he saw the girls in homes near their old home and with "dolls" without any sawdust. The "dolls" were full of life, and would not stand any ridiculing. "Sawdust" began to think. The real little boys and girls proved that he had been asleep. One of the cousins had an observatory hive of bees in her sitting-room window which interested "Sawdust" so much that he partly forgot his embarrassment. He was treated to honey for the first time, and the girl's father told him that "there is much trouble in the world because people have too much or too little money, and that people eat too much or too little honey; if you eat too much it will be some time before you want any more, while you should have it on your table at least once every day." "Sawdust" graduated from his nickname during this visit, and in a few years he had a farm with horses, and a barn with pets and a garden with beehives back of it.

He had a house with a busy little crowd in it. One of the crowd was a little girl with a doll, but her father



THIS is a picture of one of the busiest places in the world. It is a metropolitan market center. It has many stories of honey and money. Men fail and men win here. It requires good common-sense and an interest in the subject to win. One man told me that he got to his place early and thought of nothing but his business during the day.

would permit no one to mention sawdust to her. He always had a heart, but it took him a long time to find it out. To-day he is one of the most considerate men in the world. He is trying to pay the debt he owes the world—the debt he contracted when he was a cynic.

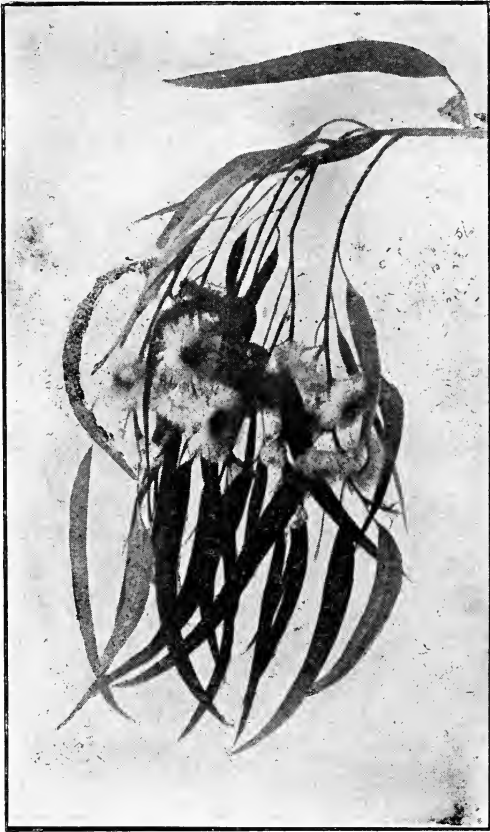


Tall-Growing Sweet Clover

A decorative border of small, repeating floral motifs surrounds the text on the page.

DIFFERENT KINDS AND FLAVORS OF HONEY

MANY people think "honey is honey"—all just alike; but this is a great mistake. Honey may be of good, heavy body—what bee-keepers call "well-ripened"—weighing generally twelve pounds to the gallon, or it may be quite thin. It may also be granulated, or candied, more solid than lard. It may be almost as colorless as water, and it may be as black as the darkest molasses. The flavor of honey varies according to the flower from which it is obtained. It would be impossible to describe in words the flavors of the different honeys. You may easily distinguish the odor of a rose from that of a carnation, but you might find it difficult to describe them in words so that a novice smelling them for the first time could tell which was which. But the different flavors in honey are just as distinct as the odors in flowers. Among the light-colored honeys are white clover, linden (or basswood) sage, sweet clover, alfalfa, willow-herb, etc., and among the darker are found heartsease, magnolia (or poplar), horse-mint, buckwheat, etc.



Eucalyptus Blossoms

YOUR TEETH AND HONEY

IF YOUR teeth hinder you from eating honey, get your teeth fixed, as it will be by far the cheapest in the end.

“That’s An Apple”

The old fire insurance agent sat on the wagon-maker’s sawhorse. He was a bright man but not the only jackknife in the show-case. Some were better, some were worse; others were just like him. He had been jollying the mechanic’s boy who was tinkering at the vise, and had got the laugh on the boy. A painter was working at the other side of the room and enjoying the fun.

The agent got up and went to the bench, picked up an apple and asked, “What is that?”

Before any one could answer the boy jerked out, “An apple!”

The laugh was on the agent who was struck dumb. The painter said that the boy was worth saving. The father remarked that honey and salt saved him, as for many years the croup hung around the house like a bat in the night, and nothing helped until some one put them on to this God-given remedy.

“How did you use it?” asked the painter. The father replied, “Mix a half teaspoonful each of honey and salt for any kind of a croupy cough unless due to a bronchial cold that remains on all day and night. For the latter drink hot corn-meal gruel very thin with or without milk, but salted, and put honey on the chest as a warmer and tonic.”



A State Fair Honey and Beeswax Exhibit
(Lincoln Monument in Beeswax)

HONEY ON SUNDAY NIGHT

AN ENERGETIC man tells me that nothing suits him better, on Sunday evening, just before retiring, than a bowl of milk sweetened with a tablespoonful of pure extracted honey, and bread broken into it. He does not eat anything from 2 to 9:30 p. m. on Sundays.



THE COLOR and taste of honey depend on what flowers the bees gather from. Some people prefer the dark to the light grades.

The Beginner

He came into the woods with a bag of potatoes and garden seeds on his back, an axe in one hand, a gun in the other, determination in his muscles, and good judgment in his head.

Cutting down trees in a way to have them fall across one another for burning, some land was cleared and vegetables started. Fish were caught and game was shot, and a home was started. The skins of wild animals were traded for meal and salt, and step by step the beginner accumulated tools, grains, clothing and buildings. Some claim that the motion of the human hand is the source of wealth, but it is only a changer of one form of wealth into another form.

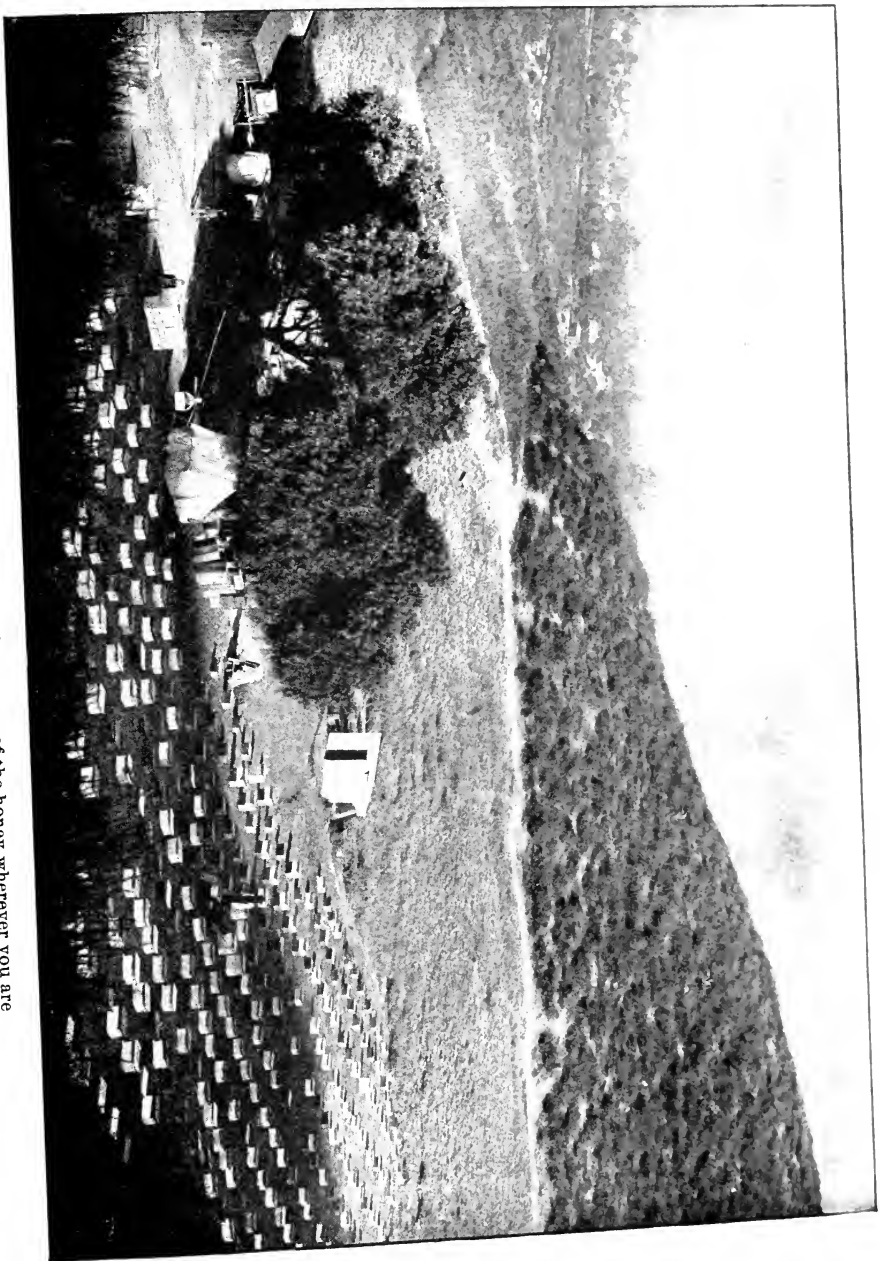
You can see how a poor man could walk into a financially panic-stricken city, where thousands of workers were idle, and by a willingness to do whatever his hands found to do with all his might, and by a resourcefulness to think to the benefit of every one, he could create a place for himself and enjoy success while many others might be buried in failure on account of ignorance and inactivity.





CARE OF HONEY—WHERE TO KEEP IT

THE AVERAGE housekeeper will put honey in the cellar for safe-keeping—about the worst place possible. Honey readily attracts moisture, and in the cellar extracted honey will become thin, and in time may sour; and with comb honey the case is still worse, for the appearance as well as the quality is changed. The beautiful white surface becomes watery and darkened, drops of water ooze through the cappings, and weep over the surface. Instead of keeping honey in a place moist and cool, keep it dry and warm, even hot. It will not hurt to be in a temperature of even 100 degrees. Where salt will keep dry is a good place for honey. Few places are better than the kitchen cupboard. Up in a hot garret next the roof is a good place, and if it has had enough hot days there through the summer, it will stand the freezing of winter; for under ordinary circumstances freezing cracks the combs, and hastens granulation or candying.



If you cannot spend your vacation here, have some of the honey wherever you are

About a Farmer's Boy Who Was Born in a City Flat

You could see that he was a farmer through and through, and when he was old enough to visit his grandfather's farm he was in his element. Winters he lived at home in the little flat in the big city, but summers he managed to spend among the horses and cows, chickens and bees, and in a big orchard. One day his grandmother told him to watch the bees and he was able to help her catch a swarm that was leaving the hive. For this she gave him 25 cents, and while he was wondering what to do with the money she offered to sell him a fine chicken, and let him earn in various ways food on which to keep it. When the chicken was ready to sell he had earned more money to put with the money that he got for it, and with this he bought a little pig.

He became so interested in rural life, and his health on the farm was so much better than in the flat that he lengthened his summer year by year until he was with the animals the greater part of the time.

When the pig was ready to sell he had not only earned money for its food, but more money to go with that received from the sale of the pig. With this he purchased a calf. He continued to earn money for its food and some money to save. When he sold the calf he ran in debt to purchase a colt, but he earned money and paid the debt; he earned money and paid for the feed, and he earned money to save. After selling the colt he purchased a piece of land, making a first payment on it. He rented a part of the land and cultivated the remainder himself.

After paying for the land he built a small barn on



A Woman Bee-Keeper and Her Bee-Yard

HONEY THE MOST DELICIOUS SAUCE

NOT ONLY is honey the most wholesome of all sweets, but it is the most delicious. No preparation of man can equal the delicately flavored product of the hive. Millions of flowers are brought under tribute, presenting their tiny cups of dainty nectar to be gathered by the busy riflers; and when they have brought it to the proper consistency, and stored it in the wondrously-wrought waxen cells, and sealed it with coverings of snowy whiteness, no more tempting dish can grace the table at the most lavish banquet; and yet its cost is so moderate that it may well find its place on the tables of the common people every day in the week.

it, and the next year he built a cottage, and rented the farm. By this time he was working in the city winters, and living with the family on his farm during the summer.

The next improvement was another cottage, and that meant a wife and a home. Now he is going back and forth, on his farm summers and in the city winters, with a helper on the farm who enjoys living there the year, round, and a helper in the city, who enjoys the city all the year. It is a good thing that all of us do not think alike. Some people abhor the city, and some people abhor the country.

A woman in Cleveland, Ohio, said that her remembrance of the awful barrenness of her girlhood life in the country made her feel that she never wanted to leave the city for a single day, after once getting into it. While a young man in Chicago, with a natural desire for rural freedom, confessed that while he was rooming near the rear of a very large, low-priced flat-building, he felt that every day in the city was prison-life for him, and the only way that he could endure it was to get out in the suburbs for a home, and limit his city life to working hours.

Some people work in the city in order to have their evenings in the city, for the entertainment there is in the bright and active life. There are two school-teachers who are out in country towns during the winter, and during the summer they are living in a city flat, for the sake of the educational advantages and social opportunities.

There are people in the city who suffer from poor health due to a lack of exercise and too rich food, while there are people in the country who are suffering from too much exercise and a monotonous and dry diet. It



Where Bees Built Their Comb on a Fence-Rail

HONEY CARMELS

ONE CUP extracted honey of best flavor, 1 cup granulated sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls sweet cream or milk. Boil to "soft crack," or until it hardens when dropped into cold water, but not too brittle—just so it will form into a soft ball when taken in the fingers. Pour into a greased dish, stirring in a teaspoonful extract of vanilla just before taking off. Let it be $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ inch deep in the dish; and as it cools, cut in squares and wrap each square in paraffine paper, such as grocers wrap butter in. To make chocolate-caramels, add to the foregoing 1 tablespoonful melted chocolate, just before taking off the stove, stirring it in well. For chocolate-caramels it is not so important that the honey be of best quality.

is a good thing for both classes to have the exchange of places. Many a city man would be blessed by a winter in the woods with an axe, and one of the happiest of men was a well-to-do farmer who spent his winters in the city as a dealer in a rural product which he secured in the neighborhood of his farm.

A city dentist and his wife after working together for ten years purchased a little farm, and while getting some supplies for it in the city one of them said, "We don't want to see the city again for five years."

Some forethought planning will enable many people to get more out of life than they're getting to-day. In place of worrying all the time over uncomfortable conditions, think a few minutes a day, or five minutes a week even, systematically, and whatever is being done will be better done, and whatever you want to do is more likely to come. A man who has been forced to live in the city while wanting to live in the country, says that he has injured his work and postponed better opportunities, by using working time to worry over subjects which should never be worried over at any time, and which should be thought of only in private time. He wishes now that he had locked these subjects in a box and let them out but five minutes a day before breakfast, for deliberate study. He thinks that many a wasted life might have been a success, had the person spent eight hours a day doing practical work, and five minutes a day on his pet subject. Five minutes a day for five years will accomplish more than the average life accomplishes, in the usual unsystematic way in which people live.

If the reader of this book will spend five minutes a week writing an original idea, or a question, or a short quotation on the margins and blank pages, it is only a question of time when this book will become of more



Hiving a Swarm of Bees

COMB AND EXTRACTED HONEY

AT THE present day honey is placed on the market in two forms—in the comb, and extracted. “Strained” honey, obtained by mashing or melting combs containing bees, pollen and honey has rightly gone out of use. Extracted honey is simply honey thrown out of the comb in a machine called a honey-extractor. The combs are revolved rapidly in a cylinder, and centrifugal force throws out the honey. The comb remains uninjured, and is returned to the hive to be refilled again and again. For this reason extracted honey is usually sold at a less price than comb honey, because each pound of comb is made at the expense of several pounds of honey.

value to the reader than some of the most expensive books in the world.

A boy was sent by his father on an errand across a ravine through which a creek ran. The trip was one of several miles, and, when returning, the boy thought to shorten the trip he would go through a half-mile of shrubbery and swamp. But in this place he found no paths, and wasted as much time as he expected to gain. When he reached a bank from which he could see the wanderings he had made, he recognized many mistakes while in the shrubbery and swamp. He might have saved the time he expected to save had he known, at the start, what he knew by observation from the bank after the trip.

It is a wise man who is able to make good use even of expensive experiences, and it is a man of great wisdom who is able to gather and profit by the expensive experiences of others. Use the margins of this book.



Where the bees hustle for you



A City Roof Bee-Farm

IT WOULD be greatly for the health of the present generation if honey could be at least partially restored to its former place as a common article of diet. The almost universal craving for sweets of some kind shows a real need of the system in that direction, but the excessive use of sugar brings in its train a long list of ills. Besides the various disorders of the alimentary canal, that dread scourge—Bright's disease of the kidneys—is credited with being one of the results of sugar-eating. When cane-sugar is taken into the stomach, it cannot be assimilated until first changed by digestion into grape-sugar. Only too often the overtaxed stomach fails to properly perform this digestion, then comes sour stomach and various dyspeptic phases.

About Money

In the first century A. D., under the emperors Augustus Caesar and Tiberius in Rome, the property of criminals was confiscated and converted into money, which was lent free of interest to those poor who could offer security for twice the amount they wanted to borrow.

It was in the second century after Christ that the humane custom obtained in Rome of permitting slaves to deposit extra earnings to create a fund for the final purchase of their freedom.

Legion (Regimental) savings banks were also provided under the Roman emperors for the accommodation of the soldiers.

Copper was the first metal used in important money transactions, the Roman "as" being originally a pound of copper, just as the modern English pound sterling was originally a pound of silver in the time of William the Conqueror (in the 11th century), although today the silver pound sterling is only about $\frac{5}{8}$ of a pound in weight.

The word "coinage" comes from the Latin *cuneus*, a wedge or die with which to stamp the metal.

The oldest coins have a stamp on but one side.

Gold arrow heads, gold knives and swords, gold rings and bracelets and golden chains were made long before gold was used as money. However, gold was used as money in China as early as 2257 B. C., but was not in common use, that is to say, the debtor could not be compelled to pay it.

The permanent use of gold as legal money cannot be traced back further than the time of the Emperor Julius Caesar in Rome in the first century B. C.

For the next thirteen hundred years, i. e., until the



Better food will give us the health, intelligence and wealth necessary to have better homes

Roman Empire ended with the fall of Constantinople in 1204 A. D., no prince or Pope, or other potentate within the Roman Empire (which meant pretty much all of the civilized world), was allowed to coin any gold, except the Roman emperors.

The coinage of gold was reserved as a sacred prerogative by the emperors of Rome as chiefs of the Roman state and High Priests of the Roman religion.

Money was sometimes legally debased. The Roman denarius, for instance, was first coined in Rome at the rate of six coins out of an ounce of silver; in B. C. 216 seven were coined out of an ounce of silver; in 45 A. D., under Augustus Caesar, there were eight to the ounce; under Nero, eight and one-half to the ounce; under Hadrian, nine to the ounce; under Gallus, fourteen to the ounce, and by the year 475 A. D. every bit of silver was gone and the denarius was made entirely of copper.

The Latin name for money, pecunia, is derived from pecus, a flock, and it is probable that the English word "fee" is connected etymologically with the German word Vieh, meaning cattle.

Cattle were also used as money in early Colonial days in our own country. We find a law passed by the Colony of Massachusetts in 1658 ordering that no man should pay taxes in lank cattle. At this time tobacco was used as money in Virginia.





The Linden or Basswood Tree and the Bees
are Friends

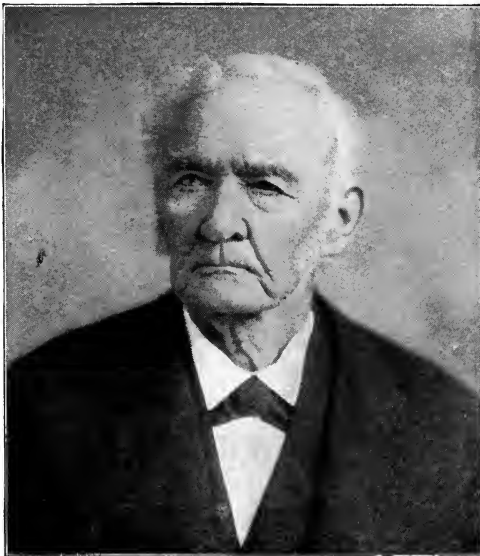
YOU HAVE heard that fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon and lead at night, but now let me tell you that pure honey is liquid diamonds all the time, and the pure food laws enable you to secure guaranteed extracted pure honey of retailers.

How Dillon Did Me Up

Let me tell you the story of that pair of pants I tore in 1874, as a boy is possessed of about 400 times as much feeling as he is generally credited with having.

Once upon a time, in those days when I was studying between the lines of my geography how to corner two men with three upon the checkerboard, I needed a pair of pants.

I knew I needed them and I became so positive that



DILLON

GIVE CHILDREN HONEY

PROF. COOK says: "We all know how children long for candy. This longing voices a need, and is another evidence of the necessity of sugar in our diet. Children should be given all the honey at each meal-time that they will eat. It is safer, will largely do away with the inordinate longing for candy and other sweets; and in lessening the desire will doubtless diminish the amount of cane-sugar eaten. Then if cane-sugar does work mischief with health, the harm may be prevented."

Ask the average child whether he will have honey alone on his bread or butter alone, and almost invariably he will promptly answer, "Honey." Yet seldom are the needs or the tastes of the child properly consulted. The old man craves fat meat; the child loathes it. He wants sweet, not fat. He delights to eat honey; it is a wholesome food for him, and is not expensive. Why should he not have it?

they were produced in a hurry from country-store cloth.

I don't suppose that \$10.00 would have purchased in this country, at that time, an outfit equal in value to some of the \$5.00 combination suits for boys, now sold everywhere, but honey is as pure to-day as in the days of Samson.

The next morning on my way to that geography lesson I fell. I don't know why or how, but when I got up there was a five-inch opening in the knee of the left leg of those pants.

The sky grew dark, life became painful, my countenance disturbed the dining-room group that evening so much that they voted the cloth no good and that I was blameless.

Those pants produced such a desert of woe that years of memory on clothing are blighted all around that lamentable date. At that stage of American history a suit with an extra pair of pants was as undeveloped as an international silver dollar.

But speaking of checkers makes me think of Dillon. Dillon had just one rule for playing checkers, and that was, "Play to beat." When I met Dillon I thought I knew how to play checkers. After beating my mother and father and Erastus Hathaway, I ran up against Mr. B. Powers, the painter. It took me about 6 months to conquer Mr. Powers, and it was a dozen years after that I met Dillon, and I was never able to beat him though a book was purchased on checkers and how to play the game. Still Dillon would let me have about one game in twenty just to encourage me. The embarrassing part of the whole experience consisted in the fact that Dillon was over ninety years old, and continued to play his rule to beat

for years after that. He was in his one-hundredth year when he said good-bye to the visible world.

Another uncomfortable part of the experience with the board between us was that I got a rubber manufacturer to sit beside me and try to help me out, but together we were not able to corner Dillon when he really wanted to get out of a close place. I never thought any the less of him for his beating me so severely, because he was one of the youngest and most cheerful of elderly men.

Had I known how to use milk, honey, meat and cereals, and exercise systematically, I might have had a clearer head. In those days I swallowed a great deal of foolish food. Dillon was a careful and small eater. He always quit when he had enough.



The blossoms have added beauty in the promise of fruit

History of a Boy's Cane

"Mr. James, you know that cane you let father have—well, it is a little short for him now, and you said you wanted it back when he was through with it—you wish to take it with you now?"

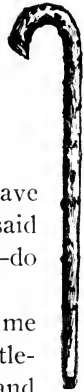
I am "Mr. James," and Mrs. Hart, who asked me this question, lived with her father. The old gentleman had just enjoyed his ninety-eighth birthday, and I had called to have a few minutes' chat with him. A few years before my wife and I had rented Mrs. Hart's front parlor for the winter.

This man had an atmosphere of hearty good cheer, and I have often gone out of my way to visit a little while with him. It was a real pleasure to me to let him take the heavy cane I had used when a boy, because I enjoyed pleasing the old gentleman, and because I had longed to have that cane give some elderly man real enjoyment.

It was a wholesome looking article. My father made it for me during the Philadelphia centennial, while I was walking with crutches in a little town hundreds of miles away from the great show of the nations.

It is one kind of imprisonment for a boy to walk with a cane, but it is also one kind of liberty for a boy to hang up his crutches and be able to walk with a cane. The compensations of nature enable us to get pleasure where it would seem at first glance there could be nothing but sorrow.

The Osage orange fences grew near us, and good material for canes could be had with little effort. Except when land is useless, a neglected Osage orange





Honey Eaters

fence is used only for canes. It is good for little canes and big ones. The polished knots can be made as bright as birds' eyes.

I had a great variety of walking sticks and made them to give away or to sell. One succeeds in making a success of the work he thoroughly understands. I was not thorough in the cane business because while I knew how to make them I lacked commercial information necessary to produce sales. Had I known a boy in the city, some boy with business sense, I could have sent him canes, he could have sold them and we might have grown an industry that would support both of us.

Had my parents realized the food force in a very thin coat of pure honey on a slice of good bread and butter, I might never have been forced to use crutches and canes.

The real reason for this record is one of regret. One day while I was using the cane I came home from school and found my grandfather had come for a visit. He was the only one of my grandparents living, and we thought more of each other than I then realized.

During the last nearly score of years I have seen myself many times as I stood in the kitchen door and refused to give or sell him that cane.

He admired it very much. It was better proportioned for him than for me, and I have wished more times than I am years old that I had given it to him. He teased me to sell it to him and I refused several times, insisting on keeping it.

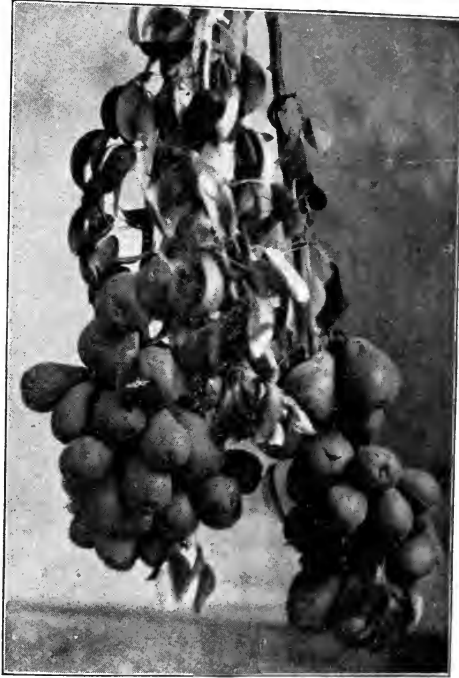
It is a mystery to me why such discords are possible in this world. I never enjoyed that cane a particle after grandfather left. He gave me a dollar and said good-bye, and I never thought for a moment of giving him the cane.

A few months later my father and I attended his funeral and since then I have had a love for elderly men. It may be that my selfishness over the cane has been a blessing to others by the reaction of my emotions. I am forced, by my lack of wisdom in the past, to study the comfort and pleasure of elderly men. It may be that my grandfather never cared as much for that cane as I thought he did, and that Providence permitted me to be painfully selfish for a moment in order that I might be more thoughtful ever after.

Some time ago a man wrote that he now wished he had spent less time in his "den" under the stairs trying to be a modern Shakespeare, and more time getting acquainted with his father and mother, sisters and brothers.

Since I have learned more about the hearts of others I am able to recognize the lost opportunities.





Ready to eat

Two Heads

One worker met another and exclaimed, "If it hadn't been for you I never could have landed that man."

The reply was, "Well, I couldn't have done the work you did."

The first speaker had a big stomach and great force. The other worker has more brain than digestive capacity.

The latter is visionary, theoretical, analytical, but he

studied the man in trouble and suggested a field for the man of force to push the man of trouble into, to help him.

The man of thought invented relief, but it is doubtful if he could have carried out his invention alone.

The question of thought, flesh and push are continually forcing themselves in front of our daily work.

A man thirty-five years old confessed that he had never studied to see what foods made him energetic or lazy. Later he announced that he had learned that his condition depended to a great extent upon what he ate. Few people know about the great food value to be found in pure honey.

Many men who ask for help could help themselves were they to eat and think in a way to grow backbone.

The physical intellect is unconsciously popular while the mental intellect is an entertainer at a distance and studiously conscious.

Modern improvements are not only good for the body, but they improve the brain by increasing memory, accuracy and carefulness.

As a rule, hearty eaters are very fleshy. Some very fleshy people are small eaters. Occasionally a very thin person will consume an almost unlimited amount of food.

People with even flesh and energy are happy, but careful and temperate at their meals. Extra flesh does not always indicate extra strength.

A young man left home looking poor in the face, but weighing a hundred and sixty pounds. He returned after a few months at school with a very fleshy face but had lost ten pounds in weight.

Muscle is heavier than fat, and hard muscle than soft. Eating too much reduces strength and in some

cases lessens natural flesh. Extra flesh hinders physical harmony but a very heavy man often develops a good deal of muscle in handling himself.

Those who lack the normal amount of flesh are able to improve themselves by a close study of foods, eating, exercise, and mental occupation.



Honey eaters on a vacation

Mental Occupation

At thirty-five he had money and honors but lost them. For twenty years he lived a very simple and wandering or inactive life. During the last five years he has been picking up and now has \$25,000 with a good position and an income of several thousand a year. A few days ago I called upon him. He has an unusually comfortable office. He had been reading how successful men eat and he told me that they were reported to eat anything they came across, not paying any attention to their stomach, but all of them were busy at some kind of work.

His observaion had been that when a man stopped work he soon went to pieces; that systematic thought and exercise were necessary for continued health.

A mechanic, who has a little shop he has run for many years, is sometimes tempted to close it because it pays him so little. My advice to him has always been that he could afford to run it for his health. Were he to stop his work he would lose his directive power and then his energy. He cannot do the heavy work he did thirty years ago, but at sixty-seven he is in better health than he was at forty-five.

I have often thought of the story of the butcher who had made sufficient money upon which to retire. He sold his shop and soon became miserable. His wife missed him day by day and became suspicious. Upon investigation she discovered that he was working for another butcher in a nearby town.

Would you live better and longer—then push some useful work as long as you live, and use honey.



The trees and the bees are our true friends

The Old "Oil Slinger" Machine

More than half of my life ago the cashier of a bank tapped on the window as I was passing and motioned me in. He was a stockholder in a factory and offered me a place I had been seeking. That was Thursday afternoon and the last day of high school for me. The next morning at seven o'clock I stood by a big chuck as one of seventy workers. My clothing was not suitable for any machine, and the chuck-machine was the worst one on clothing. The boys smiled and predicted a change in my appearance very soon.

My work was to knurl the head of the long screw which moves the jaw of a monkey-wrench. In those days the chuck had to be stopped and started for each screw; as it started up the oil began to fly, and the

faster the chuck revolved the greater the penetrating power of the oil when it hit me. In order to do the work I had to get in the way of the oil; I did the work, but traced the oil from my clothing to the chuck and the screw which came to me loaded with it.

The oil was secured in the thread-cutting machine where a steady stream ran on the die; some would have seen all this at first glance without thinking, but I did not; I even studied the bearings as the source of the trouble, before finding it on the screws. When I did find the place of the trouble I put a bunch of waste there and laid the screws on it before putting them in the chuck; the waste drew the oil off and the machine lost its name. The machine lost its name because I was dissatisfied with conditions, began tracing the trouble, and found a remedy.

When a former workman at that chuck visited the factory and asked where the oil had gone to, on being told the plan he opened his eyes and said nothing. He may have been thinking about the amount of oil he had taken home on his clothing.

There are both big and little opportunities in every



Old Friends

shop and factory, in homes and on the farm, for better methods and originality, mutually useful to employer and employe.



The Oil of Life

When a person discovers he has a negative manner that hinders his social life how is he to revise himself?

The magnetic or positive nature boils over with attractive agreeableness without being conscious of anything but joy or enthusiasm.

People collect around the person who is overflowing with goodwill and natural happiness.

The oil of life is an abundance of life itself. As reserve forces diminish there is a dryness of manner which produces negativeness.

It is a piling up of reserve force that produces positiveness and popularity. A lack of inherited energy hinders, but a knowledge of self and the application of useful truths compensate.

By continued study of the things that depress and the things that exalt, one is able to see the way to positiveness by accumulated strength.

A little heating plant trying to warm a big space is going to squander coal, soon use up itself, and always be unsatisfactory.

Ventilation is to the home or office what circulation of the blood is to the individual.

Good goods cost money, but poor goods cost more money, and a great deal of trouble also.

Five dollars for continued health is a better investment than fifty dollars for sickness.

Every family in the world deserves a healthy, com-

modious home and wisdom to keep it in ideal condition.

Good work, good homes, good health, but a neglected leak will soak your pocketbook and hinder your sleep.

The best bargain is getting something which must be done, well done.

Plucky investigations make lucky discoveries.



Sickness and Youth

All but health! Friends, money, schooling, opportunity, yet discouraged and a sufferer.

The young person with poor health has the sympathy of the writer because twenty years ago he was in the same condition.

There is an age in one's growth where depression of life's forces puts one beyond the influence of drugs, travel, recreation, and the help of friends. Right here is the place to investigate foods and exercises.

Should a little strength be gathered and hope return, unconscious carelessness wastes the strength and scatters the hope, till time comes when this temporary improvement has been secured and lost so many times, it is looked upon with doubt whenever it returns.

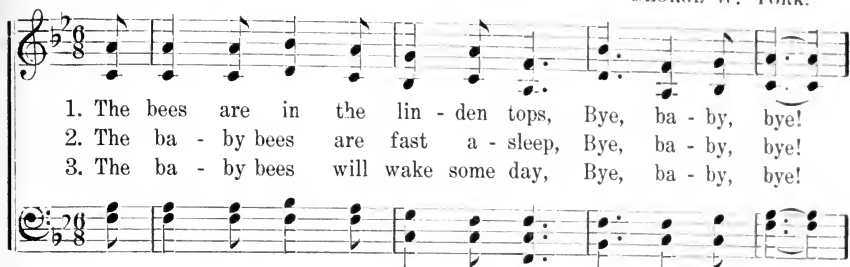
How to manage self is an ever important subject, but how to use one's strength, when it is like the last flickering match in the damp forest, is the subject next to preparation for eternity.

The encouraging and educating of a young person with continued poor health is a department in personal intelligence. How to think in time to save strength is mental preventive medicine. How to grow a substantial enthusiasm that will not be displaced by any common emotion or temptation, is a study in self-control.

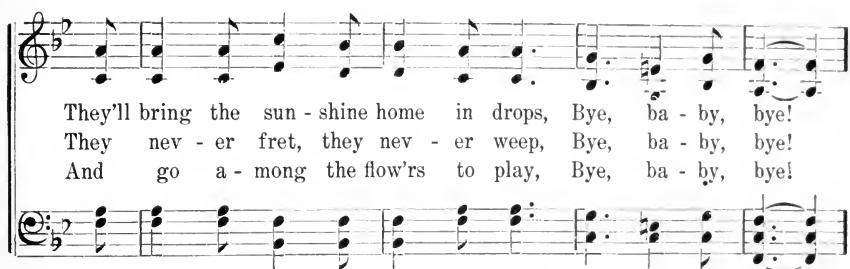
The Bee-Keeper's Lullaby.

EUGENE SECOR.

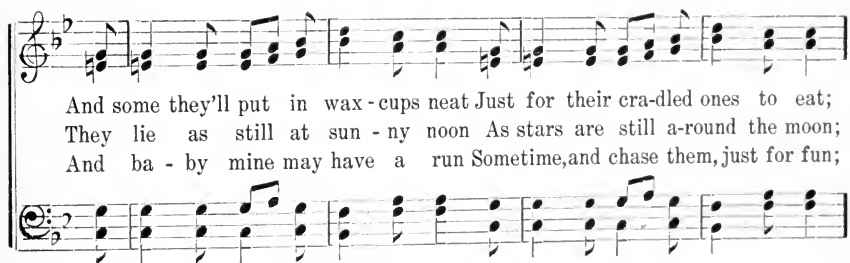
GEORGE W. YORK.



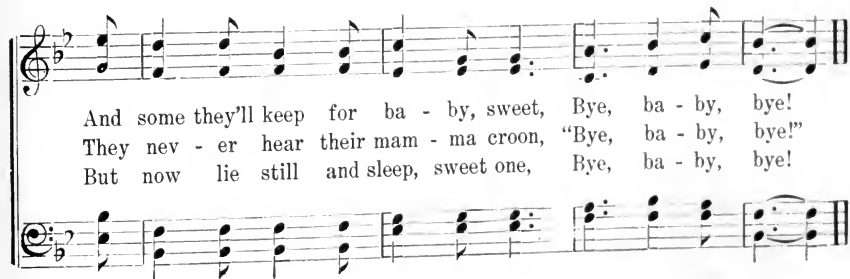
1. The bees are in the lin - den tops, Bye, ba - by, bye!
2. The ba - by bees are fast a - sleep, Bye, ba - by, bye!
3. The ba - by bees will wake some day, Bye, ba - by, bye!



They'll bring the sun - shine home in drops, Bye, ba - by, bye!
They nev - er fret, they nev - er weep, Bye, ba - by, bye!
And go a - mong the flow'rs to play, Bye, ba - by, bye!



And some they'll put in wax - cups neat Just for their cra-dled ones to eat;
They lie as still at sun - ny noon As stars are still a-round the moon;
And ba - by mine may have a run Sometime, and chase them, just for fun;



And some they'll keep for ba - by, sweet, Bye, ba - by, bye!
They nev - er hear their mam - ma croon, "Bye, ba - by, bye!"
But now lie still and sleep, sweet one, Bye, ba - by, bye!

The Hum of the Bees in the Apple-Tree Bloom.

HON. EUGENE SECOR,

Dr. C. C. MILLER.

Piano introduction in 4/4 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

1. When mem - o - ry pic - tures the scenes of my youth, And the farm where my childhood was
2. The cur - tain is lift - ed which sep - a - rates me From the hills of the charm'd long a -
3. In the May - time of life, when the spir - it is free, O how near is the Heaven of

Piano accompaniment for the first system of lyrics, showing the continuation of the melody and bass line.

spent, The phan - tom of hap - py and in - no - cent days, Like a
 go; I stroll once a - gain o'er the pas - tures and fields, And I
 rest! It li - eth just o - ver the wall by the tree Where the

Piano accompaniment for the second system of lyrics, showing the continuation of the melody and bass line.

balm to my spir - it is lent; There comes to my sens - es a
 run in the woods to and fro. I lie in the mead - ow, the
 sum - mer - kist ap - ples are best; And there in the spring - time, with

Piano accompaniment for the third system of lyrics, showing the continuation of the melody and bass line.

The Hum of the Bees—Concluded.

sol - ac - ing dream Of the orchard's sweet, budding per - fume, And I
 sweet-scent - ed grass Vies with Ar - a - by's choic - est per - fume— A -
 prom - ise of fruit, The white-sheet - ed tree lends per - fume To

hear soothing strains in the trees o - ver-head—'Tis the hum of the bees 'mong the bloom.
 above me the apple trees reach the blue sky, And the bees rol - lic free in the bloom.
 tempt the young bees with the nectar from God That's concealed in its life - giving bloom.

CHORUS.

O the hum..... of the bees, ... O the hum..... of the
 hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, hum,

bees! 'Tis a mel - o - dy sweet to my soul; For it brings back the past, and its

mag - ic - al spell O'er the care - bur - dened pres - ent doth roll.

Buckwheat Cakes and Honey.

EUGENE SECOR.

GEORGE W. YORK.

1. When e'er I pass a scent-ed field Of buckwheat, late in summer,
2. I laugh at Bo-reas when I know The bees have stored a-plen-ty

I know the blos-soms nec-tar yield, And watch each la-den "hummer,"
To sweet-en all that come and go, No mat-ter if it's twenty.

And dream of what the Winter'll bring When days are not so sun-ny,
Old Bos-sie stands knee deep in straw, I've ev-'ry-thing but money—

When bees no more are on the wing, 'Tis buckwheat cakes and honey. Oh,
A sweet-heart wife whose love is law, And, buckwheat cakes and honey. Oh,

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

Hur-ry up the flap-jacks, Make the bat-ter "run-ny."

Cook 'em quick, and bring a-long Lots of cream and hon-ey.



Comb Honey Not Manufactured

A STATEMENT has been going the rounds of the press to the effect that nearly all the comb honey on the market is manufactured by a "cute machine," that the combs are filled with glucose and capped over by a mechanical process. The facts are, there is no such thing as manufactured comb honey anywhere in the United States, and in proof of this the publishers of leading bee journals of undoubted responsibility offer one thousand dollars for evidence to show that comb honey is manufactured, or that such an article is for sale in the open market. Although this offer has been out for fifteen years and has been duplicated by other responsible persons connected with the industry of bee-keeping, no one has ever seen fit to take it up.

The United States Department of Agriculture has put out several published statements denying the existence of manufactured comb honey, and the American Grocer, the leading trade organ of its class, assures its patrons that all the comb honey on the market is absolutely the product of the bee.

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