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THE GOLDEN QUEEN

By Frank Lillie Pollock

When Fred Lenox arrived at his apiary in the Northern woods, he found the bees storing honey fast. It was the middle of June, and acres of wild raspberries were covered with bloom. The open slope, on which stood the eighty white-painted hives, roared with wings. Clouds of bees, laden with honey and mad for more, hurried into the hives. They came by thousands, too fast to count.

With exultation Fred saw that the prospect was good for a thousand-dollar crop if he could only keep down swarming.

With his brother, he had established this bee-yard in the Ontario woods three years before. It was ninety miles from home, and not far south of the Algonquin National Park. Every fortnight during the summer the boys took turns visiting the yard. At the season for extracting the honey, they camped there together for a week or more. During the three years since they had established the apiary it had showed an average yearly profit of \$600.

It was a wild, rough country, twelve miles from the railroad and almost unsettled. Game overflowed from the strictly preserved National Park, and was plentiful. Beaver dammed the streams; the boys saw deer almost daily, and traces of moose were abundant. But an apiarist in the busy season has no time for sport, and Fred seldom had a chance to hunt.

On this occasion his work was to check swarming. He unlocked the "extracting shanty," got out his tools, lighted his smoker, and set to work.

The hive that he always examined first was one that contained Cyprian bees. These are particularly valued. Cyprians are of a beautiful golden-yellow, and are remarkably energetic workers but they are so savage in temper that few bee-keepers care to have them. They have such excellent qualities, however, that the boys had planned to breed a strain of their blood into the apiary, and had paid eight dollars for an imported Cyprian queen.

Fred pried off the upper story of the Cyprians' hive, and found the box almost full of honey. He drove the surging bees down with a blast of smoke, and from the lower story took out two or three frames of comb covered with a yellow layer of excited bees.

They swarmed up against his veil; they stung his bare hands; but in spite of their protest, he saw what he had feared he would find—a cluster of peanut-shaped queen-cells, each with a young embryo queen coiled at the bottom. The appearance of the cells showed that the colony was on the point of swarming.

Fred proceeded to cut out the cells. Usually, cutting out the cells delays swarming, and sometimes prevents it altogether. At times, however, it seems to have no effect, and the swarm issues just as if the queen-cells had not been destroyed. It may happen that a cell is so hidden that the bee-keeper fails to see it, and the result of leaving a single cell is the same as if all the cells had been left.

After cutting out the cells, Fred went to the other hives. In almost all he found symptoms of the swarming fever, and he worked all the morning, destroying queen-cells and giving empty combs for storage room.

After a late and hasty luncheon, he started to work again, when, with a loud roar, a volley of bees issued from one of the hives. For several minutes the cloud of insects swirled wildly in the air; then it concentrated round the nearest tree, and finally formed a brown cluster on one of the lower branches.

Almost before this swarm had settled, another, with a roar, emerged from a second hive, eddied about and also began to cluster. And then a third colony

swarmed. When bees are in the mood for it, the flying of a single swarm will sometimes set up a riot of swarming throughout an apiary, even in colonies that otherwise would not have swarmed so soon. This third swarm was followed by a fourth, then by a fifth; the last two joined, and clustered together in one enormous bunch. Another swarm came out. Bees darkened the air, and the sound was like that of a tornado.

With empty hives Fred hived some of the swarms that he could reach easily, and dashed water on hives that looked threatening.

He was surprised to see very few bees flying at the entrance of the Cyprians' hive. It flashed upon his mind that the colony had swarmed, and, moreover, that they had swarmed so long ago that the excitement had subsided. Eagerly he searched the trees, in the hope of finding the swarm still clustered, and of being able to hive it. When at last he did find it, the bees were not clustered quietly, but were in a state of excitement. Fred wondered whether the swarm had not yet fully settled, or whether it had been clustered a long time, and was now preparing to leave. He hastily started to hive it, but before he had time to do so, the cluster suddenly transformed itself into a swirling cloud of bees. For a few moments the swarm circled about; then off it started.

Fred tore off his veil and rushed in pursuit; the eight-dollar queen was with that swarm.

The runaways did not travel fast, and Fred could see the swarm gyrating and drifting like a cloud of smoke. But it moved too fast for him to keep pace with it over that rough ground. He held it in sight for nearly a quarter of a mile, and then it faded like mist on the sky.

Probably the bees had already selected some hollow tree for their new home. Fred determined to search the woods thoroughly the next day, and to find the swarm if it was within two miles.

He went back to the apiary and spent the rest of the day in restoring order there. That night he slept in the extracting-house, and early the next morning he was out on the trail of his Cyprians.

His outfit consisted of a pair of climbing-irons, a sack, a veil, a smoker, and a small field-glass. He also carried a compass, and with this instrument he carefully sighted the "bee-line" that the swarm had taken.

Along this line he advanced slowly, examining with his glass the tops of all the trees, and especially the tops of those that looked as if they were hollow. But for all his vigilance, he saw no sign of the golden Cyprians.

He was more than a mile from the apiary, stumbling along with his eyes on the tree-tops, when he was stopped by a sound like a savage, guttural grunt, apparently close by. It seemed to have come from a dense clump of willows and alders that fringed a small stream. As he gazed, he thought he saw in the thicket the form of a tall, dark animal—apparently a deer.

His course lay through the willows, and he advanced, eager to get a look at the animal. He parted the branches, took a step or two, and had a clear glimpse of a bull moose standing in the shallow water, and glaring at him with lowered head. The next moment the animal charged.

At the same moment Fred jumped back, found himself beside a low-branched cedar, and scrambled up it. He drew his legs out of reach just as the moose crashed into the tree with a force that jarred it to the roots.

When Fred recovered his breath he was amazed at this unprovoked attack. Bull moose, although sometimes dangerous in the autumn, are usually timid in the spring, and the new antlers of

this one had not even outgrown the "velvet."

The animal was hardly in fighting trim, but he was clearly in a murderous temper. He stamped, tore up the earth and bushes about the cedar, gritted his teeth, and cocked his eye up at the unlucky apiarist with a baleful glare. Then, all at once, Fred saw what was the matter.

The lower part of the bull's right shoulder was mangled and torn with wounds that were evidently not more than a day or two old. They might have been made by the claws of a bear or panther, or by a load of buckshot. Obviously, they were enough to account for a good deal of bad temper.

The bull's hostility did not last long. Fred had turned to look up at the branches above; when he again looked down, the space beneath him was empty. The moose had slipped silently away into the woods.

Whether he had gone far, or was merely hiding in a near-by thicket, Fred could not tell. He hesitated to come down, and for some moments he sat in the tree-top, looking about dubiously. Then something caught his eye, and gave him a joyful surprise.

About twenty yards away there was a great brownish lump clustered at the tip of a low maple sapling, which bent slightly under its weight. Fred took out his glass. The lump was a swarm of bees, and the insects showed a bright golden yellow where the sunlight struck them.

They looked like his Cyprians, but he could hardly believe that they were the ascending swarm. It is rare for such a swarm to remain clustered in the open overnight at such a distance from its home. However, bees do not follow fixed rules, and Fred had seen too much unexpected behavior on their part to be greatly surprised.

The bees, however, were not likely to stay clustered much longer, and he was eager to secure them. After waiting several minutes, during which he neither saw nor heard anything of his enemy, he slid to the ground and hastened to the maple sapling.

The bees were indeed his golden Cyprians; they made a faint musical murmur as they clung together. The tree on which they had clustered was several yards on one side of the bee-line, and Fred would probably not have seen them if it had not been for his elevated position. He had the moose to thank for that.

They were out of reach, but it was easy to bend the sapling. Fred held the mouth of the sack under the swarm, then shook the tree sharply. There was a sudden roar as a heavy weight dropped into the sack. He had secured the whole swarm—all except a few hundred bees, some of which dashed against his face and tried to sting him.

With great elation, Fred gathered up the rest of his outfit and turned back toward the apiary. The sack over his shoulder hummed and stirred with the efforts of the angry insects to get out.

He had gone hardly ten yards when something moved in the underbrush. He stopped startled. The next instant a fearful bellow filled the woods, and the wounded bull burst through a curtain of low evergreens.

Fred turned, and still clinging to the sack, ran as fast as he could. Fortunately, the bull was lame from its wounds—a circumstance that somewhat affected its speed. As it was, Fred was almost run down; he saved himself only by leaping to one side and changing his direction. All the time he kept on the lookout for a tree that he could climb, and he held fast to the sack; he was determined not to drop it except as a last resort, for the moose was not tied, and if he should let go of it, the bees would at once escape.

The hoofs of the bull clattered behind him. Fred dodged wildly again, swerved behind a tree, and caught sight of a dead hemlock trunk that was spiked with short branches, and leaped at a decided angle.

It was almost as easy to climb as a ladder, and Fred scrambled up it with his swarm to safety.

The bull's fury was uncontrol-

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WOMEN DEFEY THE JUDGE.

Standing on Seats Suffragettes Shrieked and Shouted Anathemas at the Court.

London, April 3.—Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the leader of the militant suffragettes, was today found guilty and sentenced to three years' penal servitude at the Old Bailey sessions on the charge of inciting persons to commit damage. The trial required two days.

The jury added to its verdict of guilty a strong recommendation for mercy, and when the judge pronounced the heavy sentence of three years the crowd of women in the court room rose in angry protest.

As Mrs. Pankhurst stood up in the prisoner's enclosure her sympathizers cheered wildly and then filed out of court singing "March on, March on" to the tune of the "Marseillaise."

Mrs. Pankhurst's closing address to the jury lasted 50 minutes. She informed the court that she did not wish to call any witnesses. In her address she frequently wandered so far from the matter before the court that the judge censured her.

Mrs. Pankhurst denied any malicious incitement. "Neither I nor the other militant suffragettes are wicked or malicious," she said.

"Women are not tried by their peers, and these trials are an example of what women are suffering in order to obtain their rights. Personally, I have had to surrender a large part of my income in order to be free to participate in the suffrage movement."

Fiercely Attacks Man-Made Laws

Speaking with much feeling, Mrs. Pankhurst fiercely criticized man-made laws, and said that the divorce law alone was sufficient to justify a revolution by the women.

In impassioned tones she declared:

"Whatever may be the sentence I will not submit. From the very moment I leave the court I will refuse to eat. I will come out of prison dead or alive at the earliest possible moment."

Justice Lush, in summing up, told the jury that Mrs. Pankhurst's speeches were an admission that she had incited to the perpetration of illegal acts.

Mrs. Pankhurst almost broke down when the jury pronounced their verdict. Leaning over the front of the prisoner's enclosure, she said:

"If it is impossible to find a different verdict, I want to say to you and to the jury that it is your duty as private citizens to do what you can to put an end to this state of affairs."

She then repeated her determination to end her sentence as soon as possible, saying:

"I don't want to commit suicide. Life is very dear to all of us. But I want to see the women of this country enfranchised. I want to live until that has been done. I will take the desperate remedy other women have taken and I will keep it up as long as I have an ounce of strength."

"I deliberately broke the law, not hysterically and not emotionally, but for a set and serious purpose. I honestly believe this is the only way."

"This movement will go on whether I live or die. These women will go on until women have obtained the common rights of citizenship throughout the civilized world."

Suffragettes Went Wild.

Justice Lush said:

"I must pass a severe sentence on you. If you would realize the wrong you are doing and use your influence in the right direction, I would be the first to use my best endeavors to secure a mitigation of your sentence. I cannot and will not regard your crime as trivial. It is a most serious one."

Immediately the sentence of three years fell from the judge's lips the women in the court room broke out in a chorus of "Shame!" and "Outrage!" With Mrs. Pankhurst's defiance to the judge, "I'll fight! fight! fight!" still ringing in their ears the suf-

fragettes went wild.

Standing on the seats they shrieked and shouted anathemas at the court. For three minutes they held full sway in the court room. The police were powerless. The judge's warning that he would commit the entire party of women to prison for contempt fell on deaf ears. The women laughed at the judge's threat and they finally left the court singing the suffragette "battle song." Such a scene never before was witnessed at the Old Bailey.

Outside the court room the militant women defied the police. "Arrest us! Take us to jail! What do we care?" they shouted.

The street crowd greeted the suffragettes with a mingled chorus of groans, hisses and boes.

There is no possibility of Mrs. Pankhurst serving her sentence of three years. The suffragette leader will undoubtedly be released under Home Secretary McKenna's new bill.

Stokes Votes Bonds.

Winston-Salem Journal.

Let's hear no more about the backwardness of Stokes. The people of that county did themselves proud Tuesday, when they voted an aggregate of \$105,000 in bonds for the improvement of the public roads of the county. The bonds were voted in Meadows, Danbury and Sauratown townships.

This will mean much for Stokes for many years there have been a few untiring men at work for the improvement of the highways of the county, but not before has the sentiment become sufficient even to justify holding an election. That the bonds were carried by substantial majorities in these three townships shows that the people of old Stokes are beginning to wake up. And when they do get thoroughly awake watch out!

We extend congratulations to the Danbury Reporter, which has long been an able and energetic champion of good roads for Stokes county.

Radium to Cure Cancer.

Philadelphia, April 3.—Physicians of this city will watch with interest the result of an ounce of radium into the liver of Malcolm Watson, as a cure for cancer.

The operation was performed yesterday in the Methodist Episcopal hospital by Dr. G. J. Schwartz. The radium was brought to Philadelphia by Dr. Otto Birli, an Austrian chemist, now living in Pittsburgh.

The dose put into Watson's liver was worth just \$2,500. It is believed that the radium rays will act on the cancer as they do on a number of diseases and gradually kill it. Several prominent medical men witnessed the operation. The only anesthetic used was a local application of cocaine.

CONFIRMED PROOF.

Residents of Mt. Airy Cannot Deut What Has Been Twice Proved.

In gratitude for relief from aches and pains of bad backs—from distressing kidney ailments—thousands have publicly recommended Doan's Kidney Pills. Residents of Mt. Airy who so testified years ago, now say the results were permanent. This testimony doubly proves the worth of Doan's Kidney Pills to Mt. Airy kidney sufferers.

Mrs. T. Snow, Factory St., Mt. Airy, N. C., says: "The pain in my back was often so severe that I could not do my household work. I also had dizzy spells and the kidney secretions annoyed me. Some of my friends spoke highly of Doan's Kidney Pills and I got a box. The results of their use were satisfactory. It was not three weeks before the trouble left me. I am glad to confirm the endorsement I gave Doan's Kidney Pills a few years ago."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

MONTENEGRO TAKES GREAT TARABOSCH.

Powerful Turkish Fort Captured by Use of Bomb Throwers.

Cetinje, April 2.—6:20 p. m.—Great Tarabosch fort, which for months has held the Allies off Soutari, is now practically in the hands of the Montenegrins, thanks to the sacrifice of 200 bomb-throwers, every one of whom lost his life in a last desperate effort to clear the way to the town, for the possession of which Montenegro is ready to give up everything.

The bomb-throwers were all picked men, chosen from several battalions. Clambering up the mountainside under a murderous fire from the Turkish guns, they cut the wire entanglements and, getting to close quarters, threw bombs among the Turks, thus opening the way for the storming party. Not one of the bomb-throwers returned but they had accomplished their object and the Montenegrin infantry following close upon them charged the trenches.

The Turks covered their ground and a desperate, bloody, hand-to-hand fight ensued, lasting an hour and ending in victory for the Montenegrins, who lost 3,000 men killed and wounded.

Tier after tier of entrenchments had to be taken but the troops of the Southern Division under General Martinovitch, to whom the task had been assigned, overcame all obstacles.

The tactics followed particularly in regard to the use of bomb-throwers, were similar to those adopted in the capture of Adrianople. But, in the advance on Adrianople, the soldiers who cut and divided the wire entanglements surrounding the forts were clad in cuirasses and provided with shields. At Tarabosch the rough mountainside made it necessary with all impediments.

Sacrifice of Montenegro.

London, April 2.—Just as Montenegro has scored her first real success by getting a foothold at Tarabosch, the key to Soutari, the warships of the Powers are gathering along the coast to compel her to give up the most precious fruits of five months' fighting.

After a series of desperate engagements the Montenegrins, assisted by the Servians, are practically in command of Tarabosch. Simultaneously with the arrival of this news came the further information that Austrian warships are anchored off Antivari, and that British and Italian warships are on their way to join them for the purpose of making a demonstration which is approved by all the Powers, not excepting Russia.

Should the demonstration prove ineffective it is understood that the Montenegrin ports of Antivari and Dulcigno will be occupied. When the Montenegrin trouble is out of the way it is likely that the Powers will have to deal with Serbia. She has informed the British Minister that it was impossible to withdraw her troops from Scutari, as Serbia was bound to Montenegro until peace has been signed and that any drawing back at the present time would be the death knell of the Balkan Alliance. Serbia, too, is reported to be preparing for the permanent occupation of Durazzo. This action would be directly against the decision of the Powers.

Elsewhere matters are moving smoothly. An agreement has practically been reached with regard to the boundary between Turkey and Bulgaria, although Bulgaria is guarding against any slip in the peace negotiations and is moving virtually the whole of her Adrianople Army to Techtalja. The captured town will be left in possession of gendarmes.

A partial agreement also is reported as having been arranged between Bulgaria and Rumania, the latter getting Silistria.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Relieve Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and are a pleasant remedy for Worms. Used by Mothers for 25 years. They never fail. At all druggists, 25c. Sample Free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.