

learn to use the memory of services rendered as oil for the rusty machinery of patience.

There are two worthy citizens who upset the theories of the scientific men—Jack Frost and Mr. Honey Bee. Ice and honey are two crops which remove no fertility from the soil. A man might cut ice on his neighbor's pond for years, and make a fortune by doing so, yet all his work would cut no ice in the great American game of robbing the soil. The pond will not be injured in the least. In like manner my neighbor's bees may take a ton of honey from my fruit and it may sell at a good price, yet my farm has not lost five cents worth of plant food, nor would I have been a cent better off if the bees had not taken an ounce of the nectar, but had simply acted as dry nurses to my baby fruits without pay or reward. Both frost and bee bring unnumbered blessings to man, yet most of us will spend more time growling at some little injury which they do as they pass on, than we will in praise and thankfulness for all the benefits they heap upon us. I have known fruit growers and pomologists who, when they find the bee sucking some cracked and worthless old fruit, to forget that the bee did more than they in the making of these fruits. If they were in the bee's place, they would probably demand 75 per cent of the finest fruit in the orchard as payment for their labor. Such folks make me think of the housekeeper who found fault with the minister. The good man came into the house of sickness with a message of divine hope and love and faith. He cheered the hearts of all, and yet, when he went away, the housekeeper found fault with him because he forgot to wipe his feet on the door mat, and tracked some mud upon her kitchen floor. What a world this would be

if we could learn to judge others not by their little weaknesses, but by their great acts of loving service.

If one would look for the ideal relations between the fruit grower and the bee-keeper, he will find them inside the modern cucumber house. The cucumber is "cool" way down to the courtship of its flowers. Matrimonial agents are required, and formerly these were men who went about with soft brushes dusting the pollen upon these bashful flowers. It has been found that bees will do this better than the men, and most cucumber houses now have their swarms of bees. Inside the glass house the grower has no desire to throw stones at the bee-keeper, because they both still wear the same clothes, and the man who cannot get on harmoniously with himself has no business out of jail. Animals say that well knowing that some of the darkest life tragedies in the world's history have been caused by the evil side of a man's nature obtaining mastery for the moment over the good. In the orchard or fruit farm the conditions are very different. Here a man may feed the bees which belong to somebody else, and he does not, like the cucumber grower, say that the bees actually save him the wages of a workman, which would be nearly as necessary without the bees. Most men do not, I think, fully understand who the bee is and what he really does. Let us state his case fairly. I understand, of course, the common facts about the bee must be an old story to those who are beekeepers. The greatest value of such a meeting is the fact that one may talk over your heads or through you to thousands who will never join either society, and yet who will profit by your work.

#### THE BEE AS A CITIZEN.

Man has never tamed the bee as