

How then are we to meet the problem which confronts us? The answer is ready at hand. This is the age of specialization and we must specialize along those lines for which nature has fitted us. Our dominion with the cow has passed forever, but in poultry, gardening and bee-keeping there are almost unlimited opportunities; it is my happy task this afternoon to tell you of the possibilities with bees—one of the least exploited and most promising fields for women in this country.

Although it may seem somewhat egotistical, a little of my own experience may serve to point out as well as anything else. What one woman has done another can do. It's not because of my own success that I choose my own story, but because the difficulties I have had to contend with will be fairly suggestive of what almost any woman would have to meet.

Indeed, I have had little of real success; yet my story so far is made up largely of futile efforts and many failures; perhaps because it is so commonplace it may be of more real value than if it were one of brilliant success. Until we have learned to extract the goodness and the sweetness out of failure we have not learned to live. Success is one of the most unsatisfactory things in life. We exult in it for a time but it leaves little behind it, whereas through failure we may learn the wisdom of the ages if we are made of the right stuff.

Now, it was from no matter of choice that I became a bee-keeper. We had always kept a few bees at home—enough to supply the house with honey. I took no part in their management other than to spread a wild alarm when they were swarming. About 10 years ago father purchased some 65 colonies with the intention of making bee-keeping his principal business. However, after the first enthusiasm had passed he found that he much preferred to stick to the farm. For two or three years we got on fairly well. Then a succession of hard winters, coupled

with poor management, depleted our stock until in the spring of '07 we were reduced to 18 weak colonies. Now it is here that I really come into the story. Up to that I had helped with the bees in the summer and during the winter was attending school in Toronto. Like a good many other girls I was filled with a warm idealism for the betterment of the world. The world, however, was wiser than I, and did not meet my efforts with approval, and finally to teach me wisdom I sat me down somewhat disheartened and discouraged at the humble task of bee-keeping, of building up and bringing to a paying basis our sadly neglected apiary.

And thus I found myself launched as my own boss. My equipment was in some respects better than most girls could start out with. It consisted of a good honey house and extractor both of which would have cost me more money than I could have afforded, and a cumbersome quantity of supplies. Unfortunately the hives were not of standard type and I am still using them, although I hope to change them sometime. These together with 18 weak colonies from which nothing could be expected that year, and general knowledge of bees completed my outfit.

The record of my first year is not to be proud of. Have you ever thought what a difficult thing it is for the average girl to manage a business on her own initiative. We are not trained for it and public opinion does not demand that we make good. A man has all the advantages in these things, and unless a woman is gifted with an unusual amount of business ability, she has a hard struggle. At the outset she has to develop a new attitude of mind, and almost a new set of instincts and this requires considerable perseverance. I know if it had not been for the determination to prove my own worth for something, there were many times when I should have been tempted to let go. I liked the work while I was at it, but after being away for a few

days it always cost me back to it again; the ing, the responsibility, the watchfulness, the untiring detail, all were new to me and difficult. Many attempts failed but there was always the hope of proving that here was a field in which I could carry out my own plan. Just here I received the encouragement to try the templates taken up and I was not afraid to go ahead. I stiffened my backbone and tried some more times. There is no reason why I should not succeed in the end for the boys to spend the time that's just the way they have just as good a right to it as they have.

Now for a brief summary of what I have accomplished in my first year. I have had no expense for equipment other than honey pails. The yield was only 300 lbs. of honey from 18 to 35 stocks. The cost of the honey was all required for winter feeding; spring count 1,000 pounds, price 10c., sugar for winter feeding 10c., colonies put away for winter count '09, 40, honey 3,000 lbs., sugar \$40, put away for winter count 1910, 55. I had promised wonderfully well for the spring, but later proved a disappointment. As I anticipated to help me next season to increase my stock, and bring the number up to 80, I never, to feed heavily for the winter, left about a profit of \$6 ever, in spite of the apparent loss. I feel well satisfied with my own work, for at last I have myself master of the situation. I have my failures, but I know there is no reason why I cannot succeed in the end. Indeed, I know that