

upon our students, shall receive, is our professions have their will, an impulse from your work.

You lay the sciences under tribute. As they are applied, we learn more and more of the great industries; how to test the products; how to make the bee a blessing as nature intended it to be.

In the welcome that I give you, I am delighted that we welcome some queens among the bee-keepers. England is very proud of the fact that she has one queen, but I perceive that you advertised that you mailed twenty thousand queens a year through the mails of the United States. Over there we read of the one queen's mail—of Her Majesty's mail. But I am thankful that here you not only have bee queens, but every American woman is a queen. Man alone can never carry on any great industry without the help of women side by side with him in the work.

I welcome you, as you know, to a University, in which the women have proved their scholarship equal to that of the men, though there are as yet but one third as many women as men in the University.

By way of proving the sincerity of our welcome you are invited to set an hour for to-morrow, when it will be convenient for you to make an excursion through this beehive and see our bees at work. If you find one that is not at work you may put him or her out of the hive.

Welcome then, and come again as soon as you can. [Applause.]

The song entitled "The Bee-keepers' Reunion Song," was then sung by the Lincoln quartette: Messrs. Cameron, Evans, Congdon and Lansing.

Prest. Root then announced that the Hon. Eugene Secor, the author of the song that had just been sung, was present, and would respond to the address of welcome. Mr. Secor's response was as follows:

We're glad to be invited to the "wild and woolly west."

Where the cowboys run the country with neither coat or vest—

According to the silly claim of many Eastern folk,

Who never seem to comprehend a breezy Western joke—

But some of us have travelled—in fact been here before,

Have felt the grip of Western hand extend at the door;

We don't expect that Indian raids are every day affairs,

Or that the hungry prairie wolf will snap us unawares;

And neither do we look for men in this new prairie state,

Who lack in kindness or in worth because 'twas peopled late.

We know that all of virtue and of hospitable cheer

Are not confined to older states they've taken root out here.

The hearts of these our brethren we should expect to find

Responsive as their generous soil—the richest of its kind.

Boast not, ye Yankee truck raisers pent between the hills,

Of the greenness of your verdure, or the music of your rills,

Here bread and fertile acres wait for millions yet to be—

Wait but the march of Empire West—the bivouac of the free.

These prairies like an ocean vast in billowy grandeur roll,

A blessing in each valley and a promise on each knoll.

There's food enough in this rich soil, stored up long, long ago

For ten times ten the present needs of population's flow.

So if the hive of industry be over-crowded East

There's room for several swarms out here ("priority rights" released.

But from an economic view my mental Kodac shows

No drones need be imported here—the worker is what "goes."

This climate is a little "hard," so I have been informed.

On idlers, and if such migrate they'll wish they'd never swarmed.

I said that none but workers are in demand out here;

Perhaps you bee-men present may think it somewhat queer

That queens are not a vital part of such a colony.

They are my friends, important, but, do you not clearly see

Nebraska queens are just as good—and acclimated too—

As any foreign race or blood, albeit old or new?

So if you've not contracted and you chance to find one here

She's warranted, I'll venture, to be without a peer.

'Tis Eastern blood and Western vim that make the world go round.

In other words, they make things "hum"—to us a cheerful sound.

The greeting which your speaker gives us is prized by us bee-men.

We take most kindly to sweet things—perhaps we'll come again