

and kills them off as the winter comes on, while human society increases the number. Thus as we grow older we find that the bee is not the poor, aimless drudge we thought him, but rather one who lets his wits save his wings.

THE BEE'S GOOD WORK.

We can easily forgive the bee his short working day, when we consider the good he does. People talk about the wind and other insects in fertilizing our flowers, but I am confident that any man who will really take the time and pains to investigate for himself will see that the bee is nearly the whole story. I have seen the certain results of his good work in a neighbor's orchard. Those bees "broke the trees" down just as truly as though they had climbed on the limbs by the million and pulled at them. The appearance of those trees after a few years of bee-keeping would have convinced any fair-minded man that our little buzzing friends are true partners of the fruit grower.

It has been said that the bee does not do this work because he wants to. He is pictured as a greedy, selfish fellow, born into the world with a single idea, who dusts his jacket with pollen and does his work as dry nurse simply as an incident. Nature puts the brushes on his legs and stomach, and he cannot help using them. Here again he is not unlike men. Most of us fight and slave and toil for our own selfish ends. We try to shake the good intentions out of our jacket, and a large proportion of the good we do in this world is done as a side incident, as we press on to accomplish something for ourselves. To my mind this is only another illustration of the wise and beautiful provision of Nature to lead the bee on from flower to flower with some motive of personal gain, and in this way

compel him to do his work for pomology. I would that humans who toil even past the allotted years of man's life, after wealth and power, might as surely leave behind them perfect fruits for the toil of others. The stout legs of the bee as he crawls from flower to flower, kick life into the baby fruits. Surely with this in mind the pomologist can have nothing to "kick" about.

But ambition and the gratification of personal desires lead both bees and men to scatter evil as well as good. All wings, except those of angels, attract and will carry the germs of evil if they rub up against it. It is quite likely that bees will carry the germs of pear blight from one tree to another—perhaps in quantities sufficient to spread the disease. Let us admit that, and yet no pear grower who knows his business would have the bees stay entirely away from his trees. The bee also injures fruit to a certain extent. There may be times when he leads in this bad work. When he does, he is starved to it. If he were fed at home, as every other farm animal would be at such a time, he would seldom do the mischief. In ordinary seasons I find little fault with the bee for sucking this cracked and broken fruit. We really ought to thank him this year for delivering us from the temptation to pack these worthless culls in the middle of the barrel. Our bee-keeping friends tell us that there is always some natural that goes ahead with a punch and breaks the skin before the bee can suck the juice. The yellow jacket is said to be the culprit, and he is a safe one, for nobody cares to argue the point with him. I don't like him hiding behind a yellow jacket. He is too much like the way some of the Christian nations have acted in China. Li Hung Chang and other yellow jackets before him have robbed