

has the horse or dog or ox. These animals have surrendered their freedom and tamely submit to man's dictation, changing even their shape and vital functions at his will. Turn them loose, and after a few hours of clumsy freedom they will come back and beg to be taken under shelter—into slavery. Even man himself loses the savage independence and love of liberty he knew when free as the hills, and at the behest of civilization puts his neck under the heel of those who are morally his inferior. Not so the bee. He has never surrendered the freedom that goes with wild things and wild life. Man tames and partly directs him, but he is still untamed and still retains the courage and fearlessness which civilization takes from the heart of most animals, including man. Left to himself the swarm of bees will not come begging shelter from man, but gladly and fearlessly fly off into the wilderness, to live as its ancestors lived.

The bee starts with the scope and purpose of its life work clear. It does not need to go to school. From the first gleam of consciousness the bee knows that it is born to toil, without reward, without hope of posterity. Instinct, heredity, spirit, all it what you will, drives the bee to labor without ceasing, without holidays or hours of lazy ease,—and what? Simply for the future, that dim, mysterious time for which he is ever prompted to provide. I would that the mental side of this question will present itself to any thoughtful man. Truly the lesson of the hive goes deep into the human heart and soul.

THE BEE AS A WORKER.

As a boy I was brought up on the "lazy bee" theory. The old man considered himself responsible for my industrial training gave me to

understand that the bee is a tireless worker, who toils for the love of it and never quits. He wasn't trying to get me interested in the study of natural history—he was trying to get me to realize that someone loved to work—and he knew that he didn't. I am sorry to break down this ideal of childhood, for I have searched hard to find something that has no blood of the shirk in its veins. I can't tell my children the old, old story, for they will soon know that most bees in New Jersey appear to start work at 7.30 to 8 a. m., and knock off at 4 p. m. On wet days they usually quit entirely. This is much like the average hired man, who will take advantage of a light sprinkle to come in and sweep up the barn floor. The bee works on Sunday while the hired man rides his bicycle. When the bee does start, he keeps at his work, while the hired man stops to look at the clock.

When you tear down the childish ideal of the busy bee, and find that it has some of the bad habits of mortals you do not destroy the whole picture. That would be true with some men, but with the bee it only brings to view a higher ideal than ever. The bee does a fair day's work and then goes home and puts in a part of the night. A man after doing his work in the field will hardly help his wife wash the dishes after supper, but the bee works like a slave through the dark at the wonderful task of manufacturing honey. The short day of hard and consistent work furnishes enough for the hive workers. If all all men worked as the bee does with as fair and just a division of labor, what a world we would have! The short, hopeful day's work would be sufficient if the idle and the rich would cease to live on the earnings of the overworked poor. The society in the hive permits but few drones,