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The Drone's Vacation.

HE'S a drone!"

Seated on a wide veranda, behind a screen of honeysuckle, Mr. Haynes was apparently watching the bees that buzzed in and out among the yellow, trumpet-shaped flowers. But all the bees were workers; there were no drones in sight. Yet Mr. Haynes repeated his assertion still more emphatically.

"He's a drone. I suppose that is why I cannot understand him. I belong to the other class."

"Well, James," said Mrs. Haynes, "you must remember that your training has been very different."

"I remember that, my dear. I am accounting for him, not blaming him. Nor am I taking any credit to myself for being a worker. From boyhood it has been necessary for me to work, and now I know nothing else. But from the beginning it has not been necessary for Harry to work, and now he knows nothing but sporting and idling in their various artistic forms. That is to say, *he is a drone*. And yet the time has come when he should know how to work, when he should love work; and right here is a problem for solution."

Mr. Haynes was not a handsome man. He was long rather than tall. His heavy, uneven shoulders, his hands and wrists, with their large joints, his bony nose, even his heavy mustache and coarse, black hair, spoke more of strength than of grace, and gave one the feeling of standing in the presence of a statute that has been rough-hewn, but never polished, nor even hewn to the line as carefully as might be.

He was a lawyer, and was known to his fellow lawyers as their most formidable antagonist, to the poor as their best lawyer friend, to the business world as the most prosperous member of the bar, and to all as the only man of means in the city who had never taken a vacation in his life. It was generally believed that he could, and occasion-