

The Passing Bell.

Miss Grace Reynolds Hale, R.R.C., S.R.N., F.B.C.N.

IT WAS WITH A KEEN sense of loss that we learned of the death recently of Grace Reynolds Hale.

A woman of great charm and ability, it could always be said of her, "No fuss, no excitement or trouble, but her work was always done, her undertakings always completed." That is how we remember her as the first secretary of the British College of Nurses.

Trained and certificated at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London (1901-1904), Miss Hale held the positions of Night Superintendent at the Royal Hospital for Sick Children, Edinburgh; Ward Sister and Home Sister at the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.; Home Sister at St. Bartholomew's Hospital; and Matron at the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, Euston Road, N.W.

During World War I she was called up for duty at Number One General Hospital, T.F.N.S., from which she was seconded for the important appointment of Matron of the Military Hospital, Endell Street, W.C., which she held with distinction until it was closed down, when she resumed her duties at the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital.

Those who were privileged to work with her will always remember her for her capability, conscientious and efficient organization, but above all for her kindness, helpfulness and understanding.

We also remember the amount of work she put into the organisation of "Diploma Day," the first presentation of Diplomas to the Foundation Fellows and Members of the British College of Nurses.

This ceremony took place in the Hoare Memorial Hall at the Church House, Westminster, after the proceedings had been opened with Prayers read by the Rev. F. Lewis Donaldson, M.A., Canon of Westminster.

We remember with what joy she laid down her tasks at the weekend and journeyed to her beloved cottage at Rudgwick, to arrive refreshed and armed with flowers to start another week.

She enjoyed this sanctuary for some years after her retirement, but arthritis overtook her and she was no longer able to live there without care and attention.

We liked to think of her, where her heart was, spending her latter days pottering in her garden in that delightful corner of Sussex, and we now wish her the peace and rest she so richly deserves.

M. R. A.

City of Golden Wax.



The Story of a Colony of Wild Bees. Condensed from the Book by Frank S. Stuart.

(continued)

The Wax-Makers.

NEAR THE CENTRE of the old oak a cluster of young bees was hanging in a newly cleared space perhaps as large as a man's hand. These had all been nurse-maids yesterday; now their scorn of such work was evident in the deeper song they sang, and in the aura of isolation that was rigidly respected by workers nurses, sentries, even by the queen's majesty herself.

For these young ones, putting forth for the first time in their lives the very uttermost of their strength, were submitting themselves to an ordeal so exhausting and so vital that not even royalty must cast a shadow there. These were the wax-workers—young workers who alone possess the power to produce the golden wax without which there could be no city.

In preparation for their supreme trial, from which some came away dying, they had gorged themselves on the choicest of honeys, for in order to make one pound of wax as much as six to twelve or even fifteen pounds of honey must be first consumed.

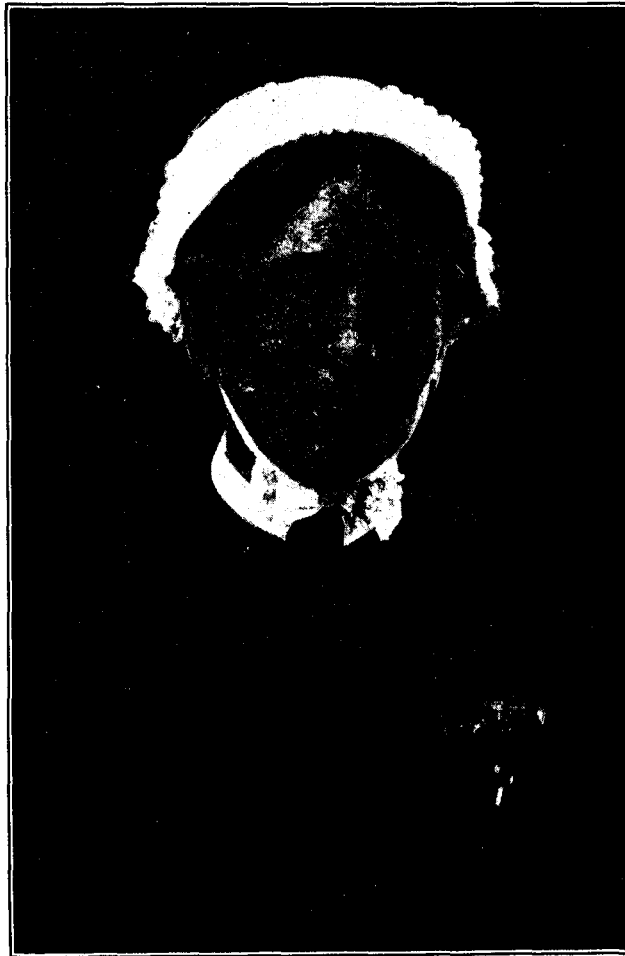
Hour after hour they pressed tighter and tighter upon each other, obsessed with the same conclusive desire, till the temperature of the cluster rose far above that of the rest of the city.

Gradually in each clinging bee the minute ventral plates that guarded the highly sensitive wax-secreting membranes begin to rise and fall in tiny rhythmic waves. At last, with a visible ripple of emotion that shuddered through the locked communicants, the bees began to give birth to tiny scales of translucent topaz so thin and light that 100 of them weigh less than a single kernel of wheat.

Presently these master builders began the shaping of the wax comb, fashioning their masterpiece from the living gold they had themselves created.

First its vertical midrib, then from this, on each side, the cells, sloping slightly so that when they should be used for honey it would not run out.

Each six-sided cell was a miracle of perfect workmanship



The Late Grace Reynolds Hale.

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