

was suspected of having cast a spell over the bees of his neighbour.

But now old Caleb is laid in the churchyard and his pretty daughter Elisabel, jealous for her father's fame, determined to carry on the business on the old lines, and with the old hatred and distrust of her up-to-date rival.

"Claud, busy among his hives with his old factotum the 'General,' pricked up his ears. 'Don't you hear something, General?'

"'An doant I love it?' he cried. 'An' doant it mind me o' th' brave days afore I ate o' the Tree o' Knowledge and larned the valley of ugliness. Yes! 'tis 'Lisbel ringin' her bees—just i' th' ould way, copper skim-pan an' door key an' all. Mortal high it must be, this here swarm o' 'Lisbel's,' he said. 'Hark how she be layin' into it! Ah! now 'tis softer. They be comin' down to settle belike. No. Up agen, louder an' louder!' The General seized his coat.

"'Tis no work for a woman, climbin' a tree. I ha'ant hived a swarm for many a year, and wouldn't I just like—"

But Laughton's interest in the pretty bee-mistress had already become more than friendly, and he himself elects to hive the swarm. Afterwards, sitting on the bank and listening to joyful singing of the bees, the bee master and mistress agree to go into the closest partnership that exists.

One of the most charming pieces of description is that of the annual taking of the bees to the heather. Shortly after their marriage Claude and Elisabel camp out with other bee-masters for this purpose.

"In the wagon the two nestled close together in their nook among the baskets and boxes, Claud with his arm fast round Elisabel, while she chattered away like a happy schoolgirl off for the holidays.

"'We shall be very happy here, Elisabel—happier than we have ever been. I think, if it were given me to choose my own Hereafter, provided I ever come to deserve a happy one, I would always choose to be at the heather with my bees—and you."

There is the history in this book of many other people, some gay, some grave, and they are all interesting, more or less—but it is the bee industry and the romance of the bee master and mistress that holds us.

H. H.

VERSE.

Let there be many windows to your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
That shine from countless sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition; let the light
Pour through fair windows broad as Truth itself
And high as God. *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

A WORD FOR THE WEEK.

No man has done his duty until he has done his best.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Whilst cordially inviting communications upon all subjects for these columns, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not in ANY WAY hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

A ROYAL COMMISSION ON VENEREAL DISEASE.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—It seems almost too good to be true, that at long last our Senior Partners in Healing have raised a hand to put aside the veil of ignorance which to the disgrace of our century has hung between the public and the highly dangerous diseases known as venereal.

As nurses—as the pioneers in this great movement, we welcome the action of the doctors. That such a letter as theirs is, calling a spade a spade, should have found a place in the pages of the *Morning Post*, seems even now almost incredible. But the thing is done. And the "conspiracy of silence" is broken up. It can never be renewed.

Venereal disease, whether or no a Royal Commission is granted to investigate it, has seen the light at last, and at last the light, with all its beneficent influences will penetrate to the depths of darkness, where like every other evil thing it has flourished in the past.

We, nurses, have been quietly fitting ourselves for the fight. Now is our time. Let us leave no stone unturned to tell all and sundry what is venereal disease, how it is acquired, how it may be prevented. Let us speak plainly, with propriety, simplicity and telling earnestness.

I would venture to suggest that we of the forward party should organise in support of the doctors and either send to the papers a protest of our own, or else hold a public meeting to emphasize our position in the matter.

Only do not let us sit still.

Yours faithfully,

ALBINIA BRODRICK.

Ballincoona, Caher Daniel,
Co. Kerry, Ireland.

To the Editor of THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING.

DEAR MADAM,—It was with the *deepest* interest and with joy in my heart that I read in this week's issue of our JOURNAL the letter reproduced from the *Morning Post*, showing the urgency of the need, and appealing for a Royal Commission to enquire into the facts and results of venereal diseases. It is a belated appeal, but not less to be commended and applauded. Effective legislation to stop—or at least to mitigate—the cruel damage and slaughter of the innocents by the vicious, must surely be welcomed by all thoughtful women, especially nurses. I hope that, after the holidays, a large meeting will be called by the Royal Society of Medicine, which will be well

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