

We were rather bothered with crowds in the big towns and villages, a European woman is a very rare and ugly bird to them, and they pressed upon us feeling our clothes and asking questions. At Jehol there is a Lama monastery built on the side of the hills after the style of the L— Polata.

I have taken some photos all the time. It was very refreshing to see some solid Tibetan architecture after the inevitable "fancy" roofs and wood-work of the Chinese. The colouring of the Chinese houses, of course, is lovely and a few of their buildings are very grand, but as a rule one gets very tired of the same style wherever one goes. All buildings are built in one style, and to my taste too ornate to be quite satisfying. There is a lot of treasure in Jehol, silver elephants and copper vases, gold models of temples, and boxes of embroideries and robes, all massed together in a hall at the very top of the Polata and jealously guarded by the monks and authorities of Peking. We had to get special leave to go over it, and then we were accompanied by about twenty people. They say visitors used to take things, and so they have to be very careful.

I was a little disappointed to find Mongolia, the Mongolia we visited, peopled by the Chinese. In my ignorance I had looked forward to seeing the picturesque, yellow-robed, short-haired Mongol, and instead everywhere was the long-tailed Chinese with the inevitable goitre very common in these parts. I kept count of the people we met on the roads, and found two-thirds of them had goitre—sometimes whole villages, and *all* the women. There were a lot of cretans at Jehol, and most of the people are stunted. It seemed rather awful in such a lovely picturesque country that the people should be such wretched specimens.

We came back by the river Lwan in a sanpan, shot down the river in five days with rapids every half-mile or so, some most exciting. The river finds its way among the mountains which rise sheer up at the banks—occasionally there is an open gully that in the rainy season is a torrent on the sides of which is a little cultivation and maybe a cottage or two. The whole way down the scenery was lovely, and we felt we were missing something, and perhaps a great deal whenever we got under the awning for our meals. The boats are about forty feet long, flat-bottomed and narrow, carry a square sail and three boatmen—one to steer with a mighty scull and two to gondolier in front, standing close together in the bow. When I saw the man behind's upper lip disappear under his hooky nose and his eyes become fixed, I knew we were nearing a rapid and that it would be a "good 'un." Then the boy in front crouched down out of the way, and the other, a big thing of muscle and beautiful bronze limbs, with a vacant face, whom we called "monkey face," seized a pole tipped with lead and stood ready to barge us as we shot down the rapid. It seemed a long series of hairbreath escapes from sudden death, but he never made a mistake and at the bottom of the rush he quietly resumed his scull and plodded along as though there were no such things as tearing foaming water and murderous rocks in the world or near future. About half-way between Jehol and the place where

the river joins the railway we passed the great wall again, and it was there where it zigzags down to the very banks and up again the other side, that I annexed a brick or two. I also got some ferns and flowers growing out of the wall and will send you one with a label attached guaranteeing it "rar classic."

I wish you could have been with us one morning early, when we left the boat and the men feeding on the bank, and walked along the river under the cliffs, the sun just appearing over the top and shining through a bank of brilliant larkspur, bird's-eye, bluebells (which grow three and four feet high) and purple vetch.

We changed from the boat to the railway at Lwanchao and had a long, tiring day in the train, being delayed all along the line by Miss Roosevelt's special.

LUCY GRAY.

### Progress of State Registration.

A resolution in favour of the State Registration of Trained Nurses has been passed unanimously at a meeting of the Truro Division of the South-Western Branch of the British Medical Association.

### Lectures to Practising Midwives under the London County Council.

The second course of lectures to midwives which have been given under the London County Council will finish next week. These lectures have been held in eleven centres, and 135 women put their name on the rolls at the different schools. Some of these midwives have not been able, for various causes, to attend the full course of lectures, but it is obvious that a large number have benefited, and the lectures will be continued in any locality where a certain number of midwives and district monthly nurses signify their desire to attend. Miss Gill, Secretary of the Association for Promoting the Training and Supply of Midwives, Dacre House, Dean Farrar Street, Westminster, will be glad to hear from any who desire to send their names in to the Council as wishing to join the classes. Early application should be made, as it is expected the new course will begin immediately.

We regret to record the death at Northampton of Miss Gertrude Islip, who died from typhoid fever contracted whilst nursing a patient. She was trained for three years at the Northampton General Hospital, and had only just joined the private staff of the Victoria Nurses' Home in that town. She was thirty years of age.

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