

supply of instruments and apparatus for the relief of lameness and general deformities. Inasmuch as other Birmingham hospitals had supplied instruments in the past, and had now ceased to do so, the Orthopædic Hospital had acquired a correspondingly increased influx of patients, together with a greater demand on its resources.

To be born or, through ill-health, to become maimed and deformed in body is so terrible a thing, that those who enjoy full physical development and the delights of health and strength should gladly tax their resources to help these life-long sufferers. Orthopædic surgery has made marvellous strides of late years, but to benefit the crippled requires long and expensive treatment, money for which should be forthcoming in so wealthy a city as Birmingham.

Lady Ernest St. Maur, of Burton Hall, last week opened the children's ward, which has been added to the Loughborough and District Hospital as the town and district's tribute to the late King Edward.

THE PASSING BELL.

We regret to record the death of Miss Margaret Ware, the first certificated nurse to be sent out from the training school for nurses, established in Liverpool by the late Mr. William Rathbone, as a district nurse. Miss Ware was in her 90th year, and worked as a district nurse for 30 years, first in Liverpool and then in Garston. Miss Ware was, we believe, present at the Jubilee Congress on District Nursing in Liverpool in May, 1909.

By the death of Mother Anastasia, R.R.C. (Miss Kelly) at the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, Grove End Road, at the advanced age of eighty-six, one of the few remaining survivors of the English Sisters of Mercy who went out to the Crimea with Miss Nightingale, has passed away. May she rest in peace.

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING.

DEAR EDITOR,—My husband, Anna, my daughter, and I have just returned from a trip into the mountains. We made for a place called Pai huo Shan (Hundred flower mountain), about 7,000 feet high, and to get there we had to climb over several big ranges and some very high passes.

We rode donkeys, as the going was too rough for ponies. We took our head boy, Feng, and the second cook, nine donkeys and five drivers, so that we were a large party. My husband and Anna walked a great part of the way. Anna is only nine, but she stumped along splendidly in her little khaki breeches and shirt, a green tie and sun hat, with a real military haversack with her initials on it in brass. She was so cheerful and amusing, chaffing the natives we met on the way. We slept in Bud-

dhist temples or small Chinese inns. The first day we stayed in a mining village at the beginning of the first pass, in a temple where there was a half-witted priest in charge. He did not like our staying there as he was forbidden to harbour women, and he kept dashing about, glaring at me, saying: "Yu iko rüjen pu yao pu yao" (There is a woman, I don't want her, I don't want her). We went in and sat on his k'arg (sleeping dais) till our loads were all brought up. He continued to dash about until Feng explained that the lady was going to have a bath, when he seized his pillow and bag of cash and disappeared for good. It was the only place where we were troubled with fleas. In the afternoon we strolled up the long, cobbled street, very picturesque, it reminded me of Clovelly. It was rather a shock to come across the mouth of a pit, not more than three feet wide, in the side of a street, covered by a small shed in which sat a fat, sleek Chinaman, taking count of the journeys down the mines of the poor wretches we saw crawling out on all fours, black and steaming, dragging their sledge load of coal behind them by a leather band passed between their knees and round their shoulders. In their caps were stuck little flaring oil lamps. We stood and watched them a long time. My husband said it was the custom till some sixty years ago for women and children to draw coal in this way in Scotland. It looks terrible slavery. The shaft is nearly a mile long, and for one journey, dragging up 120 lbs. of coal, they are paid five cents., or one penny. They can only do about five journeys in one day. One of the men came up and hailed us in Kaffir English. He said he had been a policeman in the coolie compounds in Africa, where they had had a fine time and made sixty shillings a month. Now he made only eight, crawling on his hands and knees for twelve hours at a time. I wish I had been able a few years ago to send home a snapshot of "Chinese slaves at home and in Africa." These men would give anything to be back in Africa again. George gave the man twenty cents., which munificent gift was proclaimed round the village. In the evening he brought a basket of eggs for the "piccaninni," and we gave him a large slice of bread and jam. One day we travelled alongside the Shabo, a big river which we had to ford more than sixty times; most of us got at least one ducking in doing so.

Whenever we came to a village we were followed by everyone in the place, and bombarded by the invariable questions: "Where do you come from?" "Where are you going to?" "How old is the girl?"—followed by the surprised exclamation: "They speak our language!!"

We used to get up at 5 a.m., have porridge and tea, and walk till 11, when we had "brunch" in some shady spot. This was a great institution, and we rested a couple of hours and perhaps slept. We generally had boiled spaghetti, parmesan cheese and tomatoes, scrambled eggs (called in Chinese by the lovely name of huolong chi tzüèrh, or wildly disturbed eggs) and tea. Unfortunately for me I had an attack of dysentery for four days, and could only take cornflour and whisky, which I generally ate out of sight and smell of the lovely fizzy

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)