

sausages and smoked sardines, for which I longed. I will here say that on the top of the mountain I lay still and swallowed ipeccac (*supposed* to be released of its emetic) till I couldn't any more, and was cured right off. I merely mention this for the benefit of those who have not yet had the courage to try the remedy.

When we got about a quarter way up the flower mountain, our goal, the donkeys and I gave up, so we stayed the afternoon and night beside a rushing torrent in a clean rain-washed sun-dried temple, with a porch looking over a beautiful valley and hills that hid the setting sun. The stony paths were very mossy and full of flowers. The priest kept bees in his little verandah, in barrels, with the ends clayed up. In the afternoon we strolled up the stream, and I stood sentry whilst George and Anna bathed in the most beautiful, shady pool under a little waterfall. Next morning we had very hard work zig-zagging up the side of the mountain—tried our African fashion: being pulled up by two men attached to the ends of six yards of calico. The idea is to lie back in the fold of the calico and let the men do the rest. But the men were not accustomed to it, and I had not courage to trust my weight to them, as they kept on stopping and letting me back with a jerk. Anyhow we got up, and the top was worth any difficulties we had gone through. One mass of flowers, and all round a sea of mountains in sun and shadow and little clouds. We stayed in a temple rest house, and I lay on my camp bed and gazed and gazed. George and Anna roamed about and picked flowers. We got sixty-seven specimens that are peculiar to this mountain, some of them I had never seen before.

Edelweiss, campion, buttercups (real home buttercups), Iceland poppies, campanile of every shade, gladiolas, columbine, big mauve asters, larkspur, a tall white kind of anemone with leaves like garlic, and beautiful red-leaved begonias. I have never seen such a show of flowers before.

Coming home we chose a different route. There were some very steep passes, a good part of the way we followed the Hunho, a very sandy river, and came finally over a very steep pass at the top of which we got a fine view across the plain towards Peking. We stayed the night in a most remarkable place. It is a rest-house, built by an official for Chinese pilgrims going to a temple in the hills, called Miao Jeng Shan. There is every convenience and comfort and a wealth of elaborate stone buildings and porcelain roofs. It cost the official over £9,000 to build. Last year he died. His son and nephew called on us and asked us to stay there as long as we liked, and whenever we liked. In the evening they sent Anna a big plate of peaches and grapes.

Next morning we rose early and set off on our donkeys, even my husband condescending to ride one, and we hurried across the twenty miles of plain without stopping, because we were just dying to see Charley. For Charley, who is just a year and a half old, has never been left before.

Yours very truly,

LUCY GRAY, R.R.C., *née* L. A. HARRISON.

## OUTSIDE THE GATES.

### WOMEN.

On Wednesday the Society of Women Journalists held its annual meeting and reception at the Waldorf Hotel. Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, the retiring President, introduced Mrs. Charles Perrin, her successor, and thanked the members of the society for a delightful year of office, in which she had experienced the greatest courtesy and kindness from her colleagues who formed the Council. She wished Mrs. Perrin the same happy experience.

The Duchess of Albany was present last week at the annual meeting of the National Vigilance Association and International Bureau for the Suppression of the White Slave Traffic, held at the Mansion House, at which the Lord Mayor presided. In his opening speech Sir T. Vezey Strong attributed the formation of the Society to the great effort of one man, Mr. Stead, who had, by a courageous journalistic enterprise, sought to reveal some of the most terrible conditions of the social life of London and other large towns at that time.

The Earl of Aberdeen, who had hoped to be present, wrote strongly concerning noxious literature which it is the aim of the society to suppress, and said: "The vampires who follow the ghastly business of producing and circulating pernicious books and prints, are the enemies of the race. No anarchist is more truly a danger to society than those who are thus sapping the foundation of social well being."

Lady Laura Ridding emphasised the need of rousing the anxiety of parents and those who had charge of the young, many of whom seemed to be absolutely careless of the perils to which their sons and daughters were exposed when they went abroad with unknown advertisers to unknown employers.

The following resolution has been passed by the Executive Committee of the Women's Liberal Federation: "That, in view of the council's enthusiastic determination to secure the immediate removal of the sex disqualification, the executive resolves that until definite promises are made of a Government Reform Bill including women they will support by all means in their power the Bill promoted by the Conciliation Committee, and will pursue with regard to amendments to that Bill such a policy as circumstances show to be most likely to secure for it a substantial third reading majority."

The Council of the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland has passed a series of resolutions dealing with the registration of teachers, approving of the establishment of a Teachers' Council, representative of the teaching profession, to which shall be assigned, *inter alia*, the duty of forming and keeping a register of teachers; approving also of the inclusion of University teachers on the Council, and the provision by the Government, without charge, of accommodation in the shape of offices for the new Council.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)