

horrible thing to look forward to, and in the Jubilee Year too! To see the way these people live, and the way they behave when we try to help them, after all the years they have had the example of the English before them, makes one wonder whether their peculiar style of brain is worth all the trouble we are taking to develop it, and to enable them to turn us out. Here are *we*, living here under conditions so adverse that we are obliged to send our children home at four years old, in the most heartbreaking way, to spend the most important years of their lives away from their best friends, and out of reach of their parents' influence.

We are living in the near neighbourhood of the city; its filth diseases come year after year, plague, cholera, small-pox—they simply rage in the filthy native city, and they barely touch us, simply because we live in roomy bungalows in large gardens, and keep the places clean and aired. These things are taught in the schools, and the constant object lesson of the English is before them, and yet they *will not* learn. Even in our own compound, where our servants live like gentlemen compared with the people in the city, I have the greatest difficulty in keeping the population down. I am able to give a coach-house, large enough for two carriages, to my butler. He has a wife, two boys, and a baby. It is all I can do to prevent him having his grown-up son's wife and baby to live with him. He does keep two goats in the same room of course, and as many cocks and hens as he can keep out of my sight, and would not tolerate a window at all until the Plague scare came. When his last baby was two days old, I went to his room to see it. They had dug a hole in the earth floor, and filled it with water. In this they washed the baby, then ladled out as much as they could, and the rest escaped amongst the stones under the floor.

One thing I do like about the people, is the alacrity with which they dispose of their dead. A few months ago a child of this same butler's was ill, and I went out at five o'clock, leaving it apparently pretty comfortable. When I came back at seven o'clock the funeral was over and all the servants were back at their work.

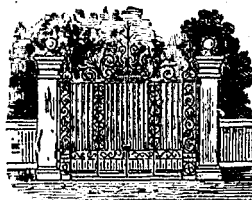
Our Mofussil Nursing Association, which you once inquired after, is falling to pieces. Apparently it is not wanted. It has been well taken up by the doctors in all the Presidency towns, and has been nobly supported by people able to subscribe. Every one seems to have expected it to be most useful. But the nurses are employed for only half their time, and even then have to take monthly cases.

With kind regards, sincerely yours,

K. T.

Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES has addressed the following autograph letter to the Lord Mayor:—

“Marlborough House,
Pall Mall, S.W.,

April 29th, 1897.

MY LORD MAYOR,—In

the midst of all the many schemes and preparations for the commemoration of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, when everybody comes forward on behalf of some good cause—when schools, hospitals, and other charitable institutions have been so wisely and liberally provided for—there seems to me to be one class that has been overlooked—viz., the poorest of the poor in the slums of London.

Might I plead for these—that they also should have some share in the festivities of that blessed day, and so remember to the end of their lives that great and good Queen whose glorious reign has, by the blessing of God, been prolonged for sixty years.

Let us, therefore, provide these poor beggars and outcasts with a dinner or substantial meal during the week of the 22nd of June. I leave it to your kind and able organisation to arrange that the very poor in all parts of London should be equally cared for. I myself will, with pleasure, head the subscription list with £100.

You are at liberty to make any use you think best of this letter, and, believe me, yours truly,

ALEXANDRA
(Princess of Wales).

The Lord Mayor,
The Mansion House.

We feel sure that this appeal of Her Royal Highness will meet with a hearty response. Any scheme which is advanced by the Princess of Wales is sure of support from the English people, in whose hearts she reigns, and also the suggestion is one which, on its own merits, must commend itself to all.

Quite a feature, says *Woman*, of the “cappings,” as the degree ceremonials are called at the Scottish Universities, has been the number of girl graduates who came up to be duly “capped” and congratulated by the Vice-Chancellors. At the Edinburgh ceremonial the other day there was a creditable show of lady M.A.'s, most of them young and pretty. The academic dress proved vastly becoming, especially in the case of one lady graduate who wore beneath it a gown of white alpaca and long white kid gloves. The men students and visitors had a specially hearty round of cheers for the ladies as they came up, and the Vice-Chancellor made the distinction between the men graduates and the ladies by shaking hands with the latter after he had performed the ceremony of lowering the big black cap over their learned heads.

The Executive of the Parliamentary Committee for Women's Suffrage has addressed to Mr. Chamberlain a letter suggesting that he voted against the second

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