

7/ 4/ 15.

5459

In replying to this letter, please write on the envelope:—

Number 15399. Name Mrs.

Holloway. Prison.

5. 3 1912.

My dear little daughters,

I am allowed to write, but both this and your answers will be read (like an old-fashioned boarding school, isn't it?) so I will only say that I am here on remand till 12<sup>th</sup> Lady Conny will be writing to explain. All is spotlessly clean, and my cell has a sufficiency of air. Nothing else matters much. The sun and the moon both shine in - not both at once, Mary, so don't gibe!

Now, some commissions. You will find halfpenny wrappers addressed to Dr. Lunt in the B pigeon-hole. Please send him the British Medical Journal for the last 2 weeks, and each time till I return. Get more wrappers from Mrs Morris if they get done, and if the gum does not stick, put a string round.

Then, I sent in a bill to Mrs Stewart, Harrowby R. for 30/. If she pays it, give her a receipt on one of the



receipt forms in the little book of forms in the middle drawer of my writing table, and be sure you fill up the counterfoil.

Please let Miss Heaton, 47. Devonshire Road, know that I shall not be at the nursing meeting on Thursday morning, and tell Mrs. Mole why I could not lunch with her today at the Palace Hotel, Strand. W.C. I think she will still be there if you write at once, but in any case, put on the envelope, "If gone, please forward."

I don't think there is any other business. Of course I have not got your letter this morning; I'll tell Lady Conny to open it, and see your plans about being at College or at home. I was very glad indeed to get your letter yesterday morning; it did me a great deal of good, and Lady Conny liked it too. Apply to Mrs. Abraham if you want any thing immediate, that can't wait to write about to Lady Conny. She told me she had sent you a line on Sunday night, which was sweet of her. Keep all these letters till I get home again. I wrote to all the Aunts on Sunday night and Monday morning. Perhaps some of them have written to you. What they say will keep till



I come home.

I don't think there is more that I care to say under the circumstances. All our little things, and money, are kept for us till we go out, so I have not got my diary. I dare say I'll remember, and write it up afterwards. I am afraid I've lost my Quoto pen; my other "Fountain" is with all my little pocket things.

It is not easy to write with an ordinary pen again, after being accustomed to the other for so long.

Goodbye, dears, God bless you.

Truth is great, and it will prevail.

Always your loving Mother,

Alice J. Stewart Kes.