

5024

24 Iverna Gardens,  
KENSINGTON, W.

February 14th., 1907.

Dear Lady Strachey,

I send you with my thanks the Ten Shillings that I borrowed of you.

I looked for you during the later evening and was rather relieved that you were not to be seen, for the fact was that the police grew very violent as the hours went on. If I had not been there and <sup>had I</sup> read an account even from some well-accredited person of the scenes that I myself saw last night, I would have been unable to believe that such things could happen in England. While far out of sight even of the light in Westminster tower, a group of women with whom I was, were driven off the pavement in three different places by two huge mounted policemen, who were not content with very nearly trampling us under their horses' hooves, but twice pursued us to the refuge in the middle of the street and drove us off that.

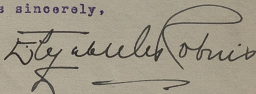
I am aware that it is not a matter of any importance, but since you asked me in the afternoon had I been in the Procession that marched on Saturday, and I told you no, I may as well add that I was not there only because there seems to be something fundamentally absurd in the fact of any one not a subject of the

King asking the English Parliament for a vote. My sympathies are so entirely with the movement that I would be very glad to serve either the old party or the new in any way in my power.

The play which I have written on the subject of the Suffrage I was persuaded to assign the rights in to Miss Gertrude Kingston. I did so upon her promising to bring it out at once, since a timely production would serve further to ventilate the cause. She has been unwilling to give up her part in the Cyril Maude farce and thus redeem her word to me. But what is to me a more serious matter she refuses to let go of the play. There are two other people proposing to do it at once, but I am denied the right to negotiate with them. I have tried by every argument in my power to move Miss Kingston from her dog-in-the-manger position, but so far without success. I wonder if any one belonging to the Central Committee has any influence with her? The matter will have to be handled delicately, as she talks about being a martyr to the cause because one manager to whom she read the play objects to the subject!! When I ceded her the rights she assured me she had funds of her own and was only waiting for a play to leave Cyril Maude and become a manager herself.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "W. E. Gladstone". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name "W. E. Gladstone".