

5463

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

Number 15399 Name A. Ker

Holloway Prison

March 11th 1912

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Ms.
My dearest own one,
We were all sorry for her. I hope Patricia, if you see her, we were all sorry for her, watching everything and taking no part.

Many thanks for your two post cards, which reached me yesterday. I have not got anything from you today yet, but, as I said before, it takes time. I have written to Mary and Mrs Edwards in one letter, Mary said she wanted one for herself. Try and see Mrs Edwards if you can and find out how she is, and persuade her to see Dr. Jones or Dr. Joyce. If you can, you might tell them that she may call on them, in case I do not manage to do so, and let them know that I do not charge her anything. I am afraid she is not very well. She is worrying about you and Winifred being alone in the house, but I tell her it is one of those situations which are all right unless they are talked about and questioned. If you can help it, don't let Mary and Dorothy know that she is not well, for she says she is trying to keep it from them, but I feel so anxious, I must tell you. Tell her so.

No. 24

(8253 - 20-4-00)

Yes, we are cheering up, and are getting on very well. Everybody is so splendid and brave and thinking of others, and there are some very fine women among us, such faces and fine carriages, and so much grey hair, as well as a good many quite young-looking girls. It was Dolly's Mother who came to see her on Saturday, but I was interrupted while I was asking her about it at exercise yesterday. I must get all she can tell me from her today, if we exercise together. We have done so, up to this time. We are not allowed to write letters on Sundays, so of course I did not send you one. I have got the tooth paste, it reached me yesterday, but not the horn cup, although the wardresses say I may have it. However, I shall probably get it tonight, because we take all our possessions away with us, in case we do not come back again. I am not allowing myself to think one way or the other how it is going to be, for it is quite impossible to tell. At the worst, we will all feel that we are making history and helping on the Cause of Right. The psalms and lessons are splendid every now and then. This morning's second lesson, in Mark 10th about whose leaveth father or mother, &c., struck me as meaning to us, when we leave those dear to us and come in here, we find everyone else here ready to be to us what relation is suitable in return for those we have left. And I

feel myself now a bar of tempered steel, not going to bend any more. After going through this, there is nothing more left in life to be afraid of. It is a very wonderful seasoning and perfecting. We all try to help each other and either keep each other up, or appeal to some one for help; either is strengthening. One lady said to me as we met going out yesterday, "it is a pleasure to see your bright face". Just at the actual moment it had been rather an effort to put on a bright face to greet the others, for I had not slept well, and was feeling jumpy, but of course her saying that made me better at once, and now I shall specially try to help them all in that way. There is a comical side to it all, too, to think that nothing better can be done with all the best workers of the nation than to shut them all up in idleness. It makes me think "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision"; I'm sure He does. Glance over the psalms or lessons or both if you can each day, and then you will be able to follow what I am thinking about them. I am glad that for some time I have not done much reading or church-going, because now everything comes with such vivid freshness and new meaning. I woke early again this morning, but I don't feel so tired as I did yesterday, and writing my letters has made me feel better. I am reading the Egoist by Meredith. Dolly lent it to me, and really he is wonderful, he nearly makes me forget where I am. It needs some attention, though, to follow his intricate sentences, almost like a prose Browning.

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I needn't write more just now, but send you my very dearest love. Always your Mother who loves you
Thank God we live in these days!

If I come back, I must see if there is a ~~Reading~~ in the Prison Library, he would be a fine help, and one might do some committing to memory. If I come back and am sentenced, I shall do work, it passes the time, shortens the sentence, and earns money for the Cause. And as some of it may be knitting, I ought to be able to break the record. Some of them are doing that, and I think that now it is wise. I don't know what privileges we will be allowed later on, but Lady Conny will find out and tell you. And we shall always be thinking of each other, even if we can't write; and you must be very careful and not let anything happen to you while I am out of reach. I did like Miss Quirk's letter so much, tell her so. ~~Last night's~~ ^{Monday morning's} second lesson answered her deprecation of herself, "he that is not against us is on our part." Mary's letter was so cool and so quaint it made me laugh. She said a Commissioner had visited the school, had come up into the drawing lesson, "and disturbed the work awfully." One pictures the feelings of a self-satisfied old gentleman shedding the light of his presence on a school-ful of girls, if he C. have heard that comment on his visit.

I think I had better stop now, but keep the letter as long as I can, in case * at this point we went out to exercise Miss Davies with us for the first time, and when we came in again, I found your letter and one from Mr. John Edwards, One Hill, Darley Drive, West Derby, Miss Willmer and Aunt Lisa. Thank those 3 for me please, as I have used up my allowance today. Tell Aunt Lisa all you can, she says she has not heard from you yet. Her letter is very nice, recognising, she says, that from my point of view my action is right, so she is not distressed for me. Give her my dear love, and tell her she shall be one of the first to be written to. Mr. J. E. is selling papers at Rich. Station. I am tremendously touched by all offers of help, esp. Annie the maid. Thank everyone. Miss D. says we are heaving the constraint, and you are doing the hard labour outside. By the way, the "Express" describes some riotous scenes in here, which are purely imaginary, Miss Palettonpe had a paper needed to manure all this soil of things. We are all so close to each other -