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

Number

15399

Name

Alice J. S. Ker

Prison

Holloway

1912.

Got your letter  
not in time to ad.  
I dress correctly  
I suppose you'll  
be at home  
next week.

My darling,

You got all Aunt  
Lina's news, of  
course, after she  
saw me?

Do you are going  
to be booked after  
so well, shall  
I be bound  
over?

any rate, I don't  
get the chance,  
shall not  
get.

Still nothing from you today - that is two

days without and only a p.c. on Wednesday. However, perhaps it has got stuck somewhere, like Uncle Alau's, which was delayed from Saturday till Wednesday. Now, don't stop writing next week because you think I will not get the letters. Send a p.c. or two, because we never know which day we will be going up, and if they don't reach me at all it will not be much loss.

Have you read "Rudder Gauge"? I know Mary has. I have just got hold of a very amusing sequel, "The Rudder Gaugers Abroad", where there is a very funny adventure of Pomona's baby. I recommend it to wile away a leisure half hour. For something

more real, read this week's Christian Commonwealth

both Mr. Campbell's sermon and Mr. Resant's lecture;  
and also a little paragraph where somebody  
Thomas, I think, speaks of "the vindictive and  
savage sentence of a panic-stricken magistracy."  
I have been trying to remember a quotation from Car-  
lyle's "Past and Present." They haven't any Carlyle in  
the prison library, I was asking. This is the quotation:  
"Happiness, Unhappiness, all this is but the wage thou  
hast, to sustain thyself hitherto, to test the value of  
thy work. It is not the plan of thy life. What hast  
thou done to live? Let us see thy work, how it stands.  
Swift, out with it, let us see thy works! Thou has  
spent all the wage, on vanities mayhap." I don't  
think the words are quite right, and I am  
sure I have mixed up the sentences, but that  
is the meaning of it all, and I think it will  
help you to understand. Mrs. Lawrence was saying  
to us the other day that for real spiritual life it  
does not matter where you are or what you are  
doing; you can live your true life as well within  
prison walls as out in the world. But we are

also saying that if we have long sentences, there will be nothing for us to do but to become professional Suffragettes, for all our own work will have fallen away from us. You will be busy with your Philology today. I do wonder what you are going to do after today - do let me know. Do you remember who was coming to see you after two years? It is two years in May. If Miss Henderson is within reach, tell her about it; I would like to feel that you had some one near to stand by you. Let me have some reassurance on this point.

I am going to ask Aunt Lisa to send me in an Esperanto grammar, and I will try to learn it while I am here. I may as well have something tangible to do, and I would certainly not take the trouble outside. I have got "The Brethren" by Rider Haggard, from somebody. I have read little bits of it; it came out in the "Graphic" or some other paper, and I think it is interesting. But after reading Mrs Besant's lecture, I am going to be very careful what kind of books I read. One certainly ought to avoid idle as well as pernicious ones. - By the way,

please keep my bicycle tyres pumped up, or the rubber will crack. You might give it a run now and then; it goes much more smoothly and quietly since it was done up. Take care the enamel does not get scratched. = I am still getting on very well in health, thanks to my sips of cold water. No, I don't masticate the cold water, although I have heard of its being done; but I very carefully give old Mr. Gladstone's 75 bites to each mouthful of food. One has to do something of that sort in these unhealthy circumstances - eat slowly and sparingly, and walk up and down as much as possible. I had 4 separate half hours of pacing yesterday, besides the outdoor exercise. There is no sun today, unhappily, but it does not seem to be raining, so we shall be able to get out. I'll leave this till after exercise.

Having come in again, there is still nothing from you, and I don't know where to send this. To James & I think, on the whole. But try to let me have at least a p.c. every day until you hear that it is useless. I don't mind how little is on it, so long as I know that you are all right. Love and love and love, my own dear one.

Always your loving Mother,  
Alice J. Stewart Ker.