Ascendon,
Salisbury,
May 1902.

My dear Spencer,

I should be ashamed of myself for not answering your letter of April 24th at once, as I had had no time to write to anybody. This simultaneous Mission has kept me on the go both day and night. I am a milesemeritus recruits, it yet I have to go on fighting as if I were a young recruit.

My sentence is "Rotten to the Science Laboratories!" Why should you pay for them? If things had turned out otherwise, it might have been another affair.

The Town Hall scheme, I am sure, is a good one; but there are difficulties, and I'm sorry to say I can give you no help. Some experienced agent,
who would run the show on business lines, is wanted, and I don't know how to put you on to him.

Then there are the unrest views. The only way to deal with them I can think of is to say in plainest terms before hand what they are, to tell the women not to come unless they are prepared in the interests of science to witness painful sights. I think that this would fill the hall. If you give your lectures, I think, the undiscriminating slides ought to appear, and I don't see what anybody can complain of if they are told plainly beforehand what to expect. On the other hand, there may be a legal difficulty, and I think you would do well to have a talk with the Mayor.

As to being heard, I think you could manage that. Your voice has a melodic note of a penetrating squeak in it—not a whole squeak, but a bit of one—which ought to carry far. Two things must be attended to. First, say no word while you are facing the screen—you might, perhaps, have a disciple to do the printing. Second, speak only one word at a time, let there be a perceptible interval between word and word.

Fix your eye on some one at the other end of the hall, I speak to him for a sentence or two, till you get the idea. Your ear will tell you whether you have got it.

But I must stop the flow of my words of wisdom, I get this letter into the post—which means a walk of 1½ miles there and back. With kindest regards, Yours sincerely

Love to Mr. T.,

Dorothy Livermore
Did I not send his letter on to you? That letter in which he said he "hoped to have the privilege", of reading your proofs.