

LETTERS TO PATTY

left the room "little Miss Copy" hoisted Baby "O" on to the window-sill, which fortunately was very low.

"Now jump! You've got to jump, I say. If you don't I catch vis blue-bottle on ve window, and put him in your curls. An' you're fwightened of blue-bottles—you know you are."

Baby "O" had to jump. Worse. That time when Mother took me to London to see if the change would make me sleep, we went down one afternoon to Wimbledon to see the cousins. (Patty, I've never told you this before!) We went down to that most mysterious Underground, which in those days made one cough and wheeze. I remember someone had scra:hed out the "t" from the: "Wait till the train stops," which was printed over the door. I wondered how we should know when the rain stopped down in the bowels of the earth. I didn't ask. One never did. This had to be blindly accepted, like twice ten are twenty, or that "rebel" was sometimes pronounced one way and sometimes another, that Kings always had four figures after their names, and the figures were always different, that the man called Pharaoh lived such a long while.

One cousin was older than me, one younger. The two amiable little creatures showed me an