

• Dearest Ruth I must write you just a line) the first post but anything should go wrong with the next as it did last week. A lovely long letter from you to-day. I'm sorry your hand has been ill; it must be a nasty painful business - it sounds as though you're not in very good health. I've had a little annoyance too with a toe & so limping about. I have missed it well enough to go to Oxford but I'm afraid the cause of the trouble is still there. This morning is lovely - it looks as though it must be a perfect day - just enough early mist.

Yes dear, it is tiresome waiting. Writing is a slow stupid substitute for talking.

I have been thinking much still about a house for next Quarter; two more faint chances have arrived, but I feel no great hope. One is the Wilson's house - if the Romanises don't take it (as seems possible) - if in that case whoever do don't want it before Xmas - not furnished. The other the Hensleys - Mrs Burton Brown's suggestion again. I understand Mrs Hensley has died & Mrs B. B. thinks the others wd. like to get the father away if they cd. let the house. I hope the Hs aren't friends of yours. I'm not sure that I've got this right. I also spent a little time very happily yesterday in making a plan of the Langton's

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drawing room in its future state! I think it can be made very comfortable as well as beautiful. I have a wonderful ~~and~~ invention for a sofa which I will explain at length when you return. The other room seems much more difficult to imagine. I wonder what you will want in it? Whenever I think of it it appears to be enormously long - almost a tube. I suppose it is broad enough in reality to be a nice room. I'm beginning to think the downstairs room better. One important consideration - are we to have a piano?

Arthur Benson has written to ask what he shall give me - something we shall use, he says? What shall I say? A Persian rug or a bath-towel?

Well, I will write more in the train.  
Oh! I've no envelope in here - (my forms are used & reading)

Goodbye dearest. All, all my love.

Yr. loving George.

Sat. May 30

