

Sunday Sept 17

Dearest one

I don't feel that there is vast lot to tell you of yesterday. I made cakes. I had the one for you is all ~~over~~ right. I am going to cut a slice & to see & slip it back if it is satisfactory. I knew the mixture is right because I made some little buns off the big cake. But I am not at all sure about the baking. The oven was rather too hot at first & we had to cool it and then got it a little too cool. I made a sponge cake for Clara's birthday & failed that with too cool an oven. It said a coolish oven in the recipe & I know they usually have hot ones. So I suppose now that it meant ~~not to be too hot~~ ~~if you see it~~ I should mind. Violet made one for baby in the afternoon. She also very kindly fed the chickens for me in the evening and to her great joy she found a stray nest it had nine eggs in it. She says she has always wanted to find a stolen nest and never done so before.

I am in the school room and I can hear Clara from the night nursery talking at the top of her voice, she always does a lot of talking when she is alone. But very seldom when she is with people.

We went to tea with the Hiseleys it was very pleasant. Some one who they said was the son of a cowman, but who had been educated in sculpting in Paris had done a most charming clay card of Anne, she is twelve I think.

I wanted to hear more about sculptor but I did ^{not} manage it somehow. After the war I see they are going to be down at Eton a lot. Mr Dr Huxy wants to retire from being a general practitioner and out to be in London two or three days a week and do consulting work. It would be very nice to have them here.

Dearest, Mill & I are both other troubled about Father. He does not seem happy or wfully well though I dont think any thing is wrong. I think a holiday that he would enjoy would do him good but we cant think of one. Its too late for fishing. I think we must try and manage something next spring. All the difficulties of goodness & the war generally, ~~it and then he~~ looks forward to a very bad time after the war when there will be many men demanding work and good wages as their right after they have fought for their country and they will not be able to get work with ^{good} wages. There will not be sufficient capital in the country to start industries. I think dear that we shall have to try & be very economical and save so that we may increase the capital a little more bit. Father and Mr Huxley were talking about the pb question and both agreed that there would be a slump. I do hope things will be better than they expect. I had a short letter from you yesterday evening. You had been spending one of those busy slack mornings that are rather nice. I say I hope the accounts are good

enough to meet the requirements I have been thinking of starting a careful account of all I spend chiefly for practice. Because I do think good accounts might help to economy. It would help one to see in what direction the money was travelling fastest. I am more I'm not extravagant in big things but I am not more I take care of the pence as well as I might. That is ~~so~~ ^{not} different. A Father who spends £100 happily but worried over a shilling is spent or wasted.

I had a long letter from Polly yesterday also one from Alison. Polly says that she had nearly got a house at Lexington and then at the last moment the owner refused to let them make the alterations they wanted to, so they have not taken it. She says she will now wait till the spring or after the war, and for the present she will take rooms (in London I gather) and do her war work, and have a place ready for her Father when ever he wants to come. I gather his health is pretty bad and perhaps she does not think he will live very long, and does not want to get landed with a house that she would have to live in. Poor Polly I'm afraid she feels rather at a loose end and homeless. She wrote to me from a convent where she is staying, because a friend of hers is in the convent. I sent her a photograph of Clara & she said it went the round of the whole place and they all wanted to know all about her. Its rather pathetic isn't it. I am a lucky woman.

Alison is in Scotland now having a three weeks holiday

which she says she is enjoying very much. After she gets back to Balham she says he will come down here if can for her first day off.

I have had another letter from you this morning sent straight here, so it came very close to the last. I am sorry your ankle is so ~~bad~~, why its do you think?

I expect it is too much standing and no exercis on your toes like rackets. Would tip toe exercis so it any good do you think. It is tiresome for you.

I think the horizontal bar is an excellent idea. It will never do for your muscles to get flabby. Suppon the war was over this November as someone thinks (though I doubt, nor many other people) then we should want to climb in Wales this christmas. Its much too good to be true. I shall be very thankful if we are climbing at christmas 1917.

There is the lunch bell so I must stop, or close, and elementary school people would say.

Its rung again now Father is impatient

Your very very loving
Ruth.