

Sept 25

My own Dearest

Your Mother & I have had a great morning of shopping.

I've bought a coat & skirt but I do wish so much you had been with me to get it so that I might know if you like it: ^{and with your invaluable help} It wasn't cheap it cost just over ten pounds with the alterations. It certainly fits me very well I don't think any one could deny that.

Your Mother says it makes me look slim and I know you like that.

The colour is rather a dark blue but not navy. It is a tweed, blue one way & black the other. The coat fitted me better than any coat I have ever tried on before & the shop girl

said that was because it is what they call second size instead of being shop stock size. Even then it had to be taken up in the chest a bit for me. Well I do hope you will like it when you see it and that the others will.

I can't make up my mind what to do about going home. Marjorie says that Uncle Hawes & Aunt Jessie leave next week on Tuesday or Wednesday that I could stay away till then so I have thought that I might go to Arrie from Friday till Monday if she wants me. Now this horrid railway strike has come and your Mother says she thinks I had better

go back on Friday or I may not get back at all. I dont know whether to take any notice of her advice because she seems against me going to Avie at all and says that Avie would have written if she wanted me.

I havent written to Avie to say I'm here but your Mother has.

I'd like to see Avie and I know you would like me to but I dont at all want to get stuck up here away from the children. I dont think myself that the strike can last any time. They'll have to come to some settlement.

Your Mother is a queer person, she says she had thought things out a lot. There are an awful lot of things she

hasn't thought of. I wonder if I should get very tired & impatient of her if I lived with her for long. I rather expect I should. Isn't it funny the way she shuts her eyes when she is speaking of religious things.

The room they have their Mothers' meeting in is awful. Not the slightest attempt has been made to make it either beautiful or even comfortable. I don't see how any one can expect to have success in such an atmosphere & I don't think they get success. I really believe I could have made those Mothers enjoy themselves more even in that horrid room. But then they want to make them good not happy. Do you know I'm

not even more that goodness is what they are after I feel it is only the church renouncing of the christian faith. I thought the little address your Mother gave was both dull and muddled. It was very like a Sunday school lesson & they are apt to be awfully dull. I wonder if you will think this a horrid unkind critical bit of letter. I dont want to be unkind, but I do like to try & find out why it seem so dull.

M^{rs} Wilson-Homes really did seem distressed that every thing is so ugly.

I didnt get a letter from you this morning which I had just hoped I might but one may come

by any post now I should think.

It is horrid not having you but it really does make it much better that the war is going so well that we really may hope again that peace will come perhaps within a year.

I bought three pairs of shoes today in sizes ahead of what Clara is now wearing, & I mean to try to get enough good leather shoes to last the children over next winter. It will certainly be an economy in the long run and also the children will have the shoes.

My letter is very material but I am trotted round so fast that there is no time to think. There is

a book upstairs in my bedroom
about & called something like
Natural Law in the Religious World
It would probably be old and dull
to you but I think I might like
it & may borrow it. I have read
it in bed a little & I liked one
chapter on deterioration. It made
me extra thankful as well as joyfully
glad, which I always am, that I had
married you, because you don't let
me sit down & comfortably deteriorate.
One can't stay still & I do hope I
shall be one of the people to get
better. This book seemed to think
very few people do get better
but I think that's an unnecessary

8
pessimistic view.

I think dearest that your whole mind and thoughts are so far more spiritual than your mother's that you can never touch. But although to me you seem good of course you are't. Near perfect goodness we would all seem awful. Any way let us try to have our ideals high.

Face well dearest, ever so much love to you.

Your loving

Ruth.