

9/23/17

Sunday Morning
256 West 57th St

My dearest Laurie:

Returned yesterday to meet you, and found instead a telegram and several letters. Am so sorry you and your Mother are not well! Hope that naughty bilious trouble has left you. What do you mean by having me the end of the summer. Working too hard, or (more likely) controlling yourself too hard? It is very fine and right of you to stay over, but we wanted

you now. Excuse this paper & pencil. Haven't even opened my trunk yet, so supplies are limited. Am delighted that the illustrative photographs were such a success. Clever idea, that, to put in a figure in "the revolving middle-distance".

We have, as yet, heard & seen nothing of your father. I can't help hoping that he will not come to see the apartment in its present state of upheaval.

Edith is back, and pluckily turning to as usual. Margie is back, too, & is living in

2^d. former room. She has quite transformed it.

Emily is still here, and seems loath to leave, but I guess she'll be gone by the time you get back. I shall call up Pease & Collins tomorrow and see if there's any chance of the present tenants getting out before the first, so that we could get our painting and sink-ing done in time for us to move in on the first. Fear that may not be possible, but I guess the girls won't mind putting us up for a few days.

Am having trying delays with the marble. The new

block has been shipped, but
has not yet arrived at Clats,
evidently lost somewhere en
route; though how a thing of
that size can get lost is
beyond me! This delays
everything, and it certainly
won't be finished before
Christmas. Paillie has
done all he could, and I
can't complain, but it does
make me tired.

Must help get breakfast.
I'll put a special on this so it
may reach you before you leave.
Would have written yesterday, but
was out in Clats all the morning
and at Forest Hill all the rest
of the day - my bestest love, dear, I see
you Friday! Hooley! Orendie