

Weather divine. Not a drop of rain nor any thing but
the bluest of blue skies ever
since we arrived here.

Kerlouise 4905

Your letter received by D.

Beaulieu

Nov. 13th 1903

Dearest Miss Jy

At last I tear myself away.

I leave tomorrow by the night train reaching
Paris on Sunday evening. I shall spend
a day there or possibly two as things pan
out. The excuse is that D. + S. have a
good many household commissions for me to
do there but on other grounds it seemed
impolite to pass through without paying my
respects to V of M + others. — There will
be a great many tales to relate. The
latest coup was the Buary mosquito
nets on fire. D. in her nightgown
plunging into Albert's room. "Ouf feu,
ou feu, c'est mon mari. Mon dieu quel
lomme qu'il était petit."

A wild scene but all ended well & no lives lost.

After dinner La Belle Helene is read aloud by Albert while D. d'Arno Simor's Socho & I ~~do~~ put in the food & Madame Guiney's Vefestry. Every now & then we stop to ejaculate "Shockeng!!!" by means of which the ~~work~~ awkward passages are ~~spat~~ over. (My pen took on itself to try and write "drawn attention to" instead & was with difficulty curbed. It is a little restive possibly for want of exercise.)

We went the other day to Monte Carlo which enthralled me - I mean the gambling room. The countenances of the creatures sitting clutching their money round the table entranced me so much that I long to rush back every morning at 10 A.M. & remain till ordered out by force. I played two 5 fr pieces which were instantly removed,

but I couldn't get up any thrill over them poor things. I found it a thousand times more exciting (besides less expensive) to follow the fortunes of some other individual who was staking fat rouleaux of gold. The horribleness of the old women & people is quite unequalled. I was mad with rage at having to leave though Albert was being killed by the stuffy atmosphere. If ever I go to stay with Dorothy I clearly see when my days will be spent.

This house is going to be called "La Souca." Do you know what this means & why? This reminds me that when in Paris I shall try to go & see Martel's pictures at the dealer's. What a truly weird individual he is with his scar & his gruff voice & his "Epatant". Madame J. has just been pressing me to stop with old M. Breal ~~at~~ in Paris!! In vain

I tell her that I don't know how to be
polite in French - she refuses to see
the horror of the situation.

no more for the nonce

Yours truly
P.

I will send a post card from Paris.

This household is in a continual state of
crisis. Quite unequalled. The great origin
of all is that Auguste has made a voyage
intéressant en Bretagne. The language
amuses me so much that I am always in
convulsions of laughter at the wrong moments.