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You had a fine audience - they gave you a good hearing, a wonderful hearing. In Welford then asked me who was the distinguished looking man who shook hands with me, was he a friend, (I kept thinking of the meetings & couldn't say - later I think it must have been the Stansons, who follow also referred to, he wore a collar & white linen bow tie, later just a white shirt & tie, I am sure it was) In Welford said you shook hands with so many, this was seemed to be quite dignified - He then went on to say, keep in touch, don't shrink, come to the front ^{re-launched from} Do as I did, and as Lady Stansons did, we never had words ^(on a number) there. We had our own friends, when one some of destruction comes from other lands, we will invite them, but had our own particular friends whom we invited. You were one of these, we had remembrance of parliament from time to time & then again, but there is no reason why should have all the Stansons, and their wives, their children & grand children. Sometimes one has to go a little beyond just one's own friends, it is needful to be diplomatic, to have some at times which one may not care for particularly, but do not make a list out the house nor a rendezvous, stand on your own as I did when you have close friend from a distance, write them occasionally & say well you - keep to your own - remember the highest intelligence is which is respected. People who are doing work that is worth while, & whom, people of refinement, ^{& culture} ^{put pressure in parliament} keep in touch with them, but not everybody that wears the best of clothes - but do not know your home open wall, to the sort of people that just want to say they have been at Mr King's house. - Mrs Pittford is a very dear friend of mine, but excepting Mrs Pittford I would not bother much with the rest of the family, (this was a step of what I was telling Mrs Wright about of mine & children being suggested how much should be said & how it).

I asked Sir Welford if he sent any messages to Mrs Stansons, he said not the kind of message that might be sent to Bennett & his friends that he wanted him well & that sort of thing. I spoke of a lady in Oxford who had a message of automatic meeting - said he would love that I know her. I said I didn't - she had written us - she was meant to say I would never have called you "Dolly" that sort of common rubbish, ^{you know} I never dabbled in that sort of thing. (meaning automatic)