May 7, 03

Dear M.,

You are waiting and waiting & hearing from me & Edward and wondering why I do not write or attend to my business affairs, at least.

If I commenced to offer apologies which swarm in my mind they would be tedious and fruitless — so I will none of them, only say it seems to grow more difficult for me to get about any time of correspondence than formerly. I am getting to dread putting pen to paper — am getting into my stage, I guess — the long farewell I shall write no more to anybody. The past month has
Keep me confined as closely to house affairs while Mrs. T. was away, that now she is back again of an hour, hardly re-adjust myself to the relief of more leisure, and about as soon as I have done so, off she will go again, the time for a long if not permanent stay, as she is going to Montana & Illinois to visit with her own family & with her parents for "perhaps 2 yr. (maybe some less)." Then I shall be "the fool." Sure, I never expect to find another servant so suited to us, and our ways & needs. Never saw anyone like her before, I never expect to again. She is worth 50¢, her weight in gold! Perhaps you feel the same way abt. Esther? But all this is little to the point in hand, which is, the money you have so kindly loaned me & the promissory note I had to sign and return to you sooon.
I do the same in this, and ought to have done so earlier; thanking you and all, most sincerely, for the effort you have made to help me out. I will keep the money at the low rate of interest you have generously placed upon it and use it now, hoping to turn it in 3 mos. time so you can all have your own again.

Note: During July 7 Aug, I presume I shall not need to buy much - so, we can better spare the money then. But the Sept 7 Oct, allowance must be kept for my Broadcloth suit (remodeled) and other needs. I must be a little more careful in the future so as not to get into debt, which I have a horror of - even though I have the kindest & most lenient of creditors.

I deeply appreciate your efforts to help me, it only made "The shoe was on the other foot" i.e., that I could help you this way, by giving - not lending.
Don't construe this to mean that I want the money given me; for I certainly don't. But I'd like to be in a position to give you, or to anybody—when I feel like it.

That reminds me, that I have lately had a present from my nearest neighbors—(in the new house, built since you left), who have gold-mine interests, & tried to sell me some stock at the low rate of 5 cts per share! Even at that—we did not buy—or venture anything—not feeling that we could afford to lose any money, and since then the shares have gone up to 15 cts, & are expected to be 30 during the next 3 mos, at least, & then climb on, as the mine is developed & begins to ship ore. The specimens have been carefully assayed here by diff. parties—whose verdicts contradict one. The estimate at 104,000 to the ton! The mines are in Gold-field, Nevada, and next to the famous ones that are proving immensely rich. Only these are only developed at little way, as yet, for want of sufficient means.
The young couple apparently wished to make some returns for certain little favors shown them by us, such as having the little wife occupy a room in our house at night while her husband was absent at the mines for two weeks. (She was going to stay alone, but I wouldn't permit it when I learned of it, not thinking it a safe thing for her to do, and just then they had no servant.)

But she was entirely welcome and I wished nothing, of course, for the little favor. She is a most modest and unsuspicious person—very lady-like, very bright, withal, and enjoyed the pleasant society evenings. She looks something like Aunt Annie, also. (By the way, the latter & Uncle T. are coming in about a week, but will stay at a hotel, as this is their choice.)

Well? I must make a long story short—or short (or longer)—I was given 100 ½ shares in the gold mine, worth now, about 15,000 (the shares).
The papers are made out to (6) Ellen K. Hallin—(somehow they found out my maiden name) & these shares are transferred legally to me by the mining Co. They may never amount to anything! They may— they may— sometime. Heaven grant they may. For if I could ever draw 10,00 a month even from some thing of my own independent right I should be almost happy. 25,00— if I knew I would be!

Your father, of course, wants me to be my "riches," and says I won't speak of him as if I was his equal, now that I have gold mine interests. I told him if I became really rich, I'd take care of him, well! The of course, hopes I may— if I keep to my promise.

Recently had Ethel Hayden's wedding announcements sent us, (by letter) and today I wrote her to enclose a V. (given by yr. father) for a little gift of some sort to represent us. She is to be married next week to a Mr. Jones.
Your last letter by your father arrived today. Very interesting.

It's come yesterday. I think. Also interesting. We are glad you both liked the abalone presents, and found them useful.

I feel very sorry abt. poor Alfredo's catarrhal condition. I noticed his partial deafness when he was here, but hoped it would prove temporary. oneself, I have such a hard time with father'sarrière, that I dread to have another member of the family afflicted with it. It is such a handicap to the afflicted one, too, all through life.

Little Eleanor must be very amusing. I am running a'rumming. I am unable to see her while she is here, so I cannot see her. May be you'll come out with her next winter. Hope sincerely of have her or letters thought bans, right away. Alfredo's among the re.

Hope I can get at it soon. With best love, mother.
Los Angeles,

January 6, 1928

Dear Madeleine,

I thought that it will be nearly three weeks from Christmas before this letter reaches you, and that you may be almost grudging - considering how long I have made you wait for thanks regarding your very generous gift of June, one which gave and continues to give me great satisfaction every day. If refer to the decline clinic of course, your father has had many thanks for his part of the enterprise, but much shall I appreciate his efforts if please me, I am sure. But more of this later on. I feel almost the worst over my long delay toward you - my dear little girl who look such pains to get his sippy cupma something nice for xmas, and then they didn't seem to notice his efforts at all, or at least here said nothing since as I thought.

Yours affectionately,
[Signature]
But I want him to know that we both were very much pleased with the pretty etching, and Grandpa with his lady match-scraper. That hangs on the wall of his room by his chiffonier, and he uses it every time he lights his little gas stove. The red wicker of the young lady looks so pretty on the deep cream colored wall and is just the thing for a bright spot of color.

(You verse you wrote made it so extremely fetching... it made me smile.)

I have the etching in my room where it seems in just the right place and pleases me every time I look at it. I think, "Alfred bought that for me," and how good and nice of him it was. I shall always take good care of it and sometime I will have it framed. I think it will be very nice. And I think Grampa will write his thanks before very long.

Mrs. Thorner's absence from making the night before Xmas, (Dec. 24) fine for one day in each week. When she wakes and cries for me, has made of course a good deal of difference in my leisure time, and this, added to some other matters, and the attempt to get a letter written to Mrs. Corliss for a small gift...
has conceived to make me stay behind in preparing this for you. Every time I have tried to begin, there was something in the way, causing a delay. But now that I have started I hope I shall finish.

I have read all of the letters you have written from time to time and enjoyed them. So has your father also. But I feel very badly - we both do, over his catarrhal troubles. I fear he can never get rid of them in the miserable climate he lives in, especially while he is so much in that thick, humid, some downtown office air. I am sure that aggravates his trouble. If he could only spend more of his time in the open air near your abode, even it would help him a good deal, I think. Plenty of pure air will cure consumption, if it is now being understood. And why not catarrh? Have you read Samuel Hopkins Adams' article on "Tuberculosis," in Jany. McClure? Quite wonderful. Do, if you have, presume long before this reaches you that George will be measurably recovered of his catarrhal attack. But I don't want you to feel any burden on your mind regarding
a letter to me — whether pick or well, if I can hear through you — whether he liked the small things I sent him, and they are hardly worth a letter when his time is so valuable. In reality, he may not care for them at all, though it think may be he'll like the sponge, I made a black cloth penwipe for your father, one for blue, Ned, do you think I'd like one also. You know the kind I make, I guess, five or five graduated circles of black wool cloth, pinned on edges.

Now as regards the last little box of things I sent, including 3's, the Pets doll for Eleanor, the Van's remembrances, etc. It was too bad indeed that I never reached you until all the doing was over. I supposed it was stated in plenty of time, reach you on Sat., but — did not mail it myself, and so it did not get. I had both of the things at the Boston store, and fixed the box in the ladies' resting room, had it wrapped and weighed at the parcel desk, also stamped, etc., and took it delivered to the boy who was just gone to P.O. with other stuff, and was on Monday, I think, because I remember giving him an extra day in my mind. So it got there on each of crowded mails, etc. Thought it would be delivered on Sat., sure.
I specially wanted you to have the article for your tree, and knew the Navvies were to be there, so thought a little something to each of them would help out, and make it pleasant all round. I wonder whether the contents of Lois's letter reached them all safely, since you mailed it, and the sherry, buttons, silver pin, marine (of abalone shell) might have pushed through the envelope and been lost or stolen. I did not fix them for mailing, but thought they would go safely in the box. Of the red ones all right, would you like them, have not heard yet. I thought them a very pretty girls' buttons, etc. - but did not know whether you would want them. I thought you might have something else. But I can't help feeling sorry the box was so behind hand and not a bit so charming, it to be, times hard to have it.

I'm glad baby E. takes to the doll, feels as though she would. When I first saw it, it looked so babyish in its4 dress. I knew it was of course to get her a more fancier expensive one at present. She's certainly a motherly little creature, by nature, (as I mean) by every reason, looks it fully, should much like to see her with her dress.
I am delighted to hear that there is nothing really the matter with her little feet, and wondering whether you wouldn't try to get some of those "Crack Shoes" for weak ankles - like the picture I sent. You did not say anything about this in your recent letter. They might be a help to her muscles for a time. If they can't be found there, they doubtless could be elsewhere since they were advertised in the town paper. And while I think I have often wondered whether you make much use of the White Vaccine for the children's ailments. It seems good for healing, I forget everything - caracoles included. By so stating it, its accompanying Circular. Read it over carefully again. Also, pure eucalyptus oil is excellent for all soreness and stiffness of the muscles - rheumatism, etc. But be careful to get the genuine article at some reliable drug store. We use Dr. Heroin here, as it is warranted absolutely pure.

Well, now I will tell you of our Xmas Day celebration. On Sat. 28 Mrs. J. could get our dinner before she left (which she did until 7 p.m.) Friday night - it's her and her father also, that they must hang up their stockings at Christmas, so they did - they dangled on their door knobs quite festively. On Mon. 30 I put a V. ni a little box (1.65) it was from my father, and he does not know that I gave any - so you needn't mention it, but I felt she deserved it for her faithfulness, I ought to have it, no less than that.
also knew that nothing else would 14.
please he so much as money—which she is so bent on getting. And when she heard that it was right, she took any money (even dollar) to do it, but of felt because besides this, I had made her a small sachet of put among her things [like one she had been promised] and a small box of home-made nut candy; also, which she liked. I thought of sending some by you, but concluded it isn't weigh too heavily, so didn't. But here is the rule, make it for yourself, it's easy.
2 cups light brown sugar, 1 cup white (do), 1/2 
cup sweet milk—boil this a few minutes until sugar is waxy when dropped in cold 
water (under 5 minutes). (I think I watching and 
try it constantly.) Then stir in a piece of bulk 
sized of walnut, a large teaspoon vanilla, and 
cups of walnut meats broken small, and 
freed from all skin shells.
Pour into a small square Pam dish— 
about 1 inch deep, if you have such, so 
will cut in better shape when cold. I like this very much, but it is most too rich for your father or anyone who has not a 
good digestion.
She seemed greatly pleased with her 
present,
if had a pen-wiper for your father's table, 

Something else I think I ought to add. 

Now remember what, but there was a...
large pot. in his room for his eyes to fall on as soon as they were open, beside the pretty match scratches from Alfred. He came down to breakfast looking much pleased over everything. He had opened the large pot, and found a Camels-bow comforter long wide and light, soft, yet warm, and it was what he had been wishing to have for some time, as all the blankets he had been using over him at night seemed very heavy, & he likened them to a "Sawtooth" which was covering him, liable to cut the same thing regularly. "I wish I had something lighter, overdrett than a saw-tooth. I could hardly sleep for it night. I had had the comforter in the house for at least two weeks and could hardly keep from giving it to him before. I wanted so much to believe him, but made myself wait till the proper time) of essays some poetry over at "Old you," and pinned it over to the comfort. I read thus:

A man never known to be silly,
Was yet so exceedingly silly
That Santa Claus tried for him to provide
So he would be warm till-milly.
After he had given the comfort a trial and found he liked it, I added another stanza or verse, viz.

Now this man never known to be silly
Did neither at all dally-dilly
But was quiet - confess
That his every night rest
Was promoted - and that not silly.

So much for our quiet little fun. I don't pretend to be the rhyming genius that my daughter is, my doggerel efforts were probably endless, but they served the occasion.

On my door I found a box tied, and with it was a very pretty white muslin apron with cream-colored satin ribbon bow and this was from Mrs. J. She said she didn't know what to get me, but thought this would do so down by the door.

I never thought of her getting me anything. Of course I was much pleased with the remembrance.

I will go on to take right here before I speak of what I read from my father to you, that Aunt Ann sent me a small cut-glass jelly plate which was indeed a welcome surprise. To think of only gift to me, I trust.

Mrs. Daniels gave me a pair of light blue slippers.
which she made herself. My family room pretty to look at — once for my bedroom. Her mother, Mrs. Noxon, gave me a box of crystallized figs; I gave her a pretty white handkerchief, a dainty little pocket bag of heliotrope powder with it. I made it of some lovely satin ribbon I found sprinkled with heliotrope: I gesseed the ends, tied it in a little bag shaped with narrow heliotrope velvet ribbon. I was very pretty in the end. I made one for Mrs. Daniels, also. We are all good friends, visit each other quite often. I gave the latter a box of my nut candy to a glass of "ginger jelly." Made from an old recipe.

Mrs. J.K. Moore sent me a pale pink silk, perfumed, pad for my bureau drawer — whole length. It was a sweet little smelling gift. And so kind of her to do it for me after her late illness. I sent her a bunch of handsome Chrysanthemums on Thanksgiving day as my thank offering over the recovery of my long time friend — and I suppose she thought that called for some return — but it didn't.

From Mrs. Corliss I received a lovely little green wth. silk house-muf — exquisitely made. So you see I fared very well. I gave Mrs. Hemmer a table cloth & napkin as I found she had none (of the former) and a napkin to be mine! (hemmed the cloth.)
And now I come to my best gift, and greatest surprise, the dinner clock from your father.

For it was a surprise when first you father told me how you had been conniving at the gift for so long — that he would do it and then was disappointed in getting it all at once. Well, I was perfectly delighted to get what could be obtained — even though the rest must be waited for awhile, and am most grateful to you both for such a valuable and delightful present as it is. I have it nicely arranged in the sideboard so it shows to good advantage even though income plate, but no one would know that without being told. It looks just as pretty as I always thought it would, and helps to properly furnish the dining room. I put the bouillon cups on the upper shelf — stood the sancerre up behind them on the shelf below the after dinner sancerre are also standing against the back of sideboard, the pretty little cups hung in front above them where they look very nice. Two handsome coffee cups, Dresden pattern, a fancy lace plate, a pretty jug and two are also on this shelf. On the one below this
is the 12 inch plates standing at the back in the center. (There is not space enough yet, the shelves to admit of the larger ones— the 13 in. size— for which I am sorry but this lies flat at present.)— the two veg. dishes (one covered and the dinner plates one or two of which are standing and in one corner of this shelf the whole pot of my old set with its sugar creamers are arranged. These are not inebriated.)— to good advantage. When all the other plates come, viz: the dessert, bread, milk, and sauce dishes, I can fill the spaces all up. Until they do, I have a few odd pieces— small pitchers, the pretty fl. glass cup, your hot, etc. etc. distributed where anywhere seems needed. So I feel very rich indeed, and nothing could have pleased me more than to have this chance. Then too, my father most graciously added some sterling silver bonbon spoons to complete the outfit of cups, and I think he has done pretty well by me this yr. I presume I may thank you for suggesting getting it all together. You will feel near to it all in time of any glad occasion. You & Eleanor, &c. I assure it and will first, and greatly enjoy it.
I had a handsome holly wreath hung in our wide front window and it looked very nice from the outside. Also had holly branches on the room walls. Some bunches of bright berries depending from the chandelier over the table. Vases of them, one also on the table in parlor, drop stairs in sitting room. Both house looked quite gay. It took these decorations all down on January 6, yielding to the old superstition that ill luck would follow those being left up later since January 6. Was the old time times I forget what reason followed on acut, I did that. But I was tired of having them up anyway, as the berries were getting shriveled and droopy.

I had a good time during Xmas dinner, ending off with a bough of plum pudding not too good, I know you must have had a gay jolly time with so many friends around you enjoying the good cheer and the Xmas tree. George spoke of it all as being extra nice, and I know it was. Shall be glad to hear more about it when you can tell me, but don't write till it's convenient that may not be in a long time.

Alfred's dear little letters to us have been lovely to read, and I will reply soon as I can. I think your father has written, already, if sent a dollar to Uncle Henry to buy himself a gift. Or he wishes he was in the army and wrote him a friendly letter. Did he know anything to show from me? I wanted he should know, but he never mentioned the money when he wrote me!
I don't at all like the way he speaks in regard to his wife. Think I could lend you his letter time and time again. He doesn't "know what to do with her when she returns"! How would you like to have your husband speak of you that way - after you had helped make a home for him for over 30 yrs. - done the best part of it beside. How would you feel over it? Of I knew such a thing was said of me when I was away, I would never go back to the man who said it. And I don't believe she would, if she knew it.

Mrs. Thomber's husband is writing her now, from Montana. (She had not seen him for two yrs. and she doesn't want him to know that she has been working out. So only comes over here at all, once every week, when he is gone some where. She is good to come at all. Last week she came twice; washed woman on Wed., swept the house also, on Fri. She thinks it

10

not stay much longer - as he has to go back to Montana to attend to business matters. But she says she won't go there to live ever again. Thanks it too goes for her. Want him to come here and thinks he will.

I feel happy all the time to think yourself so

15

lounge is covered & that you & I are pleased
with its transformation. I thought it could

20

last a while longer for some new clothes &

make as many people happy as many as it

cooled with what I had saved for them. Only

apparel, if somehow felt irresistibly con-

strained to do what I did in every instance.

25

And I remembered 18 different people. Would have
done more, if my money had not failed. Yes, yr.

father knew I was money towards a lounge
cover for you, for I told him I did - but not how much.
He didn't ask me that. I expect to do as I please with

what I have for my own use. Pretend account for its
2407 Leylandale Ave. No. 47
Minneapolis, April 4th

My dear Mrs. Dikes,

I think of you so often and wonder how you are that I am going to write this morning and tell you a little about ourselves in hope you will find time to answer and let us know if you are all well.

Dear little Elleanor will soon be three years old if I remember right. Her birthday is in May. I suppose she is even more interesting now than when I
Saw her. She is a very bright body. Is Alfred's health good now? And Mr. Sikes is busy and happy. I suppose. And when do you expect to see your Mother? Is she coming East this year? I hope they are both well.

I haven't seen Mrs. Merriam since last fall, Lemurs and I went one evening to call. They had moved into a jutty, small five room flat, and she was trying to do her own work. Thought she could. But it was so convenient. But she was perfectly tired out. She took one out into the dining room and told me how great the care of the body was and how
tired she was all the time. She could not trust the body to any one but Mr. Mulligan and he took care of him nights. He is a poor sleeper. Her Mother had gone to Lasafur to stay with a friend. a cousin I believe. Mrs. Mothier could not stand being ill. the body it made her so nervous. I felt so sorry for Mrs. M and thought I would go some and see her but the train. Jesus so quickly. She said she should not go out of the flat this winter unless it was so she could walk a little ways with the body. I did not see him that evening but I understood from what she said that he is just the same
as he was, almost entirely helpless. She said he was getting so heavy it was very hard to look at him. I have quite no ability to write. I went to my house in October and put my house in order and then we let a very dear friend of mine and her husband and two little girls go into the house for the winter. All furnished, they board Mr. Bartlett and there excellent care of the house and of him too, so I have felt quite content about him, he has been down to visit us three times and we expect him again next week. Belli stayed with her Father all summer and was a nice housekeeper. She came down here in September kept house for the boys while
I was gone up there. Their one went away getting ready for Christmas and she did not get started in Buena Vista College until Jan 2nd so she will not finish the course until June. She is taking shorthand and typing. She likes it very much and I guess is going to make a success of it. In the large school where she attends (She is taking the "Mason") she is the only college graduate there in fact there is only one other (girl) who have each had two years in the winning the rest are High School graduates. It seems to me she ought to be able to get a better position and better pay than so many others who are not
as good as she is in
grammar—spelling &c.
her ambition still is to
get a position as stenographer
in some small office
with a publishing concern
where she could do some
journalistic work too, but if
nothing like that—turn up
right away she can go home
and work in her mother's office
that would be a good place
for her of course and I should
so love to have her at home
but she is very anxious to
earn some money for herself
and says she would not take
one cent from her mother.

Kay fared through a very
tiring time last summer—
eating for business but in
the fall it came to him
all right, slowly of course—
but now he is doing quite
well—and seems very happy
and is getting so fleshly and
looks nice. I think he will
turn to get along with-out
one of the girls as I wished
to go back to laundress clinic.
I have helped him through the
crout of it now I guess
and here certainly had a
very delightful visit to go the
three children and my
self— with a visit from
Mr. Bartlett once in a while.

Leanness is the clearest
by, so steady, and sensible
about things, such an
ever humization, he had
just got a position in an
Architect's Office when Mr. Silva
was here. He is still wild-think
goes to school and works. Often we may and study during the day. He gets five dollars a week and he is in school. But well have more next session. He is very fond of the men in the office and judging from their kindness to him, I think that they like him. They are always doing some thing nice for him.

I want to tell you that I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Jane Adams and hearing her speak before the Woman's clubs here in the city last fall. What a sweet woman she is. I knew she is a friend of yours and I know you must love her dearly. Bill sent
with- me and liked her so much. We have been to a good many nice things this summer, I shall miss the city life of course but am sure I shall be very glad to get back to it and all my dear friends there.

I wonder if I have tired you writing so much about our selves. I fear it will be uninteresting.

Lawrence has come from school, he joins me in sending love to you with kind regards to Mr. Sikes.

Sincerely yours, Fannie

Lora Bartlett.

I am sure Beth and Ray would write to send kind regards if they could.
February 28th, 1907.

Mrs. George C. Sikas,
215 Jackson Park Ave., Chicago.

My dear Mrs. Sikas:—

Thank you very much for your kind words of appreciation. I am especially pleased with the remembrances of my close friends at this time, and shall always value what you and your good husband are and have been to me.

With sincere regards for both, I am

Very truly yours,

[Signature]
Mr. George C. Stone,

The Johnson Park Ave. Chicago,

My dear Mr. Stone:

Thank you very much for your kind offer of assistance. I am especially pleased with the recommendation of Mr. George Truman in his letter. Your support is very much appreciated.

I am looking forward to meeting you and your family. Please let me know your availability to arrange a meeting.

With sincere regards,

Yours truly,

[Name]