

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, May 5, 1899, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. 1331 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C. May 5, 1899. My darling Alec:

So you found snow in Truro. What did you find in Beinn Bhreagh. Mrs. Kennan has been writing me of crocus and hyacinths in bloom, till I felt almost inclined to start North. Your telegram snowed all such feelings out of sight. It is just as cool as ever you could wish here now. Mr. McCurdy has a fire in his study and I think my room might be more cheerful with one.

Mr. McInnis telegraphed me that three sections of our fire hose are defective, you ought to have Mr. Ellis order some more right off. Some one must have mismanaged the hose, because it ought not to rot. Will you see that it was dried out thoroughly after the last trial. Mr. McInnis wrote that some of the gutters along the house were of wood instead of copper and were decaying. Don't you think they ought to be replaced with good copper ones? I will ask Charlie about the fire-escapes here. You rather dampened my ardor, yet I think they might be very important sometime. I invented one the other day which I think quite a fine idea. Plant an iron post six feet from the house in front of some rear window, have cross bars on it like those on the tall telegraph poles, up which the operators climb, and down which even you could climb if necessary. Then have at each window a small iron openwork platform that when not in use is drawn back against the wall of the house like a raised drawbridge. Thus access to the window from the pole would be impossible while the platform is up thus insuring against burglars, while the platform could be easily detached from inside the house and allowed to fall by its own weight upon the cross bars of the pole making a bridge to the pole whence downward. See. I think it cheap, simple and effective. If six feet is too near, then make the pole eight feet away, surely no burglar

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could jump that distance. Elsie held court last night, Keith, Emmons, Grosvenor, and I don't know who else. Don't forget Elsie's twenty-first birthday. I love you and miss you all the time.

Lovingly, Mabel. The dog attracts attention wherever I take her, she is a dear, so bright and pretty and I think after all better trained than I thought.