

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, May 12, 1899

1331 Connecticut Avenue. May 12th 1899. My dear alec,

It is rather hard work writing to one who makes no sign even by a telegram that he even receives, much less reads my letters. I suppose its no worse than Cristians have to endure, addressing a Being who responds in no tangible way, still you would be rather surprised if He did whereas I have good reason for expecting you to write me sometime Only let it be soon, because I really want a letter from my husband.

I have nothing very exciting to relate. The children accepted Mrs Westinghouse's invitation to receive with her at her reception to the Society of Mechanical Engeeneirs. They had a good time, saw crowds of people, and most elaborate decorations. American Beauties orchids, and a few little things like that hung all around the walls. The extension, built for the occassion was hung with cream colored silk, with True Lover's knoti of pink ribbonat intervals, and at other as big bunches of American Beauties.

Dont you think that type-writing takes up much less space than my hand-writing. Because I have come to the end of my news and not even to the end of my second sheet I want to know what you are doing about your sheep. Are you making cheese? How does the flock look? Are you satisfied? What else are you doing! I want to know something about you. All I know is that you are there which is better than not knowing where you are, but isnt much else.

Mr McCurdy is very much pleased about his patent... He says taat the office allowed all he wanted, all they objected to was some claims the lawyers put in by way of provision against future law-suits and even tho?re may be granted in another patent. The lawyer, he says seems to think even more of hisindicator, than of the developing box itself. That

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has not issued yet, and there is some doubt about that, but it has nothing essential to do with the developer. Grace is getting along nicely. Did I tell you, that I saw her the other day? I had no business to, I suppose, but she was glad to see me, and I don't believe that I did much harm. I sent you Papa's letters to the Northampton school by Maria. I did not want to because they were only lent me, they belong to the archives of the Clarke School, and Miss Yali wanted them returned. Besides which I have not finished with them myself.

It is warmer to day, though sufficiently cool in my morning-room, so perhaps it is just as well that you are not here. Any way I miss you and am lonely without you.

Were yours, Mabel.