

Sunday  
won't  
write  
I have to go  
at night  
I might not  
or have  
I can't  
I can't  
I can't  
I can't  
I can't  
I can't

My dear Grandma, -

This birthday  
letter won't be time for to-  
day is your birthday, but  
I am hoping it is a happy  
day for you. I shall never  
forget the last birthday you  
spent at our house - when  
I was there any way, you  
eightieth. I wish I had  
some thing nice to send  
but I have only my love.

It is Saturday evening.  
After office hours I am go-  
ing with love to make a

professional care. There seem  
to be busy days for him  
if all the doctors are  
saying there's no business  
people don't part with  
their money through now  
just before Christmas. To-  
day wife has already made  
ten calls. He was an hour  
late to luncheon today  
and yesterday and three  
quarters of an hour late  
for dinner tonight. He  
looked tired tonight. His  
eyes aren't doing as well  
as I wish. The other night  
we went over one of the

shut mill with the Metcalfs and when  
we came back Lillian's eyes were all  
in flames and had that fiery orange  
looking hair then now - we are treat-  
ing them.

Lillian's looks dinner with the Metcalfs  
last night. Then wife came next  
week here to the office and I had my  
class and then had come back to  
went with me to the mill. This  
molester is lovely to me - she is a  
charming woman. You may re-  
member that I met them at the  
live last summer. The husband  
is an Indian graduate and she

studied these books in Conservatory  
and College. They are both singers.  
Thursday I went with her to a  
mission study club upstairs. The  
people were First-Presbyterian  
church people, married women  
mostly, and mostly young. I  
should like to know some of them  
better. The minister's wife, Mrs.  
Sturmer is lovely. That is the church  
I want to go to and I guess we  
will join though if we do I must  
make some special effort down  
here in order to counteract the

effect it would have on local  
practice for us to go system.  
The people up there of  
course are so much more  
congenial. The people in  
this society didn't seem  
particularly intellectual  
and I wish I could have  
a class. They thought things  
were so hard that would  
be fairly simple to me.  
They were studying - The  
Uplift of Child I am  
just through it. I suppose  
I might have a class in  
Stanton and I'd rather do  
that than any thing else.

I have some lovely cakes  
from here that one of Will's  
patients sent me. And I  
have bread and cake to  
last a long time from  
another patient. She  
nearly keeps us in bread  
and they are just work-  
ing proper. She brought  
me a fruit cake, a  
ginger cake, a small  
chocolate cake, bread,  
& current bread this  
last time. I still had  
some of her bread in the  
house from the last time.

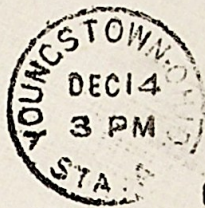
But then she doesn't pay her  
bills!

I am to have a Sunday school  
class over here at the Methodist  
church tomorrow. I said I'd take  
it for just one Sunday but they  
are still trying to get away next  
week. I must get the lesson.

and now I must get ready for  
this week we have in a few minutes  
if nothing happens. I never make  
a statement—now does he about—  
what he will do with out a few  
min. I hope he won't have to get up

tonight. Goodness but I am glad  
to see him every time I get a  
chance. I love him very much  
because he is here so little. Oh,  
but he is nice! Maybe you'd  
like to hear some thing new for  
a change.

Love, good night, dear Grandma.  
Please give my love to the family  
and they can take turns giving  
you rightly big kisses from me.  
Your loving granddaughter  
Eileen Pearlina Belden Taylor.



1908

Mrs. Charles Craun  
Care Mrs. Wm. J. Palmer  
287 West College Street  
Berlin, Ohio.

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