

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, May 21, 1893, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. 1331 Conn. Ave., Sunday, May 21, (1893) My dear Alec:

Your telegram received yesterday then “cool and bracing here too,” but today has been warm enough sultry and oppressive, ending however in a thunder-shower which I hope has cooled the air.

The garden party yesterday was an extremely pretty affair, embracing all ages of youth from the senior of eighteen, proud of her class pin, to the toddler of one at his first party. The day was simply perfect, or at least we all thought so since you were not there to inform us to the contrary. We took the children out in three large wagons drawn by four brown horses, and there were many other carriage loads.

Major Powell and Mr. Langley were there. I made Elsie introduce Mr. Langley to all her friends. I thought they would remember it, and that he would be pleased. He led them in at least one game.

I think we go out to Twin Oaks in a day or two, but I find it very hard to get my sewing done. Mr. McCurdy is working in the laboratory now, and we see very little of him.

Uncle Theo. came down to dinner at Twin Oaks, he sees, but indistinctly. Dr. Burnett is delighted with his progress, and says he could not do better, he will be able to read well with glasses, but he cannot have them yet.

I have not done anything to be proud of today got up at twelve, and read story-books interlarded with story-telling to Douglas. 2 I hope tomorrow I shall be ready to work hard. I took Daisy to the photographers the other day and incidentally had myself taken also. I

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had Daisy's photographs taken the size of Helen Keller's large ones. I thought if she could have large photographs my own children could also. I think the result remarkably good. I will send you a proof when I have seen the photographer.

We went to the Geographic Friday and saw some very fine slides of Moorish, Spain. My letter is stupid but I feel so, and I have been trying to get the children to bed all through it.

But I am ever yours lovingly,

Mabel.