

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, from October 21, to October 22, 1901, with transcript, with transcript

Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. 1331 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D. C. Oct. 21st, and 22nd, 1901. My darling Alec:

I was very glad to hear from you, but very sorry that you had such a hard time writing it. I hope that things have been arranged satisfactorily by now. Indeed I should think your explanation was correct. I can imagine that Mr. McInnis should inspire mortal dread at times. Please write to me again.

Daisy wrote that Johnny McKillop was away and a lot of strange sheep among your flock. I am so awfully sorry for you. I wish that I could help you, I am almost as much interested in this sheep problem as you are, and any trouble that you have in regard to it touches me also. Couldn't you get someone else to act as check on Johnny?

I am growing so impatient to hear of your giant kite, I wish I could be with you when you first try it.

My dear — I do so appreciate all the wonderful unfailing, uncomplaining patience that you have shown in all your work and the quiet persistent courage with which you have gone on after one failure after another. How many there have been, how often an experiment from which you hoped great things, has proved contrary. How very very few and far apart have been your successes. And yet nothing has been able to shake your faith, to stop you in your work. I think it is wonderful and I do admire and love you more as the years go on. But oh how I wish that you may have success at last. Cannot you import other carpenters from Sydney, Truro or say Amherst. Rhodes and Curry 2 have good workmen, and even

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at three dollars a day I wish you would get one that your giant kite may the sooner be done. Don't delay for the sake of money — Never mind if we have to sell stock, I can't have you wear your life out waiting, waiting for the slow movements of one workman. You have waited long enough, now turn on steam let down the brakes and go ahead full speed, crowd on all coal and wood and water don't waste your life waiting when you have the money to drive ahead.

I am so glad that you are not here, and I wish I could be with you and Daisy in Beinn Bhreagh, but I suppose I am needed here.

I do feel so sorry for the contents of your confidential note, I am sure though things will be all right if they are but kindly managed. The older I grow the more it seems to me that what the world needs is love — more love, the love that while not blind sees also the struggle and underlying good intentions or at least the non-evil intentions of mankind. I wonder how much real wickedness there is in the world, whether there is not simply a great deal of weakness mixed with a great deal of blindness. People err because they are not strong enough to resist temptation and because they are too blind to see that others are not really their enemies, or that they are themselves doing others injury. It seems to me that it must be easy for the Great Father to see that his children are only weak and blind and confused and therefore to have great love and forgiveness for them, and the more nearly we each one of us reach to this realization the more will we apply Love as a remedy for our ills, and the easier Life and goodness will be.

I have a book from the Book Lover's Library "Europe and Asia" 3 by Townsend. I do not quite know what to think of it. Some of its judgements seem to me not founded on scientific reasoning, yet much appeals to me as true, and the whole question of the relative position of the Eastern and Western man to each other is put in new lights and stated in clear and interesting language.

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I think I will buy the book, and will you please read it even though you wouldn't read "Italy Today" for me. I assure you I would never have thought of asking you to read a book on "Italian Art or Old Masters." Here is an extract from a letter of Ed's that I like. I cannot find it, but he spoke of the contest between Shephard and Low, thinks Shephard will win "although all the men around here think Low is a sure thing." That they said New York was such a wicked city, but the other day he and another fellow were walking in a grove surrounded by high apartment buildings with electric cars rolling by and the streets daily trod by thousands including numberless small boys, yet he saw a large grey squirrel in one of the trees and as he stood wondering it came and nibbled at his hand. He said to remember he was on the sidewalk where all these boys must stand and yet the squirrel was so fearless, and he saw others, so he questioned whether there really was so much wickedness as reformers claimed. I thought Ed must have more of your idea of love and that I have more hope of his succeeding in life along large and generous lines.

Yours ever,