Jan the 1st, 1907

Dear Dine and [illegible and [illegible]

I cannot refrain from writing you that you may share an very delightful Christmas season.

To sit in order the long scenes of delightful events, on Wednesday 0 began to experience a peculiar sensation that lasted 15 minutes and repeated itself about four times an hour. I cannot find any where in the deep recesses of my vocabulary the adjectives character by which to explain these sensations. So I must be content with simply giving you a diagnosis of the case, the chief symptom of which was an irresistible tendency to hang over upper part of his disposition over a slope jar and go thru some demonstrations that were noticeable more for their audibility than their musical properties. Accompanied by oscillatory maneuvers which gave the performer the appearance of making a series of unsuccessful efforts at swallowing his own head.

But as I had eaten nothing for two days all this elaborate program, who not within the performance of the "David Shering a Hog". (Can this over and read as per instructions.)
The only thing I recovered by the whole process was a pair of socks which I had not taken off when I retired. After I had exhausted twenty-four hours, as well as my strength, and the neighbors' patience with this rare sport, we decided that, in order that we may be able to ascertain the exact result of the performance, it might be well to summon the assistance of a medical personage to umpire the last half of the game.

He put in his appearance while I was making one of my grandstand plays. After looking down on me for an epoch or two, like an old experienced golfer, he shook down on the score-catcher of a

stout unregenerate, uncircumcised, drunken he took an a quart bottle full of pills and gave me both of them, and with all the dignity of a fiddler, he reached for his merry widow, and left, with the

concealing desire that, "if I could keep that medicine on my stomach, I would begin to enjoy a little relief in about ten days." But of all sad words of tongues, the soldier said, "I could not write. They would not stay down. But I shall live and
die in the house believing that if
I had been able to stand up
that minute, aided as I would have
been by the law of gravity, these pills would
have stood down. But, as a horizontal
position (with a slight declination at the poles)
was much more in keeping with all existing
conditions, the pills did the boomerang
shift, and landed in the receiving dish
with such decision that "she" began
to put down the window, thinking a hard
storm was approaching. These "up" and
"down" (for to every "down" there was an equal
"up", proportional to the square of the diameter
of the pill) they continued in variegated shade
until Christmas morning, which found me
sitting up, clothed and in a right mind.
But our Christmas fun was supplemented
with an eighth instead. Christmas morning:
Mayland, has my first wife, eldest child.
She is a great believer in the effects of coffee,and being an aristocrat he prefers it rubbed
rather than poured in; so he proceeded
to jerk a half a coffee pot full of boiling water
over on his face and neck and "chick"
In as much as I had been enjoying a liberal amount of leisure, pending the ultimata of these medicated base balls that had been playing deep pop up and down my "swall," I had just just gotten over a cold, and had not as yet donned all the armaments of apparel that is customary to be displayed by one who is contemplating running at large, but when Wayland announced himself as a candidate for the undivided attention of the ranch, I straightway ran for the doctor, presenting the appearance of Max Coming home from Doc's before he got up. But as the doctor lives next door (as he did) but his is many today so as to get into a part of town whare his practic won't be so straining on his family's nerves) but as he was next door, I made this round trip without getting a bad cold or arrested.

The doctor came (slightly before noon) years) and we all succeeded in getting clothes on the turn. But Wayland had received such burnings evident against his belief in his practive of "dilinyy," he "turned" Christian Scientist and began to remove the bandages. We had that kind of
Dear [Name],

I played with the vacations only a week ago today.

But the weather has been so pleasant and natural for my health, I decided to take a vacation and go on a business trip to Oklahoma City. While I was there, I enjoyed a quiet...settled business life. I called up an old friend, and when the phone rang, I knew it was him. I pointed the phone down—'You have my orders.'

An anxious Christmas vacation, I took the first train down, and as I came in at midnight, as I approached the house, I heard the din of the many-speaking and found that the joy was all as a result of what the beloved Santa Claus had brought to Wayland—no, was the Whipping Cough, and I was informed that Willie had some chills, and Wayland's present from Santa. They had not wrinkle bed sheets for two nights. Last night we slept two hours, and feel good today.

Well, I know you will want me to write you all the details for Christmas. You never saw anybody as proud as I am today.

Love,

[Your Name]
as we are of that little chair. Wayland thinks more of it than his dear glasses. And I will tell you why we had not spoken about it, we just a boy to bring his camera and take his picture sitting in his little chair, and when he did to thank him for it he was to send his one of them pictures, but the boy had never finished them, and it begins to look as if he is not going to. We would have done one else do it but can't have his picture made while his face is burned.

The other Sunday I hope we will not have the effect that Mr. did on Sunday.

We will have an our program when you join us. You keep us "posted" as to the time you will come. We can't wait.

She is going to write a little to the Harris and tell yours till you come to the State.

Yours above.