

Miss Ida M. Tarbell
Bethel Conn

E. A. Sweet
151 - Main St
Wakefield R. S.
Rhode Island
Oct. 30 - 39

Dear Madame.

I hope you will forgive
the unconventionalism, nonchalant-ism
or imprudent-ism of this ism letter of
a stranger: but there is one thing that
links us a little: I, too, am just
82 years old and I don't know when
it has gone - with the wind to: for I am
no older than I was fifty years ago, and
I have a good memory of those years.
I remember when Ida Tarbell was
private ^{secretary} & paid somebody at the
magnificent salary of ten thousand
dollars a year, and now I used to show
you up to my few lady acquaintances
and say "go now and do the same."
How they wished they could. And all the
years later I have caught little short
sight of you thru the papers.

Your portrait as I look at it here
 this lonesome night resembles a loving
 Aunt of mine, long gone to her reward and
 where I am praying daily I may go soon
 for Mrs. Sweet, who lies here in waiting
 for me and I want to go. her very
 presence was always life to me and now
 I am alone: not a friend on earth,
 without a home: I came up here from
 Miami last fall - this is my old home place -
 I have been an Electrical Engineer all
 my life and have designed built and
 operated many of the largest plants in
 this country and received the highest
 praise for my work. I am a Christian
 of Christ Church. immediate Ancestors
 the natural bone setters & sweet, but I
 have never set any bones - at times have
 I could break some - if I hadn't been a
 Coward.
 I have just a room now - lost all I had -
 and I wish I could go to night - to Mrs
 Sweet. I want to go.

And I will be happy when the time
comes, I will find peace and happiness
there: Christ says if we are in the first
resurrection we shall not come out
Judgement: Then you know we are to
live one thousand years on this earth
until the next resurrection - I received
one thousand years later.

I am now writing a book & has away
my killing monstrosity of love
days and nights. the work is

Isrofel
The sweetest Angel in heaven.

And it is good even if I say so.
I am thinking if I could get a room
cut on some farm here - I like to
putter around on a farm - Dad had
one once. I like to plant and see things grow.

Now, Miss Tarbell Please excuse me taking
this letter priviledge but as I sit here &
wile I am so lonesome I have got to talk
write to somebody a bit and so you are the
one to suffer.

over →

I am wondering how much longer I may be here. 82 years
 You know is getting up to pretty near
 bed time. And I pray God it may
 soon come. I want Med. that
 was always my dame for her. Med,
 sometimes Meddile.

This letter calls for no reply.
 I have taken a few minutes of
 happiness in writing it and will
 ask you excuse me on the plea of
 an old man. However if any one here
 calls me an old man they are in trouble
 right away. They tell me here I walk
 off like a fifteen year old and that I
 could pass for 50. as I don't show age.

Res

E. A. Sweet