

Bridgeport, Ind.

Nov. 23, 1916.

Dear sister Ella,

I must write you a line today. You didn't send me any letter from Alice the last time you wrote. Hasn't she answered our letters yet?

I am so sorry you could not come to the convention.

I went only 3 times. Friday morning, Sunday morning and Tuesday afternoon. The baby is cutting teeth and has a cold, besides, so it was wearisome for me to stay all day when I went. I met Mrs. Bang Friday. I

sit with the Tennessee delegates. But didn't know any of them. I mentioned you to Mrs. Bang, she said she knew you by correspondence. I heard William J. Bryan speak on Prohibition Sunday morning. He made a splendid address. His wife was with him. I didn't get to speak to Miss Gordon privately but I had the pleasure of being one among the many mothers who had their children dedicated white Ribbon Recruits. That was a sweet ceremony. There was one baby 9 weeks old, and then there were lots

of children ranging from 1
to 6+7 years. I didn't have
any of my children but the
baby. I stood on the front
of the platform with him
and Miss Gordon tied the
white Ribbon on his little
arm. Then she took his
face in her hands and kissed
him on the cheek. She is
a sweet woman. I would
have given anything to
have attended every session.
But it was impossible. If
I could see you I could tell
you lots more than I can
write. I am sending you

a program, the Presidents address and some News paper clippings, I am so sorry you couldn't be here. You would have enjoyed it so much.

It is getting late and baby is crying so I will stop.

Eunice went one day.

Saturday. She heard the Japanese and Chinese women speak.

Write me again soon. Hope all are well. We are all very well. Groceries are so high we are about to starve. Guess we will starve for four years longer. Your loving sis Atta