

754 Franklin Street
Oakland, Cal

Dear Fred -

If you call at your Bankers
you will find a "New Letter of Credit" for 100 pounds or
\$500 dollars as I call it - so you need not skimp
yourself - towards Spring I will send you another one
so you can travel into Italy, England, or any place
you find congenial people to hang out - It strikes me
you might meet or happen on, people you know who
were going somewhere you'd like to go, and be
with them - if you had to mile home it would be
too late - if you have money on hand you could
clank right along. don't ever hesitate to draw it all
as the Bank people here will pay it all right -
and do feed and clothe your dear self well and
generously - I am convinced you don't feed yourself
half well, as to clothes, you can't have any - Emma means
them out very rapidly.

Mrs Brown was very pleasant when she called last
week - she wore her black and white jacket, her black
and white violet crowned hat, her black more material
silk skirt trimmed with little satin ruffles jet headed white
gloves, and a large Chiffon neckerchief. I did not see her
waist - guess it was her white and black silk with
scarlet trimmings - she is quite sad - lonely, she says -
she misses Arthur so much and also she has
life and to work interested her - she'd be happier
housekeeping - I think - but Mrs Brown is satisfied
with the Metropole don't want to keep house -
their house is rented for a year - but - there are others -

she don't care much for Oakland. I did not dare
inquire after her sister Mrs Earle - as I know the
family reputation for not getting along with each other -
Mr Brown is very fond of her and happy to have
her here - but he talks with the gentlemen in the
reading room and around the Hotel goes out to
see Walter Matthews and Mr Barker and Mrs Brown
does not seem to care for her casual acquaint-
ances - as to money for her - though I think after a
while she'll not miss Paris so much - though
she'll always want Arthur - because he's not
especially given to society. She is quite fond of
you - and agrees with me - that you ought not
to live entirely alone - if you could get a congenial
soul to live with you - you'd be happier -
well anyway your work can't last much
longer - I am sorry Miss Washburn lost her brother -
old maids are sad.

Last Monday night Mr Richard M Sherman, my
Mrs Sherman's husband died - he was 88 years old
and had no disease - just faded away - did
not suffer, and I saw him just before they
started to the Church for the funeral services
he did not look at all dead - just as natural as
in life - Mrs Sherman is a dear lovely lady the
sweetest disposition I ever met - Arvey was
very kind - he went down as soon as he heard of it
and offered to help - he went early Christmas
morning without his breakfast - helped them until
afternoon when he came home with such a

sick headache he^d could not 'trace up'
though he tried - had to go to bed, and lose
his Christmas dinner and presents - Late in the
evening he got up and went down and gave
us his gifts and looked at his - Early Thursday
he went back to the Shermans and kept the house
while they went to the funeral and until they
returned from the Cemetery - The girls are used
to him - Bernice Miller saw after the music at
the church - the funeral was very simple at St
Johns Church and then they took him to the
Cemetery and put him in the Vault - Mrs Sherman
hold one - she should take him East with her
and put him in the family lot - I've not been
down since - and don't know what they will do - They are
three sad old maids - not so very old - never saw Miss
Suzie look so handsome - Ethel nurses most of her time,
is a trained Hospital nurse - Suzie still teaches in Miss
Horton's school - and trains the choir boys I suppose
though I do not know - as I don't go to St. Johns -
All the old Guild Members went to the funeral in a body.
Our Julia had lots of presents - and was happy - went to her
evening Masses before Breakfast - and to her brother's in
Don Francisco in the evening - she has a fine cold -
It's mortal chilly - I've had a fire all the evening and
burned a pile of wood two feet high - yet the
room is not over 60° - Tomorrow Miss Hines is to
appear to finish my waist she commenced
about a month ago - or more - I wanted to get it over
while Emma & Mr York are away - Agnes, Coffee
arrived - I guess her new baby has come by this

I did not go to Church⁴ tonight. Mrs. Tarnham had gone to San Francisco - no one here cared to go. The Baptist Church have held lots of festivals this last week and seem very cheerful. Mrs. Brown bustles about very happy. Mr. Politz is no longer Organist. Mr. John - Melcalf is the organist he is Miss Annie Brown's young man. The Bartholomew's old white horse still waits in his old blanket during long pernice - he must be very old. Mrs. Martin is well for her. all the Tarnhams are well. Ethel Olney looks splendidly. Jo has had those girls with money - they'd like to. One afternoon last week - I was at the corner of Mrs. Lathers' barn when the fire alarm sounded - and I could see the smoke in great clouds rise in the direction of 15th St. I followed as fast as I could to 15th St & Jefferson to find it blocked with vehicles. Engines etc. I hurried around by the Kithridges 18th St to San Pablo and found it was no long buildings opposite the Release Club on San Pablo & 16 to 14th St. all in flames - shingles flying off in red hot bits - firemen on ladders with the hose right under the flaming cornices and on the burning and falling rafters. I looked on with the crowd - content - as I knew our barn had gone to San Francisco - a thin German on top of a ladder holding the top of a hose his head and most of his body in the window and the flames all above on the cornice - was greatly admired by the onlookers - who predicted burns and injuries it had a look of Sam. But so certain was I that he was in Sam - I never thought of its being he.

as I stood ⁵ a block away - of course after I
got home - I found Pa and Orey had been
looking in - and young Mr Rowe told Pa it
was Sam - he was soaked wet to his skin.
but escaped with a few blisters on his hands
it was a fifteen thousand dollar fire - these old
frame building burn like tinder - everything is
raging dry here - Sam got off the main gorge train just
in time to get to the fire - would not have missed
it - It was Christmas eve - a cat was rescued from a
room in the corner not on fire - but a man smashed
the window and a boy went up the ladder and brought
her down - the crowd cheered - they are building
a Bowling Alley lots down from the Brewens and ~~near~~
next to the house Mrs Anderson boards in - to to have
a bar and it can't be a pleasure to that neighbor-
hood - they moved out a double house to get the lot -
the house is sitting in the street now - they have lately
left horses sitting in the roadway 3 weeks at a time -
Oakland is real progressive - (?) -

I wonder how you have got on with your work
hope you'll have good luck - but, if not - just
direct your mind, and cheer up -
Some day Frank Clark Craft may let you build
her house - now I must to bed -
Hoping you are well Sam

Yours loving
Mae

December 29th 1901.