

PAUL E. ANDERSON
36 WASHINGTON STREET
EAST ORANGE, N. J.

February 15, 1920

My dear Miss Gilpin,-

Your picture arrived while I was reposing on my back in bed as a result of being too hospitable toward an influenza organism. Mrs. Anderson came up with the mail, remarking; - "Here's something from Miss Gilpin," and I replied; "What in thunder do you suppose she's sending me?" For it had entirely slipped my mind that you said you'd send me a print of the Prelude. Not very flattering? Perhaps; but the surprise was far nicer when Mrs. Anderson opened the package and said; "Oh! look!" and held the print for me to see. I am sure the arrival of the picture helped me get well, and this is at a mere compliment, either, for an occurrence of the sort tends to take one's mind off the miscellaneous aches and pains which accompany the miserable disease, and any doctor will tell you that promotes recovery.

So I have to thank you for three

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things. First, the picture; second, the feeling which prompted you to send it; third — though this was not designed — the opportuneness of its arrival. Well, I do, most heartily, and the proof (as well as the explanation of my worse-than-usual writing) is that I am sitting up in bed to write this, for I am not allowed out until to-morrow.

I understand you got some nice things this past summer. I shall hope to see some of them, sometime, and meanwhile, with best wishes, I am

Yours most sincerely,
Paul L. Anderson.