

September 7, 1900  
1:15pm

My Dear Carroll:

Hip! Hip! Hurrah! God be praised for the news from Cuba today – “Carroll much improved – Prognosis very good!” I shall simply go out and get boiling drunk! Really I can never recall such a sense of relief in all my life, as the news of your recovery gives me! And then, too, would you believe it? The Typhoid Report is on its way to the upper office! Well I’m damned if I don’t get drunk twice!!

God Bless you, my boy-

Affectionately,

Reed.

Come home as soon as you can & see your wife & babies.

Did the Mosquito do it?