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Norton, Kans.

March 6, 1921.

*Mr. Massey
Please Return to
me. W. C. Lathrop*

Mr. Edison.

*Thank her very
much etc -*

Dear Sir:

It is not always the privilege of a woman to thank personally the inventor of articles which make life liveable for her sex. I feel that it is my duty as well as privilege to tell you how much we women of the small town are indebted to you for our pleasures as well as our utmost needs. I am a college graduate and probably my husband is one of the best known surgeons between Topeka and Denver. I am an officer in the District of Women's Club as well as President of our Town Organization.

We have four children. The oldest lad expects to have a telegraph station in the Summer on the U.P. We have a large house so you see when doing practically all my own work, my duties are many and my activities most varied, yet I enjoy my labors and do not feel that I entirely neglect to get pleasure out of life. Positively as I hear my wash machine chugging along, down in the Laundry, as I write this it does seem as though I am entirely dependent on the fertile brain of one thousand miles away for every pleasure and labor saving device I have. The house is lighted by electricity. I cook on a Westinghouse electric range, wash dishes in an electric dish washer. An electric fan even helps to distribute the heat over part of the house. (at our private hospital electricity helps to heat some of the rooms). I wash clothes in an electric machine and iron on an electric mangle and with an electric iron. I clean house with electric cleaners. I rest, take an electric massage and curl my hair on an electric iron. Dress in a gown sewed on a machine run by a motor. Then start the Victrola and either study Spanish for a while or listen to Kreisler and Gluck and Galli Curci in almost heavenly strains, forgetting I'm living in a tiny town of two thousand where nothing much ever happens but am recalled when the automatic in my stove releases and know my dinner is now cooking. The Doctor comes home, tired with a days work wherein electricity has played almost as much part as it has at home, to find a wife not tired and dissatisfied but a woman waiting who has worked faithfully believing that work is beneficial and who is now rested and ready to serve the tired man and discuss affairs of the day. To play him a beautiful piece on the Victrola and possibly see a masterpiece at the "Movies."

Possibly he brings in a guest without warning but electricity and a pressure cooker save the day for the hostess. Indeed, I've entertained the Governor of our State and a dozen of our rep. citizens at a little more than an hours notice - at luncheon, but that was one of my pleasures, unexpected but none the less a real one.

Please accept the thanks Mr. Edison of one most truly appreciative woman. I know I am only one of many under the same debt of gratitude to you and while I also know you must have received the thanks of other women before yet a word may not be unwelcome to you. I believe men are like women after all and like to know that their labor is appreciated and I do think the World is inclined to be too parsimonious in its praises of work and value. Sincerely MRS. W. C. LATHROP