

I was very sick for three weeks after reaching San Diego. I am still weak, but I am slowly growing stronger. I am thankful to our heavenly Father that He has been gracious to us and has spared my life. I caught cold in some way, and for a long time my throat was very sore. I coughed a great deal. During the time that I was the worst, I kept closely to my room, and did not allow anyone to come in but Sara and Maggie. I isolated myself, fearing that other members of the family might catch the influenza from me.

I have not slept well since leaving home, because whether sick or well I have carried a heavy burden for these two sanitariums in southern California. The buildings that have been purchased have stood for many years unoccupied, and there has been much to do to fit them up for patients. When we reached Paradise Valley, we found that Brother and Sister Palmer had accomplished a great deal in repairing the building and buying furniture. Nearly half the rooms in the sanitarium are furnished. Brother Palmer found some beautiful furniture for sale by wealthy people leaving the district, and he purchased this furniture for the sanitarium. It is of first class quality, but cost only as much as cheap furniture. The furniture includes bureaus, washstands, rugs, easy chairs, and a good sideboard for the dining room.

We found the workmen busy digging a well on the lower part of the land. This work has gone forward successfully, without incident of any kind, and I am very glad to be able to tell you that a good supply of soft, pure water has been found. The workmen went down 90 feet, and one morning, when they went to work, they found 18 feet of water in the well, with all their tools at the bottom. That morning Brother Palmer and your father came to my room,

their faces lighted up with smiles, to tell me about the water in the well. Oh, I wish you could have seen the joy in their faces.

To get the water out of the well was the problem now. The workmen set the pumping engine going at once, but they found that this lowered the water very slowly. So they sent for a larger cylinder and a larger pipe, and finally they got the water pumped out.

They dug down a few feet further and then began making a large reservoir, to hold the water flowing in. It will be a difficult matter to make this reservoir, but the well-digger thoroughly understands his business, and is making steady progress. I shall be glad to hear that the work on this new well has all been so successfully accomplished.

We hope that you can all see the Paradise Valley Sanitarium sometime, but we are glad that you were not with us this time; for the workmen were busy all over the house, painting the floors and the sides of the rooms and halls, and you would not have found it very enjoyable. When they began painting at San Diego, I was afraid that the smell of the paint might hurt me, so we came to Glendale. And lo, we found the same thing going on here. But so far the smell of the paint has not troubled me at all.

There is already one patient in the Paradise Valley Sanitarium. She seems to be a very nice woman. Other patients are waiting, and will come as soon as the building is ready. The night before we left, Sara said to me, "Two more patients came this evening." "Where will they put them?" I asked. "In the barn, I guess," was her answer. Then she explained that these patients were the two cows that someone in San Pasqual had given to the sanitarium. San Pasqual is 30 miles away, and the cows were brought overland