Dear Mrs. Barnes,

I have not been writing too indifferent to your wishes to hear from your darling, but indeed, my hands are as busy as the day that I seldom have a minute for personal correspondence and at night my eyes refuse to stay open, after mine twelve packages and messages from you to Byzie came yesterday and today, and I am already planning to share the old-fashioned cake recipe, and hope my cook will be very successful with them, for cookies are one of my special joys. I have wanted to tell you how perfectly simple and regular and wholesome our daily routine of life is Byzie is, and how
happy and sunny he is.
He takes good fair and satifies
in going to the bottom after
breakfast and mid-day dinner
and having a B. M. regularly
times each day. His breakfast
is baked apple, or grape fruit, and
oatmeal and cream whole and
head and butter. Midday
is chicken, or asparagus with
rice pudding or cream stake
or cottage pudding dessert.
At four thirty he comes in for a
staple salti, which he lays down a
visit to the dairy for two ounces
cream milk, skipping of whole meal
head and butter. Baked rice is off
served and in bed by six thirty
where he is som ashly and deeps
sleepy and annually until eight
or nine o'clock. These times
of perfect relaxation are so good
for him, and his days are so
free from any appearance of being looked after, that there is little or nothing to imitate wamedlin. The little man is so trust-ped dependable, that when I'll lin'
he can not go to the barn without any, he steps methodis through she wants more than anything else to go there. But it is such
a big place and so many accidents might happen, that I warn all my children to go there without a ear taken.
Borgue rides to and from the fields with certain trusty men, who take good care of him, and you would laugh to see
the sturdy little figure in overalls standing up on the flat wagon inside the same doing just what the master
and feeling most important.
By the way his hair is getting very long and he says he would like to have it cut like a man so I told him I would write and ask "Miss Maria" about it today I asked him about writing to you and he told me to tell you this line and a few minutes later he said, "have a picture of my "Miss Maria" and I said no but I think that's all I write and ask her to send you one put on your letter and he laughed and said good cord until you write this afternoon.

Boyzie had two peals today from Ma Day which pleased him moreover.

He is sound asleep now and it is well past my bed-time, so I know you will excuse me if I say goodnight and slip off to my room left Boyzie he always sleeps alone in a big double bed, but he lies quietly now that he only uses half of it I found that he did not sleep well if this slept mitinge she
My dear Mrs Baums[?]

I have not been [?] nor indifferent to your wish to hear from your darling, but indeed my hands are so full through the day that I seldom have a minute for personal corresponding and at night my eyes refuse to stay open, after nine o’clock. The packages and messages for Boysie came Saturday and today, and I am very glad to have the old-fashioned cookies recipe, and hope any cook will be very successful with them, for cookies are one of my special joys. I have wanted to tell you how perfectly simple and regular and wholesome our daily routine of life for Boysie is, and how [page] happy and sunny he is. He takes great pride and satisfaction in going to the bathroom after breakfast and [?] day and having a B. M. regularly twice each day. His breakfast is baked apple, or grapefruit, and oatmeal or creamy whole wheat bread and butter. His dinner is chicken (lamb or beef) inc asparagus or spinach, with rice pudding or corn starch or cottage-pudding dessert. At four thirty he comes in for a tub bath, which he loves, then a visit to the dairy for two glasses of warm milk, supper of whole wheat bread boiled rice or apple sauce and in bed by six thirty where he is soon asleep and sleeps sweetly and soundly until eight or nine o’clock. These long hours of perfect relaxation are so good for him, and his days are so [page] free from any appearance of being looked after, that there is little or nothing to irritate or annoy him. The little man is so trusty and dependable, that when I tell him he cannot go to the barn without me, he obeys implicitly, though he wants more than anything else to go there. Bit it is such a big place an so many accidents might happen, that I never allow any children to go there without a caretaker. Boysie rides to and from the fields with certain trusty men, who take good care of him, and you would laugh to see the sturdy little figure in overalls standing up on the flat wagon beside the farmer doing just what the man does and feeling most as important. [page] By the way his hair is getting very long and he says he would like to have it cut like a man’s so I told him I would write and ask “Mama” about it.

Today I asked him about writing to you and he told me to tell you his love, and a few minutes later he said, “have I a picture of my Mama,” and I said now, I think not, shall I write and ask her to send you one to put on your bureau, and he laughed and said “good – good,” “will you write this afternoon.”

Boysie had two postals today from Nora Day which pleased him very much. He is sound asleep now, and it is well past my bed-time, so I know you will excuse me if I say good night and slip off to my room next Boysies, he always sleeps alone in a big double bed, but he lies so quietly now, that he only uses half of it. I found that he did not sleep well, if Neil slept with him, when [continues in margin of first page] he comes over Sunday, and feel that nothing must interfere with his sleep. Believe me my dear Mrs Baums[?] yours sincerely

Emily G Roberts