

July 24, 1908,

Note - (private)

My son Lorin's Milton has a mild form of typhoid fever, He is of a man's height, in his sixteenth year. He is a good boy, and has a very fine mind.

Yesterday's dailies contained lying dispatches that Wilbur's burns were worse, threatening gangrene. A cable dispatch, this morning, to Orville, contradicts the report, <sup>and</sup> says that he is doing well, and is busy working on his machine, at Le Mans, W.