off to address (2) the high school.
They have no mercy on me
whatever, and I am longing
for the soft protection of my
wife's arms.

Tomorrow & Sunday I rest,
Monday read here, Tuesday
at Wauseon, Wednesday at
Granville, Thursday, at a
social function here (if I
consent) Friday at Columbus.
It is awful. I am positively
hating Malindy.

Have been trying to consult
Dr. Tobey ever since I have
been here but he gives me
calomel, Hunyadi water &
a cigar & talks airily about
something else only asking if
we have any children on the
way.

So far, it looks as if I could
come back tomorrow and go all
over the ground where I have read,
Albany! — ! — ! — ! ! ! — !

I don't, however, think much
of Ella's friend, Miss Ellery —
this is, of course, entre nous

I am glad the people like
my Record article even tho
it was horribly mutilated

I-22-9

[DEC. 9, 1898]

To: Mrs. Paul L. Dunbar
1934 Fourth St. N.W.
Washington, D.C.
From: Paul Laurence Dunbar

Toledo, Ohio. (1) Friday Night.

Dear little Lady Bird:
It is a very tired little man
who sits down to write to
you tonight. I have been
keeping up pretty well,
but tonight your letter
came just in time to keep
me from collapsing.

If it were any body else
but Dr. Tobey I should
kick. I got through an
awful recital tonight and
then had to go and sit down
to talk to a lot of people. Fin-
ally I was so tired that I had
to excuse myself and came
to my room where I am writ-
ing this.

The reading tonight to
these poor insane people was
very hard and I was so tired.
For last night at Bowling
Green after an enthusias-
tically successful reading,
I was given public reception
at the hotel. I had already
been at a large dinner and
this morning I was carried

in the printing. I have had one letter about it from a Chicago newspaper woman.

I have been wondering in the last few days whether I was the governor of Ohio on a vacation or Ohio congressman on a slumping tour. Ohio seems to have just awakened and there is nothing [illegible] to [illegible].

I am so sorry about Mr. Taylor and so glad about the flowers and - and - so tired. Goodnight, my darling. I hope as I have hoped in vain every night that I may dream of you.

Your Own Paul

(and no one's else)