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from my married friends. I have received one engagement present already - a gold pin from little Ramona, aged four of New Orleans. It is the custom there to give engaged girls gold pins to write to their lovers.

The enclosed letter I selected from ten as a real amusing sample. I've cut out names and places for you know the couple. Return it at once, won't you?

My face was better so I was at school to-day and nearly teased our new "sugar" head of deaf crazy. She is short and sensitive about her hair taken to wearing very high collars, just for the pleasure of looking over them at her in a lofty, disdainful manner. She tries very hard to let me

2-2-11

To: Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar
Congressional Library (1)
Washington, D.C.

From: Alice Bath Moore [Dunbar]
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Wednesday

[Jan. 12, 1898]

My dear Darling, - I have read your letter over until it seems that I know every line, every word. It is indescribably sweet to me to know that you love me so much and that you will express it so to me. I love you, long for you, wish for you, pray for you. Every night I ask God to give you strength and help you to be the man I know you can be.

So you dream dreams too? I have often had that with closed eyes and dream ourselves in our home, loving and trusting each other, living for each other. I have picked out an ideal sturdy fine my stoneware of castles, and have even myself sitting by you, resting

any further than that, for it
savored the height of mortal
happiness.

Do you know why I hesitated
upon awaiting so long? Not that I
love you less, but that I love your
future more. For you to take
me now would mean an added
responsibility that would strain
you too much. Later on, you will
be more ready and I shall be
able to make a better appearance
before the public, personally. I am
a bit ambitious for my batch, I
guess, and you must not blame
me. You have no idea how I am
swamped with letters of advice

my head on your knee - as I would like to
do this minute - while we talk and
talk of the future, and a bit of the
past too. Monday night after receiving
your special I lay awake for an hour
before after fifteen special letters are. And
do you know what was the result? How
feel you? It was not when you first
one and kissed a little one something in
my arms that I started upon reading "Pau-
se". Oh my husband I trembled at the
thought of the thought and thought my
face in my hands. I said to God to make
no such woman and you. I couldn't get

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Know how awfully inferior I am
and I meet her with what Beersbach
Tree calls "a magnificent outburst
of consumption like a"

Went. I see you until next month.

Started the manual training
class last night. The first batch
of supplies, together with a fine
Lindergaard table for the Saturday
class were given me by the pro-
fessor of the teacher's school in N.Y.
where I've dealt for a year. It
was a magnificent gift.

Went to the boys in the toughest,
most God-forsaken hoodlums you
ever saw, average age 14, but I did
not meet their counterparts in New Orleans.
They were inclined to fear and
act horribly. My patience endured

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exactly 57 minutes by the clock,
 when after an unusually
 violent break on the part of a
 stalwart young man of fifteen
 I reached over another boy, grabbed
 him by the collar, and dragged
 him to the center of the floor. One
 hand was full of papers, so I had
 only one to manipulate his ribs
 with. I lectured him in sentences
 of four or five words, punctuating
 them with fervent shakes with
 the one hand, while my knuckles
 made dents in his *medulla oblongata*.
 Then I assisted him to his seat
 rather rapidly, and urged him
 to retain it with a gentle grip
 on his shoulder that made him
 wince with delight. The other

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hand holding the
 still papers. One
 boy whistled. The
 boy looked in the
 other's silence. In
 respect was announced in
 class. It's a pity to be
 After class I asked
 my height "a punnarium?" and
 "Says: mine
 cheerily" and I'm smiling
 you want. He
 respect ad adm-
 it must be. After
 my height asked
 to a punnarium?
 I can't remember
 to work you down
 and departed with
 all over him.
 Well, that's blood I mine
 low - this and to our
 my kind yourself
 Turpie.

N.B. I forgot to congratulate you
upon the adjudication of the difference
between Dodd & Mead and Duffin & Co.
It is very good and I am proud
and happy therefor. How fortunate
for us both is your great, good luck.

Can I "collaborate" with you?
What can I do? Whatever little
ability I may possess I will be only
too proud to place at your disposal.

What do you think of a book
of plantation nursery rhymes and
folk tales? The idea fermented in
my cranium about eighteen months -
no two years ago. I wrote Harper Bros.
about it and they advised me to go
ahead. Well, for a year I let the
matter drop, and finally last Nov. 9th

put up some Tales, religious and a few sheets
of music I had written out and sent them.
They promptly returned saying it was too
inconspicuous and advised me to work on it
again. I so promptly show the stuff in a
dream and there it lies. It would be a
good idea if it had your touch, your
dialect - and your name, with some good
illustrations. Some day perhaps you try
your hand at my cradling and evolve
something from it?
To my surprise the ^{new} novel anonymously
you can't afford to. Boil down the recipes
and use your own name.

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Again I shall try to stop
With heart and soul
attached to you
I am
Your devoted wife
Mina