

To: Miss Alice Ruth Moore [Dunbar]
33 Poplar St.
Brooklyn, N.Y. From: Paul Laurence
Dunbar

Washington, D.C. Jan. 19th 1898.

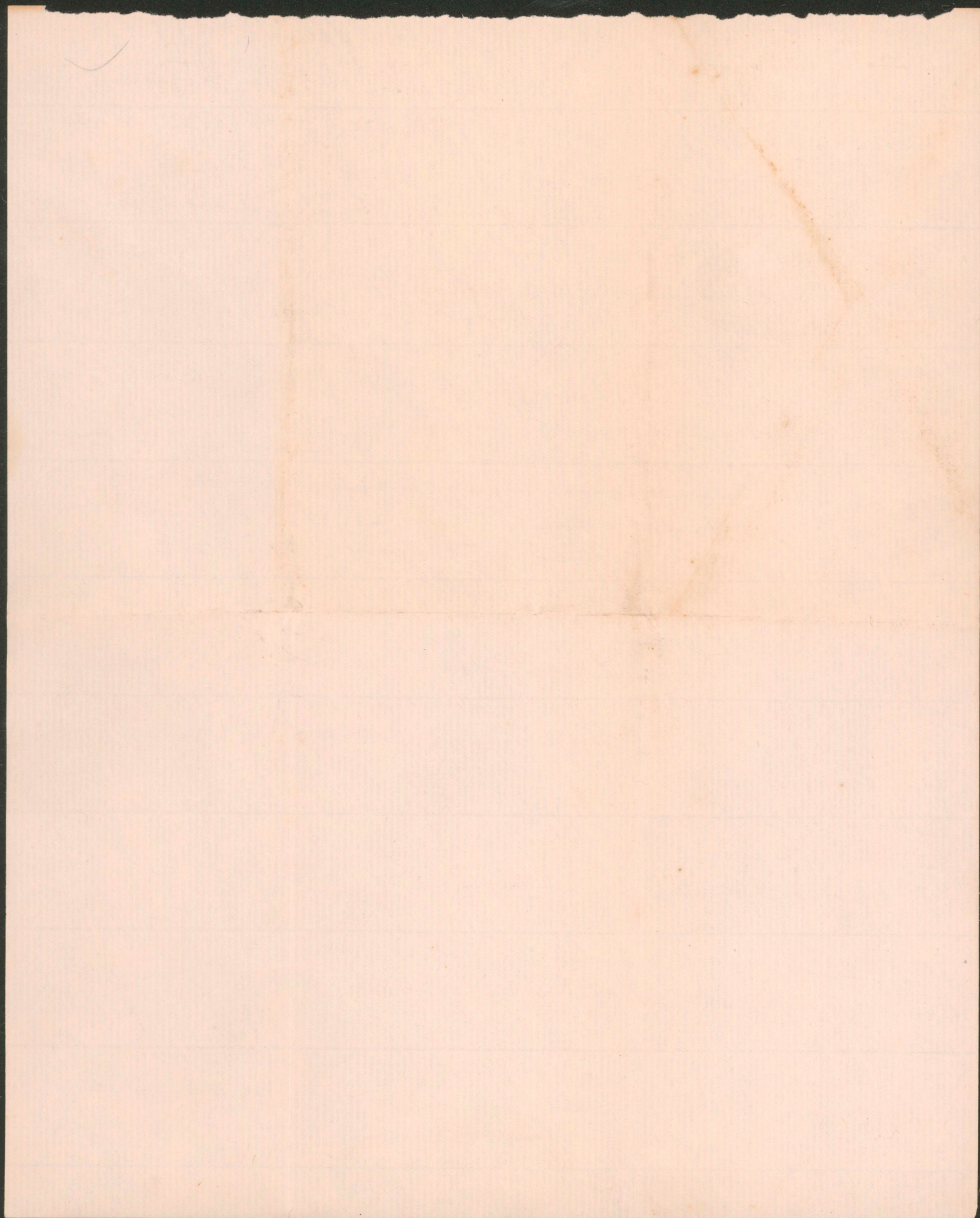
My Darling: - I am reduced to the necessity of scribbling to you with a pencil because I have left my pen at home and any attempt to get one here at the library elicits that inane exclamation - "what, more poetry!"

The girl who was librarian at Howard University has married and resigned her place. I wish you could get it. I know Gillette and others in New York would recommend and push you; but it only pays you forty dollars a month, and then you would not want to leave your home. I know that I am selfish to be always planning to have you near me, but there are times when it seems that I must have you, where a few minutes and a few steps will take me to your side for help, counsel, sympathy and inspiration.

I have just had a letter from Sattie in which she tells me that she and Hattie Fennell are out, and incidentally reminds me for not acknowledging her Christmas present. Well, one of these days I shall have a wife he will prod me and keep from forgetting the 'conventions'.

We are to have an 'at home' at Mrs. Stranahan Davis' house Friday next. She is going to make it a permanent thing, and all who are of the 'club' are to go there once a week or month as the case may be and talk about the things we know & enlighten others, incidentally gaining social polish and learning how to hold a cup of tea.

It is a good idea. But how we pose. We are so new, so self-conscious. The English 'at home' does the same thing, but how differently is it all effected. How perfectly



informal it all is and ⁽²⁾how unconscious the de-
voties are that they are improving themselves at all.
But I shall go to Mrs. Davis' and no doubt like it.

I am going to try and pick up and make some calls
this week or next. People are getting down on me. I haven't
paid my holiday party calls and would you believe I haven't
even paid a neighborly call on the Tenells next door? Both
of them and Miss Gibb have been in two or three times. I must
get out of this rut for your sake.

Out of the "ivory gate" last night there came no dreams,
and as a result I did not come to work as stated this
morning. I longed to dream of you and beyond the
hours when my mind, either sleeping or waking is not
dwelling upon the dearest girl in the world. How I hate
to think of you dredging away there in dreary old Brooklyn
when you might be much better employed in making one
little neat beautiful robe I did all the dredging for you.

I think I shall not be so revolted as at times I am at
the monotony of my work, when you come to me. For to know
that I am working for your happiness and pleasure with
sweetness and lightens any labor. I love to think of you,
darling as the guiding and uplifting spirit of my life. You
have helped me much already, you shall help me more.
Your loving husband,
Paul.

