

(2)

too much reading, it may make you worse. Come home ~~early~~ ^{early} of you don't get to feel better, come home to me and let me take you in my arms and love you and cuddle you like a dear boy.

I was waiting to Dr. Parsons on the inability to find a ^{free} library here where one could find the books we wanted and take them home and she suggested the Masonic Library on 3d and E. streets. I had never heard of the Masonic Library before, but I wanted a history so I went there. The librarian, a very polite young man, told me that the library was only for relations of Masons or Masons, and for someone who was recommended very highly. I did as Dr. Parsons told me then, gave her name and my own. Her name proved an open sesame. The young man's politeness became friendliness. My own name, Mrs. Dunbar, caused him to look incredulous.

"You're not the wife of Paul Lawrence"
[Mrs. Paul L. Dunbar]

To: Paul L. Dunbar
Jacksonville, Fla.

(1)

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Thursday afternoon, March 28.

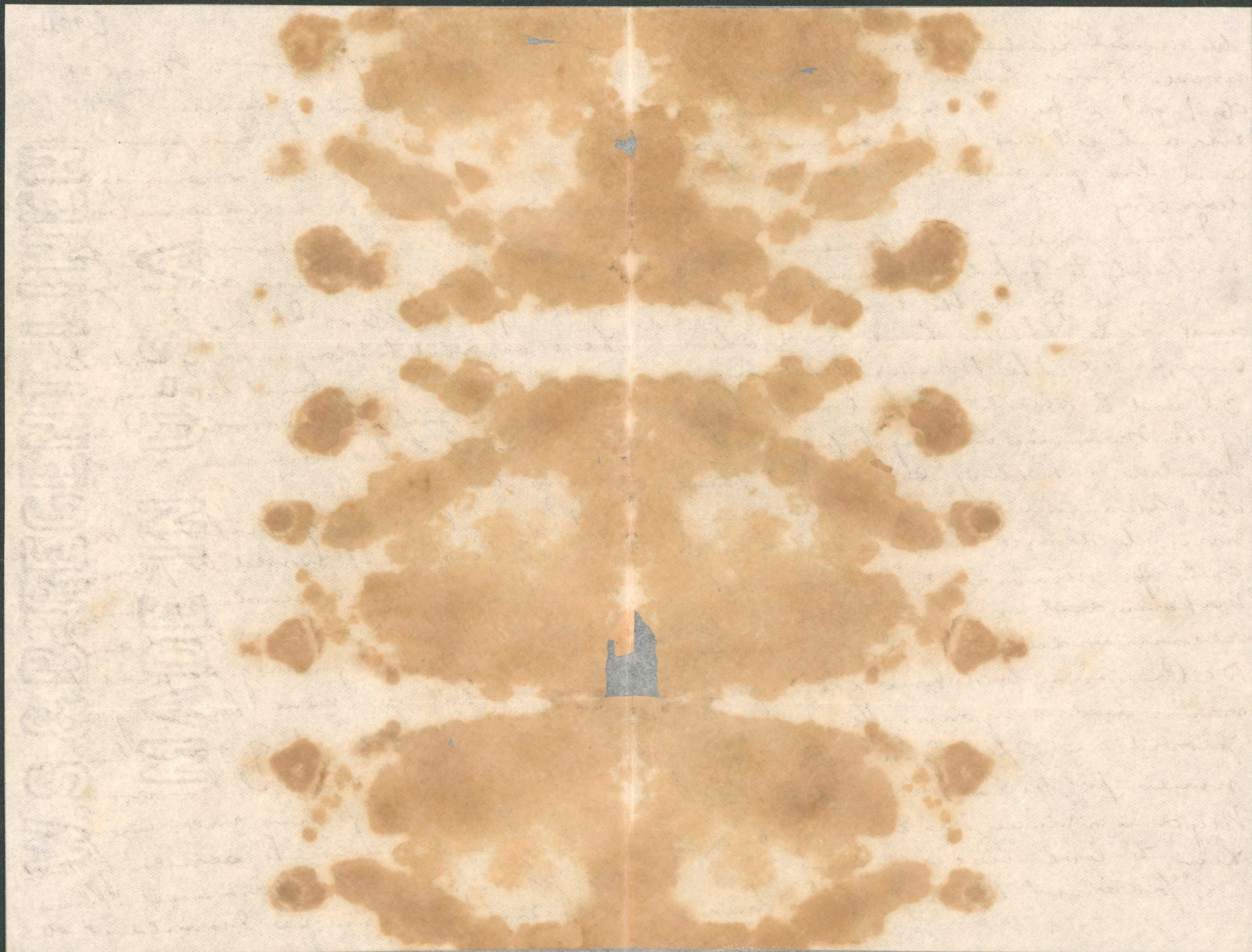
Washington, D.C.

Dearest husband of mine -

Your first little blue note came this morning and made me feel sad and sorry all day for you. I am sure, though, when the sunshines again you will feel better. It has been ugly here too, and to-day is very cold. The wind is blowing hard and it seems to penetrate into every nook and corner. I have not poked my nose out of doors to-day.

Why don't you stay with Mrs. Wetmore now? Perhaps it would be pleasant. How did the letter reaching come off? I am so sorry you are bored and bothered. I am feeling so good to know that you were having a good time, as sort of vacation as it were. But dearest, I am sorry about you not feeling well. Are you taking your medicine regularly? Both Dr. Johnson's and Dr. Francis'! Please do. And if I were you I wouldn't do

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and that at least four people had given your name first, these four out of six or seven who were asked.

I have the autograph clip for Mr. Keene and now I am not certain how to address the ~~letter~~^{book}. The last ~~one~~^{letter} he wrote you I cannot find and I have caught an old two year old one. The address is Birkdale, Kidderpore Ave. Handpeland, N. W. and I am so stupid that I don't know whether I must put London in somewhere or not.

Ma has been up all day and is feeling very good, except for the bug going in her head. I am all right but lousy. The wind is howling dreadfully and sounds so dreary.

Darling take good care of yourself and take that cough and work on it. Come home if it doesn't get better, don't stay on and be worried about it. I hope you are feeling better now, both physically and mentally.

Here's love and kisses and a warm cozy snuggle. Yours ever
I don't like letters signed just "Paul" they are
so stiff. 2-10-18

Darling?" he inquired accentuating the Laurence.

I modestly admitted that I was. "And you know Dr. Parsons?" he said. It seemed to give him so much pleasure. Then he went at once and got the book I wanted and began to make an entry on his book.

"I believe," he said, "that your husband is very particular about spelling the Laurence with a 'W'." he said as he made the entry. I think the librarian must be a close reader of yours. He asked if you were a mason and if you thought of joining. I said that I thought probably you did.

Dr. Parsons said yesterday that some newspaper or magazine printing ment of his was getting up a symposium on opinions as to the five greatest living poets in America, and she wanted my opinion. I said I thought you were all five. She clapped her hands. She said that some old lady a Mrs. Ford, a good friend of hers had said the same thing,

