

To: Mrs. Paul H. Dunbar  
Washington, D.C.

Tuesday Morning =

[Mar. 26, 1901]

Jacksonville, Fla.

My dear wife:

They have made a mistake in naming Florida, instead of the Land of Flowers it should be the "Land of thorns." It is raining again and is gloomy & dingy and cheerless, and I - oh I am very blue.

You know my horror of being suddenly interrupted and talked to, - well that is just what I find at the Johnsons'. Fortunately I do not sleep there and this morning a great much protest I have taken refuge in my own room, so this is the first letter that I have written you without people about talking to me. Old man Johnson is a consummate old bore. He is a baptist preacher and maintains his right to hold the floor at all times. He talks incessantly and after the manner of his kind is forever



My heart is very full this morn-  
ing of bitterness, horror, distrust  
& disgust. I have no faith any  
more in friendship or love in  
man's selfishness or woman's  
truth.

Goodbye -

Paul.

P.S. I forgot to say that I am  
not at all well and have  
coughed all night long.

looking around<sup>2</sup> for applause like  
a spoiled child that has been taught  
to show off its smartness or a pet  
dog that must exhibit its tricks.  
It is tiring and disgusting.

If I want to go out this J.  
years for my health. If I go  
up stairs the grandmother calls  
me into her sick room and talks to  
me about my soul. If I go down  
stairs & want to read Jim reads  
his poetry to me. If I want to  
write Raymond plays his opera  
to me and I should be compul-  
sory to listen.

The whole scheme of my coming  
down here was that they could make  
money and get into place where  
they had never been before. For  
introduction through invitation & no effort of  
thine, I am to read tonight at the  
largest hotel. The proprietor wanted  
me. He said the orchestra would  
be my support; but they insisted that  
Raymond must also play & so he goes  
along adding nothing, but showing the  
friends.