

From: Alice Moore Brooklyn, N.Y. (1)

To: Paul Dearbar, Washington, D.C.

Oct 21. '97.

My darling, - Sometimes when I think you don't love me it makes me bluer than I am naturally - than I wrap little wraps all by myself and think how foolish I am to expect you to care for me.

Now I'm going to scold you.

First - You don't answer my letters - Oh, yes, I know you write punctually enough and your letters are sweet and kissable, but you don't answer my letters - so!

Next - I want you to

take care of yourself and  
not run all down and get  
sick - for then, what would  
your little girl do?

And I want you to be  
good and true to me and  
love only me - and the  
mother, won't you?

Therapy - and lastly,  
don't, don't write any  
more such truck as you've  
been putting in the  
Journal. Now this is be-  
tween us as between hus-  
band and wife. To every  
one else I champion your  
taste, even to Jellie. I argue  
from all sorts of premises  
your right to do as you  
please - but to your darling,

I must say - dont. I know <sup>3.</sup>  
it means money and speedier  
return for us, but sometimes  
money isn't all. It is not  
fair to prostitute your art  
for "filthy lucre", is it? I  
shall be glad when the  
sixth story comes out. It  
will be such a relief,  
for every Sunday I find  
myself asking - "what  
next."

Now that's a hard  
scolding, so consider it  
accompanied with two  
dozen kisses and a big,  
big hug to take the edge  
off.

Funny thing happened  
here. A young lady living  
in Harlem was to have <sup>been</sup>

married ~~next~~ <sup>(4)</sup> Wed. evening.  
We were all bidden to the  
wedding, 150 invitations  
sent. I was at the house  
last Thurs. inspected trousseau  
and wedding dress, <sup>which</sup>  
was a dream, & selected  
present &c, &c. All trimmings.  
Now the wedding is off. A  
set of complications arise;  
man wrote girl letter de-  
claring his intention not to  
marry her but commit  
suicide instead, and mys-  
teriously disappeared. Girl  
goes to bed very ill, one  
sister's husband is also  
taken ill, so said sister  
has hysterics, while tother  
sister's husband beats her  
and she runs away. All  
this happened in two days.

I'm real blue over it.

You'd better not do me such a trick.

Paul, I don't think we ever will be able to marry.

It takes such heaps of money - a commodity sadly lacking in this combination.

Little Girl is sleepy so kisses her dearest Paul good-night.

With my heart's tenderest and truest love and devotion,

Your Little Wife To Be.

[ALICE RUTH MOORE]

