To: Paul L. Dunbar
Washington, D.C.
From: Alice Ruth Moore

[FEB. 25, 1898]
Brooklyn

Friday eve.

Darling, - What on earth is the matter? Are you ill? Two days and no letter. I am nearly distracted with anxiety and fear. I suppose I am very selfish, but it actually makes me mean to everybody and everything when there is no letter from you. If one doesn't come tomorrow I'll deluge you with telegrams until you

2-3-15

write me.

I'm going to stop now
and wait for the last mail.

Later.

No letter. I'm going to
close this in despair.

Oh Paul, why don't you
write?

Love.