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at anything for the sake of being
sure. You can afford to be digni-
fied and wait for the right
moment.

That is my answer.

I shall try to persuade Valerius
to go to the opera and see of "Aida"
will not put me in a good
humor.

Waiting when are you coming
up? I am worse than you. I am
so impatient to see you.

With a great hug, and a tender
kiss - oh, many of them,

Your precious wife
Wifée

To: Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar
Congressional Library
Washington, D. C.,
From: Alice Ruth Moore [Dunbar]
Brooklyn, N.Y.

(1)

[Jan. 24, 1898]

35 Poplar St

Monday evening.

Paul, dearest, - I am so irrita-
ted at the impudent letter that
that skunk, Tobias, had the
nerve to write you, that I am
all to pieces. Just as I had
finished it, a caller came in, and
I vented my ill-humor on him,
and sent him away almost in
tears of rage.

Tobias is Mrs. Ruffin's
particular lackey, henchman, or
what you will. He is in her an-
play in the most shameful man-
ner, and earns his living by

looking for just the ⁽²⁾ letter; preparing to
be friendly advice was probably dis-
cussed by her.
It makes me sick to find her dis-
honest she is. The woman's eye upon
Frank is trying to get in on footing again
and she wishes to know an entertain-
ment - what would be a profit. You
are a good drawing - card and money
for the house. Good. Well, why cannot
she be honest and say, "Mr. Dumbart,
will you keep me." instead of meddling
under a guise of helping you, and
trickering you & the people who will

help you in your ⁽³⁾ "literary career."
It causes all the honest wrath
in my soul to see such hypocrisy,
such grasping at a straw and
pretending to save the straw, in-
stead of being saved.
Boston is anxious to hear
you, that, I know, but better
that you forfeit - the golden priv-
ilege of "meeting the literati
of New England," than go under such
auspices. You are young, dear, with
a career before you, that, thank
God, isn't begging to be helped
along at such a rate. The time
has passed for you to grasp