

From: Paul Debes
London, England

(1) from Alice Moore

33 Poplar St
Brooklyn, N. Y. June 19, 1897.

Paul, dearest,-
One month from to-day,
July 19 and I will have another figure
to add to my years; another number to
my cycle, now years, less wisdom - a
birth-day, in brief. Take notice there-
of and save your punnies and farthings.
I want a pretty birth-day gift. Sister
says I deserve one for telling my age. I
shall be — years old. Think how old
I am getting!

I hope you will receive the Age
with the account of the monster de-
monstration in honor of Mrs. Matthews.
It was a magnificent success all things
and I am patting myself on the back
therefor. I suppose you will be surprised
to see the lines signed by you. Let me
apologize and explain. In writing for the
different expressions of approval from
the many men and women, I wanted

your words, because ²⁾ I knew you could only
be unstinted in praise of our Doctor's. But
as I would not have had time to write
and receive a reply I simply did ~~the work~~
for you. Was I right? You don't mind
my using your name in this instance,
do you? Now as Dolon's is keeping all the
letters as souvenirs, would you copy out the
lines:-

"My heartiest - congratulations to Mrs.
Matthews and your committee. The credit -
deserves all the homage that can be
rendered to such a nature, the other
deserves credit for perceiving worth
and honoring it" -

Sign and send it to your little
wife to be as a souvenir.

Sunday morning.

I was so sleepy last night that
I couldn't finish this. This morning is
cool, a bit cloudy and thoroughly Sunday
fed. I am waiting for Mrs. Matthews to
get ready for church and while waiting
I am scrawling you a line or so.

The house in care in now is as near

ideal as a city-house ⁽³⁾ could be. My room,
a choice one, and filled with all my old-
time jishuk things which I brought from
home with me. When you return next
winter I want you to see some of its
decorations.

For fear that you did not receive the
program in the Age I send you one enclosed.

Thursday I am going up to Poughkeepsie
to stay over until Saturday for the Harvard-
Yale boat race. I am going to wear the red
of Harvard and shout its name Rahs! with
all the zeal possible.

Write me soon. Mrs M. is calling me
for church. How is the novel coming on? And
the English edition? I want the first, and
I want that new photo too.

With tenderest love,

I am
yours
Alice.

