From: Mrs Paul Laurence Dunbar
To: Paul Laurence Dunbar

[Dec. 7, 1898]

I know you want to be home by the library fire now. It certainly is good. By the way, your uncle Robert writes that he has two barrels of chitlins, I guess that's the way it's spelled. So you'd better stop by Dayton. When I finish this I'm going to eat some chicken. Who dat — Ve!

But to return — this evening I have heard expressions of deepest approval from all sides. The Rev. Dr. Grinké said that he had intended writing you a note telling you how much he liked your continuants. Mrs. G. was actually enthusiastic. Major Fleetwood also wants to write you about it, he is so delighted and Mrs. F. says it's just what she wishes she could have the power to say. Col. Lewis says all sorts of nice things, and Judson says he is so delighted that he has asked the Col. to bring him to call. Mr. Stillyer has expressed himself very satisfactorily. Hence you are kicking up quite a lot of dust here. I understand that Bruce

(3.)

Gil is going ~~[illegible]~~ to air himself about you in this week's Nigger American.

By the way, Fortune has an article in this week's Independent on the suffrage clause in the Louisiana constitution. I don't think it much of it.

I understand that Col. Lewis is feeling a little p better politically now. He has B. T. W. pulling wires at the White House for him. Funny, ain't it? I introduced the two to each other while you were in England at the Grant monument business.

'Scuse the scraffiness of this postscript. Ma and Mamie are talking to beat the band and I am trying to keep up with them.

Kisses and kisses and kisses.

Wifelums.

Ma sends luv.

2-8-4

Later.

Your dear letter from Albany had just come, or rather I have just come in and read it. When ma came in I read parts of it aloud to her and we had such a laugh over the nigger. Well, dear, if my prayers do any good, you must be all right for I worry God enough about you.

So you like my monogram paper? Well I paid 25¢ a box for it, so I like it too.

I've been out this afternoon making some calls. All Washington is talking about your article in the Chicago Record. I'm going to give you a verbatim record of some of the things that were said to me within the past three hours.

Mr. Lassiter – Well I had to stop right here. Ma brought me some pig snout and beer – Oh, I know you want to fall all over yourself –

2-8-2