

woman in the world and the
sweetest. ⁽²⁾

Bully for Dr. P. Tell me all such
yarns you can rake up. Why
not? are you not Mrs. Paul Hunter?
May not you say whatever comes
uppermost in your mind to
your husband? Oh, darling
can you realize it? I can't.

The pictures came to our house
this morning. I do think that they
are pretty and I shall have
them framed and hung at once.
My desk is also done and that
will be coming in tomorrow. Oh
how I am going to have things
pleasant for you. Because I do
so want you to be happy from the
first. I want to make up to you
all you have lost in the friend-
ship of your family by marrying
me. Alice, darling I love you
so devotedly and I want to be so
good to you that you ours shall be the

To Miss Alice Ruth Moore Brooklyn ⁽¹⁾
From Paul Lawrence Hunter Washington, D.C. 3-14-98

My Darling Wife:-

I've been working so hard that
morning that the time has slipped
away, I know not how. A cheery
letter from you puts me in such
high spirits that I go at my work
like a knight at his fougale, +
what knight pray fought for a
fairer lady than I fight for.

Darling, I am not angry or dis-
gusted with you. You saw
more clearly even than I, my
dangers and you were bold
enough to take arms against
a sea of troubles and by opposing
end them." But all is not yet
done. All will not be done until
you sit and pour the tea at
my table.

Oh, Alice Hunter, loving wife of
mine, you're the bravest little

(3)
the ideal married life. Clear, it is not all
foolishness that people talk about this Mr and
Mrs. Brown's affair of ours - we have the oppor-
tunity of showing to our friends and the world a
beautiful example of the harmony of hearts joined
with a sympathy of minds.

How strange it is. Just two or three years ago, I was
a yearning, thrilled boy running around asking
every body I met from the south if they knew Alice
Ruth Moore, and how happy I was when Maime
Taylor said she did. And what a report they -
gave of you - a pretty, bright butterfly - a flirt who
used slang atrociously, and they just wished we could
meet. We would be a match for each other. Well we
have met and the Alice I raved about is my wife. Do
you know the poem beginning: "Two shall be born the
whole wide world apart"? Well we are like that. It
was "fate" and I then fate for it.

Don't think darling wife of mine that I shall ever do less
than love you. Of course we shall have our little squats as
all couples do. But I shall always love you deeply and
tenderly.

I am still ill, and was afraid I should have to stop in
the middle of this letter on account of my eye with
which I am suffering acutely. But never mind that
you will nurse me when you come and make it
soon, won't you my darling.

Yours truly and lovingly - Your Love Husband
Which looks best To - Mrs. Alice Alumba - Mrs Paul
Alumba, Mrs. Paul Lawrence Alumba, Mrs. Lawrence Wain
bar, Mrs. Alice Ruth Alumba? They're all swell.
Write me every day, honey. What about our cabinet. You give me a
picture.