and she kissed me and laughed. She thinks you're the nicest uncle she ever had. I have had to stop this letter about ten times to run and kiss her and play with her. She is just beginning to walk and is so full of energy and desire for general destruction – a small dynamite torpedo. And Leila is so happily indulgent with her. Paul, you don't know how glad I was to find I was with me and how he wished she were ours. There. The morning paper has succumbed to her ravages. The Sun editorial lie scattered all over the floor. Never mind, we can buy another paper. But baby's happiness can't be bought.

(2)

To: Paul Laurence Dunbar
Library of Congress

(1)

[Apr 7, 1898]

Thursday.

My heart lover – Now that's really original and you ought to appreciate it.

I didn't say things about Rebekah – you misunderstand me. (Ha-ha!)

After sleeping at the rate of 40 miles per hour I awakened this morning lazy, but cheerful. It took me just two hours to get my bath and get down for breakfast. For I romped with Baby Doolins and rolled over in the floor – in my nightie – with Douglass Klondike. Then I read your letter and made Baby kiss it – and she tried to tear it up – then I spanked her little hands

2-5-7

At the table Mrs. M. hands her; and the first thing she does is to empty the spoon holder and contents on the floor. Next her hands go in the sugar bowl — and Katie has to bring in more. — TC. TC. But don't you wish we could have such a melee at 1934?

The marriage certificate came to-day. Were you born in Cincinnati? It says so - and calls me Alice Ruth and you Paul Laurence. Makes me tired. Tell me if it's right about your birthplace.

(There goes my pocket-book!)

Send the cards along so I can address mine and have them all ready.

(Mam-mam-mam-mam!)

Did you ever see such long days? The leaf on my calendar this morning was so expressive. Do you think any other two ever loved as we do?

(Pap-pap-pap-pap-papa!)

Cinnamon pause - Baby cries after me and I stop to soothe her - her mama won't do. Her grandma won't do - no one but "lumph-ty"

How is "Folks from Dixie"? May I have three copies? Mama, Dolores and me? But I want a long inscription in mine.

Now I must stop. I am going
to take mama out.

With all my love, and devotion,

Your wife

Alice Dunbar.

Write and love