

(2)  
of the day drags away slowly  
and uncomfortably. I  
know that I am disappoint-  
ing you in not coming  
today, but don't, my loved  
one, don't take such dire ven-  
grance upon me. It has  
been two days since I heard  
from you - this thought just  
strikes me with rather ab-  
surd suggestion, but I don't  
care, it seems like a month.

Boston as you will see  
by the enclosed letter has  
not relinquished his efforts  
to have me there. What do  
you think of the matter? If  
I should consent to go had I  
better hold out for \$3<sup>00</sup> and  
expenses? It's a long trip

To: Miss Alice Ruth Moore [Dunbar] (1)  
33 Poplar St.  
Brooklyn, N.Y.  
From: Paul Lawrence Dunbar

Washington, D.C. Jan. 22<sup>nd</sup> 97

My Darling:-

If you knew how much  
your letters meant to me  
I don't believe you would  
let me go so long without  
a word from you. I was dis-  
appointed when I did not  
receive the promised one  
yesterday morning. But  
when again this morning  
nothing came from you,  
I was positively ill - not  
only heart-sick, but physically  
ill. I know it is very fool-  
ish but I cannot help it.  
Your letters always begin  
the morning for me and  
when I do not get them, the

(3)

you know, and could not be made without great  
haste and effort on my part and while I do not  
want to appear mercenary, I want cold-hearted,  
bean-fed Boston to understand that I am not  
coming for my health or the incalculable honor  
of meeting their illustrious however distinguished  
they may be, or desirable the meeting.

My publisher, Mr. Dodd was here yesterday, and  
we spent some time in executive session at the "Col-  
onial" hotel. There may be developments and then  
again there may not.

The "at home" last night as far as being a social  
social function, was a horrid success. The personnel  
of it was beyond criticism. I dropped out about 8:15  
with the intention of staying half an hour, but was in-  
formed that I did not dare to leave - Wicky was to  
do duty keeping men from talking to each other and  
I was to talk to all the women I could. I did it religiously  
and went home with a headache and in retreat did  
not. I used to like these things, but they are unenjoyable now.

Write to me at once about the Boston affair as you  
see Tobias wants an immediate answer, (under  
petticoat control - already!) If I do not get a letter  
Monday, I don't know what I shall do.

Don't keep me in suspense this way, darling, if  
if it wasn't business to be answered, I should want  
to hear from you at once. How glad I shall be when  
this probation is over. You don't know how I long to  
hold you in my arms and kiss you, I dreamed of  
you a gain last night. Write to me, darling and  
love me, love me always.

Your Impatient Husband  
Paul.