

Washington, D.C. Jan. 28<sup>th</sup> 1898<sup>(1)</sup>  
To: Miss Alice Ruth Moore [Dunbar]  
33 Poplar St.  
Brooklyn, N.Y.  
From: Paul Laurence Dunbar

Dear Heart :-

I came to work this morn-  
ing thinking what a long day it was going to  
be, and here the morning is gone before I  
know it. The worst is to be gotten out of life  
after all by not working and considering the  
rest as of days, weeks, months, years, but doing  
each duty as it comes and in its own time.  
Mayn't one preach when one has practiced?  
But even now while I preach I am consid-  
ering with impatience the seemingly need-  
less days that stretch between the 28<sup>th</sup> and  
the 11<sup>th</sup>. How far off it seems. It hardly ap-  
pears possible that I shall wake up one morning  
and find that it is the 11<sup>th</sup> and get on a train  
and hurry away to you. What a joyous time  
it will be for me. I shall feed for my hungry  
heart in those three days. How much I have to  
say to you. What a wealth of kisses I have to  
place on your lips, your eyes, your neck,  
your hair, your arms on your dear turn-up  
nose. Please, do have some pictures taken that  
show more of you than these little profiles.  
I sit down in front of my fire in the even-  
ing and as I gaze up at your picture in the  
mantel, I can't see any thing but sleeves &  
a tip-tilted nose. Then I kiss the nose and

mix for a photograph when I could break  
 in the last stage of your genuine form - the  
 dearest face in the world.  
 One thing, darling, never, why don't you write  
 up some of the little scenes that you do  
 refer to me after your morning mail. I think  
 they would go in abundance. You can do it, too.  
 There has been promising myself a note from  
 literary work. But just as soon as I get through  
 with one thing I am planning another. You can  
 see or hear mine that shows to make, I think  
 group to begin on my new novel - I think  
 and attainable on that and a play - perhaps.  
 Nothing is more certain than I am going on  
 perhaps, I want to have a lot of matter on  
 hand when I appear at a certain date (I mean,  
 because I expect it will be long enough to  
 suit the theater and discuss and "or horns  
 out to the theater and discuss and "or horns  
 make I should like to think of the occasion.  
 But I do not know how much I can  
 my friends of his and for her enough to read  
 always to be by her side. (I see like her this,  
 the I get her. But when she is near,  
 I do not want to be able to get me away from  
 my library door.)  
 I am going to try my hand at a bit of a sonnet  
 now this afternoon. I wrote a daisy about here  
 have written - don't call it "Nelly," as I want to be

ance the effect.

Mr. Dodd is very anxious for a new volume of poems, but I am going to edit my next very carefully. I want it to show in the pure English poems improvement over the "Lyrics" which, by the way, is still selling steadily. On the dial-ette poems, I cannot improve. I shall write nothing better than "When Malvady Sleeps," "A Cognate Conquered" + "Signs of the Times."

Are not you tired of reading now? Well send next time. Write to me soon. Forgive my long silence of this week. It'll be good night tomorrow was the "seventh -

Your devoted husband.

