

(2)

not as good as the book but fairly good. It seems to me that the finest points of satire were brought out, and you feel at the end of the play as Alan Dale said, that Selma would go on indefinitely having husbands. This was of course inevitable. The play was well put up, but funny in that it disposed of people so summarily. I poked my finger at Mollie thought it all, but it was not the club woman who is ridiculed so much as the merely selfish woman.

Mrs. Dandridge was here again this morning. Her little girl was ill and she came to borrow Uncle Remus & Foeko from Dixie to read to her.

Lava being lazy to-night - chronic, I know you will say. But, oh, hubbino mine, don't I wish I could hug you now and snuggle down to bed with you.

Say, that reminds me. I should

To: Mr. Paul L. Dunbar  
Jacksonville, Fla.

(1)

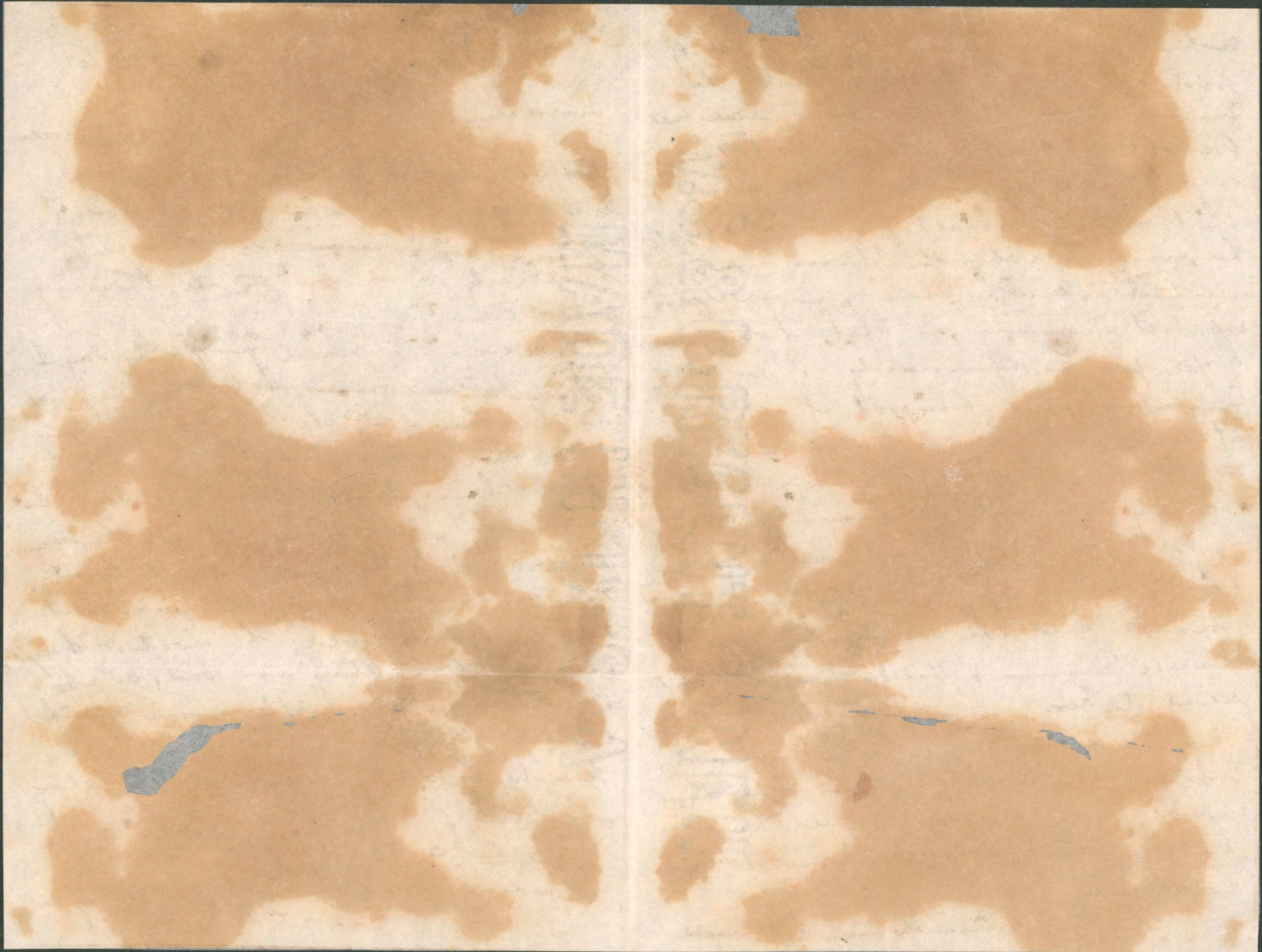
From: Mrs. Paul L. Dunbar  
Washington, D.C.

Saturday evening, 3/23/01

Sweetest hubbino. Your dear little letter gave me so much joy. I am so glad you are feeling good. I only hope you may continue to do nicely. Did you get the drawing from car?

There was no mail for you to-day. I had a letter from Little. The soap box mother handed the package to you with the book you had bought to read through the car window. So you must have left it on the train. Maras up to-day until late in the evening. She feels good but has a fresh cold. The doctor thought she ought to stay in bed, so she went back this afternoon with many objections. She wants to know why must a person stay in bed if they feel good?

Mollie and I went to see "Uncle Remus". The play is



(4)

I have done a little, very little  
 work on the "Confessions" bringing  
 it up, so far to 12,000 words. I am  
 much disgusted at it now. I  
 roared conventions last night  
 and discovered that "it is always  
 summer-time in convention land."

Now hubbino, smuggle, smuggle.  
 By the way I met Prof Kelly M. in  
 the car and he says it was mean in  
 you to tell Chesnut that he, Miller,  
 had offered you fifty-dollars for  
 that reading. I denied that you  
 had said such a thing. Did you?  
 Here's kisses and loveings.

Yours

Louise M. W. B. B.

(3)

Have had a visit from my country  
 cousin - you know whom I mean -  
 on the 19th and she hasn't shown  
 up. I don't know what's the matter.  
 It may be measles, eh? You know  
 Sir Peter called on Miss Venus  
 so seldom within the past some  
 weeks that it makes it all the  
 more likely that it isn't measles.  
 "Seldom visits make long friends."  
 I have no doubt but that having  
 confided this much to you my  
 Country Cousin will arrive on  
 the first train to-morrow. How  
 is Sir P.? To-morrow will be two  
 weeks since he and Miss V. had  
 a visit together and she has been  
 making some solicitous inquiries  
 as to his health.

Isn't this a naughty letter?  
 It is the wickedest yet. You'd better  
 tear it up for fear someone will  
 see it.

