

To: Paul Laurence Dunbar
[Library of Congress]
Washington, D. C.

From: Alice Ruth Moore [Dunbar]

Sunday, Jan 23 [1898]

My sweetheart, - To-day is perfect. The air all ozone, the sky high blue perfect. I am just filled with electricity.

I am writing this in the mission on paper torn from a galle-book. You know we have three classes that meet here on Sundays. Big girls, little girls and boys. I come up and talk to the boys sometimes. I have finished with my talk dismissed the boys and am waiting for the girls to be dismissed so Wolcott and I can go home. There is talk about me and I am having a time to write, but I couldn't resist the temptation of scribbling you a line, though I am interrupted every second!

I am afraid that letter I wrote you last night was not only unsatisfactory but actually mean. I did feel so badly, so disappointed.

Well, in spite of it all, I have been looking for you all day. Every ring of the bell, every sound in the street, I hoped it would be you. Dear heart, I was so disappointed.

To-day was perfect. We rode over ^{on} the ferry. The water was ideal, great dashing waves that rocked us to and fro, with a high wind that played havoc with feathers and curls. Then we took a run through the Art museum, into the art gallery where we could feel a bit of inspiration from the "Frozen music" of the Hall of Statues.

I am writing this now in the midst of a peculiar conversation. The girls are gone, and there are reports of distress cases, going on. Good, Good! How much misery there is in the world!

Have you read Les Vadis? You should if you have not. I shall ~~think~~ ^{think} this in my bosom ^{with} ^{my} ^{next} ^{my} ^{heart,} so it will ^{be} ^{at} ^{home} heart.