

Los Gatos,
May 19, 1897.

My dear Walsh,

I congratulate you on your “graduation.” I almost fear to write to one who must be letter-perfect in English composition. Probably I shall refer to you such knotty questions of my many correspondents as I can’t answer myself—such, for example, as, “Is it better to say ‘somebody else’s’ or say nothing?”

I have not forgotten your notion of coming to California. I approve it, but whether I can be of service I don’t know. The first time I go to San Francisco I shall try. Maybe I can get you into the business office of the Examiner, where you may work into the editorial department. This is only a hope—I don’t know if it is at all feasible, and can’t even say when I shall be able to try. Nothing of that kind can be done by correspondence.

Mrs. Hirshberg was here last Sunday blooming rosewise. She asked about you.

Sincerely yours,
Ambrose Bierce.