

603 15th St., N.W.,
Washington, D.C.,
Aug 12 1900.

My dear Walsh,

Glad to hear from you again. I have not been in New York since I told you, but if I go I'll try (I tried then) to get a sight of you.

I congratulate you on your promotion, but is your salary promoted too. I look upon all insurance as a "skin game," but if you won't become an author-and-saint you may as well progress in the humbler path.

So you fell in love, you doubled-and-twisted idiot! And I dare say you'll marry and go to the devil as they all do. O, well I'm accustomed to such defections.

Leigh lives at 37 W. 99th St. (he married) and works on the Morning Telegraph, posing leggy and elbowy actresses on a back roof, photographing them and dumping the result into the paper.

As to me, I live at a club house 7 miles out of town on the beach of the Potomac. Come and dine on my balcony.

Sincerely yours,
A.B.