

Washington, D.C.,
Oct. 27, 1900.

Dear Walsh,

I hope you got the seats for the great monkey show—alias Bryan—but doubt. I referred the matter to Max Ihmsen, Secretary of the National Association of Democratic Clubs, and he writes me that he referred to Messrs. Hearst and Creelman (Hearst's man Friday) with a recommendation "that it do pass." But Ihmsen said there were 50,000 applications ahead of yours. So I fear you will have to sneak in under the canvas, as we did at the circus of our boyhood.

I trust you are well—I am not. For months I have been troubled with my ancient disorder, asthma, and it is at me now. Doubtless I shall have to "move on."

Sincerely yours,
Ambrose Bierce.