

18 Iowa Circle,  
Washington, D.C.,

My dear Walsh,

You have a very pretty way of reminding me that I owe you ten thousand letters. I thank you ten thousand times—you and “Lily’s sister” who designed the pretty thing.

So, there is still another genius in your family! I suppose we shall see a picture by her in the Paris Salon some day. When talent was allotted I think the Walsh family got more than its share. By the way, what use are you now making of yours? Maybe you can get my place in the Journal. I’ve quit—at least I’m on strike against the censorship. My objection to the Journal does not however, extend to its weekly check, which I calmly take in while awaiting Mr. Hearst’s decision on a compromise proposal submitted in deference to his request for a withdrawal of my resignation.

I hope you are prosperous and well. For five or six weeks I have been nursing a broken rib, but am now all right.

I shall address this letter to 45 William street, albeit I am ready to swear that there is no such place.

Sincerely yours,  
Ambrose Bierce.

Feb’y 12, 1901.