

The Olympia,  
Washington, D.C.

My dear Walsh,

That visit to Mahwah is of course conditioned on opportunity—which I can only hope will present itself ready made; I can't manufacture it now. Jersey is a pretty warm country and the season approaches when hot weather and asthma so hand in hand to companion me. I shall have to go to the mountains of West Virginia, I think.

But I abate nothing of my intention to elope (or, as you more graphically put it, "slope") with your pretty sister if I can persuade her to come to me.

Sorry you don't care for my "Little Johnny" stuff. If you want to know why I write it perhaps the enclosed note from my editor will give you light. (In fact, I don't write it: it is reprinted, with trifling adaptations, from the Examiner of years ago, at the suggestion of Mr. Hearst, a critic for whose judgment and taste I have profound respect. Now will you be good?

I should like to join you in growing vegetables. Let me grow a nation's onions and I care not who eats them.

Sincerely yours,  
Ambrose Bierce.

Why can't you (and the p.s.) visit me?

June 12, 1902.

[Attachment]:

NEW YORK JOURNAL  
W.R. HEARST

April 14, 1902.

Dear Mr. Bierce:-

I have just received a cablegram from Mr. Hearst relative to a great many shortcomings in my various departments, but you may be interested in knowing that the only ray of sunshine in this cablegram was this: "Bierce fables\* recently have been bully."

I do not often get a chance to pass sunshine along, and am doing it now for the rarity of the thing.

Sincerely yours,  
Rudolph Block

\*"Little Johnny" stuff.