

1321 Yale St., N.W.,
Washington, D.C.

My dear Walsh,

I hope your hay fever has run its course (from your eyes and nose) and you'll now be able to give me your attention.

My own health is bad again. I passed a few days on the Jersey coast and brought home a lingering asthma. I went fishing a few times and that is what I caught.

No, I am not acquainted with any publishers in New York, but am with grief through dealing with them. But I know one here, and have tried to see him anent the pretty sister. His wife is ill and he comes to his office so seldom that I can't catch him. But I shall. Why should not she send a few examples of what she can do?—book-cover designs. For instance, he is about to bring out one of my old books under a new title: "Bubbles like Us," a phrase from Omar Khayyam. Maybe if I liked it (her design) I could persuade him to adopt it and pay for it. Anyhow I must have something to show him.

Apply the torch to that Crocker mansion: "For Crockers ~~are~~ all are bad save those by marriage," as once, touching my harp, I sang.

Make a note of my new address.

Love to the P.S.—with whom I am still minded (and hearted) to elope.

Sincerely yours,
Ambrose Bierce.

Sept. 21, 1902 | (over)

I remain unmoved in my faith in the infallible literary judgment of the man who pays me my weekly wage. Nothing can shake my belief when "money talks." You can convert me only by outbidding him for my work.

No, I'll take your judgment against his if you will pay me the same that he does—and destroy the work. That would be a better offer, attesting a superior critical ability.

B.