The Olympian,  
Washington, D.C.,

My dear Walsh,

That visit to Mahwah is of course condition and an 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 go hand
in hand to companion me, I shall have to go to the mountains of West Virginia, I think. But I shate nothing of my intention to close (or, as the more graphically put it, "shloke").

with your pretty sister or 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 re-printed, with trifling adaptations, from the Examiner 7 years ago, at the suggestion of Mr. Hearst, a critic for whose judgment and taste I have profound respect. How will you be good? I should like to join you in growing vegetables, let me grow a nation's onions and I can not who eats them.

Sincerely yours,
Antone Bierce

Why can't you (and the b.o.) visit me?

June 12, 1902.
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,

[Signature]

*"Little Johnny" shift.