The Army & Navy Club, Washington, June 6, 1905,

Dear Myles,

I think Lydia a good name, for the same reasons that make you like it. But you are in thinking that I would be surprised to know about that wee Nalshetta. I hear from Claire sometimes, and now usually hear all about
it. If I didn't believe with Schopenhauer that it is a crime to bring a child into
"This place of wrath and tears"
I'd delibrate for a moment. Now that she's here I vote to let her remain; it would be hardly fair to put her to death.

So, my lady, you never read anything of mine before I "joined the crowd of phonetic-spellingunschis" if you refer to the "Little Johnny" Things: They were begun in London before your birth. And
are not “phonetic spelling”

humor at all; the spell-
ing is done for vrasen-
blance and is intended
to represent the actual
spelling of such a kid.

As to the “crowd”, they
are mostly my imitators,
as far as they are able to
be. I’ve seen the rise and
fall of more than a hun-
dred “Little Willie’s”, “Little
Sammies”, and so forth.

The American (in Mr.
Hearts’s absence in Eu-
rope) has laid on a “Little
Bobby”. The editor, who
doesn’t love me, knew
that that would make
me quit, and it did.

But there is a day of re-
covery for him. Now he
no doubt that your task is impossible, but perhaps if you were doing something commented in thousands of enthusiastic letters annually — many of them from more distinguished folk, than W. L. Welsh, you’d look at the matter a little differently — particularly if the man from whom you’ve a hun-
dred dollars a week were “stuck on” the stuff himself.

Would you mind knowing something of what you are talking about before talking about it? There is really some-
thing in the newspaper trade that you would be more competent to discuss if you knew a little about the conditions under which newspaper work is done. Anyhow, I'm not hungry and thinking for your views of my work, nor for anybody's.

I'm expecting to be in New York soon and if I've been good meanwhile I'll look you up and let you buy me a drink. Nothing could be juicier than that—except Mrs. Walsh, to whom my best regards.

Sincerely yours,

Antonio Bianco