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

Dear Wyles,

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 Nalshette.
I hear from Claire
sometimes, and nat-
urally heard 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 belicitate you. Now
that she's here I vote to
let her remain; it would
be hardly fair to put
her to death.

No, my lad, you never
read anything of mine
before I "joined the crowd
of phonetic-spelling hum-
ists," 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 vraisem-
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 Nellies", "Little
Sammys", and so forth.
The American (in Mr.
Hearst's absence in Eu-
rope) has laid on a "Little
Bobbie". The editor, who
doesn't love me, knew
that that would make
me quit, and it did.
But there is a day of reck-
oning for him, now the

no doubt that your taste
is infallible, but per-
haps if you were doing
something commended
in thousands of enthusi-
astic letters annually
- many of them from
more distinguished litté-
rateurs than Myles Walsh,
you'd look at the matter
a little differently -
particularly if the man
from whom you ^{got} a hun-
dred dollars a week
was "stuck on" the stuff
himself.

Would you mind know-
ing 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 con-
 ditions under which
 newspaper work is done.
 Anyhow, I'm not hunger-
 ing and thirsting for
 your views of my work,
 nor for anybody's.

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

Sincerely yours,
 Ambrose Bierce.