Washington, D.C.

My dear Mr. Hall,

It is disquieting that after so many years of service to your dwindling concern (you know my opinion of the insurance game) you are turned out. I judge, though, by the enclosed letter that you’ve found a soft spot upon which to fell. It is needless to say that I have tried to pull in the spot under you, so
That you may "hit" it.
The prospect down here
is not bright. Nobody
can get into the civil
service now except through
the regular channel of
competitive examination
and awaiting one's turn to be "called"—
a tedious and dis-
heartening method.

Nevertheless if this chance
fail I will see what
can be done. I have
never had much of a "pull"
here, and fear that I
have exhausted all that
I had.

Let me know the results
of the negocios with the
Casualty folk. John
Mr. Lock ought to go
to them personally and
book you. Doubtless he will if you ask him to.

had already taken some steps in your interest here when this letter came, which seems a good sign of better success there. I don’t think Mrs. Myley Walsh will be the wife of a homeless tramp just yet. When she is I’ll take her in on feed here.

Sincerely yours,

Ambrose Biene.

December 14, 1906.