

Washington, D.C.

My dear Walsh,

It is disgusting that after so many years of service to your swindling 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 fall. 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 disheartening 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 result of the negotio with the Casualty folk. Your Mr. Lock ought to go to them personally and boost you. Doubtless he will if you ask him to.

I 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. Myles Walsh will be the wife of a homeless tramp just yet. When she is I'll take her in and feed her.

Sincerely yours,
Ambrose Bierce.

December 14, 1906.