

The Army and Navy Club
Washington, D.C.

My dear Walsh,

It is like old times to hear from you—and like very new times to hear of your promotion in your profession. Yes, it is an odd profession. I wonder if it would be possible to pass a law affecting the relations of one class of persons to another class without some of you chaps figuring out a way to make money out of it for yourselves—you pirates! Well, I hope you, individually, will ~~will~~ make the money all right, and a lot of it, eventually, though I don't see why just plain ordinary gambling (with marked cards of course—I think that is “ordinary”) would not be better fun.

Did you ever write out that hog story. If not why don't you? It would be a “hit” if you did it (for some magazine) as well as you did that long ago yarn about the New Woman in Old Egypt.

I've been in your neck o' woods lately, but not in William street. That lies a long way off my beat. I don't get “down town”—not even so far as the newspaper offices.

My best regards to Mrs. Walsh and the “vital issues.”

Sincerely yours,
Ambrose Bierce.

May 21, 1908.