My dear Walsh,

It is like old times to hear from you—yet like very new times to hear of your promotion in your profession. Yet, 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 make the money all right, and a lot of it, eventually, though I don't see why just plain ordinary gamblng (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 didn'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 of woods lately, but not in Williams street. That lies a long way off my beat. I don't get "down town"—not even as far as the newspaper offices.

My best regards to Mrs. Walsh and the "vital issues."

Sincerely yours,

Ambrose Bierce

May 21, 1908,