

Washington,
May 7, 1900.

My dear Walsh,

I return herewith the satire. It is rather mild satire, is it not? That is, it consists mostly in a mere statement of familiar facts in an historical way, instead of an imaginative way, as in your incomparable skit on female government. However, one does not always do thing as one did before.

A fault of this—about the only one that it would be profitable to point out—is that the “letter” is not addressed in all its parts to the same person or persons. Sometimes it is to Satan, sometimes to the writer’s “readers” sometimes to his “fellow devils” (which may be, though, the same persons) again to Mammon, &c. I think you should always address the same person. Preferably not Satan, who may be supposed to know all about the conditions which he brings about.

I supposed that in the passage marked [“vertical squiggly line”] you took a hack at some enemy in your former environment; if in your present I advise you not to put your name to the work.

I was in New York a few weeks ago, but could not look you up.

Luck to you and peace.
A.B.