

March 24, 1901.

Dear Walsh,

Cosgrave, of "Everybody's Magazine," was in today and looked through all your sketches. Those that he (and I) liked best he thinks too unrespectable of religion—or what passes as such—for a magazine bearing the imprint of John Wanamaker.

J.W. carries piety into every detail of all his business.

My boy is, I hope, out of immediate danger now. I've gone through a bit of anxiety and all that since I saw you—O, quite a lot of it. Before leaving town I shall try to have an hour or two with you (if we don't go to Mahwah) to talk over the stories.

Sincerely yours,  
Ambrose Bierce.