Los Gatos, Cal.,
Jan. 19, 1897,

My dear Walsh,

I have at last opened my boxes and dug up these stories. Of course I can not write a criticism of them—The remarks I have put on them need no explanation, I think — anyhow the fault...
They indicate are very trivial.

Of the baby story I may say that if I were an editor I should not feel it. Readers will not have more than brief references to pre-natal matters, and the “blaggry” termination is more disagreeable than anticrice.

The other story is better. Though it has, I think, this fault. The term “blaspheming Jew,” as used by Shakespeare, is generic—a any Jew’s hire would have served the
old bookworm's purpose, so, being a commentator, he would naturally know. The blasphemy consists in denying Christ's divinity. The "general wonder", however, would not know that, and the story would "go" with him.

Did I thank you for the card of Lily's birth? I cannot put her epitaph on the stone — they would not let me; so the only inscription will be:

"Lily Walsh
1872 - 1895"

You will, I hope, not be sorry to hear that I
I have renewed my health.

I cannot deliver your tender message to Mrs. McEnery, for I never see her; but I see Mr. Hirschberg frequently, and shall always overwhelm her with evidences of your good will—so long as the supply lasts; and then I'll invent more.

Sincerely yours,

Anastasie Alcide

P.S. I forgot to say that you can easily become a first-rate story writer—no, not "easily," but none the less certainly.