

4776



31st Jan
1907

My dearest Pippa

I have just got
a wire from Rome to
say its a boy and both
well - Such a relief -
I became panic stricken
at the last minute and
telegraphed to you - She
is so alone, poor little
thing; and I was so



worries about all the
arrangements being right -

I can't write any more

just now, dearest creature,

I'm in such a whirl -

Your loving

Andrew Carnegie

Do write to me and tell

me everything you can about

how she is -