

(From Pierre Marie to W. O.)  
translation

209 Boulevard St. Germain,  
Paris, France.  
May 10, 1904.

My dear Colleague:

I have been meaning to write to you for many weeks, to tell you how touched I have been by your kind attention. I am convinced that American apples are the best in the world. What an admirable country it is, where things and men are equally excellent!

We have thought a great deal about you at the time of the great conflagration, and of the perturbation it must have caused in the entire social and scientific life of your beautiful city. The essential fact is that no accident occurred to your own family; the rest, in comparison, is a small matter.

Everything here is going on as usual, - I had the pleasure of seeing your medallion at the Salon, it was beside that of Madame Waldeck-Rousseau and of her son. Both the medallions seemed to me very good likenesses, and I expect that this is the opinion that you also hear expressed on all sides, if I can judge by the pleasure I had in discovering you in this setting.

Be assured, my dear colleague, of my affectionate and devoted sentiments.

Pierre Marie.