

Typed by C. Tupper

Ida P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
May 2, 1946

(Letter from Ida Tarbell
to her family. Saturday Eve, 9:30
Nov. 11, 1893.)

In margin at the head of the letter: "That's for father"^I

LOLT My Dear Family:-

I have been spending all the week on the top of Mount Blanc and I have slid down long enough to write you "aline." Do not be startled. Its only my imagination that being up. My body has staid in Paris. I am doing McClure an article on the new observatory that Janssen has just finished there and I have lived in the clouds in the face of a glacier since I began. Its a mighty interesting subject, but its no "fun." The idea of my having the audacity to write articles on scientific enterprises makes me blush and yet this is the fifth I have done for the little magazine and I have two more ordered. They nearly kill me to be candid. I used, when I was in college to have the notion that I would "make a specialty" of science, but like all my specialties something knocked it out of place. Now I'm going back to the principals Prof. Tingley pounded into my head at Allegheny. Thank fortune I do have a few dim notions left, but they are not sufficient to save me from fear and trembling and sweat of the brow in writing.

This observatory is a great thing. Think of it - a little lame man, 70 years old, has persuaded the rich scientists over here to put it up. He has been up three times himself to make investigations and at last has his little house planted 15000 feet above the sea on a snow bank. I went to see him last Sunday - these French savants all receive on Sunday. He lives out at Mendon in all that left of an old chateau - where the government has put up a big observatory for him. The place he lives in dates from the 16th century. The stairs are narrow - the rooms low and ev rything dates "away back." He received me kindly and said that I should have all the data I wanted. For half an hour he

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Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
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(Letter from Ida Tarbell
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trotted around gathering up pamphlets & photographs & spending his
wife and bonne to hunt things for me. I went back to town with my arms
full and I have spent the week cramming it.

105T Things, you see, are busy enough if they dont pay. I really think
some day I'll get started (dont laugh at me, I really do.) I feel so
mean yet over having to ask you folks to "help me through the winter"
that I dont know what to do. Don't lose your patience with me. I be-
lieve it is going to work around so that I shall have magazine work enough
to keep me entirely. McClure I am solid with. They do not pay me very
well - not so well as they promised to. I had a letter today with pay
for two articles - \$35.00 a piece - he promised \$50.00. Mr. McClure
said he wished he could do better by me and that he would as soon as he
could get fairly settled. It's a big thing to have a chance to get in
solidly with them, if I cannot do more, for it will "advertise me" so
to speak, and they bound to succeed and I'll have a show in the future,
a better one because they regard me as a real friend. I know both Mr.
McClure and Mr. Jaccaci do that. Then with the Scribner's I'm on my
good footing. I have a plan for another article for them which they
"approve" and which I shall do this winter. Its terribly hard - a
study of the early maps of America made by Frenchmen; and I feel quite
confident of a book, if its ever done.

Have you seen the New England Magazine, Nov. No. I received it to
day. My article has the first place and I am amazed to find it looks
so pretty. I didn't think much of it before. They've not paid me, but
if they pay decently I'll try them on something else. You see I'm now
familiar enough with Paris and its resources - can talk enough and have
relations enough to get things with comparative ease. When I once
Paris
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