

Typed by M. Cloud

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
April 29, 1946

(Letter from Ida M. Tarbell to
her family, 1892)
(Written at top of page "Rue Rue" and
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17 Rue Malbranche, Paris
June 27, 1892

172T My Dear Family:

Do not be alarmed at the sight of a new heading (it is not the number of a lock-up) and don't be so stupide as a Frenchman would say as to overlook it. Nothing is happened only that we have moved or rather perhaps are moving. The things are all here, I suppose, but if you could see how they looked you would think moving was the great thing needed. We only decided Monday Saturday night to leave our old rooms and follow Mme. Bonnet with her new house, and we did the work this morning (Monday). Just at the present moment I have thrown enough papers and books on the floor to make a place to write in and I am trying to get you a letter while Mrs. Vincent is in the kitchen making up a lunch for a picnic. People who can picnic in the Bois de Vincennes on a moving day don't need much sympathy, do they? We should not have been quite so defiant of conventionalities had not it been Mr. and Mrs. Emery's wedding anniversary and we felt we must do something. We go at 5 p.m., take a lunch of hard boiled eggs, cold ham, English bread and butter, strawberries and radishes, not bad is it? The bread is really quite homelike. We only discovered it a few weeks ago. You must not think however that because we can picnic that the climate makes moving easier in France than in Pennsylvania. It is the same back-breaking business and I've been in a terror of a humor all the morning.

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Our new place is a great improvement on the old. It is a brandnew house and one of if not the prettiest in the Quarter. We are on the 4th floor and have 8 flights of 10 stairs each to mount. [Says on side "80 step"]. Our room is large with 2 double windows and a balcony. When Mrs. Vincent leaves I am to have a little room on the court. It is the cheapest Mme B. has and very comfortable. She is going to let me use her kitchen for my cuisine.--I shall save two flights of stairs there. --.

Things are going very well with me -- that is I'm well and happy and working the hardest since I came. I haven't much money but it don't seem to make any difference. I don't believe you would own me if you saw in the gown I wear but I don't care a straw and I have such a ridicubusly good time for a poor creature who hasn't anything certain a year and who lost a good position only a few months ago. That someway I begin to think I'm not constituted with a properly serious mind. We are having a charming time and now that I feel sure you are neither drowned or burned and that there is a fair prospect of Ella's getting well, I'm taking it all in. For 2 weeks we've not been on an outing until yesterday afternoon. Mr. Hazen was in London and we came back only Saturday. We meant to celebrate his return by going for the day to the country but I had an engagement with the loveliest man in France for Sunday morning, (that is M. Guard the director of the University of Paris. McClure has asked me to write him a series of short articles on the education of girls in typical French families and I'm getting material, hence my interview with M. Guard. He only receives callers on business on Sunday morning, hence, etc.). We

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went to a place called the Forest of Montmorency near Paris for the afternoon. The Forest was a flat failure, nothing but underbrush. The Five Spot beats it all to pieces. This afternoon we lunch on the Bois and come home by train, go by the river, 2 cents down, 3 back, about 4 miles from the walls. I think we'll go somewhere for next Sunday and stay over for the 4th. We won't have a fire-cracker but the Emery's have the Stars and Stripes and we'll feel patriotic if we can't make much noise. Please each of you, big and little, shoot off a cracker for me. I shall never get last "Fourth". I went to Claude's a while and carried them some "crackers", and when we I came home, father, Sara, the children and I watched the rockets from the tower. Scott kept up his funny little speech -- Dads "That was a dany dan-dy ky-rock-et".

174T
It is very possible that if I can manage my work I shall leave Paris by the 15th. I must go to Amiens in the north soon for my Mme. Roland articles. And the quicker I go the better. My friends are thinking of going too and all stopping at the sea shore for a few days, if a place cheap enough can be found. I know one artist who gets board at 12.00 a month on the sea shore. At that rate it would pay us to spend the summer there and if it were not so far (Belle Isle on the west coast) I should go but it would not pay with a long railroad journey. I do not much care where I go if it is not out of the line of my work for I am pretty sure I can live anywhere out of Paris cheaper than here. It does not matter where I go as far as mail is concerned for I shall have it all sent here to Mme Bonnet's and forwarded. It will be safer, I think. I rec'd Will's letter last week and the papers. They are wonderfully realistic. I told my French teacher all about the affair and she is

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1897,

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writing up a description of Titusville and the oil business -- very brief -- for a French paper. If she gets it published, I'll send you a copy. She was thoroughly carried away with the story. It is thrilling enough. I trust none of you will be sick with the after effects. Oh, do be careful, all of you.

I'm rather afraid of the idea of Mother's taking the children to Aunt Hat's. I imagine it would be a harder strain than she thinks. The trip would be horrible with all the staging and in a little house without a girl, what would she do! But she may be gone and back before this. What is so provoking as this distance!

Tuesday noon: I have copied a letter for McClure, written up my mail and must say a closing word to my family before starting across the city -- to do some errands. It is very hot these days and I dread going out of my room.

We had a pleasant picnic last night and didn't get home until midnight. It is the Parisian way of doing things. When we walked up the avenue last night it actually looked like mid-day it was so bright and there were so many people at the cafés. We came through the flower market and they were already bringing in the plants for the next morning's market. It was as busy as though if it were day time instead of just past midnight.

I have had no letters this week from home and am feeling a little woe begone in consequence. I shall look for them Thursday.

Before I forget it: If at any time I get out of money in running about this summer or fall and am reduced to going to the lock-up or cabling home, I'm going to cable (or shall I go to the lock-up? I believe I'd rather enjoy the experience). I'll cable one word Haste

Paris
1892

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Digital Image, 2011. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pellerin Library.

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and you may send me \$50. or \$100. according to your circumstances.
I've no idea I'll do anything so silly as to get out but there is
always the chance of accident and loss of pocket book you know.
If I can get a couple of cable be ciphers today, I'll send one of
those to you and use their words instead of the above but maybe I
can't get them.

I hope Ella is much better. Give her my best love and
make her keep still. Let the children run and don't worry over things.
Write me often all of you.

Lovingly,

Ida M. Tarbell

Please send me some more blotting paper.

Paris

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