Typed by M. Cloud

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
September 26, 1945

(Letter from Ida Tarbell to
her family - 1891)

5 Rue du Sommerard, Paris
Sept. 9, '91

My Dearest Family:

It seems a long time since I have written. It is, for I have been awfully busy. I had started about all the work I could do when I wrote last and I have had so much extra running around to do since that I have had to drop letters and even my sleep. I told you I was going to write a letter to the Nichols about the McAll Mission. Well, I have just finished that this morning. It took a good deal of work to get the matter but it is profitable work. I think I wrote you how I met Mr. and Mrs. McAll at a meeting and how they invited me to take tea with them. I went last Thursday afternoon. Found a lovely place on the city-border. A square has been walled in and 28 little houses with gardens built within. It is like so many bird cages in a tower, the cutest thing I ever saw in house building and the greatest kind of improvement on the ordinary houses with their bare faces and many apartments. I was late and found some people, Americans from Indiana, already there drinking tea. A frightful storm had delayed me and they, of course, forgive my tardiness. Indeed, they had hardly expected me. We had a pleasant visit and after tea Mr. Soltan, the financial secretary of the mission, took us to to Gare D'Inery, a station in the slums, where there is a large attendance of most peculiar looking and wretched people. They were

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very attentive listeners and sing well. There is a dispensary here which does great good, having 60 to 100 patients every day it opens. I came home on the omnibus alone that night. I find that I can go everywhere alone even at night, with perfect safety. I don't do it understand or at least haven't but twice and then in the best parts of the city but feel less fear than in New York. I intended making another McAll visit to a gathering of all the children of the city-missions, on Friday and had just put on my hat when our bell rang and I went to the door to find 3 of our steamer acquaintances there. Two of the gentlemen who had been so kind to us on shipboard, Mr. Sisson and Mr. Carson, and the gentleman, a friend of theirs, who came to Paris with us from Brussels, Dr. Van Baun of Philadelphia. The latter had joined our friends in London after leaving here and they had persuaded him to go to Italy with them and to return here. Of course there was no McAll that day. We went to lunch with the gentlemen, made a few pilgrimages in our quarter after that and then they took us to the Eiffel Tower. It was a glorious trip. I have enjoyed nothing more since I have been here. You change elevators 4 times going up - a franc (20¢) for each elevator. I felt no fear at all and less on top than on the second flight ~~which~~ where the elevator runs on the outside and tips frightfully. The view from the top is lovely and extended, of course, as 1000 ft. above ground ought to give. The day was good though towards the east there was a mist. We spent a long time at the top locating the principal buildings of the city and many of the suburbs. I had thought from the pictures of the Tower that I should find it awkward but it is a beautiful, airy structure. The grounds around are also fine, remnants of the exposition mainly, and many of the

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Exps. buildings still stand, flanking the tower with beautiful gardens, fountains, statuary, colonnades and fantastic halls. We took dinner with the gentlemen and came home tired as tired could be. Saturday, Jo, Mary and I went to Pere Lachaise cemetary to witness the services over Comte's grave by the . I wanted to get a note from it from for the Dispatch. The cemetary is a wonderful place. The graves are packed so tightly that you can not crowd between the tombs which are usually little houses. You ought to see the funeral wreaths made of beads which they use, black and purple mainly. I never saw anything uglier. They don't know how to arrange flowers anyway. Make them up in great bouquets as stiff as if they were of metal. But they do know how to raise flowers. We can buy beautiful Jacquemnots for 2¢ apiece. Such dahlias as they grow, infinite variety. Mother would have a fit over the gladioli. We have delicious fruit too. Strawberries are in market, 20¢ a quart only. In the afternoon of Saturday, Jo and I went to a Garden Party given by the mission at the residence of Dr. Benham, one of their number. There were about 200 people present. We met Dr. and Mrs. Loda, the new McAll vice-president from Kalamazoo, Mich. They are young and very nice. We also met Dr. and Mrs. Thurber of the American Chapel who invited us to go to their church for and to their Wednesday receptions. We gave them our cards and yesterday afternoon who should come but they and made us a lovely visit, and asked us to spend tomorrow this evening with them. We shall go, of course, and after we are going regularly to their church. You mustn't think I am getting Frenchy in my morals because I do things here on Sunday which I don't at home. I only do these things to see what the French life really is. Last Sunday we spent with "our gentlemen" mainly. They came in two elegant barouches and drove us to the great from Paris park, the Bois

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de Boulogne. We saw thousands upon thousands of carriages, cabs, etc. All Paris drives here on Sunday. We passed the race track of Longchamps, too, and saw an awful crowd but quiet and orderly watching the racing. There isn't much temptation for an American to go in for there are about 50 minutes between each race. After a charming afternoon we had a swell dinner at the Café Americain, a beautiful place. Monday Dr. Van Baun left us and that evening the gentlemen remaining took dinner with us and took us to the Hippodrome to Jean d'Arc, a spectacular representation of her vision, her the siege of Orleans and her death.

ST The gentlemen leave for London today and sail for America on Sunday, much to our regret. They have been so kind to us. But we are forming ties. Did I write you that we were are among the Egyptians? In this house there are 10, I think. Sunday night after the gentlemen had left Mme. Bonnet came in and asked us to go into her little salon. We found it filled with Egyptians. They wanted us to dance. Think of it! On Sunday night! We thanked them and explained in broken French that we did not do that in America on Sunday. They took it politely and whispered among themselves that we were "trés religiuse" (very religious). We spent some time with them and made the astonishing discovery that two of them are princes, members of the present royal family. We got their cards. An old gentlemen in the company is a bey of great wealth. He has asked us to come to Cairo to see the city and promised to take us to see the Pyramids. We drank tea with them. They do not use wine for they are Mahommedans. They are perfect gentlemen and highly educated. Both the Princes speak good English. But fancy it, 4 old maids like us surrounded by 11 swarthy Mahommedans, all talking, all complimenting us, all vieing with each other to give us a good time.

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(Letter from Ida Tarbell to her family - Sept. 9, 1891) -5-

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"What would the Dr. say?" Jo and I ask the question a hundred times a day. By-the-way don't let him worry you into any kind of retaliation. You ought to hear a young man from Meadville now in Paris set him out. Fred Howe says that the professors at Johns Hopkins all consider him a humbug. By-the-way, Fred leaves us tomorrow, too, and sails next week. He will be in M. in about three weeks I think. I, of course, said nothing to him about the doctor but Jo gave the story to him in brilliant colors.

I am getting on very reasonably as far as expenses go and am getting hold of the work. Let me know at once if the Dispatch begins to print my weekly letters also Union Signal and please save them for me. I think I am going to make enough soon to carry me along. Don't worry about me. I am well, happy, busy, in good heart. There have been nothing but kindnesses and pleasures since I left. Only my longing for you all is hard to endure now and then, and I vow an awful vow occasionally to rest in the bosom of my family for good if I ever get back there. Go to China? I rather think not. Titusville is the only place in the world. Give my love to all the neighbors and friends. Perhaps you better send my letters now and then to Aunt Hat for I fear I am not going to have time to write her. All of you write often and tell me everything that happens. Don't forget to give my love to Lizzie.

Your loving

Ida M. Tarbell

I haven't heard from you since a week ago Saturday and am getting very nervous about it. I shall be glad when you have my address and can send direct.

Paris

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(Written on first page at side)

I forgot to tell you that Claude's nephew called on me the other day. I found him a very pleasant man of about 40 or 50 and we got on in French right well. I gave him the picture and explained all about it. I shall write to him very soon myself. But if you see them tell them I have seen their nephew and delivered the picture.

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