Typed by P.S.Lose

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
April 4, 1946.

141

[Says '93 but must be '92 as Miss Weed's episode was May 11, '92 letter also moved from → in Aug. '92] M. Cloud

(Letter from Ida Tarbell in Paris to her family - 1893)

5 Rue du Lommerard, Paris

2/16/'93.

17T My Dear Family:

I have just sealed a letter to Sara at Buffalo. I thought it would seem ~~mx~~ to her more like having a letter if she received it direct, and now I want to get one off to you between now and 3 P.M. I fear it won't be very long for it is nearly lunch time.

I was made happy yesterday afternoon (Monday) by receiving 5 letters. As I had been nearly sick all day, you can see what a pleasure it was for me. Those from home of course were the most welcome. There was one from Dot who is always faithful, if brief, one from the Chicago Tribune at last and one from Judge Henderson. I am afraid you must be having an awful tight time there on money matters and I don't wonder you think of farming. You ought to be thankful you've got a farm. And Those hens. I simply have convulsions any time you talk about 'em. I have to pay 3 cents apiece here for good sized eggs and cook 'em myself. In the last month I've made my dinners off eggs and oranges, the first because they are cheaper than meat and easier to cook, and the second because they are the cheapest thing in Paris (1 to 2 cents apiece) and don't have to be cooked. Yesterday my living cost me 20 cents, Sunday 13. But it's no"great shakes", I assure you. If I ever get back to T. I'll show you how to enjoy buckwheat cakes and beef steaks, you may depend on it. Mother tells how she was cross because Father brought home beef steak and peas and some other things too delicious for me to write, and she was cross about cooking them. I've reached a state where

18T I can't realize how one can be cross about cooking anything. What I'm sighing for is to get something to cook. Tell Father to bring his provender over here. I'll cook it -- and eat it. But I'm not starving. Indeed I was never better.

You must not worry either about my working too hard. I'm not at all. I'm only keeping things going. I know too well what a misfortune it would be

Paris
130.C.

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

18T
Cont. for me to get sick here, for me to abuse my strength. When the lectures close in July, I shall take a vacation out of Paris somewhere, I think, if I can go somewhere and make money enough out of it to pay me. When the Easter vacation comes I'm going also to take a foot tramp somewhere around the city I presume. So you see I'll keep in trim. I'm glad the Grippe is leaving you at home and I do hope you'll keep well. Sara's case doesn't sound very encouraging but it is possible she must stay. I think I can help a little for Gertrude Lockhart has promised me some money she owes me and I'm going to have her give it to Sara. I've not heard from her about it since before Xmas. It won't be much but it will be a little. Then can't you sell that carpet of mine? It won't be much but it will be a little. It ought to bring $30 or $40 for it cost $60 or $70. Perhaps some merchant would take it. Sell it and give Sara the money. I don't know of anything else unless you make an auction of my rag rugs. They ought to bring something as curies.

I'm trying to believe that I'm going to have plenty soon. The Chicago Tribune used my Transit letter. That makes 3 out of 4 thought? they paid me for but 2. I'll write them that they forgot the Street Sweeping. If I'm
19T patient things will be all right I'm sure. I'm going to get off my new story soon. If it brings me $100.00 like the Scribner, I'll laugh so loud you'll hear me in the U.S.

We're beginning to feel as if things were nearly at an end in our original firm. Jo and Anna go to Italy a week from tomorrow. Jo gets round trip tickets which take her to Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, Geneva and back for $50.00. They're expecting a big time and no doubt will have it. We're going to have a jolly girl in Anne's place. A Miss Weaver. Miss Weed, the young woman who [illegible] in the handsome man, is not so slow. She's a funny

Paris
130 d.

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Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
April 5th, 1946.

19T Cont. mixture. She boards herself and sits in her room cooking applesauce and knitting mittens while mumbling French verbs most of the time. She wants to come in with me but I think I prefer to go it alone until Jo gets back. I'm sure Mary, Miss W., and I will get along and I'm afraid if we add applesauce and mittens to our already numerous household cares, the burden will be too heavy.

Mother writes about Mrs. C's visit and the old père wanting a letter. Last night I took time to write it and about the time you get this, he'll get his. I hope he'll be able to make it out.

I wish you'd send me Aunt Hat's address. I've an idea Findley's Pond is in N.Y. but don't know. I presume she'd rather have a letter direct than one through you. I have so much writing that I can't get around to everybody often.

I did a little sight seeing last week which you would enjoy. Visited some old revolutionary prisons. I looked at mutilated bones and skulls with holes in them until I was ready to fall to pieces myself. These bones are great treasures to the churches -- their principal source of income, in

20T fact. I've a scheme for Father and Will when the "five-spot" peters out. It is to come over and buy in the old bones and start a museum. They'll make their fortune and they can get up a corner on relics in France.

I visited the Conciergerie last week where Mme. Roland, Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, etc., were imprisoned just before their death. It is a dreary place but it didn't properly affect me for I was alone and there were 8 Frenchmen beside me in the party of Andre (Chenier), the poet who was guillotined and whose cell they showed us.

I had a pleasant experience one night last week. Went to a public

Paris
130 2.

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(Letter from Ida Tarbell in Paris to her family - 1893)

2/16/'93

20T Cont.

meeting of the Congress for Repose on the Sabbath. I heard Abbe Grannier, a priest who is one of the most popular orators in Paris or France. He is eloquent beyond anything which I have heard here and completely carried me off my feet with enthusiasm. My next letter is on the Sunday ~~morning~~ question.

I expected to give my talk at the Newell's today but the mother of one of the girls died last week and it is put off now until next week Tuesday. It is ready, for which I am thankful.

I said I had a letter from the Judge. Don't be alarmed. It is as informal as he is and as non-committal. He gives me a good deal of gossip but nothing about the Dr. running for Congress. I can't believe the Dr. will be anything but successful, but I wouldn't be surprised to know that he was beaten in M---. I didn't mind Mother's piece of news about him though I imagine it is better not to hear that sort of thing. I never did hear it until after I left and I have been amazed to hear so much. Dr. Luccock must have been trying to comfort Mother for my beheading at M. when he made that pretty speech. I wish it was all not. A "level head" is an excellent institution to carry around with one but I'm afraid mine wouldn't stand very severe tests.

By the way, don't worry about that missing card. Don't tire yourself out by a meeting. And I expect the misguided (perhaps) little saints will have the more to eat for a week through your efforts. Love to everybody. Will write often. Keep well. Don't worry about me. I shall neither get the grippe or marry a Frenchman.

Lovingly,

Ida M. Tarbell

Paris
130 f

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