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Typed by C.Cardon

Ada P. McCormick
LETTER
Tucson, Arizona

Friday morning, January 12,1894

131T My Dear Family:

You would guy me I know, if you could see me. I'm "bathed in tears", the result of Mother's last letter. When I read that my sweet-heart had broken the wish-bone and wished for his Lady-love. I began to wail at the top of my voice and I can't stop. The onl, way of shutting myself off seems to be to write you. I have had another spell of home-sickness, the effect of Xmas I suppose, and I(sune) last Sunday to get money enough to get out of this in two or three months and get home for the summer. I am in serious earnest this time. I am going home for the summer or as long as you will keep me, if I can earn money enough. I must see the people in New York and try to make arrangements for steady work here, if I come back. Then I must see you and I want to copy and polish up my book and if it if published next fall read the proofs. The latter I can do much better there than here. As long as I stay here I cannot(work) regularly in the(work)as I ought in copying it and putting in the finishing touches. I must before all attend to my bread and butter here. Do not think I am going home to be idle.

Sunday morning: I am making my coffee and while the milk boils I'll write a little - all I wrote above is serious. You may expect me home in May sometime to stay at least this summer, unless something unexpected happens, but do not say anything about when I'm coming. I prefer that they should not know in Meadville. I don't want to be spyed on as soon as I reach New York - and the only way to keep them from knowing is

to keep still. They know I expect to get back this summer; that's enough to say.

The milk boils

Sunday evening: I've been since 10 o'clock at Mme Marillier's. She is lovely to me and the fentleman are capital. There one(and) (there now)who have lived with her for several years. M. Lergnorbos is a professor of history in the Sorborne, and a very bright man - about 40 I think. He's little and lively and so good but it would make your hair stand up to hear him talk. It is like the chatter of a threshing machine and such an ----------. Ther two 132 others are young of about26. M. Mattrieu is working for his degree. Hes very brilliant and the only person on this side that deares tease me in genuine American style. He keeps me on the rack (they say envaleau) in the boat tier) all the time until the whole family "sit on him". M. Lepic has just come from a vovage of 18 months in Malaysian and the Indian Ocean. Abysinnia, etc. He was sent out in a private yacht with a young ----- who was too wild to be kept in Paris. The lady (mother) of the nabob) made arrangements with the government for M. Lepic to do scientifi c work at different points, mainly anthropological work measuring the savages, photographing them etc. It is the first systematic think of the kind ever done. He has brought back a quantity of interesting things, the ornaments and draperies worn by different people - baskets and faince and metal work. He is very jolly and talks a little funny broken English that he picked up enroute. /They all treat me as if I were one of the family. I

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Typed by C.Cardon -3- Ada P. McCormick
Jan. 12, 1894 LETTER
Tucson, Arizona

T take dejuiner there every Sunday, run in often and they come to see me every week. On Wednesday there is always a dinner party of gentlemen warily/mainly - only one or two ladies beside myself are ever invited and I often am invited. A few weeks ago I went and found Mme M. sick in bed. M. Leynubos came rushing into the hall and danced around me with delight "Youtre to be mistress of the house" They thought it would frighten me for they take a malicious sort of pleasure in seeing me blush or disconcerted. There're (were) only six. I got thru so well that they all praised me. In the evening there are always six or eight more come in. I staid in that masculine wilderness until tea was served at 10 o'clock. I then fled. Every since they have treated me with more respect. "She didn't get frightened". It is very funny. I think they regard me as a sort of specimmn, and like to see wat I'll do under different dond itions. They can't get us to the idea of a woman really working. They tell me sometimes that I'm <u>intelligent</u> as if it were the most astonishing thing ever heard of. They ask me the most(unkind)questions about myself. They seem to think I'm a child and yet that I'm very --------, It's too much for them. One thing that adds to the impression of my <u>feebleness</u> I suppose is my French. One is more or less <u>infantile</u> always in speaking a strange language and has the air of a baby learning to walk.

Paris
330.

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Typed by C.Cardon
Jan. 12, 1944

Ada P. McCormick
LETTER
Tucson, Arizona

I don't know whether I've told you about my Englishman or not. He's a young fellow who came here from Berlin with a letter of introduction for me from the Emerys. He's very bright and comes to see me in the most friendly way and I can depend upon him to take me to all the bad places I need to see. When he came back from his Xmas vacation at London he bought me a package of splendid English tea and made me a present of a new tin dish to boil water in. I've a tin alcohol lamp on which I make tea and as the handle of the dish was broken he brought me a new one. I am not so fine and fancy (as) Sarah must be with her gas stove and silver kettle. That's too elegant but I'm going to have a brass outfit one of these days - if I ever get to paying expenses. It seems to me you had a very nice Xmas - it certainly sounds well on paper. But if my sweetheart made you all something he must n't forget to have something saved up for his lady-love when she comes home. Are the girls still thinking of a Paris doll or are they too big and serious? I hope not.

Wednesday. I am having a serious time finishing this letter but I'll try to stick to it now. I have had an article to finish for McClure which was difficult - and I (have) been on pins and needles with it. I think McC. is going to publish soon 3 of my articles. I had a letter from M Jaccaci the other day saying he was getting out the pictures for the one in Criminal Identification. I got him the measurements of the anarchist - Ravachol who was so famous - or infamous - (---) last year.

June 12, 1894

M. Jaccaci complemented me on the article in his letter but I don't live on compliments and I would prefer a little better pay. Scribner's are the only ones who pay anything really worth while. I hope to send them an article next week which they will accept. I had a very kind letter from Mr. Burlingame - the editor - last week saying that he was looking for the article with interest and asking me to let them consider anything which I thought of as a good dec-- for him to say for his very careful not to encourage people to submit work.

I received a letter from Jo yesterday. She's gay as ever and say's she's getting pretty. She told me a funny story about(In's) and how she is mounting the ladder of knowledge double quick. Jo says she's getting ready for the Exp. her in 1900. Don't drive Ins out - encourage her for my sake. She's a type I'm after and I expect to get all my fun out of her when I get home. Just now here I haven't anybody to get fun out of except from Dr. Fields. Last night - an awfully funny thing - happened. I had a call to make near by. It was a little late when I went out and the street deserted. As it was raining I stopped at the door to raise my umbrella. While fussing with it a man approached. I did not look at him. He stopped directly in front of me and said something. I have a phrase I always get off here when any one speaks to me. It means "You are mistaken, sir" and I began to get it off when I realized the man had spoken to me in English not French and I looked at him. It was poor innocent Dr. Fields that I was about to squelch. He had seen me coming out as he passed and came up to speak to me.

Paris
332.

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I don't know when I've laughed so. It is funnier here when one has to be always ready to tell a man he's mistaken. But I must stop. I have written a lot of random stuff. Not very interesting I fear. Give my love to everybody. Write often - Tell me what you think of my scheme for coming home.

Write often

Ida M. Tarbell

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