Typed by M. Cloud

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
September 27, 1945

(Letter from Ida Tarbell to her family - 1891)

(Says on front of letter- "33 yrs. old") (Also says on side "The last letter from Paris" which must be wrong for there are many others.)

5 Rue du Sommerard, Paris
Sept. 20, '91

55T My Dear Folks:

I have had the great happiness of receiving two letters from home this week, the first (Mother's) was the first I had heard for 18 days. I'll forgive you all this time but don't do so again. I didn't get blue much but I felt a little forlorn. Everything you write is better than a novel. It is more exciting to know that another flock of chickens has come off the nest? or something of the kind, than to go out to look at a Prince or a parade over here. I am afraid Mother isn't in a proper frame of mind yet in regard to my late friend, the Editor of Elee C. Don't mind, and don't be cross at Uncle Jessie. You are quite right in thinking that I can take care? of myself over here but certainly it is very kind in Uncle J. to give me all the suggestions his long experience in foreign travel eam has given him. Don't be cross at him or anybody. It isn't worth while. Give the old gentleman my love and tell him I'll think about the "outskirts." I received Will's letter of the 6th on 18th. I am glad to know that my first letter to the Dispatch went in. I hope they'll keep them up. I'm sending them weekly and if they print them, with my other work I'll be able to live and support myself from the start. Please keep me informed of whether they appear or not. I wish Sara would please save the letters for me. I can use them someday perhaps. Did the Union Signal print a letter yet?



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I have written my first syndicate letter on the River Baths here and shall mail it this week. I have had a very interesting time hunting up material for it. I looked up in the Bibliotheque Nationall, an immense library of over 3,000,000 volumes, all that had been written on the subject and then took to the river looking up facts. It was great fun. I hope you will think the letter interesting.

I have had a not very easy week. I have had some trouble with my stomach ever since I came and Monday it climaxed. I was awful sick for the forenoon but got my letter to the Dispatch off in the afternoon. Tuesday and Wednesday I went to the Library and worked very hard, as a consequence I staid (stayed?) in Thursday and Friday, most of the time in bed. I never came so near dysentery before. The change I suppose is the cause of it. Perhaps the water doesn't agree with me. I don't like it and it doesmbt satisfy my thirst, but I think it is clean in spite of its bad reputation. At any rate I am not going to take to wine. Two or three times when I've been beside myself for thirst or tired out I have drunk wine, but I don't mean to do it. I am going to keep my American ways if possible. I have begun by going to church and Dr. Thurber has asked me to take the Infant Class in the American Chapel. (Tell Uncle Jesse that for his private edification). I think I'll do it, too, soon. Dr. and Mrs. T. are very good to me and, indeed, everybody we meet is kind. I may in my newspaper work be able to help on some of their schemes and I shall try to do so certainly. Dr. Thurber has an ambition for a Church House in connection with his church, of which he told me yesterday



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and of which I am going to make a note soon in the Dispatch. By the way if you see anything in these letters which strike any of you unpleasantly let me know. They are off hand but I want them to keep "proper."

I think I wrote Sara last week about the Meadville girl, Lucy Pickett, who is over here. The poor thing has nearly died of loneliness. We had her over to dine with us on Wednesday. We got up a spread in our own room, for a company supper at the cafe is rather expensive and how she did enjoy it! I begin to think there is no place where one cannot exercise the graces of hospitality if they will. Poor Lucy was utterly broken down with discouragement but she has taken hold anew and already has stirred up one opening. We had her stay all night and I slept on the floor. It is terrible perhaps you think, but it is fun and not so bad as it sounds. I like it, too, and I am going to try hard to make a success of things. I don't enjoy the reports of the Oil market very well. It is too bad, but don't get discouraged. Things will come out all right surely some of these days. You must prop up the market enough to come over here next summer. It is not an expensive trip if you do as we do. Since I left home I have spent including ship passage, fare to N.Y., etc., everything $108.00, not bad for nearly 7 weeks. I have great times keeping expenses within 50¢ a day. When I run over I save it out of the next two or three days. Yesterday I had a good deal of car fare and some little things and am 62¢ behind. I shall live on bread and milk until I catch up. I bought 2 books yesterday which swelled my account 16¢, think of it, two volumes of La Brugere, 1790, good binding for 16 cents. This was at a little book stall on the quay

PARIS
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of the river. There are many? several? lots? of them where second hand books are wonderfully cheap. One thing Will and the rest of you must stop doing, telling me that you have had spring chicken and "sich" for dinner. I can't stand it and on impulse may break my bank account "filling up." One don't want to eat over here though as you do at home. You are not hungry. Things aren't so good. You expect to get mule for beef and leather for cake. You eat what is necessary to keep the breath of life and let the rest go. But when I go home! I give you fair warning now that you may begin to put up fruit, etc.

I enclose a little set of photographs for Sara's birthday. They are places in our neighborhood. I am going soon to send something rolled in a newspaper to see if it goes all right. There are beautiful things to be bought, some of them cheap if one had money. The carpets are cheap now as at? the two great stores, the Louvre and the Bon Marche, and there is a big run going on.

Since writing the foregoing have received Mother's letter of the 10. I am so glad to get these letters. You cannot imagine how glad. It is a thing to dream about - those 300 little cucumbers in vinegar, these peppers, that chow-chow. I am sure I shall get nothing like them this side of the Atlantic. Save some for my return. It is Sunday night. We have lunched in our room and are going in for a talk with our Egyptians. They like us to go in often but we don't. The old Bey informed Mary the other day that the young men were all of the first families of Egypt. We have found out that the princes here are cousins of the Crown Prince who we is now in Paris. We have not seen him. - - -



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Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
September 27, 1945

We are having Indian summer weather here - . The trees are brown and dropping their leaves. The fall flowers are gorgeous. I never dreamed dahlias could be so beautiful as they are here. In the Tuilleries Garden the other day I counted 20 different colors in one bouquet. You can buy a half dozen stalks of gladiolas for 2 cents. But my time is up. Love to all. Kiss the children, Sweetheart and all for me. Tell father I am going to devote my next letter entirely to him and see if I won't get one in return. Good-night, my dear, dear folks.

Ida M. T.

Paris
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