

Typed by M. Cloud

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
October 29, 1945

(letter from Ida M. Tarbell to
her family, March 1, 1892)

March 1 ("1892" written later)

118T My Dear Family:

I am writing my letter the first thing in the morning lest I get you none at all this week. I have had a very busy time since I wrote last. The girls, Anna and Jo, started for Italy last Wednesday night (Feb. 25)* I spent the day of course in helping get them off. We went to the train in a crowd, 13 of us, 5 Egyptians, our French professor, the Emerys, Mr. Hazen and we girls. I dreaded to see them go. Anna is not coming back. I have grown very fond of her and it seemed a little hard to break off our friendship so sharply. Jo will be here through May I hope. Anna has had a great time with one of the Egyptians. He fell in love with her soon after she came and it took all the tactics I had to "call her down" as the boys say. She has acted splendidly, however, after her ~~first~~ preliminary escapade which consisted in going off alone with him to the Jardin D'Acclimation. But the other night he walked to the depot with her and proposed. He is enormously rich so the other Egyptians say. She refused him of course. I have no end of affairs to look after with the girls. Some of them awfully funny, some not so. My poor old soul who knits stockings and stews dried apples has had some sort of a terrible experience and she cries on my shoulder periodically without letting me know more than that there is "a man in it." Her hair has turned white in two years so you see it is no light matter.
* '92 written in later.

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Miss Weaver, the girl that came in with us last week, has had the ~~richest~~ thing happen, though. I think I wrote you that she was engaged to a Dr. of philosophy whom she met on the steamer. She did not write home until a month ago and on Saturday she had her first letters, one from her father, mother, grandfather and sister. She was sitting beside me when she read them and she began to wail at the top of her voice. You see the gentleman is a student of hypnotism, a specialist, and is in fact making his mark by his work, which is of the highest character. Now she had written to the family that he was working in hypotism. They had no idea of what it was, but took it for granted that it was a vulgar sort of quack business, and such a chorus of tearful remonstrances. The father said he'd seen a man in this town give a show in hypnotism and didn't want a son-in-law in that business. They all wrote that they thought that he had used an undue influence on her, in fact had hypnotized her. Isn't that rich? She is an fury when she gets angry and she did rage after her first tears. I never laughed so hard in my laugh.* Think of it. Hypnotized!! She goes home the 20th of March.

220T I wrote you that I was going to read a paper to the girls at Mrs. Newell's reading rooms soon. I did it last night at their 5 o'clock tea. I think it went off pretty well. At any rate everybody was still as a mouse and everybody thanked me afterward. I had to hurry away for I was invited to dinner at Dr. Thurber's for 7 o'clock so I didn't have a chance to "size up" very well. Mr. Hazen, the dearest little fellow in the world, a Johns Hopkins boy and Mary Henry's particular friend (you see I am careful to explain that he isn't mine. And don't any more misunderstand about my relation to boys. I feel like that minister up at Wattsburgh who had a hard *must mean "life"

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time over a woman in the congregation and every after addressed
his sermons to the man's side of the house), well, Mr. H. came
to the reading room and took me over to Mrs. T's in a cab. We
met the Dr. and Mrs. Loba of the McAll Mission at dinner and had
a lovely time and such good things to eat, turkey and cranberry sauce.
In the evening there was a little company and Dr. Thurber read
Browning to us. After that chocolate was served. There was a lady
there who had been at the reading room and heard my paper and she went
about blowing my horn until I was "tired." The result was that Dr. T.
insists that I come over to some of their literary evenings to read
my paper there! I turned it off but I may do it if he asks me again.
I wish I could get some parlor engagements at \$25.00 each here in
Paris to read! Wouldn't I swell when I went back to America.
America! It breaks my heart to think I can't go home in June with
the girls but I won't. I'm going to give the thing a fair trial.
I haven't done so bad so far. I have made a little more money than
I have spent since I reached Paris which is something, and I have
gotten an entrée at two or three good places. But it is all so unsure.
I had a letter from the Cincinnati Times Star the other day saying
that as they had agreed to take my syndicate for only six months
and that they would now be obliged on account of politics to drop foreign
matter for a few months. Mary Henry had a letter from the Post, her
one support since she came over saying the same thing. It isn't
anything against the letters I believe, but it is the pressure of
business at home. Mary has borrowed some money and will stay to
study until June 1, then go home with the girls. We are in the midst
of the carnival today. This is Mardi Gras and I expect we'll see

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some lively performances tonight. We are going in a crowd on the street this afternoon and evening, and tonight I am going ~~to~~ with the Emerys to watch a students' ball here in the Latin Quarter. The girls are green with envy at my luck but Mr. E. won't take them. Says they're too young.

I shall send my syndicate on the Sunday Question in France tomorrow. It will come out on the 21st of March. I rec'd a check of 20.00 from the U.S. this week and am to have an interview with Miss Gibson, the W.C.T.U. worker here, on Wednesday.

Tell Will I rec'd his letter last week. Will answer soon. I have had no letter from Mother for two weeks but look for one today sure. I am very anxious to know about everything. Will wrote me Mother and Ella were going to give a reception. I hope it won't be the end of both of them. I thought when I read Ella's lovely long letter that she'd not have strength enough left to do her social duties for a month at least. I'm going to answer her soon. I wish the children were here to see the carnival fun. The youngsters across the street are ^{masquerading? out? playing?} in false faces and caps. I wish I could meet Ella's friend. It must be very lovely for all of you to have her there.

I must close sure, though I feel as if it were a wicked extravagance to send so big a piece of paper blank. I'm getting dreadfully economically I assure you, and I've got to be more so now for our rent is going to cost 10.00 a month instead of 7.50.

I forgot to tell you that I met Whitelaw Reid and wife the other night at the Newell's Sunday night service. Mrs. R. did me the honor to tell me that she would come to hear me read ~~her~~ my

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paper if it had not been it was her evening of reception. They are packed up to go home but are obliged to put it off because of the fall of the ministry. Everybody is anxious to know who will be the next minister here from America.

But goodbye. Love to all. Tell my sweetheart not to forget that I'm his lady love. Ask father when he is going to send me his picture. He promised me one.

Goodbye,

Yours Lovingly,

Ida M. Tarbell.