Typed by C. Tupper

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona

(Letter from Ida Tarbell
to her family. British
Museum. London, March 16, 1894.)

My dear Family:-

149T You see I've switched off. At the present moment I am trying to get over my sleepiness caused by a British lunch of curried mutton and abominable coffee, by writing you a note. My actual position is in one of the easy chairs of the most convenient library in the world, that I have seen. How I came here is a rather long story. The London McClure office sent for me last week to come over and do an article on the telegraph and cable systems of the world and to follow up my work with the Drummond article at Glasgow. I packed off in a hurry so they wouldn't have time to change their minds. I wanted to escape from Paris for a fortnight for a change, to see London and let somebody else pay for it. I packed up in Paris and started over five days ago by night boat. It hadn't occurred to me that I would mind the trip, though the channel's reputation is bad enough. I was rewarded for my contempt of the elements. I had slept from Dieppe - 3 hours - I tumbled into my second class sofa without any alarm but Sakes Alive! I spent four mortal hours regarding the bottom of a tin wash dish and wiping the tears out of my eyes. My, but I was miserable. I suppose it would have been monotonous if I had much more of it, but as it was it was only funny. To see myself lying so low after having carried my head so high was too much for my sense of humor. I should like to calculate how long a sense of humor would last under such circumstances. I found Mr. Robert McClure in the forenoon and we began our business at once. Mr. McClure is young, perhaps 26, very youthful looking and an altogether charming fellow. He had all the letters and plans for getting the information for the article and for three days we ran around together "seeing a man". As our letters of introduction are good we had the best sort of treatment.

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Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona

(letter from Ida Tarbell
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One man of importance in the Western Union office gave us 2½ hours of his time and dictated to me nearly all of that time. Yesterday I went to Woolich, down the Thames with the electrician of the biggest cable manufacturing Co. in the world to see how submarine cable is made. Mr. McC. did not go. The electrician is a delightful man and we spent the whole day from 11 tp 5 in the (?) and on the route. It is 3/4 hour from Charing Cross. He gave me a nice little lunch in the private office of the companies offices and we examined testing machines, cable braiding machines, dynamoes, etc. etc. until I was completely imbecile and couldn't ask a sane question. Today I've returned to normal work and am in the library. I'm installed in a big hotel in face of the library or British Museum, and so am very conveniently located. However I only sleep and take my coffee in the hotel. It costs too much. My lunch I take in the Library as in Paris. You go out through galleries filled with Egyptain sarcophagus', Assynain warriors, etc. etc. to eat your curry and mutton in a funny little room. There's a jolly lot of little cat, hippotamus, etc. deities just before one gets in to his meal and one says prayers enough to disgust a wart ox. It is a great country for the Stomach. They eat most of the time here, so it seems to me, fresh from France.

I went down to Twickenham with Mr. McClure - he lives down there, wife and boy - we had tea served in the morning at 7 o(clock in bed - at 8:30 breakfast in American style, eggs, bacon, toast, coffee, fruit, etc. At one is lunch ofa big chop if you _____. At five tea and bread and butter. At 7 dinner of everything - awful meal; at 10 chocolate, cocoa or tea. It has been rather hard on me since my night on the channel. I have

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Ada P. McCormick
TTucson, Arizona

(Letter from Ida Tarbell
to her family. British
Museum, London, March 15, 1894.)

found restaurants nearby for my dinners which are as cheap as Paris. I went tonight into what is called a vegetarian restaurant - no meat. However, they give the illusion of a meat by warming their concotions. Thus I had tonight a kind of croquette with tomato sauce which they called a steak though there was no meat in it. They have something they call a chop also. Eggs and milk furnish the principal part of the bill. It is really very good and very cheap. But after the tidy little Parisian restaurants it is so mussy. One can not understand the difference between London and ½Paris style without passing directly from one to the o other. The shop windows, the women's dress, the restaurants, everything in fact lacks the sense of order and the taste that is in Paris. Here in these cheap restaurants, you can not get a napkin. One actually hates to look at the millinery after having seen Paris hats. They are awkward, taudy things, inconceivable in a country so near Paris.

I am delighted, howev r, with London. It is enormous and so full of variety. I have seen little of course, but so far nothing very shocking, even the poor districts, it seems, are more tolerable to me than in Paris because the houses are all separate, no hgih tenements, but little 4-room, 2-story cottages, but the faces are painful, many of them. It seems very strange to me to see the children running about alone in the street going home from school unattended, etc. It is a thing one rarely sees in Paris.

Later. I ventured to take a walk in Oxford street alone after dinner tonight and I had a gay time all to myself, felt perfectly safe and was sailing along in my most do-as-you-please style when a big red faced Englishman stepped up to me, lefted his hat and said; "Good evening, Miss," 152Tand offered his arm. I didn't take it and I'll wager the next girl he

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tackled he looked at a second time before making any advances. And this is pious England! But really I ought not to complain after the "attention" of this sort I've received in Paris. This is a great town for ingenuity. I found a "nickel" in the slot contrivance today which beat them all. You know these European towns have toilet houses in the streets where are wash stands, towels, closets, etc. In London they are underground. To-day I went into one and to get into the little closet I had to put a penny in the slot.

Saturday Evening - 7:45.

The library closes at 8 o'clock and I've only 15 minutes to finish this letter. I have less brains than time for I have ~~/////////~~ worked at a dead gallop all day. I'm in the midst of a frightful article on <u>cables</u> and <u>telegraphs</u> and there are statistics by the mile. It is a mighty dull way to earn one's bread and butter, when you have the biggest city on earth b bubbling around yo and you know you haven't time to enjoy it. I certainly shall not enjoy it if I do not get some work done soon. As usual I'm on the ragged edge of bankruptcy and as usual I'm as gay as a cricket about it. The McClure's are vry much taken with my work so they write me. I suppose they can't find anybldy else poor enough to tackle these wretched subjects. I've just received a letter saying the magazine is growing - that they want tme to help them in some big schemes - that they'll soon be able to raise my pay greatly; they ask me what I'm going to do the next five or six years and hope I'm not going to get married andthus "cut short my career." (I wish to goodness I was and then I'd have a notion I had a career). I'm only sure of one thing, I'm going to try to borrow or steal money enough to get to America and see you this summer, then I'm going to

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finish my book. There! If McClure's wants me and has the money he can have me, but it must be for money this time. Before all I'm going home. I dont care a rap what happens. After this positive statement of the case I'll withdraw. Love to everybody. I send some paper boxes to Ella for the children in this mail. Let me know if they get there all right. I'm so glad mother is able to write again. I rec'd her letter Monday and it stirred me up wonderfully. Write often. Next time I shall try to do better by London. I hope to see more tomorrow.

Lovingly

Ida M. Tarbell

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