Typed by M. Cloud

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
May 7, 1946

(Letter from Ida M. Tarbell to
her family, 1892)

("Jersey" written at top of letter)

17 Rue Malbranche, Paris
Aug. 8, 1892

186T My Dear Family:

I'm back again you see and settled down for another year's work. I've begun well and have hopes that things will pay better this year than last. I reached Paris last Tuesday (Aug. 2.). I think I sent you a letter on our last day at Jersey. We started away Monday morning. There is a 3 hours steamer ride to San Malo where one takes the train for Paris and it is as nasty a bit of water as ever carried a steamer. We started out in very good spirits, but it was not long before melancholy overtook us. The five of us sat in a row, too miserable to support our own heads and for 2 hours they only words we exchanged were - "pass the salts." We were the bluest, greenest looking set you ever saw. We did get through without going to the rail, but if I had winked one time more I'd been lost.

We reached San Malo at noon and did not have time to catch the first train for Paris so we sat around in the weak and dejected
187T condition one is always in after such sea sickness until 5 o'clock. The ride to Paris is 12 hours. We got off at 5 P.M. About 10 o'clock we got nicely settled to sleep when the guard came along and pulled us out -- change of cars. We supposed we were going straight through. After 20 minutes waiting we settled again. This time the guard warned us that we would change again but I knew from the look on Messrs V. et E's faces that they didn't care a fig if we were to, they were not going to stay awake to find out where. I wasn't running the crowd and knew better than to interfere with a man who is, so I went to sleep. About 2 A.M. when we were all

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"dead asleep" there was a terrible commotion and out we had to get up. We weren't more than half awake and tumbled out in a fearful state of dishevelment. Waited a half hour and tried it over. At 5:30 A.M. we reached Paris but too early to get into our houses so we hung around the streets until 7, when the apartments open up. I got to my room, had some coffee and went to bed and slept until dinner time.

188T I've been at work since, and think I'll soon be in good running order. My work for McClure is still rather mythical as I've not yet heard from him since he reached New York -- not had time -- but I hope it will turn out that I can get an article a week into his columns, that is what he asked for. If it goes, I'll be able to get on nicely and <u>perhaps</u> get back to America next summer. We won't think of the <u>perhaps</u> however. I must go home next year. -- I am beginning to see how it goes without intimate friends. I came back to a room alone. The first time since I came. I have taken Mme. B's smallest room -- about the size of the west bed room and I shall, am sure, get on nicely in it. It gives me much more time to be alone and will be better for my work I think. I get my own meals, that is until I get hungry for a beef steak, then I go out. I cook nothing in my room but tea and coffee or boil an egg. It does very well now, for the weather is too warm for hearty food. The fruit is delicious too. Such plums and peaches and grapes and all very cheap. I've been
189T a little careful what I ate out of respect for the cholera scare, but that is all talk or as one of the French papers puts it -- "a work of our German enemies." There is no cholera here. I'm glad you people don't

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frighten easily. All the rest of the Americans have been receiving expostulations about staying here, but you people seem to realize that if there was Asiatic cholera, I'd know enough to get out and don't bother.

There are hosts of Americans in Paris now. You hear English on all sides. Mme. Bonnet has her house full of them. The Egyptians are all off for the banks of the Nile to pass their vacation and Mme. is much delighted to make something in her "dull season." She has worked it so well that I'm crowded out of my own
190T room and in a half furnished one. I cannot complain, for the instant I begin to look severe about the discomfort she begins to flatter me about my amiability in accommodating her and I have to subside or lose my reputation. Such a race! They lie so sweetly that you can neither contradict them or be angry with them.

The fashion writer of McClure's whom I wrote you was here is settled in our house. She is growing accustomed to Parisian ways I take it, for I found her in the dining room the other day smoking a cigarette with one of the blackest of the Egyptians. He offered me one. She was surprised when I declined and told me "all New York newspaper women smoke." However, I am not from N.Y. She is a nice girl, I think, but -- it's all as you are brung up.

The other Americans are Cleveland people, very pleasant. They came in a party to which an aunt of Mrs. V's belongs. Mrs. V. is still here and will be until the last week of the month. She is going to share my bed with me for that time. My friends the Emerys are gone. I had a letter from Mary Henry today, the first since just
191T after her arrival. In some way a letter of mine to her has been lost. She is in Chicago. Her brother Alfred has a little boy and she is

Paris
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delighted with being an Aunty. Mrs. H. is with her but in very miserable health. I think Mary fears she cannot live long though she does not say so exactly. The school position in Cincinnati is not yet certain as Dr. Rust is having trouble in getting possession of the buildings.

I received a charming letter from Jo. She told me, as Mother did, about the Judge's visit. I have a suspicion that you people think perhaps I am inclined to join the countless victims that mark his Honor's path through life. I hope you'll dissuade yourself of the notion. If there is any victim at this picnic it isn't I.

So Sara goes back to Buffalo. If she can only be cured! Perhaps if I get to making money, -- wild idea -- I can help her. I wish I could. It must be lovely to have Ella down stairs. Don't let her overdo. Please don't, Ella dear, let the children bump themselves and cry it out, let Will do the housekeeping, you get
192T well. Mother tells me such interesting things about her flowers. They must be delightful. I wish you could see the flowers in the city gardens. They are marvelous now. Paris indeed is beautiful beyond description. I suppose Mrs. Streiter will be here this month if not already. I received a note from a Pittsburgh girl -- Jack Watson's sister -- the other day. She is staying here for some weeks. I have not seen her yet but shall. Miss Varian comes soon too, I believe.

I must stop for I want to write a letter to Mary Henry tonight. Do write me as often as you can. By-the-way, was there a letter of mine in Dispatch for July 10 on the police service?
193T I saw the one of July 24 at the Bank. They left out the last of it, and mixed up the dog and the fish in a frightful way. I suppose

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there is no use of complaining. If one must write newspaper letters they must take the sort of printing they get. Please tell me each time of the letters. My seeing a Dispatch is uncertain and it is the only way I have of knowing what they use.

Love to all. Give my congratulations to Lizzie. I'm so sorry you must lose her. Write me very often and do be careful of yourselves.

Lovingly,

Ida M. Tarbell.

PARIS
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