Digital Image, 2011 The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library.

Ada P. McCormick
LETTER
April 4,1946

Typed by C.Cardon

(Letter from Ida Tarbell to her family March 1-1893)

Paris

My Dear Family:

28T I had a little mail all to myself the other day. I came home tired out and cold and draggled - in a horrible state in short and found Mother's last letter. I didn't stop to light my fire but went at the letter at once. Out fell father's picture. My, but I was frightened, It is so natural that I began to embrace it and to cry like the baby I am. I wish sometimes I didn't think so much of you people. It is the thing I've wanted most over here - this picture for I've all the rest in one form or another. The proof does have some wrinkles that I'm positive are not in the original and I hope the photographer will take them out of the pictures. Along with Mother's letter came that Xmas letter from our Latin Quarter crowd of last year - 2 of them. They are very jolly and tell of the doings of the people. The Vincents and Mr. Hazen are living together in Baltimore. They give each other a character horrible to read about. Mr. H. declares that Mrs. . is "drinking hard" and "runs a brewery" etc.etc. The Emerys and Miss Towle are in Berlin having a rather dull time compared with last year I fancy. The only thing in which they find B. an improvement on Paris is the music. It is delightful to get these letters I 29T assure and I shall save them among my keepsakes to show when I get home. I can not of course buy many things to take home but I do pick up in the newspapers etc. some very interesting things. I'm getting now a little collection of the caricatures in the Panama row. Some of them are deliciously funny. I hope I'll be able to take home a big portfolio of funny things from Paris.

Typed by C.Cardon

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Ada P. McCormick
LETTER
April 4,1946

(Letter from Ida Tarbell
March 1 1893)

I've been having a kind of vacation for the last week. In the first place I did not go to the library because of the weather and my colic but worked in the room. Then yesterday I had lots of errands for myself and McClure. It was sunny and the streets were ~~marigable.~~ manageable. It was the first day for six weeks that I had not spent most of my time over my desk. I went to the Bon Marche (the big store) to buy some shoes and gloves and thread - then I rode across the city on the top of the omnibus. Nothing like it - a ride in the top. ~~and~~ In the bad weather, one of course cannot mount. My, but I did enjoy it. We crossed the Seine and such a panorama! I sent you once I think a long view of the bridges and river. It is about what I got yesterday - only the real thing toned down by a little mist. Then I went to lunch and had a good beefsteak - it being a sort of fete for me and then I spent the afternoon looking up things. I got onto a new thing in pottery for my Bazaar articles. I was delighted accordingly. I hope to get in once or twice a month to the Bazaar. Work goes on about the same - deep into things and getting deeper all the time. I had a visit yesterday - or rather found a card on return - from Arsene Barine, one of the best of the literary women here. She is a genuine scholar and I was enchanted to think she thought enough of me to come and see me. True, I'm writing her up and people are generally interested when they are being " write up". I am charmed with"the descendents of Mmd. R." (I don't know how else to designate them) The other night I went

30T

Paris
249.

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Typed by C.Cardon

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(Letter from Ida Tarbell
March 1 1893)

Paris

with the gentleman I met there (at the descendants) to attend a lecture of M. Marallier a (ditto) descendant. After it was over M. Borgeand (the gentleman) who is a friend of the Vincents took me to a cafe and we talked until midnight. He's very nice. A Swiss - splendidly educated and bringing out a book in a few days now, on the relation of the American Revolution to that of the French. He has asked to come and see me and will be of great help to me in my historical studies. I've another gentlemen friend started. I think I wrote that one of the Meadville profs had come Mr. DeFields. He's near me and comes around once a week regularly and compelety annihilates me with his logic. He's of a mathematical turn and reduces every statement I make to a formula and adduces just the contrary of what I profess. After three hours of it I'm generally ready to capitulate. But he's very nice and kind and when the weather is fine will do to lark with. My little fashion milner is going to Nice for a few weeks to write up fashions as they are to be seen down there. Poor thing! She's sick half the time and gets into such awful messes!

To add to the general holiday feeling I've had for a few days Mme Goinbaut went off suddenly last week. An uncle died. She was furious at him for dying in such bad weather and said he always was a cochine which means pig. I helped her off and I assure you I didn't feel as there was a funeral at the end of the journey. She's an immense character but I really feel like a sinner

Paris
250.

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(Letter from Ida Tarbell
March 1 1893)

when I laugh at her for she's so good to me.

Monday night! My dear family:

I've worked like blue blazes all day (I did not get that expression in my studies in French literature) and am tired out, besides it is nearly midnight. I had letters from one of my steamer friends today. McCoffin of Phoenixville and from Dot - besides three from McClure and Mrs Pratt (the same firm.) I'm gettin in solidly with them I think. I've learned how to manage the pay - send in a bill. By the way, did you get those Christmas journals I sent you and did Sara ever get a roll of fashion plates and magazines? I'm afraid they miscarried as you have never spoken about them.

Love to all the family and will write soon.

Lovingly,

Ida M. Tarbell

Paris
231.

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