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Typed by C. Tupper

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona

(Letter from Ida Tarbell to her family. In margin at head of letter: "Duchesse de Pomar." Britisher

My dear Family:-

145T This is a rather large sheet of paper, but I think I can fill two side of it in scolding you. I am in a very bad state of mind to be candid. I have had no letter from you this week and I am cross in consequence. It is so abominable lonesome when I dont get letters that I can't stand it. There! You might take turns or something. Send me a postal if nothing else. But I suppose you've lots to do and don't think about writing, and I fancy you haven't much idea, either, how much I care for the letters. It goes all right during the day when I am busy, but at night when I am alone and too tired to read. Brrrr ---- But I really write something cheerful. I have something to write about this time, for I've been in the country for a visit. Last Saturday morning I received a visit from Miss Gibson, a little girl living at St. Cloud, whose father is a Weslyan minister, asking me to go and spend the Sunday with them. I was all tired out for I've begun to feel seriously my staying in town through the hot weather and I jumped at a chance to get away. I went out - a half hour's ride - on Saturday evening. They live in a nice little ho se on a hill overlooking the Seine and Paris - splendid view. There is a big family - Mr. Gibson who is never home, Mrs Gibson who is always visiting the sick or dying or just on the point of doing so, Miss G. my friend, who is a sweet little thing that the W. C. T. U. has coddled into trying to convert France to prohibition doctrines and a lot of others, Miss G's brother from Cambridge, the girl he is engaged to from Curton - a perfect owl for wisdom and a beautiful pianist - a lovely English girl and her brother - boarders, learning French, etc. etc. - big family you see. Ever body very nice and intel-

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ligent. One is perfectly free there. You come and go as you like and are not entertained to death.

Sunday we went to the Wesylan chapel which is about as big as mother's bed room and we heard a sermon read. Miss G. and I sat in the garden in the wet part of the day. She is taking a new water cure called Knipp which consists principally in wearing damp clothes as near as I can make out. I tried it moderately with her.

Monday they came into town with me and took me to see a spiritualistic - theosophist - Christian science gathering at the Duchesse of Pomais.. The Duchesse is a woamn of enormous wealth, formerly a leading theosohpist, but not spiritualist. She has an idea that she is the earthly representative of Mary Queen of Scotts and has built a palace here which she calls after M. Q. of S's castle, Hollywood. It s by far the most elegant place I have seen in Paris. The entrance, through an armored room is into a hall long as the M. E. church & half as wide, furnished with marble columns, mirrors and elegant cravings. You ascend a stair case which consists of 3 steps and long landing - 3 steps and a landing, etc. - covered with red plush. We were in a saloon which was simply loadeed with elegant furniture of all varieties - the walls hung with paintings, the tables filled with bric-a-brac, etc. etc. There was a lamp with a shade at least 3 feet square covered with point-lace The ceiling of this room is painted with spirits. In the house is a sanctuary where twice a week Madame the Duchesse holds a seance with mediums. It is not a large room and at the end, in a niche, is a life size portrait of Mary Q of Scts. The room is dark and the niche is lighted from above

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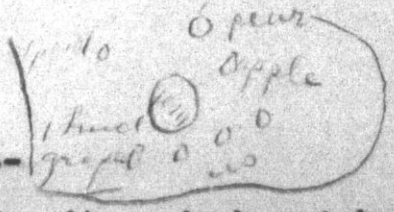
by gas. It is startling in effect for the painting is realistic to the last. There are a number of relics of the Queen here, her missal, the key of the castle which was thrown into the lake when she escaped, etc. In another room is an altar with her crucifix, rosary, candles, etc. At every turn are pictures and busts of Mary. In the dinning room there is a huge stained glass window with 4 full length portraits, Mary and her contemporaries; Elizabeth, Francois II of France, her first husband and Phillip of Spain.

Every Monday the D receives those interested in rappings and communications. They discuss the nature of the soul, etc. and read from the mystics. They nearly killed me, materialistic and practical as I am with two chapters from Meister Eckart. I had the satisfaction of catching two or three dozing in the reading. The whole performance is a miserable pose. They want to appear intellectual and in "the swim" of mystical thought. Most of the people who go are Americans who like to have a chance to tell that they were invited to a literary gathering at the Duchesse de Pomar. It sounds well. Especially if they say she has the finest diamonds in Paris and uses gold spoons. Tea was served at the end of the seance. The table was very pretty. There was a round silver dish as big as a six quart pan filled with maiden-hair ferns and around it was arranged at intervals on little plates on which a grape leaf had been laid a pear, an apple, a peach, a bunch of grapes, etc. like this with gold monogram, on the white china.



I went to see the house with a lady and so didn't hear the table talk which they say is very interesting. Some times when a little crack of floor or furniture is heard in

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the conversation the Duchesse says: "There listen, she's pleased," which means that M. Q of Sct's is pleased. If she had anything to do with the seance, her first act would be to drive out annoying spectators like ~~I was~~ me. It was very interesting however and I hope to go again 147T There is a lot of mysticism in Paris of one kind and another. There is a crowd bent on proving that we have an astral body, which is interesting. I am trying to corner mine - my astral body and as soon as I get my hands on him or into direct communication with him I am going to have his picture taken, for it seems they are so far advanced now into the ways of this spookish part of us that they can photograph it.

While waiting for my astral photograph I'll send you my criminal photograph, which is easier to get, as you can imagine. I wrote you I worked up the French system of criminal identification, I believe. Well, on my visit the chief took my picture in the same way they take that of the criminals. It doesn't flatter me as you will see, but honestly compels me to say that it is perfectly exact, down to the locke of hair over the left ear. For the sake of my reputation as an honest and law-abiding woman, don't let anybody who isn't a Tarbell, see it, and don't let the children see it. They would never want me home again. The article is for McClure and has been acepted. Naturally this picture is not to be among the illustrations.

I have been having a heap of excitement with my poor little journalist. The poor thing is so nervous she don't know what to do and has the hysterics every time I snap my fingers. She has had an idea for months that there are bugs in her bed. (Dont tell any English people I wrote "bug." It is shocking.) No one could find a sign of one but that

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made no difference. She cried and fussed until she was sick and then refused to sleep in the bed, and went on to her lounge which is a little concern hard as a stone. Of course she was all broken up as a result. I've scolded & petted & reasoned with her until I'M beginning to think I'm sick too. Every day she has a new set of nerves on the qui vive. Mme. B. changed her bed the other day, thinking to please her. She came in and found it changed and began to cry, saying it was dirtier than the old one . I made her sleep in the bed last night and gave her a powder but it wont last. She doesn't have the least control of herself. I expect she'll end up like Miss Weed one of these days only it will be the insane asylum instead of the prison.

I had a long letter from Jo last night. She stopped in Meadville on her way West and I got some news. The girls there never write any and it is only through Jo that I get any. She says the girls have all had their salaries reduced $100 a year, and that the force is still small, Miss Noble's place not having been filled. MissM you remember took my place. When she left she said she wanted to tell the editor what she thought of him, but did think it beneath her. So I suppose she had the usual experience. Miss Barney told Jo the Doctor did not intend to punlish my articles. I dont care. Really I'd rather he wouldn't now. I've the money and it came very convenient at the time and I have enough things going to be published without needing anything in the Chautauqua. But isn't it small? When I think of Harry's escapades, however, I dont feel like saying much. He has the worst of troubles and deserves sympathy and not blame. Jo says Rebie was expelled last

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winter from the school in Baltimore where she was.

Sunday: I've not been to church today, but out doors nearly all the time. I have no comfort with my stomach any more. It flatly refuses to digest the mildest portions and I'm trying to walk it into reason, that is exercise. So today I've walked. One can not sit out any more for the weather is very chilly. I've my winter flannels on. This afternoon I went to see a poor old creature in a hospital - a woman of 70 without a soul on earth. Mme Marillier discovered her one day in the hospital when she went to see one of her protegés. And as she is out of town I go around now occasionally. She has the oddest notions - one of her greatest desires is cologne. She told me today that she would have died if I had not taken her some. But it is awfull sad to be so utterly alone. Think of it and be thankful.

Letter unfinished:

Paris
1921

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