Typed by M. Cloud

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
September 26, 1946

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

17 Rue Malebanche, Paris
August 28, 1892

204T My Dear Folks:

It seems a long long time since I have written a letter home and I think it is. I have been so busy getting my work under way that I have not had leisure for much writing of letters. I'm in training now for the winter and if I can keep up my gait, shall I trust make enough to live on and pay my passage back to America next summer. My one objective point in life just now is to earn enough to get home on next year. I'm not at all sure of doing so but I'm trying hard. Of course I do not know how McClure will turn out. I rec'd a very nice letter from him -- the correspondence is usual with his editors -- last week. He asked me for "something startling" for the first number of his new magazine. I'd be more than delighted to get something into that issue, but I'm not the "startling" kind you know. I shall make a dash at it anyhow. I'm working hard writing an article each week for him and to do that means "hustling" if they
205T are all accepted. Bien. I'll not starve and may be able to help the family. All my running about sight seeing is over now save what I do for my work. I did go this afternoon (Sunday) with Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Staly to see a new church. Mrs. Vincent has gone away and her aunt and Mrs. S. stay until the middle of Sept., so I'm looking after them a little. Mrs. H. and I have our coffee and dinners together. She gets both meals and does the marketing. It is comical to see her economize. She goes to the markets and hunts for bargains buying 2 cents worth of potatoes, etc., etc.,

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won't buy anything unless it's a bargain. She is rich and does this as an amusement I fancy for she is not stingy. It's nice for me. I tell her I'm like Mary Ann in Dr. Gunsaulus' epitaph.

"Mary Ann lies here at rest
Her soul is safe in Abraham's breast
This is nice for Mary Ann
But rather rough on Abraham."

Nice for me but tough for her but she keeps it up. Of course I feel like going out with her all I can in return but I only go
206T Sunday afternoon. I work other days from 8 A.M. when my pupil comes to 6:30 P.M. and read in the evenings. My pupil is very interesting. He is a Hungarian of about 25, speaks several languages and is trying for English, already knows enough to make teaching easy. He is a baron, I believe, and a thorough gentleman and aristocrat. I make enough out of him to pay for my French which is something. I'm at French in dead earnest. I'm going to speak the stuff well, -- or go home. It will be worth a great deal to me to speak fluently. I could get along as I am now but I do not want to stop with a half knowledge of the language.

We are hearing a great deal here about the cholera and I see abe by the papers that precautions are taking in America. Do not be alarmed about me. There is no cholera in Paris nor in France save 2 or 3 cases at Havre brought from Hamburg there. There is scarcely
207T any possibility of its getting here. Do not be worried. I'll run fast enough if it gets dangerous. The greatest trial is the water. I do want it so and suppose one really has no right to touch it. I detest the wine. I can't drink beer so well as a Dutchman. Milk don't agree with me. One can't always have tea and coffee and sometimes life looks mightygloom when I've a raging thirst. I expect you'd

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disown me if you'd see me drinking beer in a cafe, but I have to come to it sometimes. Don't repeat that where the Dr. will get hold of it.

Mother said she would send me some Assembly Heralds. They have not come. Don't forget them. I want to know what they've done there this year, if anything. I've not seen the name even in the papers I've read.

POST Monday Evening:

I've finished washing up the dishes and at my desk again. Our warm weather which left us for a few days is back again and I'm sweltering in my one flannel gown. I do hope it will get cool to stay ~~once~~ soon, but when it does I expect I shall groan because of the cold. It is so cold in Paris when it begins.

Do you remember my writing you last winter of a little girl by the name of Schmidt who came over on the steamer with us and was with us in Paris several weeks? I had a letter from her brother today, written just as he was sailing for Europe and asking me if I were to be in Paris this fall. He says that his mother died in July while Lillian was hurrying home. Poor child! I am so sorry for her. She had been putting off going home for several weeks because she was having such a good time.

I received a letter from Mary Henry the other day. Her mother has been so bad that she has had to have a fearful operation of some sort performed. Mary is thoroughly broken up over it. I do think she has about the most startling difficulties of any person I ever heard of. You know the Cincinnati position isn't even sure. Dr. Rust does not know that he can get hold of the school building, though if he does, Mary is to be Dean.

PARIS
216.

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Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
Sept. 26, 1946

It was so good to have a letter from Father directly. I know Mother's letters stand for the family largely, but I do enjoy being surprised with the special ones now and then. I would write more of that kind myself if it were not for the time it takes. I wish you people would write me if a letter on Mt. San Michel came out in the Dispatch about Aug. 28 and also if one on Jersey comes out Sept. 11 or 12. I can't keep track of the letters there save from your telling me.

I must stop and fight <u>fleas</u>. It is a fact that I've been literally eaten by them for two or three days. They are swarming in this quarter. The heat I suppose.

I expected a letter from home today as it is just a week since I had one but it did not come and I shall try to possess my soul in patience. Write me often. I shall be quite alone from now on except the people who drop in for a few weeks and need a little looking after. I shall [have] no other entertainment or pleasure than my letters so <u>please</u> be generous with them. Write me all the news -- not forgetting politics.

Love to everybody. Nobody writes me anything of my sweetheart and his sisters. I shall have to write them especially, won't I? to get the news. Love to all. Take care of yourselves and don't get blue.

Lovingly,

Ida.

PARIS
216.

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