Typed by C. Tupper

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
April 3, 1946.

(Letter from Ida Tarbell to
her family 12th January, 1893)

17 Rue Malehanche, Paris.

(written on side of letter
" first dinner with Mr. Mc.")

My dear Family:-

10T I have not given an account of myself for several days because I've been so awfully busy. I am working as hard as I can and don't get to bed before 12 o'clock at night very often. It is not a bad idea though. It means that business is "booming." I really think it is going to boom. I have finished my $100.00 articles for the doctor and send them tomorrow. I have heard nothing from the first article I sent. It was a "feeler" more than anything else.

I wrote you I was trying to get in with Harper's Bazaar for a series of pottery articles. It's "did." I rec'd a letter from Mrs. Langster (?) the other day saying that the article I had sent her was very interesting and that it was in the exact line she wanted for the Bazaar and that she could use others like it. That means a series of pottery articles I have always wanted to do and some day a little book, I hope. McClure continues to be gracious and I hope to work in solidly with him. Then my Mme R. Don't if you love your own peace of mind ever attempt to study anybody. This miserable heroine will drive me insane yet, I'm convinced. Nevertheless she gives me some great pleasure. I wrote you that

11T the descendants had invited me to dinner. I went last Saturday evening - cozy apartment - up six flights of stairs - we live high in Paris. There were two gentlemen and myself as guests at dinner.

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Mdame Marillier is a Bretonne and charming - perfectly sincere, simple, and very intelligent. We had a good dinner and coffee in the salon afterwards (I wish you would get into the habit of serving coffee after dinner in the sitting room - its wonderfully cozy) then they brought out the mss and we worked over them an hour. The whole family and the visitors were lovely to me. I discovered in the course of the conversation that one of the gentlemen was a Swiss and an intimate friend of my friends the Vincents, who were here last winter.

The Marillards are coming tomorrow to take me to see the "only authentic" portraits of Mme R. I am going to have them photographed for my article. I am giving nearly all my time just now to the manuscripts in the library - a lot of unpublished letters, etc, which are very interesting and which are going to give me some fresh matter. I'll write the thing next month. After its finished I think I'll accept an invitation I've just had to spend a week at St, Cloud with the Gibsons - an English pastor's family. They are very very nice.

I've not done anything particularly interesting since I wrote - yes, one thing. I went to the theatre with the Egyptain colony. It was the most ridiculous thing I've been in since I've been here. There is a little Egyptian of 12 years here spending his holidays in the house at least. He wanted to go to the theater and M. Terofig(?) said he'd take him if I'd go too. I've made it a point never to go onto the street with them (the Egypts) but Mr. Terofig (?)

Paris
235.

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Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
April 5, 1846

(Letter fr m Ida Tarbell
to her family - Jan 12, 1893)

and I are bon camerades and I said 'yes.' Imagine my sensation when I came down to find four of the big black fellows ready to accompany me. I never felt so out of my sphere in my life, but I didn't turn a hair and marched off as if bred on the banks of the Nile. They were very polite and I think pleased. They bought me candy and oranges etc. until I was almost sick. One of the company is the poet to the Khedivi who has just come here - but if you could have seen me the center of those barbariahs!

The play we went to was a big spectacular affair in which, at one time there were five hundred people on the stage and forty horses - these latter gallop across 2 or 3 times in one scene. The Egypts take to the spectacles, Noise, jokes, dancing etc. please them. They are children - nothing more.

Did I write you that there is a former Meadville professor here? Dr. Fields. He's young and very droll though clever in his speciality. When he got here it was awfully awfully cold. 13T He got a room without a stove and really froze to death for a short time. He took cold, he couldn't drink the water - the French dishes disgusted him - he didn't speak a work of French - altogether I never saw a more pitiful picture than he. It is very funny after you have been through with it. I went over to drive with Mrs. Grandier and Maud from Meadville last week - they are miserable too. People come abroad to enjoy themselves in a

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Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
April 5, 1946

Letter from Ida Tarbell
to her family - Jan 12, 1893

in a pension miss their calling.

I am giving my stamps to a little French boy. I told him this fellow was Franklin and I dont knowif I'm right.

Who is the gentleman on our 1 cent stamp? Who is he on the 3 cent? Could you send me a can celled stamp for 10 cents or more.

The weather here is terrifically cold. I never knew what it was before to feel thankful for fire and food and clothes, but this winter whenever I sit down to a good meal, have a blazing fire I am thankful in a good old-fashioned Methodist way. It is the contrast with horrible conditions of people without. People dying every day of hunger and cold. A walk through a church or museum is too pitiful for expression. Every corner, every register is filled with the pauvres diables who have no work, no homes. Its very funny too, sometimes to see a poor rag muffin pretending to study a Titian when he's only getting his toes warm, but its the kind of funny that makes one feel like crying a little.

I rec'd a lovely letter from Ella yesterday - do hope she's home. I m waiting impatiently for a letter from mother about Xmas. Haven't heard anything yet. Write often.

Love to all

Ida M. Tarbell

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