Typed by M. Cloud

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
October 16, 1945

(Letter from Ida M. Tarbell
to her family, Jan. 19, 1892)

(Written at top of letter
"Prince Said" -also "Jan. 19")

5 Rue du Sommerard, Paris
1892

106T My Dearest Family:

Mother and Will's letters of Jan. 6 and 7 have just come, Jan. 19, and I am taking time to answer them on the spot. Today is the time for mail and I generally have my letter written before but this week sickness interfered, have been taking a day or two off to get rested up and couldn't get energy even to write. Am all right again. I worked pretty hard last week and felt the effects. There is so much to do here and it is such a temptation to go beyond one's strength. I finished up my new story, first writing, and sent a letter to Pittsburgh Dispatch on Ste. Genevieve's fête. I told them to send it to Sara if they could not use it. There are some good pictures in it and I don't want them lost in the office. You need not send the letter elsewhere if the Dispatch does not use it. It will be outlawed by that time. I have not heard from anybody but McClure Syndicate since I wrote last. He sent word that my first article submitted was accepted and suggested that I write on two other subjects which I had submitted to him. It is a start in a good place as I shall get at least $20.00 each for short articles. Nobody offers me any more money but I live in hopes that somebody will soon. I really have quite a reputable sum coming to me from various places. It is going to go I feel convinced.

The letters which came this morning are immensely interesting. It made me homesick to think of you having such a picnic without Lizzie,

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father getting breakfast, etc. I am thankful you are better. Do take care. The grip continues its harvests here. The excitement over the death of the Duke of Clarence has been great. A great many people have died in the city. Our crowd has been wonderfully fortunate. We have really had nothing serious. Everybody in the house is well, too. The Prince staid? stayed? here all last week and we had a jolly time the two nights we went in to Madame's for dinner. He likes games and we played everything we could think of. I think you would like? likely? have convulsions of laughter if you could have seen them play charades. It is blind as a bat. They don't act the word but simply speak it once in the course of a conversation which for confusion nobody but Egyptians ever can equal. I am growing very fond of the Prince. He is such a simple hearted fellow and it is a splendid lesson in politeness to see the way in which he keeps everybody mindful that he is the prince while he makes everybody love him. I didn't suppose I would ever be willing to call anybody "My Lord" but I do it with the greatest ease. He is very fond of hunting and has announced his attention to go to America to hunt in Dakota. I have invited him to visit us!!! He declares he is too much of a barbarian to visit us on our reception nights. Europeanized as they all are, they, I think, feel that they are Orientals and that with many people that is a ~~sign~~ sign of inferiority. One of them, my "son-in-law," came in last Thursday night and was lovely. We had several callers and he delighted everybody with his stories of Egypt and his fun. We are considered by our American friends very lucky to have gotten into such an interesting nest. We delightful the Egyptians by telling them they are more like the Americans than the French are. And they are! These French!! but I cannot describe them. You'd call me home by cable. I have not been

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doing any sight seeing to speak of. Last Saturday I visited the beautiful little Sainte Chapelle, the most beautiful chapel in the world, perhaps. It was erected by St. Louis in the 13th century as a place for a quantity of holy relics which he had purchased. The court used to attend worship here but now only one religious service a year is held in the chapel. That is called the Red Mass for this reason. The S. Chapelle is surrounded by the courts of Paris and at their openings in the fall the lawyers and judges in red robes celebrate here a mass. I am going to try to get into it if I am here in October. The chapel is almost entirely composed of stained glass, and the remaining framework is decorated beautifully to harmonize. From the chapel we went into the courts. The lawyers all wear black gowns and caps and always carry portfolios under their arms. The courts are enormous and one can wander all day in them. A peculiar thing I noted is that above each judges chair there is a large picture of the Savior on the cross. Hideous! I am glad Sara has gone back to Buffalo. If she can only be cured! Give me her address and I'll write her there. I can't write long letters perhaps but something. I hope the market will do a square thing by you all now that flood of oil down the river is growing less. I should feel wonderfully relieved if oil was at a decent figure, but there is nothing to do but wait, I suppose. Will will have a big thing, I think, if the P.P.A. goes on. Something worth the work he has put into it.

So N.A.F. is married. Well I am glad of it. I hope he'll behave and make up to his poor mother for the trouble Harry has caused them. I wonder if H. came home to the wedding. We'll hear all about

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it surely from the girls. Did I write you that I had a nice letter from Prof. Montgomery the other day?

What in the world was the matter with that Society that it elected me a member. I don't know a pea-fowl from a canary bird hardly. "Some have honors thrust upon them." Yes, Mother wrote quite the right thing. If I get more 50 cent pieces than I need and strike some obvious fact in ornithology I'll send both to the learned body and so make my title clear.

I hope you will have your reception for Ella's friend. I don't know anything new in the line. Don't see much swell ~~city~~ society here except at a distance but my impression is that you will do just as well there as here. If can find any worthier will let you know. I know visiting cards are used as invitations here and that tea and little cakes with olives, almonds, etc., are de rigor. I'll look the matter up. or I looked?

Miss Schmidt leaves us tomorrow for Berlin. I am glad she is going for she is something of a care though very nice. Another American girl comes into the house next week but I fancy she's too proper to "stand in" with us. She nearly fainted the other day because one of the girls was talking about one of the gentlemen being "handsome." Seemed to think it highly improper for an unmarried woman to hold such an opinion. It's a pity such girls can get the money to come over. But there I won't talk about my neighbors. Love to everybody. Tell Scott, Aunt Ida has ~~just~~ read his letter with great pleasure and that she has put it in a safe place to keep. I hope he'll write again. I'm delighted to know that Ella has begun a letter. Tell her to keep up her courage. Good bye. Love to everybody.

Don't fail to let me know if my letter on the Omnibuses and Cabs comes out on the 17th of Jan.

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