

Typed by M. Cloud

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Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
October 1, 1945

(Letter from Ida M. Tarbell
to her family - 1891)

(Says on first page "191?")

68T My Dear Family:

If I can keep from congealing I'll write you a letter before I sleep. Winter has come to Paris. For three days the cold has been bitter, cruel. I have been perfectly amazed. I supposed it was cold here sometimes but to have it below zero in October, to wear all your heaviest clothes and sigh for more is something I had not expected. It is clear and dry but the wind cuts like a knife. It is the most heartless weather I ever experienced. I have worn my sealskin for three days and am sitting in my room now with my shawl wrapped around my legs and Jo's over my head. You see we have nothing but a little grate and there is no such thing as making fire enough to be really warm. We'll get used to it though. Everybody does.

I have been having a rather busy Sunday. This morning I went over the river to Dr. Thurber's church and staid to S.S. I am to take the children next Sunday and I wanted to get initiated. They have had a lovely teacher. A Mrs. Harris, wife of a prof. from Nashville, Tenn. She leaves this week for Rome. Dr. and Mrs. T. were lovely to me and introduced me to a host of people. I have to stay over from the time church is out until 8 p.m. but some of us are going to have our lunch there and can read and write letters. It will be warm, too, which is more than our rooms will be. I was much surprised to find Mr. Duncan there today. We had quite a visit though both of us kept shy of Meadville. He came last night to join his family whom he had not seen for 15 months. They were intending to go to Constanti-

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nople and Palestine but the ? has shut those countries up and they are going to Italy and Egypt instead. Dr. Duncan was very kind and offered to help me get work if I wanted it. I told him I wanted all I could get and he promised to look after me when he returned in January.

I have not heard from any of my letters yet excepting the Dispatch. I sent off my second letter yesterday. It is to come out on the 15th of Nov. I had a great time getting my pictures. These miserable Frenchmen never keep their engagements and I waited nearly a week after my letters were all ready for pictures ordered several days before I needed them. Nobody does anything on time here, and they all laugh at the Americans for being so prompt. I shall send the Dispatch a letter every other week, I think, and am going to try to get the McClure Syndicate to take monthly letters. Monday Evening.

I went to bed just there with my bed slippers on to get warm. I am glad to say it is warmer a little today. We are going to have a stove, ^{can?} and buy one for a dollar, \$1.00. Think of that! Somethings are cheap in France. They are little sheet iron affairs and do not burn nearly so much coal. There are several lovely things I ought to tell you about. Last week, Wednesday, we went by special invitation to Dr. Thurber's for a musical. It was delightful. A French girl who has taken all the honors of all the French conservatories played. I never heard anything so delicate in my life. We met some charming people, most of them ladies here with their children. One lady is an intimate friend of Helen Hayes whom we used to know in Allegheny. Will and Sara will remember her. She is here with her

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son who is studying music. On Thursday evening we always stay at home and "receive." Our salon is about as big as the west bedroom so you can imagine that receiving more than one is a hard task. We had 7 last week. We borrow two cups and saucers of Madame and have 3 of our own and manage to give everybody a thimble full of tea. We buy 12 cents worth of cakes to "treat" on. My pretty lunch cloth that Mother gave me comes in handy I assure you. Indeed I don't know what I would have done without the little things you people sent me off with.

On Friday evening last we spent an hour with the Egyptians. The Prince leaves us this week, going back to his school. They gave us some Egyptian confectionery, very good, and some cakes, very horrid. The latter looked like fried cakes, holes in the middle and were filled with figs.

Saturday we took our excursion ~~in-the-afternoon~~. In the morning we went to Marie Bashkietseff's former church, the Russian, to hear the Mass which they say there for her every year. It is a beautiful church in Russian style and elegantly finished with gold. Mrs. B., Marie's mother makes a regular show of this service, kneeling with the priests in the center by the altar and weeping copiously all the time. As her daughter has been dead 7 years and since is advertised in all the papers before it comes off one cannot weep much with her. Everybody was given candles nearly. I came in late and imagine how I felt to see Jo, Miss H. and Miss T. all sitting up straight holding ~~ean~~ lighted candles in honor of Marie. I enclose a flower which I got from one of the memorial bouquets. I did not

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steal it but asked the sexton for it after the service. In the afternoon we went out to Sèvres^{e?} where the Government pottery is and where some of the finest china in the world is made. We saw an \$8000 vase and numerous \$5000, \$4000, \$2000 pieces. The ware is beautiful beyond description. After our visit we all walked from the factory through the Park of St. Cloud and visited again the old ruin of the chateau. I wrote you all about this place.

[This letter stops here-evidently the rest of
it is lost.]

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