Digital Image, 2011, The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library.

Typed by P. S. Lose

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
April 4th, 1946.

(LEtter from Ida Tarbell in Paris to her family - 1893)

17 Rue Malehanche, Paris

January 1893.

15T My Dear Family:

I'm rejoicing in the colic. I know it isn't customary to sing peeans over that peculiar affliction but since it has given me an excuse to stay at home in a frightful muddy and cold time and has persuaded me I ought not to work, I am perfectly willing to praise the disease. You'll see I am not very sick, only in Paris if one has the colic he can't help thinking that if it had been last summer it would have been the cholera, perhaps, and he goes to bed out of fright. I've been drinking water and I suppose according to French ideas that is the cause; to my mind the only matter is that I've been knocking around out of doors in this dirty weather. Don't imagine from this introduction I'm sick. I'm not at all, only taking care of myself.

The weather since before Xmas has been terrible. Awful cold. It has moderated again and is thawing out. It's the most disgusting operation I ever saw here. I've praised Paris (as) and the cleanliest of towns. It's the dirtiest spot I ever saw and I've driven to in March. There's something substantial about the bottomless mud of Pennsylvania. There's nothing but deception and splash and hopeless stains in the Parisian slush. The Seine is frozen and I'm hoping to have the chance to cross it before Spring.

I had letters from Mother and Will Monday and they [cheer] me up for the week. I was really getting worried about Mother. It had been just 18 days since I had had a letter from her and I was trembling lest she was going to disown me for having written for The Chaut. I was in the depths of despair when the letter came and it consoled me at once with its good sense. It is The Chaut. and not the (Gyasticuters) I'm writing for, you may be sure, and if he wants to use the articles for "inflovence" , he's welcome to do what he pleases. He asked me to write; not I, him, and I have his proposition "put down in

16T

Paris

(Letter from Ida Tarbell in Paris to her family - 1895) - 2 - January 1895.

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Cont. writing" and that's all I want. If he does not want anything more from me, he needn't take it. I've not starved yet, in spite of his prophecies, and I flatter myself I've made several connections worth the making and done several things worth the doing, and quite independently. He simply has discovered that I can get along in spite of him and that he must consider my family and me whether he wants to or not. And I am malicious enough to rejoice but let the joy rest in the family. Don't talk about him or say anything about my connection with the old institution unless you say he made me the proposition ? and. And now, having finished the colic and the weather and the doctor, I'll take up something less irritating.

There are "heaps" of things here just now which are wonderfully interesting. One is a kangaroo which boxes like a Sullivan. I'm going to "write him up" as soon as I have time. There's politics. It's the greatest mess you ever saw and if the Republic lives through it, as I fancy it is sure to do now, I really believe the Monarchists will give up in despair. If they cannot

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Paris
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