Typed by M. Cloud

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
September 27, 1945

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

5 Rue du Sommerard, Paris
September 27, 1891

57T My Dear Father:

I am convinced that I never shall get a letter directly from you if I don't write you a special one. Then, too, you have a birthday this month (or rather October, which it will be when you get this) and all I can do now for birthdays is to send my love and greetings with, perhaps, a photograph or two. Since I wrote last week I have been going on about as usual, working and sightseeing. Last week I sent off my first syndicate letter to six papers. Dispatch, Cincinnatti Times Star, Boston Globe, Omaha Bee, Chicago Tribune, and Buffalo Express. I do not know what will come of them, but I am hoping, of course, that they will all take them and all ask for more - which is something like hoping for 1000 oil? wells and dollar bills?, I imagine. My letter was on the River Baths. After I had finished it I wrote another on the work certain ladies here are doing in a social way for the students in Paris. The American artists and students here frequently have a very hard time. They tend to? work terribly and sometimes nearly starve. They sometimes, occasionally, frequently get into abominable French habits or perhaps lose their religious and social ideas. It is sometimes almost impossible to reach them but the kindness of those interested does it if anything will. I have written home about Mrs. Thurber and Mrs. McAll but I met a new lady Friday who does more than all the rest for the students, Mrs. Newell and her husband. They are charming people who have come over here

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into the Latin Quarter to live and devote themselves to the students. Mrs. Newell keeps a reading room for girls to which we are going soon and every Sunday night they have a service. Mr. Newell is to have a church here, opens next Sunday, I think. They were so good to me when I called at their beautiful apartment five stories up in one of the big houses, and insisted on my staying to breakfast as everybody calls their 12 o'clock meal. They gave me steak which might have come from an American beef and think of it - doughnuts! My, but they did taste good. We can not get any civilized cake here and what we do get costs frightfully so we go without. Indeed, one goes without many things which are very common at home, but for the sake of the opportunity one can afford to. Mrs. Newell told me sad stories of girls trying to live here on insufficient food, etc., and working too hard and even at last going insane. But don't fear such things for us. We are comfortable and we do have enough to eat. We are going to be even more comfortable, for Madame Bonnet, our landlady, is going to change our rooms so that we can have a little sitting room and the use of a little kitchen. This gives us really three rooms opening together. One good-sized bedroom for Miss Henry and Miss T., a little kitchen adjoining? opening on, next to, connecting with, the sitting room. We are going to keep house regularly, I think. It will be more satisfactory than going out and lots of fun. I am going to give one evening Monday Morning. I stopped there yesterday to get ready to go to the McAll Mission. I am going to give one evening a week to the Mission in what do you suppose? Playing a little organ. To think I should come to Paris to use my musical education! I am glad that all the money you spent on it is not going entirely to waste. If I can help

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these devoted people make their meetings among the wretched poor here any pleasanter, certainly my poor playing will be of some service at last. After our dinner last night we went to the Newell's evening service in the Girls' Reading Room. Mr. Newell was ill but they had a service of song. There were nearly 100 Americans present most of them young girls. After the service everybody was given a glass of lemonade and a piece of cake and I suspect some of the girls had come to get that. Mrs. Newell had told Mrs. Hinsdale, a lovely rich woman who gives her time here, about us and she hunted (or us out) up and made us feel at home. They have a free French class on Tuesday nights to which we are going.

I have done some sight-seeing the last week. One afternoon we all called on Mrs. Thurber and after that climbed to the top of the Arch which is one of the wonders of Paris. It is 250 steps to the top and one can see all the principle sights of the city from there. It is called the Place of the Star because the avenues run from it like rays in a star. More beautiful streets could not be than some of these new streets in Paris but they are not half so interesting as the little crooked places where the houses are old and the people live on the sidewalk.

Last Saturday we went to St. Cloud to see the fête. It is held there each fall for 3 weeks in Sept. Such a crowd of venders of all sorts as it brings, I never saw, games of chance, pantomimes, merry-go-rounds, candy men, beer shops, all in tents and arranged in streets. This fête is in a most magnificent park, the old home of royalty. The palace is a ruin - destroyed in the Franco-Prussian War. The fort from which it was stormed is plainly in sight, the largest around Paris. We had our dinner at St. Cloud

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and went on the train to Argenteuil, a place 13 miles from here where there is a church which claims to possess the holy tunic which good Catholics believe the Virgin Mary made for Christ and which grew as He grew throughout his life and for which the lots were cast at the Crucifixion. We did not see the whole coat, only a sample, a dirty looking coarse camel's hair. I bought a pamphlet with the history and "wrote it up," of course, for the Commercial Gazette. When we ~~red~~ came home we rode on the imperiale or top of the car. It is covered and fitted with seats but has no sides. It is a splendid place to see the country but dirty, of course, especially in the tunnels which are numerous around Paris. The Imperiale is cheap, too. Third class price. We are going to take Saturday for an excursion day. I get much of my matter in that way. Saturday next we go to Versailles. Don Pedro is out there now. ~~Will~~

Will wrote me that Dr. F. failed of election at the Conference. I am not surprised. We have not seen Harry over here yet though we have heard he was in Europe. Bishop Vincent was in Paris a few days ago but sick and we did not see him at all. He comes back soon and we hope to get a glimpse of him. Shall not "lath" if I can help it.

I must stop now. I am going to look up the Jews here which have been driven out of Russia and who are being cared for by ~~the~~ a society. There are many Jews here and they are very well treated by the Government and are influential in the city.

Give my love to everybody and see that they all write often. I have two or three photos to send for your birthday but have not had time to write any description of them. Love to all.

Your loving daughter,

Ida M. Tarbell

Paris
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Typed by M. Cloud

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
September 28, 1945

(Letter from Ida M. Tarbell
to her family - 1891)
(On front of letter it says "Egyptian 91") 5 Rue du Sommerard

59T My Dear Family:

It is just two weeks I think since I wrote you a long letter - the one to Ella. I do not know whether I can remember or not all that I have been seeing and doing since. I have been working busily of course at my desk or in the libraries all day for 5 days of the week. I have been studying the Jews, Mission, and the street sweeping of Paris. The last is for my next syndicate letter. The Dispatch people wrote that they had received my letter and were pleased with it. I am not going to send them a letter each week any longer, only the monthly letters and an occasional one on some special subject. I like this better for I can do better work and I want to have time to do something for the Christian Union if possible. I am anxious to hear how my syndicate sold. If I can make that go I shall feel justified in eating beefsteak once a day and buying a new pair of shoes, my present greatest need. We are coming to the days now when it is necessary to have a fire and that is going to be a little more expensive. As for keeping warm I don't believe anybody does it here. We burn charcoal in a grate, but I sit with my knit slippers pulled over my shoes, my shawl about my knees, and my mackintosh on most of the time. You write of lovely fall weather and warm. This has been a cold, cold year in France. Ever since we've been here the mornings have been cool. I am wearing all my woolen underwear, woolen stockings and all. There is to be a great deal of rain, they tell us,

from now on. It rains in the most lawless and unexpected way. The other day Jo and I got into our swell clothes, (a great thing for us. I am still wearing my green suit) and went to Mrs. Newell's Wednesday "at home." Right in the midst of our tea drinking came a pouring rain. Where it came from I don't know, for it has been clear five minutes before. The conciergie always sends me back for my umbrella if she sees me venture out without one. Of course we have pleasant days. Luckily for us our Saturdays have been fine. A week ago we started out in the morning to visit the Luxembourg Gallery which is only a short distance from where we live. It is there that the finest of the modern pictures owned by the Government are hung. How Sara would enjoy it! Both the painters who recently died, Ribot and Delcunney, have pictures there. Henner, on whom the Century of about two years ago has an excellent article is well represented. The original of one of the finest pictures in Will's collection - the Soldier's Dream, by Detaillo, is in the gallery. It is very large and wonderful. There is very little color in it. The whole thing is in a dark purplish light and lighted a very little by the beginnings of sunrise. The faint color of the sunrise is reflected in a marvelous way on the battalions in the sky. I think Will's collection contains a copy of Cabarrel's "Absalom and Tamar" which is at the Luxembourg. Gerôme and Weissonier have each one and there is a large Rosa Bonheur Oxen Ploughing which is a beauty. Jules Breton is represented by three of his pictures of peasant life. You remember that woodcut in the big frame in the

TURES or is this the French spelling?

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room I occupied at home, the companion piece to the Rembrandt's Mother. It is by Caroline Duran who has two or three pictures at the Lux. Marie Bashkirtseiff has a delightful group of street boys which I have seen in a woodcut somewhere at home. In the magazines I presume. Rousseau (Théodore) has several pictures. You will find something on him in a late Century. I think Sara spoke to me of the article when I was home. One of the brightest of his is the "Rat Retired from the World." On the frame is this inscription which I presume you have French enough in the combined family to translate. Call in Claude if you haven't (The Rat retired into a snug old kettle is talking to some lean hungry fellows who have come begging).

"Mes amis dit le solitaire
Les ici vas ne me regardent plus
En quoi peut un pauvre reclus
Vous assister? Que peut-il faire
Que de prier le ciel qu'il vous aide en ceci."

After we left the Luxembourg we went to a new restaurant to which many Americans go. You get a Dejeuner, breakfast, 12 o'clock meal, for 23 cents. Think of us going into a place where there is sawdust on the floor, a bar in one corner, every table with wine and many men smoking cigarettes, but there are lots of ladies, American artists, and then everybody does it. Indeed I don't think anything about it anymore. We had soup, fish, veal and green peas, a pear and a bottle of wine each, for our 23 cents. It is the best we have had yet for that money. But we don't go out for meals anymore except on Saturdays when we are sight-seeing. After our dejeuner we crossed the city to a park, the Buttes Chaumont. It is a new park

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made from an old stone quarry where when the quarrymen had gone out, the thieves and marauders went in making the place a terror to decent folks. There was a gibbet there too for a long time, so that picnickers have pleasantly associations with the ghosts of the middle age villains. It is a beautiful spot now, however. The rocks left from the quarrying have been transformed into caverns and hills. At the highest point is a pretty little Corinthian ~~colum~~ temple commanding a fine view of a part of the city. There is a grotto which might come from the mammoth cave, an arch over a ravine which looks like the pictures of the Natural Bridge in Virginia, a cascade, statues, etc. We staid a long time rambling around watching the people and sunning ourselves. Nothing is finer in Buttes Chaumont than the ivy, such banks and banks of it. It is in blossom now. There is a great deal of woodbine, too, now, red and yellow. I see no fine autumn foliage, think they do not have it. How much I would love to see the Titusville hills and ride with Will to Weiltown or go to Selkirk with father. Tell father there are no trees in France like those on the Five Spot. I suppose it is needless to say, too, that there isn't any man in France like him who took me to see these trees.

After we finished the Park we decided to end up our day with a ride around the city - on the Ceinture - the belt line. It runs all around within a few rods of the walls. We went Imperiale - on the top outside, 22 miles for six (6) cents! Cheap? It was great fun but most of the way is uninteresting as it runs between

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banks to avoid the roads. No road or footway crosses the tracks here, you know. Part of the way, however, is raised on a viaduct and gives a wide view of the fields, hills, chautteaux, forts and vineyards south of the city. Of course we went through numerous tunnels, one of them runs through the catacombs. We were glad enough to get home, you may believe, and we didn't lose any time getting our lunch.

Last week, Thursday, we had quite a lark. Mary Henry's brother was married that day in Chicago. We thought we would give her a surprise, so when she came from her work about 6 o'clock we had a wedding ready. Anna was dressed to represent Alfred in knee breeches (colored under drawers) dress coat (made from a long jacket) and silk vest. Jo was the bride and wore a veil and carried a basket of artificial flowers (one of our Antwerp souvenirs). I was the priest and wore my mackintosh and carried the dictionary. Madame came in to see our dress-up and was so delighted she called us in ? in the evening ? to visit with the Egyptians. We had a lovely time. I showed them all my pictures and they were greatly delighted. The Prince before the evening was over, gave me his picture in military dress, he is in the military school, with his compliments written on the back in Arabic. Won't I parade it when I get back
61T to America? The Egyptians are very jolly and entered into the spirit? caricature? jollity? of the wedding. One of them brought out swords and fought a duel with Anna for Jo. He killed her and became my 2nd son-in-law. Before the evening was over I had four sons-in-law. They called me their <u>belle-mère</u> - French for mother-in-law.

PARIS

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(Letter from Ida M. Tarbell -6- to her family - 1891)

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
September 29, 1945

Yesterday we took our usually Saturday outing going on the train to St. Denis, 4 miles north of Paris, where since the third (?) century the kings of France have been buried. ~~We rode on the train.~~ When we reached the town which has about 50,000 inhabitants, we found a fête in progress. It was morning and no one out yet so we concluded to have our pictures taken. They took four tin-types for 20¢ and mind you! charged us another franc to frame? them. We started from the little booth, where the pictures were taken - I would send mine were it not so villainous looking - for the Cathedral where the tombs are. On the way we passed the Hôtel de Ville (city-hall) and met a wedding party going in for the civil rite. We stopped, of course, and while we stood there 5 more came in. Most of them rode in big picnic wagons holding about 20 people. The brides were all in white with veils and organ flowers. I interviewed a guard and he told us to follow one of the carriages to ~~the~~ a church near by. We did so and got there in time to see the ceremony begin. It was in a little chapel at the back of the high altar. The bride and groom were before the altar and it took 2 priests and a "soup" - I don't know his proper name - to get it through. It lasted just about an hour. They were married with a ring and the groom ~~put~~ gave the bride a dollar as a sign of endowment with "all his worldly wealth." They took the sacrament, there were prayers and prayers and prayers. They kissed the ?, they marched to the altar and back with lighted candles in their hands and when all was over the wedding party was called upon for a <u>collection</u>. Everybody gave something, even the bride. It is for the poor of the church. We had stood just outside the altar all the way through and when they started out, followed. I stopped the last wedding guest and asked him

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to give the best wishes of the 4 Americans who had watched her wedding to the bride and he promised to do it. He insisted, however, on our going into the room where the Register was to see them sign their names. When they went out I, for the girls, said, beaucoup de bonheur to the pretty girl. This was pretty good you may think for one day but while we were in the church there were 5 more weddings going on at the same time. Three of these had large parties and full service, the brides in white. Two of them were simple, the brides in plain gowns and hats. It was exciting for us. We flew from one to another, for fear we would miss something but I don't think we did. I expected we would be put out, but we wouldn't have gone without a struggle - and it didn't cost us a cent!!! We were so tired after the weddings that we started to hunt up a restaurant. We found one and were going in to inquire prices when up drove another wedding and dismounted for their breakfast. The price here was too high for us though we were longing to get where we could see a bridal party eating, so we found a 25¢ place. We marched up stairs to the breakfast room. It was taken. Wedding? Yes. We were sent to the third story and had a room all to ourselves from the windows of which we watched the last of our weddings enter for breakfast.

After dejeuner we went to the Cathedral, the only attraction in St. Denis which the guide book mentions and spent 2 hours there. We went through the crypt and the chapels where all the kings and queens lie and saw some of the most elegant mortuary marbles in France but it was hurried work and we couldn't enjoy it as we would had we been alone with plenty of time. The guide takes a party of 20 or more through and explains things as rapidly

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as he can talk. We saw hundreds of tombs but had no time to study any of them. They are most of them recumbent figures in white marble. The history of the church itself is more interesting to me than the tombs. It has been through all the vicissitudes of the country, now up, now down, and it has been restored several times. In the Revolution all its kingly inhabitants were pulled out of their quiet beds and pitched all together into a common crypt or trench. Louis XVIII dug up the royal bones and picked them? apart and the tombs, which had been spared mainly, were put over them again. Napoleon I and Napoleon III each intended to be buried there but the "best laid plans, etc." We went from the interior to get a good view of the exterior and wandered by a lucky accident into a court usually closed. Here is a pile of the old stones left from the last restoration. I stole (2) bricks. One is a bit of ~~the~~ an arch and will make a splendid paper weight. The other is about the size of three bricks and ? part of the decorations. I got out without being seen and when I have the happiness to get back home I'll bring them along.

We went back to the fête from the Cathedral and walked through, but it was dull. We rode home on the top of the train (to save 3 cents and nearly froze). When we got back we found a pot of bean soup, hot and steaming. I've been figuring on bean soup ever since I came and only just made my calculations realize. We get a quart of beans for 6 cents and the coffee woman boils them for 2. We had all the bean soup we could dispose of and a big dish full baked for today's lunch. You need not worry about my starving now. All this happiness and sight-seeing cost us for the day just 76 cents. Here is

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our account.

Breakfast of coffee and rolls and butter --	6 cents
Paper - Digaro	3 "
Tram to St. Denis	9 "
Picture	10 "
Dejeuner	25 "
Visit to crypt and fee to guide	13 "
Ride home of top of tram	6 "
Dinner (beans-bread and butter, stewed plums)	4 "
Total (for the family only)	76 cents

I say "for the family only" because I am afraid if Uncle Jesse knew I was living so cheaply he'd tell the Dr. and if the Dr. heard it I'm sure he would advertise me as starving.

Today we have been quietly at home save to morning service at Mr. Newell's new church. He has just opened a little one for students and artists near us. It is very small but it is backed by rich Episcopalians and is sure to succeed so kind and devoted are the Newells themselves. It was very touching to see some of the poor, dowdy, long haired artists getting out of their chains and misery long enough to come up to service. This evening I go to the Faubourgh St. Antoine to play. You see I am busy and I am enjoying it all so much. I do not worry much any more about the success or failure of my work. I think it will come out some how if I stick to it. I sent an article to the Scribner's the other day. I hardly hope for its acceptance. It is to be sent to Sara if they find it unavailable. Will you please see, Sara, that it goes to Harpers Bros., Franklin Square, N.Y.? Tell them it is offered at their regular rates for any of their publications for which it may seem suitable and that if they don't want it to send it back to you. After Harper's try the Atlantic Monthly, Boston. After them Lippincotts. After that - well

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write for advice. I presume you will have to apply. Keep account of the postage. I may be able to pay you one of these days. I forgot to say that I had a long letter from Miss Carter the other day. Jo had one from "B." Do you know Dr. tried to bring Harry back, had his office put in order, but the girls said they'd leave and H. has been sent to Chicago to look after advertising. Don't repeat this, Ned is reported engaged to Annie Dain, a lovely girl. Good night. Love to everybody and all of you write me often. Don't let a week go by without somebody sending a letter.

Lovingly,

Ida M. T.

Tell Ella I'll send her photos soon. The place I get them is so far away I have not had time to get over. These little leaflets are from a mission Sunday school. I thought they would interest the children. I see today that D. Dull and family are registered. I think it must be Dan and am going to look him up.

Paris
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