

Typed by C. Tupper

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona

(Postal from Ida Tarbell
to her family. Library,
Dec. 19, 1893.)

My Dear Family:-

109
DDT It isn't very polite not to sand you anything but a postal card for Xmas, but it is all I can get off this week. I'm buried in work and not trying even to say "Merry Xmas" to anybody. I wish I could send you a heap of pretty things, but I shall not try to do anything for anybody, only the Marillier's, where I go for the Christmas watch meeting.

I'm going to fill a stocking for the children. They have never seen one. They use the shoe here. I hope you are going to have a big time home. Do be happy, if times are hard. I'll bring you my present next summer. I am well, very well, and lots to do. The book is getting on. I count on finishing it in March if I keep well. I think I'm going to make a good and permanent connection in Boston Transcript for literary letters. I hope so, at least McClure is going to publish another article soon, in Mc. magazine. So it goes. There are lots of places to go now and I am seeing all I can. Was out to dinner 3 times last week - 2 theaters - 1 to concert - 1 to soiree and to one party (Egyptain) at which I stayed all night. I put this in because one of my French friends said I wouldn't tell my family I did such a thing. I'm ashamed of it, but I had to do it to appear amiable. You see I'm not dying of loneliness. Rec'd word of Will's speech. Do send me the papers (Meadville). I am delighted that we did it in Meadville as you can imagine. We'll get there yet, in spite of Gasticutin.

Unsigned

Paris
317.

Typed by C. Tupper

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona

(Letter from Ida Tarbell
to her family. 6. P. M.
December 31, '93.)

110T My Dear Family:-

It is the last night of the old year. I am sitting over my fire. It is cold enough to crack stones, as the French say - thinking about you and planning to get over to see you next year. This is the third Xmas I have spent away from home. I wonder if it is the last or only the beginning of those that I shall spend. But I continue in that strain my letter wont be very interesting, better to tell you what I am doing than to sermonize, wouldn't it? I've not written you for several days or weeks - because so busy. I've been going various places and working harder than since I came. The thought that I'm on the "home stretch" makes me willing to do anything in the way of work. I am so well, too, that I can work hard. Since my miserable "spell" after the heat, in September, I've been walking to and from the Library every day. It takes an hour of hard walking to go and come every day, and I believe it is my salvation. Everybody compliments me on my blooming condition - in fact my cheeks are red as apples and I'm fat as a pudding.

The work is going on. Just now I'm doing another article for McClure, this time on slight of hand performances - the psychology of the race. Everything is pschological over here and the latest thing has been the investigation of the "soul," of the prestidigitator. I've just got for McClure's a most remarkable series of photographs in which the tricks are resolved, for instance the trick of putting an egg into the hand and making it disappear. The photos are taken 10 in a second. It is most astonishing work and I believe I'll get a good article. I'm doing an article which I hope Scribner's will take on Old Maps of America. It is a splendid subject and I'm "in" with the biggest geographer over here. I'm trying to keep in with the Boston Transcript which is one

Typed by C. Tupper

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona

(Letter from Ida Tarbell
to her family. 6. A. M.
December 31, '93.)

of the best literary newspapers in the country. I had letters in the newspapers of Oct. 12 & Oct. 20, and I think some since though I don't know. Those are all I've been paid for and that is the only way I know. Those two nos. won't cost you but 5 cents apiece and I wish you would get them to keep. I had them but sent them to the people they were about. Mme. Alphonse Daudet was one. He was very much pleased and he wrote me a nice letter, etc.

I mustn't forget to tell you what I did for Xmas. It came on Sunday and Xmas eve I went to the Marillier's (young people) for dinner and to watch in the day. There were several very interesting people present and I had a jolly time. After dinner each one of us had a present and a Breton saint carved in wood, the queerest little fellow you ever saw. I'll bring him home and you'll adopt him for protection I know. In the evening they told stories until midnight and I came home where the Egyptains were having a party. The barbarians stay up at their soirees until 5 A. M., but I left at 3 A. M. The next day, Xmas, I got up in time to go to dejeuner with Mme Marillier's mere and in the afternoon they took me for a walk. They are so good to me there and it is certainly the jolliest house I know here and the most intelligent.

Xmas night I went to dinner with the Southards. They are in a sort of a hotel in the swell quarter. They had a dinner party of 7 in a private dinning room. The dinner was elegant and the people very nice. After dinner we went to a Xmas tree in the park and later to the S's parlor for a smoke (the gentlemen - I've taken to a good many bad habits, but I don't smoke - yet) I had a very jolly time all around and I didn't have any time to get blue you may be sure. As for presents I've had some

Paris
319

Typed by C. Tupper

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona

(Letter from Ida Tarbell
to her family. 6 A. M.
December 31, 1893.)

pretty little things. A little book from Miss Oather, a calende from Elda
one from Bishop Vincent, a great bunch of holly from one of the girls
here, a bunch of roses from another, a box of candy from M. Borgeand(who
is at Marillier, a tea-pot filled with candy from Mme. Mautlin, a blot-
ting pad from aunt Mary, her sister, my saint, a handkerchief and bas-
ket of candy from Mrs Southard and calendar from Miss Gibson, who is in
England. And I have done nothing or next to nothing for anybody. I
couldn't. I sent the children at Marillier's each a little gift - gave
Mme M violets, Mrs Gibson roses etc. and you nothing. Never mind, if
I'm ever rich enough to get home you shall have something.

New Years Day. Last evening Dr. fields who used to be in Mead-
ville came in and made me a visit so that + didn't have time to finish
my letter. Today I've worked all day and been alone. It is a real
112T treat not to be obliged to go out ~~today~~ these days when it is cold. I go
out so much that a day beside m fire is a luxury. A more peaceful New
Years day could not be imagined. It is 7 P. M. here, abo t 2 P. M.
there and you are eating dinner together - I can see every one of you,
from father to sweetheart and I would give anything I possess to be with
you - Boo - but that's a tearful subject.

I've had two presents since + wrote you - a tea pot from Mme Marillier
(had that in before) and from Mr. Vincent at Baltimore a lovely water
color of Mt. San Michel, where you remember we were together a year ago
last summer. It is exquisite. I shall have a lot of pretty things to
show you when I get home. I wish you were all here to see the boulevards
they are lined with little sheds in which all sorts of things are
sold. The little mechanical toys are the cutest - they are in tin painted