

Typed by C. Tupper

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
May 1, 1946.

(letter from Ida Tarbell
to her family. Fall of '93.)

On margin at head of letter: "Hard Times."

99T My Dear Family:-

Not a very long letter this morning. I am just about beginning work and must not take too much time from it. I am afraid my last two letters were blue and that ^{you} will be worrying about me. Don't. I am all right and in courage again. Things don't go so well as they might, but they might go worse and I am convinced that in time - a few generations say, I'll make enough money to keep myself in underclothes and bread and butter. Just now I haven't any of the former to speak of and I don't eat butter. However I'm really getting hold of things and think my prospects are admirable here, if I only hold on long enough. I hope make permanent arrangements with McClure's and to do some good maga work this winter, but in the mean time I must go slow. Its some like watching for oil to go up, but you know oil always does rise when you hold on long enough. I hope you'll all keep up your courage as high as I'm trying to prop mine. You must not rent in Titusville if you can help it. The cost of putting the house in order for renting, of moving and settling at the farm or wherever you would go would cost as much, it seems to me, as you could rent for and then think of the discomfort of it. If there's anything worth having on earth its one's home and for it one can sacrifice everything else it seems to me. You won't be happy anywhere else. Don't do it. Hang on. Things will come straight. They always do when people are "patient" and work as hard to make them as father does.

100T I have not much of interest to tell you. If you want some lessons in economy I might be able to suggest a few - one is pumpkin soup. I

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Tucson, Arizona
May 2, 1946

(Letter from Ida Tarbell
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ate some the other night at a restaurant which was delicious and I advise
you to try to make it. I dont know how they did it, but its awfully
good and I'm going to get the recipe if I can. Certainly it ought to
be cheap. My pet Egyptain came back from Cairo yesterday and brought
me a pair of lovely vases. He's what they call a mauvais sujet, but I
am fond of him all the same. Miss Cone, the fashion writer of McClure's
has come back. She's a great character, but she got a splendid thing
with him and earns money. She's the one who smokes cigarettes. If I
have any morals or manners left when I get home it will only be because
of the revolt / the lack of manners and morals around me cause in me.
I have to hear and see so many shocking things that I am sometimes real-
ly ill. My little baron is the saving clause of my existance. He is
so dignified and gentlemanly, but he goes very soon. I to way found
out my birthday the other day and declares that he's ^{celebrating} ~~celebrating~~ his lesson
on the 5th in full dress and with a bouquet big as a pail. I'm glad
father and Colemibus made such a show on the 21st. I thought of him
but had no one with whom to drink his health this year and I failed to
get a letter this year. Never mind, we'll make up when I'm home again.
Won't we? Love to all. Write often and tell me all the news and above
all don't lose coura e, if oil does stay low. "There's a good time com-
ing" and we might as well be cheerful. The encouragement in this epis-
tle isn't entirely disinterested. Its one may I take of bracing myself
up.

Lovingly

Ida M. Tarbell

Paris
299.

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Ida died Jan 6 1944/336

Typed by C. Tupper

Ada P. McCormick
Tucson, Arizona
April 29, 1946.

(Letter from Ida Tarbell
to her family - undated.)

My dear Family:-

187 I am afraid if I do not write soon you will think I have gone off to -----(letter torn). Not at all, but for ten days one has had so much to do to keep from being suffocated by people in Paris that there has been no time to write. We have had a wonderful fete. Every Parisian I talk with tells me he never saw anything like it, unless it was when the Army came back from Italy. I did not think much about it the first two or three days, but the enthusiasm grew so high that it reached me in my 4th story and drew me out with the crowds. The Russian officers were here eight days and were kept going night and day. During all that time their routes were through solid phalanxes of people who screamed themselves voiceless vive la Russie. They came through our quarter one day and the horses passed the houses on a gallop. The people were simply wild and the officers as excited. They stood in the carriages waving their white caps and crying Vive La France, Vive Paris. Whenever they stopped the people swarmed over them like so many flies. The women kissed them, flowers, presents and letters were thrown in the carriages, everybody wept, etc etc. The crowd has been tremendous and so interesting. The routes of the carriages were always published and the sidewalks, trees, windows roofs, every spot filled up hours before the time. Sunday at the funeral of MacMahon I heard a man say he had been there since 6 A. M. - it was 12, holding his position on a statue where he could see well. The funeral was the most imposing thing I ever saw. It was astonishing to see the quiet of the people after a week of enthusiasm. There was not a murmur, even when the Russian officers on foot passed. As the R's asked themselves to go to the funeral of MacMahon - their conqueror at Sebastopol - it produced a great impression on the people. The cortege was something marvelous to an American unused to seeing uniforms

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99T I never understood before the charm of the military. But I caught it Sunday. One brilliant bit of the procession was the ambassadors of all countries in full uniform. Among them were the representatives of Emperor William in full white with silver eagle on their helmets- the most beautiful uniforms I ever saw. I stood up three hours to see this spectacle and it was so amazing that I was scarcely tired after it.

Monday night I went out with my little journalist and a poor little bonne just from the country and so ignorant she doesn't know enough to look at a thing. To see the illuminations and fire works all Paris was in garlands of lanterns, gas jets, etc. The Eiffel Tower was lit from top to bottom and the fire works were beyond anything I ever conceived. After all the most remarkable thing has been the house decorations - flags - flags - flags - whole sheets of them and almost every house front full.

I confess I have not been in very good trim to enjoy all this. I have been sick with the most aggravating rheumatism - neuralgia - catarrh - cold-in-the-head combination that anybody could think of, but I'm myself again I think, physically. Mentally I "broke-up", that is I, m "broke-up" financially and it has reflex influence. I am really in a dreadful strait and it isn't my fault. I've over \$300.00 worth of work out and I can't get any money. McClure owes me for 3 long articles - orders, and they are, I fancy, completely tied up. He wrote me two months ago he's send me a draft, and he hasn't. Today Miss Cone Bot a letter from them that they were "tied up" and would pay on "publication" for me that means starvation for it will be 3 or 4 months before they publish another article of mine. I have put Mme Bonnet off with my rent and the other day BOT went to the pawn shop. It really wasn't as ¹lugubrious as it sounds.

Paris
301.

Digitized Image, 2011. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pellerin Library.

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April, 29, 1946

(Letter from Ida Tarbell
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I was in a good humor in spite of my errand but was frightened to death before I got out. I have never registered here and they took me to task for it, and told me I'd get into trouble if I did not. Then they wouldn't give me any money for my jewels(?) back until I produced an identification. I was mortally afraid I'd have to tell-somebody and knew if I did it would be a lasting disgrace, but I came home and fished out for identification - what do you suppose? my Allegheny diplomas - thought I might as well get some good out of them. They passed and I got enough to pay a pressing stationery bill. I hope you see the meaning of all this sorrowful tale. Can the united family lend me \$50.00 until I get something? You know I would do anything rather than ask, but I'm discouraged and confess I don't care about starvin here. I want to go to America first. There is nobody I can borrow from easily. I believed I was in good shape and would finish my book without trouble, but its hard luck, that's all. I think I'll get my money from McClure without doubt. The little mazazine is sure to live, but they feel the pressure of the hard times fearfully and they have absolutely no backing, but they are honest and energetic and young and they'll pull through. Only today I received a letter from them asking for two long magazine articles, I have written of course, I must have money, but before I get it I may be turned out here. No, no, not so bad - there is no danger of losing my room or starving but it is awfully embarrassing. My letter sounds blue, doesn't it? I'm afraid I haven't much courage left. I have really done my work and I have certainly lived as cheaply and gone without as much as anyone can in Paris, much more than I ever did before in my life and yet here I am borrowing from you, who I know are hard pressed, too. I hate it awfully

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but I can't help it. My work will certainly get into permanent form soon. I believe I know what I am doing, but I have an awful sinking feeling you think I'm a fraud.

If you can't lend me the money without cramping yourselves don't. I'll get on some way. One can always run in debt when they haven't another way to do.

I have my Scribner's article on Mme Roland. It was nice of them to give me the frontispiece, wasn't it? I hope you'll like the article. The work is getting on. I am in the hardest part now, but I'll be "out of the woods" soon with it.

Please do not take this too seriously and do not crowd yourselves. I hope before long to be able to "turn in" something instead of taking out.

Rec'd letters from mother and Will last night and ought to be scolded for finding fault about letters. You have been awfully good to me in writing. Mother's letters have been the joy of my life, but she has spoiled me entirely. The fact is that for two months I've been a baby - half sick and so dreadfully homesick. But I'll pull through and next summer sing "Hail Columbia" with you in Titusville. If McClure don't "pay up" before then I'll make him when I reach N. Y. and by that time I'll have a nice little pile. Do not say anything about their being hard up - might hurt and magazine and I may lose everything.

Your melancholy Exile

Ida M. T.