I am giving sittings here at my South Orange Studio by appointment.
I send a carriage to the station to meet my patrons.
P. O. Box 595.
Telephone connection. 3034 S.O.

G. C. Cox,
Formerly at 12th St. and Broadway, N. Y.

South Orange, N. J., March 6th 1902

Dear Miss Tarbell

I hope this letter may not meet the fate of the messages I sent you more than a year ago, I am not quite sure as to dates, but at all events we were pending some of your pictures, which Mr Cox was going to give you, I think for a christmas offering of Dec 1900. I said I should like to see Miss Tarbell again so much, and would like to have a picture of her as I know her, I did not know her when this was taken, next time you go to McClure's coax her to come some Sunday and will make another picture of her". Mr Cox promised to do so, but it seems did not have an opportunity of seeing you; later when he took the prints to you, you had also then, just gone out. He left the package on your desk, but we ~~pos~~ never knew whether they came into your hands, as you did not acknowledge them in any way, Mr Cox often spoke of it & wondered what caused your silence, Last winter, in Feb. 1901 Mr Cox was very ill with grip, and confined to his room and the house, unable to do anything but read a note for two months, and when he did recover and begin his work anew, he seemed always

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ailing and part of the time suffering great pain, sometimes in his head, but mostly around his heart stomach & chest. Some of his friends having died with this same stomach trouble he felt sure he would die too, and often said "Darling, if those men had had the prompt attention and care that you have given me they might have lived". In spite of all my care however, he grew worse and at last he yielded to my constant entreaties and we called in the doctor, a most rigid examination revealed nothing more than the effects of a slight cold caught thro' working too energetically and melting a draft and so the summer wore away with many painful days of suffering and bad nights. Suddenly he brightened up, His sister visited us and asked us when the new house was going up, for we were living here with him, with an unfinished dining room & kitchen out of the carriage house under the studio, I'm not in any hurry he said, We have encroached on our capital now so much that I must get to work again at once" And he did. He I have been idle so long

issued new circulars, had more booklets reprinted made several sittings and work poured in galore

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2

South Orange, N. J., 190

Then he said to me, "Mother suppose we leave the house for a while, and just have a few rooms remodeled here, and we will take the horses out and build a small new barn for them, and you & I can be together all the time - I was only too glad to acquiesce in everything that pleased him, so in the midst of our work he began to design & make plans; everything went all right, "Money made the mare go". and Christmas eve found us all happy in our almost finished new quarters, which the girls decorated beautifully, all our photographic work was finished & sent home. He & I worked sometimes night and day for some three months or so earlier in the year he had been very cross & irritable but now he was full of smiles and singing all the time, what a lovely Christmas we were going to have; It was 1:00 a.m and giving each other Christmas greetings we all lay down on the various beds & sofas for the whole family was there including a married

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son. At about 4,30 or 5 a.m. we were aroused by Jim boy still singing hymns and found him on a very tall step ladder decorating the outside of the house. We coaxed him in but from that day my Geo. was gone to me — He was in the best of Spirits, and remained so, all his pains were forgotten, One day he was quite ill and said I was insane and begged them to put me away and for three days would have nothing to say to me, and he said I was going to kill him. then he seemed to miss me and sent for me, and we had a few happy hours together, but they had to take him away at last, and his dear happy face went away to answer a bogus telegram that was used to lure him into an insane asylum! It is a beautiful place, no County institution, and he, with six others, enjoy private well furnished rooms, he has a special nurse, He soon realized where he was and wrote me a few heartrending letters, but after a time calmed down and became so rational that they let me make him a long visit, oh what a happy time we had I forgot all my past suffering & tears

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5

South Orange, N. J., 190

I only knew that I had him again and that he talked, a little excited sometimes, but on the whole quiet and sensible, Oh how glad I was that he was in such a lovely congenial place we talked and laughed, and he planned how we'd just work "allways together" when he came home. Then he wanted to know how long he must still remain, would I stay with him a day or two, or should he go back with me? No? Then all was changed! he bade me go & obey at last, but said I would never see him again and then they said in their letter to me. "He was much unsettled & quite sick a day or so, but has now fully recovered and is once more in his former quiet contented state of mind. but for some time longer visits must be discontinued
His next letter was very shaky and he wrote only a sentence apart from the real- "Be a dear sensible girl, the roads are now open to Philadelphia & to New York" —
I wrote him a jolly letter and sent him some new clothes, and told him I would visit him soon
he wrote me a long letter

to day of 9 pages 7 of which are devoted to the names of about 50 of our patrons and what ~~that~~ they had said to him & of him. This was to prove to me that in remembering these things, he was "all right", but the letter was so misspelled & incoherent that I am just heartbroken. I had such hopes last month but now I am quite hopeless. If you only knew how I suffer, a pile of negatives put out for printing are just where he put them, and so it is all through his studio. It was all so sudden, and I miss him so. I am much older than he, but as I was always nervous & delicate he grew stronger as he grew older and so he was a stay & prop such as few husbands are. Please pardon me for telling you so much, but he always like & you so, and said you had such confidence in him (and he was worthy of it) He often mentions you in his letters and I think if you only sent him a message it would please him. Now Mrs Isabelle won't you write to me and some time, when you can, come & see me? I live here alone with my little girl & boy, not even a servant, only young daughter in law. a reg. happy country girl, comes over sometimes and spends a week with me. Dot & Imogie are at Princeton, & one boy is working & one is married. and I have no other relatives, Now goodnight

I hope this will reach you and you will answer it

Yours sincerely & sorrowfully

Milly G. Cox.

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