

Typed by C. Tupper

Ada P. McCormick  
Tucson, Arizona  
April 23, 1946

(Letters from Ida Tarbell  
to her family - 1893)  
Summer

70T My Dear Family or "My Dear Loves" as a man whose letters I read to-day began all his epistles - as he lived 100 years ago I don't suppose I have any right to copy him.

I ought to have written you by the last steamer for I sent a very bad tempered postal card Tuesday and Thursday I had a lovely long letter from Mother. I had worried myself into a fine nervous state over you and if you could see the galley of possible accidents which I had filled up you would wonder if I am really in my right mind. Mother's letter put me into a calm. When people have the happiness to have fruit to put up, pickles to make and garden "sass" to pull, when Ella is home and Sara visiting and father and mother going out to dinner and the children well and Will busy I'm not going to "stew". You have no idea how I enjoyed the letter. I was going out to my work when the conciergie gave it to me and I stopped in the Garden (Luxemb<sup>9</sup>ouy) to read it. The Garden is beautiful now and the

71T atmosphere is so misty and soft now - almost like our Indian summer - I got more comfort out of the thought of you all well and busy than anything that I could have had in the world. By the time I get off home I shall be in such a state of maudlin sentiment over you that I wont dare go home on lanfing. I'd be a good deal more comfortable if I didn't care anything about you!

Sunday Evening: I've been having a lazy day. Did not wake up until eight thirty, did not have any coffee until nine-thirty. I didn't go to church. I've done nothing but take a long walk alone in the Jardin des Plants. I like to go down there sometimes to see the children. They do enjoy the animals so. There are several bear pits and they hang over the railings throwing the big fellos cakes and

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and bread and calling "faites le beau", which means perform. The bears sit up and let the youngsters throw bread into their mouths and they wont get down either as long as the morsels fall through, of course half of them fall on the ground instead of into their mouths.

72T There are high poles with cross bars in the pits and some times they mount these poles. The kangaroos and red legged flamingoes are what I go to see. There is nothing in Paris which will cure me of blues so quick as seeing a kangaroo hop. I wish you could see these people here on Sunday. I saw thousands today for I was in a workingman's quarter and actually I saw but two who had drunk too much. I didn't hear one cross word or see one vulgar act. I came through what is said to be the "Worst street in Paris" and while it was dark and dirty everybody was sober and three girls of twenty-five were jumping rope. They are quiet, kind and decent as a rule everywhere. They play games, visit, walk, talk but most of them have been to church once at least and they show their respect for the day by dressing up.

73T they do do anything bad you may be sure it will come on to the surface. They don't know how to conceal anything and that I am beginning to think is largely at the bottom of their reputation of indecency - and my soul; they are indecent from our point of view! I saw a very pretty thing this afternoon in a church I stepped into by accident. A procession in honor of twenty girls who were going to enter a convent (sisterhood), they wore blue dresses and were covered with white veils. Behind them came a ~~delegation~~ <sup>delegation</sup> of sisters, the priests carrying candles - the bishop in a red and gold and white embroidery satin gown and walking under a white satin canopy, carrying the host and

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(Letter from Ida Tarbell  
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Summer.)

then a long file of women with candles, telling their beads and say-  
ing their prayers. There was wonderful organ music. I understand a  
little of the hold of the Catholic church. It is the most divinely  
74T beautiful and solemn service I ever saw and you needn't try to make me  
think there isn't a lot of real devotion and good works in the church.

Later, By-the-way, I had a dish which I think you'd like to try  
the other day. A kind of hash. I saw it on a bill of fare and tried  
it. The meat was chopped very fine and seasoned and evidently cooked  
in water until dry, then put in an earthen ware baking dish, filling  
the dish say half full. On top of it were the potatoes, which had been  
smashed and prepared with egg. They filled the dish and the whole is  
browned in the oven. It is good and a very attractive dish. Another  
dish Mme Marillier serves is good and cheap. She takes a dish of mac-  
aroni and puts into it all her scraps of meat - ham especially - in  
little bits. Then she mixes in mushrooms, tomatoes stewed and strained  
until they are a thick smooth liquid - a little cream and seasoning -  
bake a little.

75T

Tuesday. I think I gave you some recipes on Sunday. I ought to  
give you some fashions today, but I'm afraid I haven't time. My new  
dress is a great success. I took that <sup>brown</sup> ~~brown~~ Miss ? made for me before  
I left home and dyed it green, very dark. It is made with bell skirt  
and round full waist and trimmed with dark green braid  
Everything is made that way this year.



Voiles!

I am not going to get anything else, but shall have my black silk  
fixed a little if I can afford it. Just now I am too poor I believe.  
Actually I haven't but 15 Fra and I haven't had anything to pay my

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April 28, 1946

(Letter fro Ida Tarbell  
to her family - Summer, 1893)

bills for a month. It is McClure's fault. He owes me enough and I certainly shall have some this week or I shall have to borrow. Luckily my credit is excellent.

76T I have had such sad news from Mme. Marillier this week. Her little grand daughter who was brought here a month ago from North Africa, where the father is an officer, has had an operation in the hospital at Lyons. Mme M says "a third of her body has been removed and yet she lives and the doctors say this horrible mutilation is a success!" She had an abcess on the thigh - the young Mme Mariellier is back from Bretigne and I go there Saturday to dinner. Tonight I go over town to Mrs. Grandin's for dinner and to stay all night. I haven't been over since Spring and they are cross at me. Can't help it. I don't care to frequent swell Americans here.

77T By the time you get this you'll have the Nov. Scribner'S with my article, I think. I hope you will like it. I am going to do them another for next Spring if I can get to it with the book. Poor Verna Farrell and poor Mr. Wilson. I hope he never knew that the little story I told in my Claude story was about him. I begin to feel "mean" so to speak about that.

Mother's account of her pickling and preserving send me into black despair, all that eating going on and I over here! I shall be there though before this time next year, be sure of that and I'll finish up the first and go to the farm to see the improvements. We'll make a tour, mother, through Erie Co. and see our relations!

Tell Will he owes me a letter. I know I owe Ella and Father each one, but I am going to write one of these days. Is Scott in school yet?

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

(Letter from Ida Tarbell  
to her family - summer, 1893)

Are the girls good and studying hard? Is Sara Home? Write often  
and about everything.

With "heaps" of love to everybody.

Ida M. T.

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