

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Atlanta Constitution.

I've been watching these women—these club women. For a long time I did not like the name, but I am reconciled. I never visited a man's club but once. It was a gathering of very nice, well behaved social gentlemen with eatables and drinkables in the background, but no body partook to excess while it was there. The excess came afterwards, if it came at all. But a woman's club has neither eatables nor drinkables nor cigars. Of course it is a very social gathering but they mean business and they do it. Only a few years ago a few ladies of this town determined to do something for the town and they formed "The Cherokee Club," and soon had more members and went to work. All the members had passed their teens and the married ones had laid by their crop. They secured a charter and then got a lease from the city and the state for fifty years control of the ground between the hotel block and the railroad and adorned it with grass and gravel walks and enclosed it with a chain fence and placed handsome iron seats by the shade trees and planted a beautiful fountain in the center and peopled it with gold fish. This beautiful park is the frolic ground for the children and a cheerful resting place for their tired mothers and a trying place for young men and maidens. Near by the trains are passing at all hours, and our new beautiful passenger depot is near at hand, where our people congregate to receive their friends or bid them goodbye. And the club did it all, for the old depot would still be there if the women had not stirred up the men to demand another. Then these women began to plant flowers and shrubbery in the school house grounds, and next they started a small library in a small room, and circulated good books among our people and they kept on and on until they got a larger room and more books, and kept it open two days in a week and the demand for books soon widened to the country and every week they sent out four boxes of sixty volumes each along the mail routes, and so have established a rural circulating library that has proven a blessing to our country boys and girls, and the books always come back unhurt and are sent out on another mission. Next these good women started a sewing society among the poorer classes in our community and are taking turns in teaching the girls how to cut garments and make them and where they are very poor they give them aid and comfort. It is all charity. But last of all and best of all they have actually laid the foundation of a Club Library building that will hold thousands of books and where all the best magazines of the country will be taken. The city fathers gave them a beautiful lot and if the weather permits the building will be finished and paid for and occupied in three months. It will not only be a library for books but a place for rest for the traveling man as well as for our country friends and their wives and daughters when they come to town. Besides these uses it is intended to have literary and musical entertainments there that will be far more elevating and refining than the average shows that perform in our opera house. These same women organized a lyceum course for two winters and succeeded fairly well, but to send afar off for lecturers costs too much for a town of this size and so they are going to secure home talent and talent from Atlanta and Rome and Dalton and have entertainments at popular prices, say at 10 cents admission, as Professor Proctor, the great astronomer did up north. He told me he never charged more in a manufacturing town and always gave the working people the preference of seats and always had a crowded house. It was a cheap and delightful school to them. What these club women will do next I do not know, but they mean business. They mean to elevate their own sex first and if the men and boys come in they will find a welcome. I suppose that this library building will be the first that any club has erected in the state, and what I wish to remark and emphasize is that there is not a respectable town or village in the state but can do something on this same line.

Now I hear you ask, where did you get the money to do all this? "Heaven helps those who help themselves." Our women began with very little. The railroad gave them \$50 to start on and gave them part of the seats in the park. Then the club gave an oyster supper and made a good little sum. Later on they held a bazaar, and later on a concert, and after awhile another supper, and all along at intervals they smiled at the merchants and others and got some money and when they run clear down they assess themselves and we husbands and fathers have to shell out. No, you don't need a Carnegie, but if you have one great big hearted man and his wife in your community like we have you will not become bankrupt. Where there is a will there is a way. And my observation is that women can do any good thing they combine on.

A thoughtful man who witnessed the laying of the corner stone said to me, "This is the best work that has ever been started in this town and is doing more to uplift and encourage our young people than anything else. God bless the women."

Lord Bacon said, "Knowledge is power." It is force. It is money. A good library is better than a university. Dr. Johnson said, "Knowledge is the wing with which we fly to heaven." One of my boys (Frank) is a civil engineer and built two plants of water works in Ohio for Mr. Huntington. One day the pump at London got out of order and he went down in the deep well to fix it but failed. A second time he tried it, but it would not work and the water in the reservoir was getting low. He telegraphed to a neighboring town for an expert to come by

the train. He came and fixed it in half an hour. Frank felt relieved and thanked him and asked him for his bill. "Ten dollars," he said; "two dollars for railroad fare, \$3 for fixing the pump and \$5 dollars for knowing how." That's it, knowledge is money.

Some time ago I advertised for a copy of General Henry B. Jackson's famous speech on the "Wanderer" and also for a copy of Daniel Webster's last and greatest speech made at Capon Springs in June 1851, in which he qualified all his previous declarations about the right of a state to withdraw from the union under certain contingencies. That speech was suppressed at the north and is not found in his published works.

Well I have been favored with both. Senator Mangum, of North Carolina, heard the speech delivered and he with other southern members of congress had it printed in pamphlet form and his grandson, Wiley Mangum Turner, of Greensboro, N. C., has found it among his grandfather's papers and sent it to me. My friend, Mr. Ed. Holland, of Atlanta, Ga., has had both speeches neatly printed in one pamphlet, together with a brief biography of General Jackson by his friend, Joseph M. Brown, and this invaluable pamphlet will be mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

It will be sent to students of colleges at the cost of publication. Address Ed Holland, Atlanta, Ga.

And now here is a letter from an old Federal soldier living at Live Oak, Fla. His name is F. W. Angus, and he belonged to General Slick's brigade, and two days after a battle in Virginia in 1862 he found in the woods the dead body of a confederate soldier and he and a comrade dug a grave and buried him: In his pocket was found a pass from Colonel John S. Reid, colonel commanding Third Georgia regiment, and the name of the soldier was D. P. Williams. Also another pass from Captain D. B. Langston, commanding company K.

I find in General Avery's roster the names of both these officers and if private Williams has any surviving relatives and would like to have these passes I will send them.

I wrote in a former letter that the bears of Mississippi had held a convention and resolved not to come out of their dens to be shot at by any president who slandered Mr. Davis. I am pleased to read that Governor Longino did not invite him there and that the veterans of Memphis will not attend the ovation that Memphis has promised him. After denouncing Mr. Davis (who was dead) as the arch traitor and repudiator, it seems to me to be the most unblushing impudence for him to put his feet on that hallowed ground. He says in his so-called history that when Mr. Davis was governor he vetoed the bill that was passed to pay the repudiated debts, when the truth is Mr. Davis never was governor, nor did he ever advocate repudiation. Teddy, old boy, when are you going to retract and send an apology to Mrs. Davis, who still lives? You say in your book that we were all traitors and anarchists. How about your Uncle Captain Bulloch, who served with Admiral Semmes in our navy, of whom you wrote so gushingly to Mr. Cunningham, saying he was a most admirable man and very like the Colonel Newcome of Thackeray? Was he a traitor, too? But Cunningham says Teddy is all right and showers editorial praise upon him in "The Veteran." I wonder what the veterans of Mississippi think of that.

Teddy said: "I'm going to Mississippi to hunt for bear," and the bears said, "Forbear!"

Reflections of a Bachelor.
New York Press.

Innocence is as innocence doesn't. Widows are a rich diet, highly seasoned.

Guess the serpent in the Garden of Eden was a garter snake.

After a woman works up her shape it is called her figure.

There is no way to make sour milk sweet, nor an old maid either.

The pleasantest surprise is the slim girl who is not slim in spots.

Spread her hair over a thousand generations and it won't get lost.

A fat man never seems to take up as much room as a fat woman.

The more women understand a man the less he understands them.

Great men are great indeed until you get acquainted with them.

Men blow their own horns because nobody else will blow them for them.

There is nothing that will season up old maids to make them palatable.

What women like about a sad play is that they can cry in plenty of company.

It seems funny to think that great men were once spanked just like the rest of us.

You can't tell anything about a woman's real dimensions by the size of her corset.

A girl's appetite for steak and fried potatoes is a sign that she has no secret love affairs.

The woman who knows how to manage a man also knows how to keep him from knowing she does it.

A man can always tell how much a woman likes him by the way she makes it plain that she doesn't.

The less a man has to say in his own house the more some women will let him know he ought not to say it.

Auction Sale of Negroes in Kentucky.
LANCASTER, Ky., Nov. 28.—Sheriff Lawson attracted a large crowd before the court house door to-day by the sale of three negroes, two women and a man. The bids were lively, but small. The man, Charles Anderson, sold for 12 months, brought \$7, and the woman, Belle Griffin and Emma Reed, sold for one and three years, respectively, and brought \$15 each. They were convicted for vagrancy and ordered to be sold.

SAM JONES' LETTER.

Atlanta Journal.

Since writing from Meridian, Miss., last week I've passed through Mississippi, northern Louisiana, Arkansas and southeastern Missouri, and I've seen evidences of great prosperity in all these sections. Crops of both corn and cotton are much better than was expected even a month ago. Farmers of these sections are rushing their cotton to market. They could have sold a month ago at 8 cents, now they are selling for 7. They seem somewhat stampeded and they will sell when you get them rattled. The lumber industry is immense and the railroads are crowded and glutted with freight. The like was never seen by the oldest inhabitant. Trains, trains in both directions until it makes one dizzy to look at them, and every passenger train crowded, frequently the people standing in the aisles of the cars. Yes sir, the end of the boom is not in sight, and it looks like it's good for at least another year. So mote it be. If the good people of Georgia, who worry over belated trains, would travel west now, they would think our Georgia trains run pretty well on time. I never saw trains so far off of time everywhere and on every road. I don't think I've been on a train in ten days when it was on time. So be patient with the Georgia railroads, gentlemen, for they are doing much better than their neighbors do. I've been out ten days or more and I have not seen a Georgia paper. Our papers don't cross the Mississippi river much. I have lost sight of the Georgia legislature. It's strange that none of the dailies of the west notice that august body. They surely must not be doing much or they would be noticed by the Associated Press reports. I hope the boys are doing nicely this term. Their trip to Valdosta was not marked this year by any drunks, pistols, or members put off for repairs. I am frequently asked and receive letters inquiring where is a good section of this great country to locate. It seems to me that if I were a farmer seeking fertile soil that I would buy land in southeast Missouri, rich as the delta of Mississippi and less malaria to contend with. Corn and cotton grows in great yields there. The new railroads and drainage canals which are now being built and cut in southeast Missouri are doing wonders for that section and these splendid lands in virgin timber can be bought, I am told, for ten and fifteen dollars per acre, and the timber will pay for the land, they say. I never saw finer corn or cotton or wheat than grows in southeast Missouri and northwest Arkansas. I find through this section, as I find all over the west, a lot of Georgians, and they are doing well out here.

I find the lecture audiences splendid in the territory through which I have passed. Many of the towns have large lecture courses.

The lyceum courses have grown throughout the country immensely in the past few years; the people take to them more and more. General Gordon, Colonel Ham, Charlie Lane, John Temple Graves, etc., are busy most of their time in the lyceum courses, and they all please and hold their places in this growing field.

I wind up my tour next week at Peoria and Mendota, Ill., and come home for Thanksgiving, and this will be the first Thanksgiving day I've spent at home in ten years. I suppose a fellow can be thankful on the road, but I suppose he will feel more thankful at home with his wife and children eating turkey and cranberry sauce, with the other good things God permits us to have.

I shall have thanks to render unto the Lord then as I do at all times. I am so glad I am alive; so glad the devil ain't got me; so glad I've been sober thirty years; so glad I'm not a whiskey soaked Democrat or Republican; so glad that I was never a Pop., or a free silver loon; so glad that nothing has happened to me but what is common to man; so glad my wife has such a good husband and me a better wife; glad I've got the best saddle horse in Georgia, and that he is as good in harness as ever tightened a trace.

I am sorry for a man who has not a thousand things to be thankful for to where he has one to kick and growl about. I hope America will have the greatest Thanksgiving day in her history.

Let everybody get up the morning of November 27th, wash their faces, put on their best bib and tucker, and go out to the church and hear a good Thanksgiving sermon; come home and eat turkey and spend the afternoon with loved ones, recounting the blessings and mercies of the past year, and my word for it, you will be a better man for the next twelve months. This "going the pace that kills," without time to think of God's goodness.

Yankee Doodle always makes more over Thanksgiving day and July 4th than we southerners do; but we win it back on Christmas. In crowds and crackers, drunks and devilry, an old-fashioned Irish wake and a southern Christmas day are much alike and I could never understand or explain them.

I'll be at home three days, and then for a tour through Pennsylvania.

Yours,
SAM P. JONES.

A sentimental editor out in Kansas asks: "Are there any sweeter words in the English language than these, 'I love you?'" Perhaps not; but the words, "Here's that dollar I owe you on subscription," are not lacking in delightful enunciation to the ear of a newspaper man.

"Who were those two women who just registered?" inquired the hotel proprietor. "Mrs. Mary McGinnis and her daughter, Miss Mayme MacYnnes," replied the clerk.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.

How to Prepare Some Appetizing Dishes For Invalids.

A great many dainty dishes suitable for an invalid are inexpensive as well as nourishing and easily digested, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Take, for instance, the proverbial chicken, which the average invalid soon tires of when served up in the inevitable broth or stew. There are one or two new ways of preparing it, not the least delectable of which is chicken custard.

To prepare this take a teacupful of good chicken stock and add to it a like amount of cream. Cook it for a few moments in a double boiler; then when hot add the yolk (beaten) of three eggs and a sprinkling of salt. When it begins to thicken a bit, pour it into custard cups and set it aside to cool.

Another appetizing dish is made by putting the yolks of three eggs into a double boiler with half a pint of clear chicken broth and with an egg beater whip the mixture until it is frothy. When it has cooked for a few moments, add to it three teaspoonfuls of sherry and serve hot with some thin crackers.

Tapoca jelly is a dainty that is esteemed by invalids who have been so fortunate as to have been served with it, and this is how it is made: Take a cupful of tapoca and soak it over night in about three cupfuls of water. In the morning put it in a double boiler with one teacupful of hot water and let it simmer gently, stirring from time to time until it is perfectly clear. Sweeten and flavor with the juice from half a lemon and two tablespoonfuls of any kind of wine you prefer; then pour into little molds or cups and set on the ice to harden. A little whipped cream added to it when serving is an addition that most people will like.

How to Relieve Choking.

Raising the left arm high as you can will relieve choking much more rapidly than by being thumped on the back. And it is well that every one should know it, for often a person gets choked while eating when there is no one near to thump him. Very frequently children get choked while eating, and the customary manner of relieving them is to slap them sharply on the back. The effect of this is to set the obstruction free, so that it can be swallowed. The same thing can be brought about by raising the left hand of the child as high as possible, and the relief comes much more rapidly. In happenings of this kind there should be no alarm manifested, for if a child sees that older persons or parents get excited it is very liable to get so also. The best thing is to tell the child to raise its left arm, and immediately the difficulty is overcome.

How to Improve the Complexion.

Persian ladies, who are said to have complexions whose bloom and velvety softness are simply wonderful, use no sort of cream or ointment for their faces. Instead they apply half an hour before their daily bath a coating of white of egg. When this has completely dried, it is sponged off with tepid water to which is added a little tincture of benzoin, and then the skin is sponged over with cold milk. The white of egg cleanses the skin, and the treatment described removes all impurities from the complexion, leaving it smooth and soft as that of a child.

How to Wash Chamolis Gloves.

Make a strong suds with white castile soap or any other kind of good white soap, and to two quart of suds add one teaspoonful of borax dissolved in half a pint of hot water, says The Ladies' Home Journal. When the suds are cold, put the gloves on the hands and wash them slowly and gently, as if washing the hands. Rinse in the same manner in clear water; then draw off gently and hang in a shady place to dry, drawing them into shape when they are almost dry. When perfectly dry, rub them between the hands to soften them.

How to Make Peanut Cookies.

Peanut cookies will prove a delight to most members of the family. To make them remove the skins from two cupfuls of shelled peanuts and put them through a meat chopper. Cream together three teaspoonfuls of butter and one cupful of sugar; add three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of milk, one salt-spoonful of salt, the nuts and enough flour to make a soft dough; roll them on a floured board, cut them with a small cutter and bake in a moderate oven.

How to Keep Violets Fresh.

It is worth remembering that a corsage bunch of violets may be worn several times if a little thin cotton batting which has been dipped in salt water is wrapped around the stems each time before the tinfol is wound about them. When not in use, take off the foil and batting and put the stems in a glass of water which is slightly salted. The bunch should be kept in a cool room with tissue paper twisted over to exclude the air.

Pointed Paragraphs.

When a man gets full it is a good time to get his bust measure.

Truth lies at the bottom of a well, but the angler never goes there to fish.

Many a man's downfall can be traced to the loss of his balance in a bank.

Cars are often loaded, but the engine sticks to water and does all the work.

If a man amounts to anything he doesn't have to boast of his ancestors.

It makes a woman heartsick every time she has to cut a valuable piece of lace.

When a locomotive goes off on foot the engineer is generally carried home in a cab.

All men may be born equal, but the average man imagines he was born a little more so.

CONVICTS AND ROAD BUILDING.

The October Bulletin of the North Carolina State Board of Agriculture came from the presses of the State printers yesterday. It contains an excellent article from Mr. Gerald McCarthy, table of close seasons for game in North Carolina, the legislature and the convicts and other valuable matter. In regard to the legislature and convicts the Bulletin says among other things:

"The General Assembly of North Carolina, which will convene at Raleigh in January, will consider the ways and means of bettering the State's social, industrial and educational condition. One subject that will occupy the minds of some of its most progressive members will be the disposition of the State's convicts in such manner as will effect our section most beneficially. There is a strong sentiment in favor of putting all of the convicts to work upon our public roads, and in preparing stone and other road material in order that the counties of the State that are so anxious to progress along this line may have some encouragement from the Commonwealth. This will be an investment yielding a handsome return both to the present race and to posterity.

Under the caption, "The Wilkesboro-Jefferson Turnpike an Object Lesson in Mountain Road Building," the Bulletin says:

"The State is aiding with a gang of convicts to build a turnpike road from Wilkesboro, N. C., up R-dles River and over the Blue Ridge Mountains to Jefferson, N. C. The road has been surveyed by S. T. Kelsey, who reports the length of the line thirty-nine miles; maximum grade, one foot rise in thirty; no up-grade going south from the top of the Blue Ridge—thirty miles—to North Wilkesboro, and no up-grade going north from the top of Blue Ridge Mountains to New River. It is an expensive line to build, owing to steep bluffs and rock cliffs along Reddies River, and also to the necessity for a high line and the making of high bridges, culverts and fills to avoid damage from floods and washouts.

"The intention is to put the road where it will stay and be in condition for travel at least 365 days in the year. Most of the way there is plenty of rock, gravel and sand convenient for the making of a fine roadbed.

"The most expensive part of the road is now being built at a cost of about \$1,500 per mile, and the estimated cost of the entire line, thirty-nine miles, is \$40,000.

"We believe that no wagon road has ever before been built in the mountain sections of the state with such light and regular grades for so long a distance—thirty miles—in direction of heaviest hauling. Such a road will surely be worth to the State, as an object lesson in road making, many times the amount that is being furnished in the way of convict labor aid in its construction."

RURAL MAIL SERVICE.

Atlanta Journal.

Southern representatives in congress are mainly responsible for the rural mail service which is growing so rapidly in favor and is already so well established in the regard of the country.

This great provision for the convenience and benefit of the people who reside in the rural regions was urged by southern men when it had hardly any support from others.

The rural mail service has come to be a big business and there is a strong demand for its extension.

About 13,000 carriers are now employed and the superintendent estimates that 40,000 will be needed to make the service practically complete. The gross cost of rural free delivery throughout the country is estimated at \$24,000,000. A deficit of from eight to ten million dollars in this service for two or three years may be expected that is to say, a deficiency of from four to six millions in excess of last year. But it is practically certain that when the system is completed it will pay for itself.

The government should not hesitate to extend the benefits of the free mail delivery and collection to the people in rural districts, because the service will not at once pay its expenses.

It has been the policy for many years to keep the postal service up to a grade of efficiency beyond its income, but it has been found that a rapid growth of revenue invariably results from this liability, so that a continuous improvement of the service is possible.

The quality of the service is kept up to such a very high standard that nobody objects to an annual postal appropriation. No tax is paid more cheerfully than this.

There is a just general complaint about the abuse of the second class rate privilege which has caused the deficit for the last few years. If this rate were restricted to the classes of matter to which it was intended to apply the postoffice department would require no appropriation and would be able to extend its rural mail service and make other improvements without cost to the government.

The rural delivery has proved thoroughly successful. It is no longer an experiment. Its advantages to the farmer are evident. It is a great convenience and it keeps him in much closer touch with the outside world than it was possible for him to be without it. The initial cost of the system is small compared with the benefits it will afford.

It is all right for a fast horse to attempt to lower his record, but when a man attempts a similar feat it is all wrong.

Consistency is said to be a jewel; yet paste diamonds are not jewels, although paste is noted for its consistency.

The King and the Seidlitz Powder.

On the first commencement of seidlitz powders to the capital of Delhi the monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing box. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it should be used. Into a goblet he put the twelve blue papers, and, having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance expressed no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury, and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty.

With a shriek that will be remembered while Delhi lasts the monarch rose, stared, explicated and in his full agonies screamed, "Hold me down," then rushing from the throne fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long continued effervescence of the compound, spurting like 10,000 penny-worths of imperial pop and believing himself in the agonies of death, a melancholy and humiliating proof that kings are mortal.—Indian Mirror.

Historical Fiction.

In lecturing Dr. Gardiner was very fond of retelling the hackneyed old historical anecdotes that garnish the schoolbooks, and he would commonly append the comment: "Now, that story is not true. I have reason to know, indeed, that it is pure fiction, but for our purpose it is better than the truth because the truth cannot be rounded off and polished so nicely to suit one's conception of character or of circumstance." For similar reasons he was instant in praise of historical novels. "A genius like Scott or George Eliot, especially in 'Romola,'" he would say, "has many advantages over the plodding historian and can often arrive, by the intuition of genius, at truths which the most laborious research could never reveal, and, on the whole," he would add, "historical fiction is much more trustworthy and incomparably more respectable than fictitious history."—London News.

Uses His Ring in His Business.

An east side character well known about the supreme court wears a particularly brilliant solitaire diamond ring, with the stone turned in toward the palm of his hand. He was asked if he wore his ring this way for fear it would be stolen.

"No," he said, scornfully. "The thief what is wide awake enough to rob your uncle, he ain't been born yet. It's for business reasons that I wear my diamond so. When some fellow comes to touch me, I hold up my hands so (with the back toward him) and say, 'I'm broke, my friend,' and he don't see my diamond, and he goes away. But when I want to do business with a man who has money I turn my hands so (with the palms out) and say, 'What can I do for you, my friend?' and he sees the big diamond and thinks I'm a good man to deal with."—New York Times.

The Peanut in London.

Noting the introduction of the baked peanut in London, the Pall Mall Gazette observes: "We do not know whether that excellent feature of British civilization, the hot potato, flourishes on winter nights at the street corners of New York. Probably it does, but if it does not there should be an opening for some good Samaritan with an eye to business to show our cousins that they have not got a monopoly of good things. However, we welcome the peanut, more familiar to us as the monkey nut, as a highly desirable immigrant and have no doubt that he has come to stay."

Literary Underwriting.

One well known firm of publishers runs a good deal of its business on the following lines: It secures a popular novelist, offers him so much for his next book and then forms a little syndicate in the city to share the expense. A new book by a popular author is a considerably safer investment than many newly discovered gold mines.—Literature.

Japanese Art.

The Japanese is a born lover of nature. Whatever he produces, from the most painstaking work of art to the simplest household utensil, is after natural models. In the representation of figures and scenes the Japanese display a perception which is astonishing. With a couple of strokes of the brush they reproduce what they see with a truth to life which is almost incredible.

His Only Fear.

The undaunted Corporal Catbush, so conspicuously daring in a "pinch" at the battle of Waterloo, was asked if he did not fear they should lose the day.

"No, no," said he. "I knew we could not do that. My only fear was that we should all be killed before we had time to win it."

An Aspiration.

There is woe and whoa, and if woe would only obey our whoa it would be worth while driving.—Milwaukee Journal.

There are many people who make it a point when they receive a goldpiece to withdraw it from circulation by hiding it in some secret place, and the amount of gold thus hoarded is probably very large.

In Portugal married women retain their maiden names.

"I don't think very much of your reference."

"I don't wonder, ma'am. My mistress was too busy to write it, ma'am, an' so I got her maid to write it for her, ma'am, an' she's only been to night school one winter, ma'am, an' the pen was a bad one."